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IN TWO VOLUMES.

- VOL. I.



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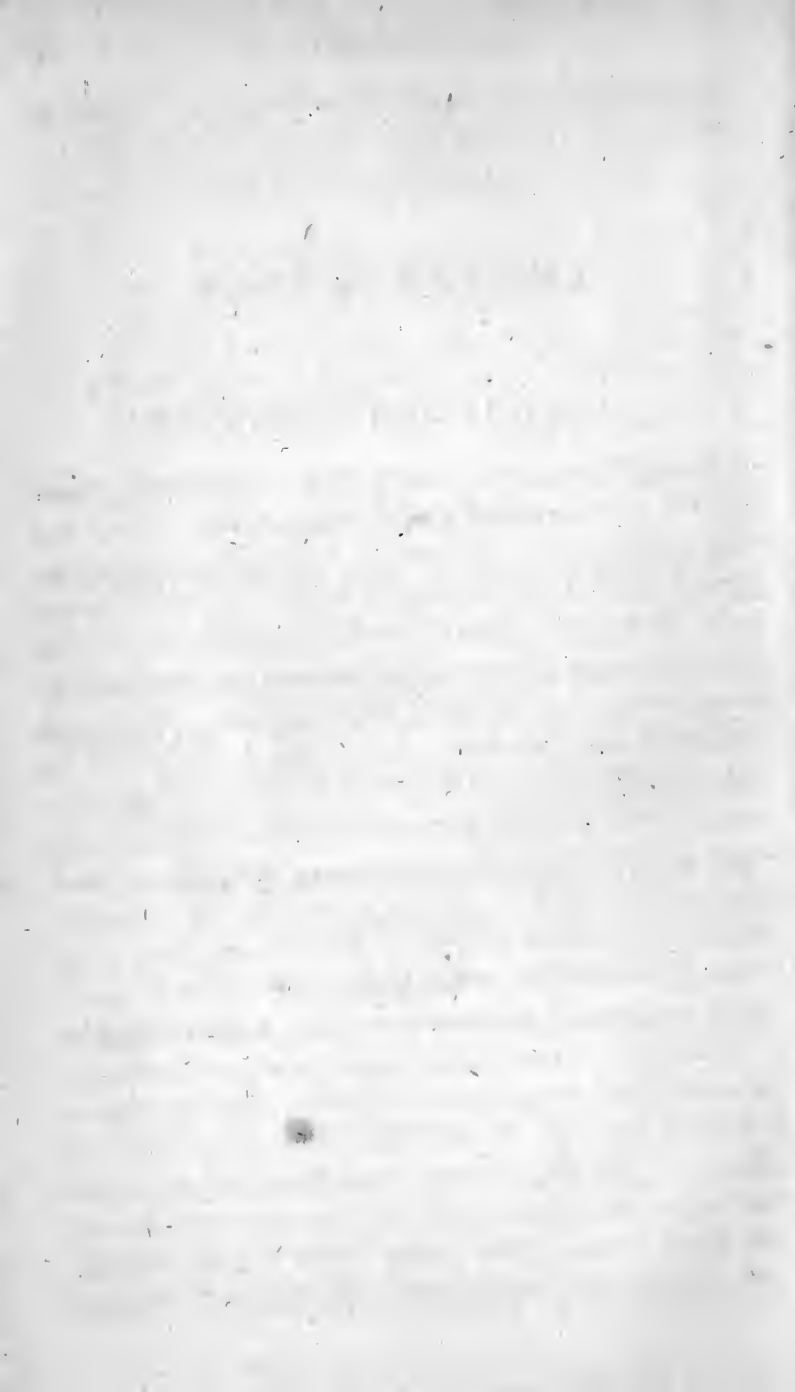
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TO  
GRANVILLE JOHN PENN, ESQ.,  
OF  
STOKE PARK, ENGLAND,

THESE HASTILY WRITTEN LETTERS  
ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

AS AN EVIDENCE OF REGARD, AND AS A MEMORIAL OF  
THE PLEASURE AFFORDED BY HIS ACQUAINTANCE AND ATTENTIONS  
DURING A VISIT MEMORABLE TO THE AUTHOR  
FOR HAVING RENOVATED,  
AFTER THE LAPSE OF A CENTURY AND A HALF,  
THE FRIENDSHIPS  
BEGUN BY THEIR RESPECTIVE ANCESTORS,  
AT THE DATE OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF PENNSYLVANIA.





## INTRODUCTION.

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THE following letters were written during a hasty glance at some of the countries of Europe, to which the author went without much preparation of thought ; a sudden departure gave small opportunity to procure introductions, or, to form plans ; indeed it was contemplated to do little more than visit London and Paris, and to return immediately, after trying the utility of a sea-voyage. Once upon the soil of Europe, the interest of the scenes invited me onward ; contrast succeeded contrast so rapidly, that it became difficult to break away, and thus I was tempted to pay hurried visits to Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, and Scotland, seeing, it is true, only the surface in those countries, but highly gratified even with this. In England I enjoyed greater facilities ; and having every where experienced the greatest kindness, even from perfect strangers, I consult my own feelings in recommending all who can afford the time, to go and do likewise ; they will lay up a fund of agreeable recollections, which time only can efface. If, like me, they will work hard, and write their first impressions immediately on the spot, they will entitle themselves to all the praise I have earned, and may with less propriety than myself, call their book “ Surface

Sketches." I cannot but think that a sudden departure, by which so much is saved to the feelings, has its advantages over a lengthened preparation :

“Pleasure that comes unlooked for is thrice welcome;  
And if it stir the heart, if aught be there,  
That may hereafter, in a thoughtful hour,  
Wake but a sigh, 'tis treasured up among  
The things most precious ; and the day it came,  
Is noted as a white day in our lives.”

*Rogers.*

“Sight-seeing,” truly says an amiable lady and a good writer, “includes many Christian virtues, and a large share of corporeal strength. It requires its possessor to be meek, long-suffering, and believing ; to be patient where he feels no interest, and to deny himself where he does ; to be able to watch long, fast long, and stand long, and finally, to kiss the rod when he has done.” I appeal to every traveller from America who has done much at “sight-seeing,” to confirm the lady’s and my own experience.

Having endeavoured to describe rather than to generalize, the letters are published in the undress in which they were written.

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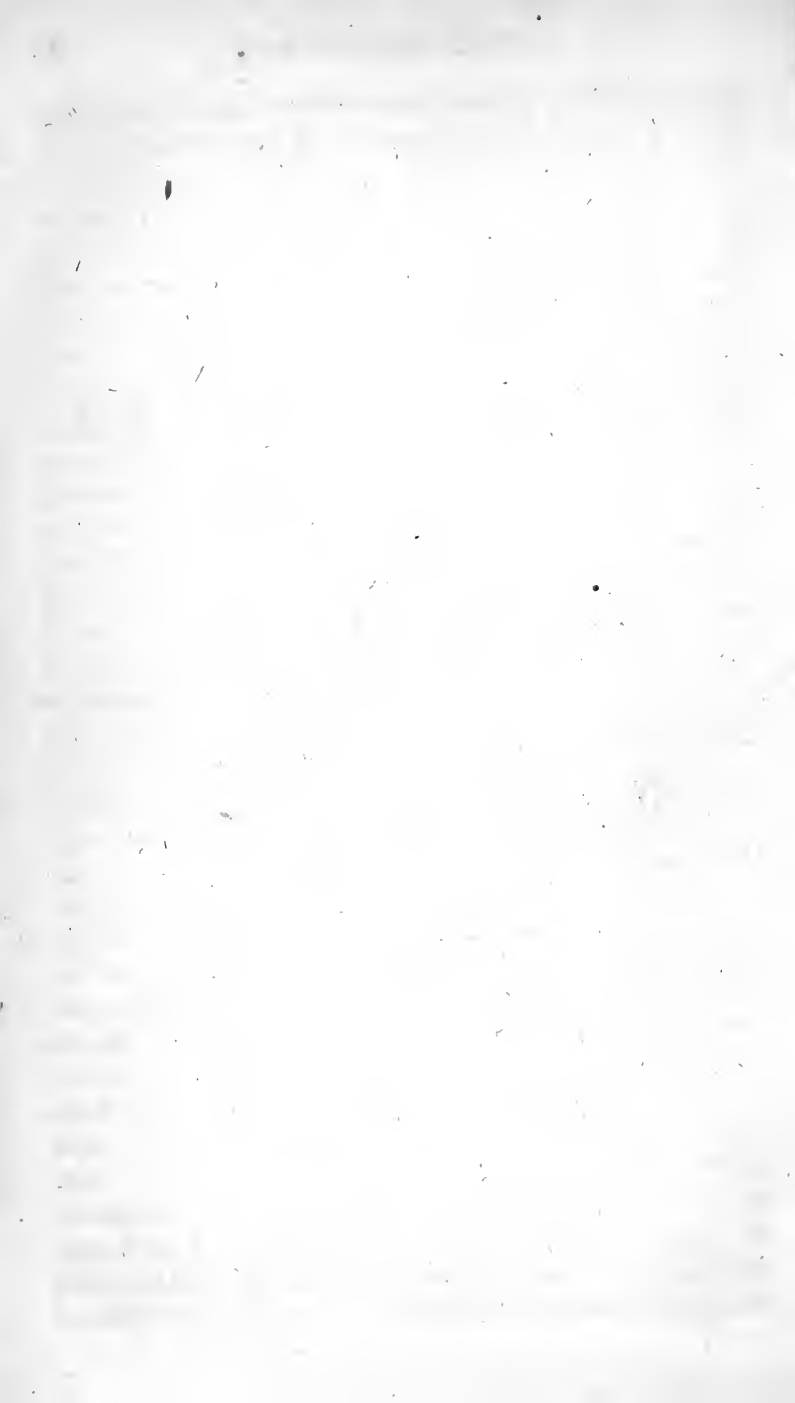
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THE VOYAGE OUT.





# A SUMMER'S JAUNT ACROSS THE WATER.

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## LETTER I.

Ship Saranak, in the Delaware, April 1, 1845.

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You ask me to jot down my impressions, and to do this without waiting to correct them. You seem to believe that most people endeavour to render their letters too ornate, and thereby destroy their originality. A few remarks from my pen are likely to be at your service, for I already begin to feel the evils of idleness, and disposed for a little chat with those I have left behind; I can hardly believe that I am in the cabin of one of the noblest packet ships in the world, on my way to Europe! realizing one of the fondest dreams of a life passed in a monotonous employment—and obliged to travel with other people's eyes. How novel, then, are the feelings, when I contemplate myself writing home from sea. Am I about to

visit Europe? that Europe, whose history, people, institutions, and customs, I have been so long reading about, but which no one has yet so written as to enable me to *see*.

Ordered by the best medical advice of Philadelphia forthwith to take a sea-voyage for the benefit both of myself and of a son, and learning that this fine ship was not *quite* full, with the assistance of the kindest friends, we were ready in just forty-eight hours after the decision, to join the passengers of the Saranak by steamboat this morning,—the ship having gone down the river. Assembled on board the little Delaware boat, the Kent, we numbered some twenty-two or three persons, great and small, for the cabin, and there are fifty-three in the steerage. Introductions from all sides soon made us somewhat acquainted, and before we reached Newcastle, where the ship rode at anchor, we had discussed our several plans for health, amusement, or instruction, and knew pretty well who were to be our companions; very much pleased *we* are with the prospects of agreeable society; there are ladies and their families, though very few children; gentlemen, middle-aged and young; to most of us, the sea—the open sea—as a dwelling-place, is a novelty. Anticipations of what we are to find are freely discussed, and sickness is generally pronounced one of the great probabilities, if not calamities.

The ship is reached, and incidents begin. She is at anchor; the wind is ahead, and it rains a little. A woman and a man have been left on board by mistake; while they were taking tender leave in the steerage, the steamer has gone! Trepidation is depicted on the countenance of the female: “What *am* I to do, captain?” in despair. Answer, quickly uttered, “Go to Liverpool,”—but the good captain relents in a moment, “We’ll set you ashore somewhere.” The consolation seems to add bitterness to the pill, instead of gilding it. There is nothing to be done but to submit; like a new president when he holds the bread of old incumbents at his slightest nod, the very able and intelligent captain, who, at the Phila-

delphia wharf we left so lately, was only a common man, is now in *office*, and supreme, barring the pilot on deck.

Our most truly comfortable state-rooms, opening into a superb cabin, have received our new trunks, and bags, and pillows; our clothes are stowed in good drawers, and we hope the anchor will soon be apeak. The state-room is too narrow to confine our bounding thoughts; let us go on deck.

A poor fellow from the Emerald Isle has been detected secreted on board. I witnessed the interview between the culprit and our President Turley; the humblest mien you ever saw would faintly picture the face of our prisoner; humbled to the earth, he would make any confession demanded; payment of twelve dollars would alone suffice, and he is to go ashore with those left by accident, than whom he is in a less enviable predicament.

A scene at anchor, to those who would fain be going on their way, you may imagine, is dull enough. We have hailed the steam-tug Superior, merrily towing boats to the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal; the captain says he will return and take us round the Hook.

The tug has hitched us on; we move towards our destination. The wind soon does us more service than the steam. We actually tow the steamer, and she is dismissed. Dinner; our first, and some fear, our last. The ship lays down under a brisk breeze, and some joking as to the ups and downs of life pass current.

The appointments of this fine ship of over eight hundred tons are admirable, and the attendance without a fault. Could our ancestors have seen our refinements and luxuries, they would have thought us effeminate. I only think we are improving with the benefits which civilization and Christianity inevitably produce.

2d. The big mud-hook, alias anchor, was brought into requisition last evening at dark, and we all had a remarkably good night, as quiet as at home. This delay enables one to get acquainted with the ship and its officers, and I am not

sure but that I like this river navigation in a floating palace. At breakfast the ladies returned thanks for the kindness of the gentlemen, in deferring to them the time of our meals, and they slyly offer to us the decision of the hour when the Captain shall be instructed to cast anchor every night; this is received as fair fun, and the Captain takes it as such; though he does not like this delay, he submits gracefully when we talk of how far out we might have been had we sailed from New York yesterday. The river is an impediment, and till our citizens get steam in full play, our foreign commerce must dwindle. We are beating down the bay, and shall probably be at sea this afternoon. So many people now cross the ocean, and so many would be glad to do it, perhaps the above rather minuté particulars may interest.

*Thirty-six hours on board.* I must close; the pilot is leaving, and I have no time, since the intimation of the fact, to add more, than that on arriving at Liverpool, you shall have a continuation of my letters, which shall consist of little more than just what strikes me at first as differing from our customs, things, and people at home. I cannot afford the time from sight seeing, to be at all recondite. Adieu.

Yours, &c.

## LETTER II.

Ship Saranak, April, 1845.

Journalizing—Invalids—Remedy—A “horse”—Babes in the wood—Irish girl in a consumption—The steerage passengers—Their discomforts—Contrast—The black cook—Exemption from sickness—Going back—Anecdote—Our newspaper at sea—Sunday—Irregular hours—Items of a Spring voyage—Berths—Alarm—Anecdotes of steerage passengers—Extracts from the Daily Sea Gull—Apples—The mate a bird fancier—Want of a propeller—Approach to land—The condition of sailors—First light-house—North passage—Rathlin Island—Prepare to land in a pilot-boat.

THERE is no established mode of writing from on board ship, but that of journalizing; when I can catch an incident, and impale it, I will resort to pen and ink.

April 3d. We are on the ocean, with but little wind, but the invalid list increases. There are but two of the ladies at breakfast, the remaining five being quite indisposed. Many of the gentlemen are very sick, and among the number is my son and his friend C. Those more fortunate, laugh at the invalids; but it is evidently no joking matter.

Our cabin companions are agreeable; there is a total absence of all pretension, or the formation of cliques; we are all on an equality, except in health; the sick receive kind attentions from the captain, stewards, &c.; soup seems to be preferred by those able to eat, and is understood to possess the advantage of being easily disengaged. Nobody should leave home without a large horse-blanket to throw on the deck and lie on. An Englishman amused us to-day by offering one of us his *horse*, as he called it; it has already been

very useful to the disabled, who find the air on deck the most agreeable, but cannot sit up. Two of the young gentlemen have enjoyed its comfort and warmth nearly all day, looking much like the babes in the wood, and quite as helpless.

A very interesting case of a female on board, has somehow or other taken deep hold of my feelings. A young woman of Irish parentage, is in the steerage, in the last stages of consumption. She was taken with the fancy that nothing would save her but breathing her native air, and seeing her friends; and she has sailed without any companion or relative, and with too few comforts. Providentially she is enjoying "the Heaven of human sympathy." Another young girl, of humble parents, has undertaken to nurse and wait on her. She cooks the simple sick dishes for her patient, watches and consoles her,—comes to the Captain's medicine-chest, and has been successful in creating an interest in the cabin, from whence we have furnished some cocoa, Roussel's mineral water, oranges, &c. The steerage passengers interest me greatly. "A great gulf" divides us from them, and they look up at our higher deck with feelings in which I fancy I detect a wish that they were able to partake of our more commodious accommodations; there is one rich man there, worth as much as two or three of *us* combined; he goes thus for economy, and has his son on board, very sick, and without sea-stores suitable for the voyage! Now, if money can be of any service in this world, it may be safely asserted that in no way are its results more required than at sea; in the steerage there is a combination of discomforts requiring strong nerves to encounter.

For instance; first, it is very gloomy and dark, thereby furnishing the strongest contrast to our airy cabin, where the doors, painted dead white, afford the most cheerful light reflected from skylights, and a window is in every state-room. This confinement with sick, and by habit not over-clean companions, engenders smells, peculiarly offensive to the delicate olfactories of the nauseated. Then the live-stock, bipeds and

quadrupeds, are in close proximity, and they do not diminish the offence. Attempt to realize all this, in which there is much left for the imagination undescribed, and you have a picture, in which I am mistaken if you do not sympathize. And yet, probably Columbus, William Penn, and many other great men, visited our country under circumstances little less propitious: the caravel of Columbus was of about the capacity of thirty tons, with a half deck only, if I remember aright, and the Saranak measures nearly thirty times as much, so that the poor creatures have room to move about; but, they have the mortification added of smelling our good dinners, which are cooked by a darkey\* and his help, in near proximity to their steerage steps. Enough of this now.

April 4th. A spanking breeze to-day, and propitious for our course, but it has completely prostrated most of our party.

Only nine come to dinner, and some of these immediately disappear; my son just about as sick as his physicians hoped he would be; and he is rolled up in the "horse." If a vote could be taken I am assured by several that they would gladly *go back!* The ladies are very unwell, and the stewardess is on the list. On comparing notes with the Captain, I find myself in the better case of the two. *Nota Bene.* If you should ever go to sea, and should have an investigating mind at the time, you will probably arrive at the following conclusion: that one of the pleasures, and not the smallest, consists in the fact that we talk and think a great deal about ourselves; *we* and *our* personal comforts, feelings, prospects, and arrangements, are all-important.

April 5th. The wind has abated, and all hands appear on deck much elated with their improved health; a summer sun

\* This *very* black man married a white wife in England, and took her to Philadelphia, where she resides. I am extremely curious to discover why it is that the blacks who thus go to England and are there received on an equality, do not remain. Is it that they are gregarious? The cook can give me no good reason.

and balmy air enables all to take exercise, read, write, and study the ship; several of us are airing our French with two agreeable natives of Paris.

The crowning event of the day is the appearance at dinner of a MS. newspaper, edited on board, and read aloud between the meats and dessert. It is called "The Daily Sea-gull and Mother Carey's Chicken," and shows by what small items we can be exceedingly entertained. The effort has been very successful.

We passed a Yankee brig to-day, standing on the same course,—and in the distance, several other sails are visible, to cheer the lonely expanse.

All sail set this evening, and the ship making eleven knots, or miles per hour.

April 6th. This is Sunday; there is a fine breeze, with so much motion that nearly all are prostrate, and service is necessarily omitted; the Bible is, however, not forgotten, as I see several neat portable editions are brought out. We have had April showers; none of the female passengers are visible; sometimes we make twelve knots an hour, but it passes us only three on our direct course. The spirits of the party generally below par. The captain says, before turning in, that it is the darkest night he has witnessed for ten years. Perfectly free from sea-nausea, and divested of all fear for our safety, it has been to me a day of enjoyment and rest. We have a great variety of new books, and all are happy to lend or exchange.

Guide-books are in request, and European routes are studied with eagerness. An old traveller has many questions to answer. By comparing notes we have acquired much information as to how we are to do and behave, and what sights are best worthy of attention. Paris is looked to for enjoyment by all. Some few intend making directly for Rome, in order to avoid the heat of the summer there, which it is dangerous to encounter. We propose to travel leisurely up to London, see



its wonders and the curiosities in the vicinity, and act thereafter as circumstances, health, or whim may dictate.

We have no regular hours for going to bed; sleep overtakes us during the day, and we sit up sometimes till twelve and one o'clock; a few take such long rests that they are not ready for breakfast till lunch-time.

April 13th. We have had the usual items of a spring voyage; a heavy cutting fog, a strong gale with the sun shining, and to-day, Sunday, have seen a brig pass, under full sail; the waves so high as almost completely to submerge her during moments of our combined depressions. So far, the passage has been a rough one, says our excellent captain. Last evening we had the proper toast of wives and sweethearts from the married men, and sweethearts and wives from the bachelors, over a glass of wine and a huge pound-cake from the captain's locker; to-day we had service on deck, performed by a young clergyman, a passenger in search of health; so you see my first voyage has most of the accompaniments, except ice-islands, the region of which we have now left, and fear not their dangers.

April 14th. The most modern mode of fixing the berths, is to place them on the side of the state-room next the cabin, so that we hear less of the surging sea as it beats the ship, than by the old mode; this is a very decided improvement, as we also escape some motion by being nearer the centre of the vessel.

April 15th. The young Irish girl in a consumption, in the steerage, is no better; her *friend* whom we had thought so disinterested, now requires payment for her services, or will discontinue her attentions,\* and another woman has been hired to see that she does not suffer. There is a great exhibition of selfishness among these poor people.

\* This she afterwards affirmed was not the case. She left the sick woman because the others taunted her with wishing to get the clothes of the invalid if she died.

I paid my usual daily visit to the fore-castle, and had some additional chat with the steerage passengers. On asking a Yorkshireman why he was going back, his reply was, "Why, you see, I were a happy man in England, and I were an unhappy man in America." Another had been very comfortable, with plenty of work, but his wife had become home-sick, *and would go*; their various unwritten stories, and feelings, would each make a book, had they a Galt to chronicle every individual Lawrie Todd. The biography of the common people is a mine which yet remains to be worked. An American lad, going with his Irish father to see the "ould countrie," had a letter, to throw on board a barque we passed yesterday; his countenance offers a strong contrast to the lack of intelligence of his neighbours, whose minds seem mostly locked up in stolidity, which it is difficult to penetrate.

April 16th. The monotony of the passage has been much broken by our newspaper; its success some thought would be improved by starting an opposition; this was done; and the war carried on till good taste advised the discontinuance of both, as they were becoming too personal.

*Extracts from the Daily Sea-Gull and Mother Carey's Chicken; published on board the Saranak, at sea.*

A game of nine-pins will be played on Monday morning; those able to *stand up* will be allowed to play; mere *sets-up* excused.

The Cataract of the Bile may be seen on deck.

*Fall arrangements of the Packets.* Tea-cups upsetting, and passengers tumbling about.

*Lost. Two hundred dollars reward.* Several good appetites have been lost somewhere in the main cabin. If returned, in good order, within twenty-four hours, the above reward will be cheerfully paid.

*The bottle measurer. Half-way.* A gentleman assures us

that we are half-way to England! He brought two bottles of brandy on board, to last the voyage, and one is gone already. It is shrewdly suspected that many will be half-seas-over without being aware of it.

*The Captain.* There is some fear expressed on board that the captain is becoming intemperate, as he has been frequently heard calling to the helmsman for *Port*.

*New works in the press.* A new edition of Silly Man's Travels, by the editor of this paper.

Do not think from the above that we have even one brandy-drinker among us; the one who did take a little proved to have entirely escaped the general sickness, and was thus the envy of others, who took a sort of malicious pleasure in teasing him.

We are still rarely favoured with the presence of any of the ladies at meals; the rough passage keeps them constantly uncomfortable, and they pick a little chicken in their own cabin.

April 17th. Amused ourselves this morning by assorting the letter-bag of the ship, containing 1037 letters, and numerous newspapers and pamphlets, &c. The mass of the former are addressed to Ireland, and evidently from emigrants. A few specimens of the directions have been copied by a friend; there is one "to the editor of Punch"—one for "Sir Robert Peel, Prime Minister of England," in a very cramped hand, doubtless containing advice on the corn-laws.

### *Specimens of the Saranak's Post-Bag.*

For diness Brady of drum Negar in care of Sammule Mc fadin Coot Hill county of Cavan Ireland.

To Widow Connors Foxfork Barusha P. offis. Tipperaree.

Mr. William Hunter Belfast Vifer oil works.

To the care of Mrs John Haslet Post master Cumber Clady for widow, Mary Davy of Stranagahvilly County of Derry Ireland.

Liverpool inglan First court in oliver street. For Samuel Cobham ship write.

On the back of another was, When will the Britishers be honest to Irishmen? Returned from U. S. A.

To Mr. Michall Smyth coachman to the Earl of Kingston. Mitchellstown Ireland Andy O'Brien. with speed.

To the care of Mr. Jon clark, Cow Bag. Londin derry, Ireland.

For mrs. Porter.

Miss smith, Ireland.

The Captain is a good housekeeper, surprising us daily with the extent of his supplies; we had, for instance, fresh fried oysters on the tea-table to-night. Sea-gulls have hovered around us this afternoon in numbers; the sea as placid as the Delaware above Philadelphia, which allows all our twenty-one grown passengers to fill our table. Now but 650 miles from Cape Clear, and 930 from Liverpool.

One of our passengers has some barrels of apples for his friends in England; but they are decaying so fast, he has brought them out, to the great enjoyment of many; fruit, dried or fresh, and good walnut pickles, are craved by nearly all. Medicine, the Captain has in abundance, of all the common kinds; few need, therefore, be brought. The second mate is a trader in birds, squirrels, and sometimes tortoises; he has several gray-squirrels, blue-jays, and a little snow-bird, and a black-bird, which sings on fine days some well-remembered notes of home; on sunny mornings they are all brought out for an airing, much to the amusement of the children; their proprietor says he expects a pound sterling for each, even to the snow-bird, if they live; he brings back a return for our bird fanciers, but loses great numbers.

April 20th. The prevailing south wind, for a few days

past, has driven us north of Cape Clear, and to-day, having little or none, the current is setting us to the north of Ireland; we shall probably be compelled to take the north passage, and thus possibly obtain a view of the Giants' Causeway, without the trouble of a journey. Our ship would now feel the benefit of a propeller; if we had one, we might breakfast in Liverpool to-morrow, while a week or more may yet be passed within a hundred miles of land; this annoys some of our company, but as my son's health improves daily, I feel very contented; the weather of April is rather cold in England; May will be a better period to land.

From what I see and learn on board, I conclude, that the efforts now making to benefit the sailor, have been attended with good results; they feel that they are human beings, and not outcasts, and are improved by it; much remains to be done. It is to be hoped the association lately commenced under favourable auspices at Philadelphia will be sustained; "Sailors' Homes" have been liked by the poor fellows; the next generation may witness the happiest results from the exertions now in progress. Our crew are temperate on board from necessity, but will probably spend all their wages the first day or two of liberty; at least the old hands taught in the old school will do so.

April 21st. Becalmed still; at twelve at night we saw the light-houses of Eagle Island, exactly nineteen days since we parted from those of Cape Henlopen; when shall we see those of Liverpool?

April 24th. Still becalmed, beating between the Scotch island of Islay, and the peculiar Irish coast around the Giants' Causeway, of which we have an imperfect view. The Island of Rathlin is most remarkable, as is all this rocky coast. Rathlin is a sort of feudal sovereignty, under a Protestant clergyman named Gage, who holds it under a curious tenure from the Antrim family. It has one of Bruce's ruined castles on it.

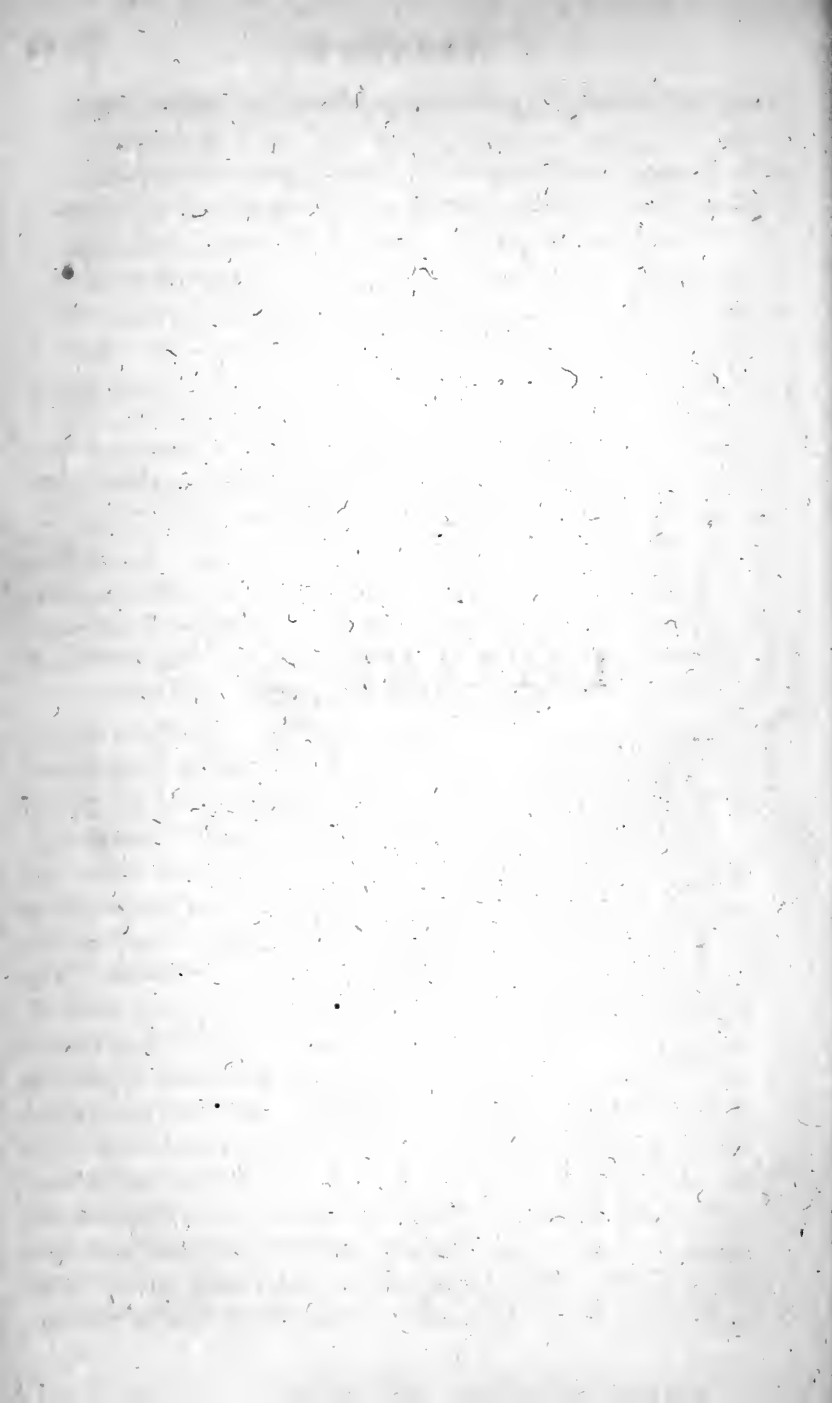
April 25th. We continue to beat about the singular light-

houses, called the Maidens, on two rocks near the entrance of the channel.

April 26th. Very tired of the ship, and determine, with others, to endeavour to leave her and make our way as best we can to Glasgow or Belfast. A pilot-boat is hailed, and I must pack up.

Yours, &c.

IRELAND.





## L E T T E R   I I I .

Belfast, April 26th, 1845.

Gale and fog—Uncomfortable situation—A pilot is seen—Four of us land at Bangor—Irish jaunting car—Ship's letter-bag—Beauty of the country—"The heir of Bangor"—First impressions of Ireland—Donegal Arms at Belfast—Set out for the Giant's Causeway—Town of Antrim—Huts of the poor—Bleach greens—Irish bull—Round tower—Shane's castle—Lord O'Neill—His property—Lough Neagh—Coleraine—Dunluce Castle—The female guide—Giants' Causeway—The rabble of would-be guides—Wet to the skin—The hotel—Embark to see the caves—Writing a bore to a hurried traveller.

I CLOSED my last letter on board ship, very tired of an imprisonment, which seemed likely to have a long continuance. We were all the night of the 25th tossed about in the mouth of the channel, in a gale and fog which defied penetration; rocks of the worst description encircled us as we crossed and recrossed between the Irish and Scotch coasts, without making a mile of progress. We were all somewhat uneasy at our situation, a recurrence of which was to be dreaded. The morning was fine and clear, and seven passengers united in asking Captain Turley to hoist a flag for a pilot, not one of which genus we had yet seen in this difficult and dangerous channel. After lunch, one made his appearance with three assistants, in a small wherry-like boat, with a small sail. We bargained with him to take seven of us to Belfast for twenty dollars, and my son and I hastened our baggage to the deck; the wind blew very hard, fair for Belfast, but ahead for Liverpool; when it came to descending the ladder to our little barge, only four came down; we pushed off, hoisted our sail,

and shot off like a bird, with three cheers for the Saranak. The water came over us and our baggage till we felt alarmed for our safety; in an hour we sailed nearly ten miles, and being inside Belfast Bay, we requested to be landed at the nearest point where a conveyance could be had.

This proved to be Bangor, county of Down, a poor Irish town, without commerce, full of old houses, women and children, and crazy-looking shops, "licensed to sell spirits and tobacco" or "groceries." We found a cab, in which were packed our heavy and wet trunks and travelling bags, and then mounted a real Irish jaunting car; we had the ship's letter-bag to be delivered at the Belfast post-office, and set out on our travels.

Spring has just strewed the earth with daisies and primroses, and the furze is in full bloom; it is used for hedges; has a blossom like the laburnum in colour, or perhaps it more resembles botanically the Spanish broom. The whole country appeared one perfect garden, carefully drained, and only interspersed here and there with a wet boggy field, from which state it has been, much of it at least, reclaimed. Fields beautifully tilled, green and enclosed by hedges, roads more perfect than I had ever seen, country seats such as cannot be found in America, or very rarely, beautified the landscape of a rolling country, from the hills of which there are enlivening views of the Bay. "The heir of Bangor" owns the town and the country surrounding it, and has a fine park enclosed by a most substantial stone wall and planted with ten thousand beautiful young trees. He is a young unmarried man, now engaged in erecting a new castle, the old one falling about his ears; extensive green-houses are under way, and indeed nothing surprised us more than to see the improvements every where in progress. The climate near the sea is not favourable to the growth of trees, especially the evergreens, which with the ivy running over walls and olden trees, looked sickly; but the country, though few leaves ex-

cept those of the hedges and the horsechesnut were out, was eminently green.

Sitting back to back in our very novel conveyance, we four raw North Americans, exhausted, in our fourteen miles ride to this fine city, all the epithets expressive of admiration that we were masters of; we were constantly exclaiming "look here," and if we took our eyes from one side of the road to view the other, we lost something by doing so. The country is very densely populated; we saw few labourers at work, the spring duties being over. Our first impressions of Ireland are very favourable; they are those of *voyageurs* just arrived from the confinement of a ship, viewing for the first time a new country, and probably a part peculiarly well cultivated.

We delivered our heavy letter-bag at the Post-office, and were glad to get to the shelter of the excellent Donegal Arms in Belfast, where new hats, clothes, and a bath, made us look like ourselves again. Our two companions proceeded at ten at night in a fine steamer for Liverpool. Finding myself within sixty miles of the Giant's Causeway, after a short sleep I rose at six and proceeded in the Londonderry coach for Coleraine, a distance of fifty miles, and a good point to diverge to the Causeway, distant ten miles, past the celebrated ruin of Dunluce Castle. The hills overlooking Belfast, the property of the Marquis of Donegal, contain a deer park, the animals in full view from the road. Cave Hill presents points of view which would alone warrant the trip I had undertaken. Soon we came to Templepatrick, and the castellated house and park of Castle Upton, the property of Lord Templeton, an absentee. This mansion, which was built in the time of Elizabeth, has been modified by subsequent erections; it is supposed to stand on the site of a preceptory of the Knights Templars; a crypt and finely groined roof is the only part of the original structure existing. The grounds are surrounded, as is usual, with a well-constructed high stone wall, and the planting, though not of more than

thirty or forty years' growth, was highly interesting, and to my eyes, novel.

The town of Antrim presented my first view of an Irish village, in its truth and originality; low thatched houses, the roofs overgrown with moss, and not offering one pleasing aspect of either cleanliness or comfort, with manure heaps in front of many, was a very sad beginning. No such buildings can be found with us, and I would compare many of them, but more especially others in thousands which came in sight every few roods beyond, to nothing better than the worst negro huts of Virginia. Many bleach greens and good houses occupied by bleachers of linen, the staple of this part of Ireland, are in the immediate vicinity. Acres upon acres of the greenest grass, are covered with thousands of yards of fine linen, indicating a prosperous manufacture. When it is to be spread, the linen is carried out in low carts, and "dumped" down in heaps. An Irishman said to me, "Do you see those white *hay* cocks of linen?" Not the first nor last bull I heard to-day. The linen is left out all night and guarded.

At the end of the main street of Antrim stands the embattled entrance gateway of Massarene Castle, the property of Lord Massarene, another absentee. The front is profusely ornamented with carvings of armorial bearings, medallions, and other enrichments, above the principal entrance, in the style of James I. It was founded in 1609. The grounds are handsome, but neglected. A round tower, a short distance from the town, is quite perfect; it is ninety-two feet in height.

The great ornament of this vicinity is the princely demesne of Shane's Castle, whose magnificent woods, covering 2000 acres, skirt the shores of Lough Neagh for more than three miles. This is one of the most magnificent parks in Ireland, a great portion of it consisting of oak, beech, elm, and larch, often of great size. The gardens are kept in perfect order; strangers are admitted to drive through the demesne, coming out of an opposite gate, and passing long avenues wide enough to turn a carriage and four in. The noble residence which

once occupied a commanding situation, was accidentally burned to the ground in 1816, while a party of nobles were at dinner; the library, pictures, furniture, all perished. Lord O'Neill, childless, and the last of his kingly race, resides in a plain mansion, and is fond of seeing visitors; his fine conservatory overhangs the lake.

Speaking of his property, this nobleman lately wrote thus: "The *remnant* of the estate consists of about 52,500 Irish acres (85,000 English.)" So you may imagine what it once was. It was granted in 1683 by Charles II. to the then Countess of Antrim. Within the demesne are said to lie more than fifty of the old raths or fortresses, with which this part of the country was so thickly covered.

Lough Neagh is said to be the largest lake in Europe, with the exception of Ladoga in Russia, Lake Vener in Sweden, and the Lake of Geneva; and how large, think you, it is? Seventeen miles in length, and ten in breadth! Utilitarianism, which comes in from the opposite coast of Scotland, proposes to reclaim the land submerged, by draining; after heavy rains this lake rises six to nine feet, and inundates large estates. A canal connects it with the river Lagan, twenty-eight miles distant.

Arrived at Coleraine, I hired a fresh horse, and dashed off in fine style for Dunluce Castle and the Causeway, through a broken, stony country, filled with cabins. Throughout the ride from Belfast, the women, wherever seen, were barefooted in the roads and streets, though the day was damp and cold. They say they prefer it! but we find them change their minds when arrived among us, and the half dollars become more plenty.

Dunluce Castle, situated on one of the great headlands facing the North Sea, is truly an interesting spot; though a ruin, it tells its own story so easily, that you read *the habits* of olden times without a guide. The date of most of the castles in this country is known; the Irish began to erect defences of this description in the eleventh or twelfth centu-

ries, but this is older, and no record tells of its birth. It is perched upon a lofty rock, separated from the main land by a chasm of about thirty feet in breadth, across which the only means of access is on the top of a narrow wall, three feet wide; over this the visiter walks or is pulled by the old guide, or his wife, and a lady is said lately to have rode her horse over, to gain a Die Vernon celebrity; another bet was won by a jockey getting a blind horse to do the same feat. This access being the only one, its approach is narrowed gradually down from the outworks on the main, till it becomes a mere alley of high walls, which could be contested by a single arm. The buildings on the main are large, and were used for horsemen, servants, and retainers; all wood is gone, but you can trace the height of the small rooms, and see the chimney-places of the dwelling part; this is also all castelated, and built of mortar of the same extraordinary consistency, as hard as the stone itself, resisting the action of the sea-air and spray, which have been flying over it for centuries.

A banshee of course inhabits the best room left, and her presence is ascertained to be nightly, when she sweeps the stone floor with the greatest care; more intelligent observers attribute this to the wind whistling through a loop-hole. The neighbours, a few years since, stole the casings of the doors and windows, but enough is left to show their character; the agent of the estate has established an old man and his wife near it, who gain a good living from showing the castle, and from their care of numerous grazing cattle. The woman attended me, and was constantly saying, "I tell the truth; it's no use telling a lie; the castle was built fourteen hundred years ago; and that's the truth; yes, gentlemen." I picked a few wild flowers from the floor of the great hall, and caught a live snail, of beautiful colours, crawling up the castle wall, which treasures are safe in my luggage for —.

The Giant's Causeway is three miles distant, on a headland of similar appearance. I passed through the flourishing village of Bushmills, celebrated the world over for its whisky

distillery, and came to the Causeway House, an excellent hotel on the plateau above the Causeway. This plateau is somewhat like the green space before the boarding-houses at Long Branch, but commands fine reaches of headlands on both sides the village, and several country houses built for the residence of gentry during the bathing season. In fact, this spot promises to become a watering-place; and when the railroads in Ireland now in progress are completed, it will be so easy to reach it from England, via Dublin or Belfast, that it may be in a few years as much frequented as Niagara, and in my humble opinion, as much spoiled thereby.

How shall I describe the Causeway, or how picture to your mind's eye the commotion my arrival occasioned among a dozen or two would-be guides? They were in motion before I thought I was visible, escaping like frightened birds from numerous clay huts on the sides of the road ahead, each anxious to arrive at the gate of the inn, beyond which they are not allowed to approach, and each having three or more simple boxes filled with the crystals and other productions of the place. We whipped our way through them, and were kindly received by the hotel-keeper, though in a plight that in America would be deplorable, wet nearly all over, through five coverings; this place is famous for such "juicy" days, as indeed all the island, though to a less degree.

Our host procured the best guide, Alexander Laverty, and with him and an English gentleman whom I joined at lunch, we set off to the landing, where we engaged four boatmen, expert at a business requiring more than ordinary nerve, to pull amidst the roaring waters. We embarked to see first the cave. I dare hardly venture on a description of the Causeway, so ably painted by pen and pencil before, but as you insist on my writing, I will in my next attempt at least to give my impressions of the scene. By the way, do you know what a task you imposed on me? Time is more valuable here than money, to me who am in haste; and to have

one's sleeping hours employed in coffee-rooms, pencilling thus, is a more serious business than I expected.

Yours truly, &c.

## L E T T E R I V.

Belfast, April, 1845.

The Giants' Causeway—The caves—The low pier—Garrulous guide—Crystallization of Basalt—Size of the Causeway—Spanish Armada—Pleaskin—Its magnitude—Kohl recommended—Sir Walter Scott—Album—Discharge of a guide—Advice to travellers.

THE Giants' Causeway is a great natural curiosity, and yet I cannot blame any one for saying they were disappointed at their first view. The Causeway itself looks very small in the distance, and it is very low compared with what engravings have led me to expect. Follow me a few minutes, and you will learn why this disappointment is experienced.

The boatmen row you first to the caves in a headland of rock, and you see the smaller one of the few there is access to from the land; it has an opening through the hill, which we afterwards viewed. The sea often dashes into it so boisterously as to make it impossible to enter, or even approach. Dunkerry Cave is one of more magnificent proportions, and in the calmest weather it requires the expertness and practice of the boatmen to effect an entrance in safety. The innermost recesses have not been explored, nor would a passage through it, with the swell of the sea lifting the boat, be desirable. The vault above, the green waters beneath, the yawning abyss, the rocks of basalt hanging over the beholder, encrusted slightly here and there with copper, combine to render it eminently grand. Echo answers to echo, and the boatmen relate that, in stormy nights, the inhabitants of



houses far inland, are often kept awake by the noise of waters in subterranean caverns.

Leaving this place, you are rowed to the Causeway itself; you land as on a low pier, and are told to look around; a vast work seems to have been begun, and the materials left scattered up and down as the workmen had been engaged at them, when the progress of the work was arrested. You walk about upon the tops of slippery columns of all shapes, and are shown heptagons, sexagons, &c., by your garrulous guide, who ever and anon shakes off your beggars as one shakes away the flies in America, and then says, "Now, gentlemen, this is the giant's arm-chair; and now, gentlemen, this is the giant's spring—whoever sits upon this chair, if he takes two drinks of the giant's spring, and thinks of his love, in less than a year he will be married; and, if he be a married man, will have an heir to his estate." We made him repeat it several times, to see if it was by rote, as every thing else was. The spring-water finds its way between the pillars of the Causeway at a spot where it would seem they are most closely packed together. An old woman presides at this well, and offers a draught of the pure stream, and, if requested, will season it with poteen, distilled illicitly in her own cabin—the Irishman's mountain-dew.

There are three platforms of these columns here, which may occupy as much space as the central building of Independence Hall and one of the court-houses at Fifth or Sixth Streets. Nature rarely works at crystallizing on so large a scale; basalt, it is known, takes the forms here presented under great pressure when heated, as this has evidently been; the curiosity is to see the operation from so large a manufactory, but in reality it is no more curious than the dog-tooth spar, which the beggars offer in boxes at your side; the *law* governing the case is present in each, and quite as remarkable in the one case as in the other.

The size of the Giant's Causeway would alone diminish the visiter's willingness to think he must be very full of admira-

tion, for he has seen prints of great high rocks overlooking the sea—but these are in another place, and are no part of the Causeway proper. The boatmen now row you past the “chimney-tops,” on the summit of the next headland, so called from the tradition that the celebrated Spanish Armada mistook them for the towers of Dunluce Castle, and battered one of them down; it now lies at the foot, and the name of Port-na-Spagna has been given to the little bay.

You next come to the Pleaskin, where you see the reason for supposing the Causeway had been painted in your mind of such a height. This precipice is most striking. It consists of sixteen different strata, piled one above the other. A bed of irregular prismatic basalt is based upon a stratum of red ochre, and at an elevation of two hundred feet stands a magnificent gallery of basaltic columns, forty-four feet high. Another bed of basalt succeeds, and then a second colonnade of longer and more massive columns. Another follows, crowning the altitude of four hundred feet above the sea. This spot, fringed with incessant foam, adorned with various tints of green, gray lichens, and vermilion rocks, is the point which a casual visiter carries most vividly in his memory. I think Kohl’s account, which I read on the voyage, a good one, and as it is more particular than mine can pretend to be, I refer to it, and to many published accounts in the old Philosophical Transactions, &c. In 1814, Sir Walter Scott, when on a nautical excursion round the coast of Scotland, sailed over to these shores, and has given a fine description of the sea view.

Fatigued with walking, and more tired of the box-sellers and beggars, who hang around your person like musquitoes, and who think they have *a right* in your purse because of the giant whose smithy you came to see, or for some other equally plausible reason, you are glad to get back to your hotel. From the album kept in it for a few months, it is evident that most visitors have thought quite as much of their dinners as of the Causeway; the entries in it mostly record a great ducking, time of stay, and their satisfaction with the landlord,

guide, waiter, and fare, the Causeway not mentioned. A few poor attempts at wit disgust you with Irish albums, and you turn to the guide Laverty's book, in which visitors recommend him. One has dismissed him in the regular style always required in dismissing a servant, thus:—

“A. Laverty was in my employment for nearly two hours, during which time he conducted himself soberly, honestly, and quietly. I discharged him an hour ago, having first paid him all wages due—and something over.”

DUBLIN.

A piece of advice, given over the head of the guide, without his being able to read it himself, amused us, as being most eminently true. Laverty tells you he has fixed a price, to lull suspicion, and he then lets you be cheated by the boatmen as a distinct set of necessary assistants, no doubt sharing in the spoil. It ran thus: )

“Never go into a boat without first ascertaining how much to pay? Of course some exorbitant demand will be made, but never pay more than eight shillings for two hours, and the party amounts to six or less—pay this guide three shillings—he is a very good one: after all, dear reader, have you not been disappointed with the Causeway, as I have been?”

G. G. of Dominica, W. I.

The names of several Americans are in the album; three or four from Kentucky were lately added.

Yours, &c.

## L E T T E R V.

April, 1845.

Sir E. McNaughten's Castle—The Causeway little visited—Return to Belfast—Find my companions of the ship—Ride to Dublin—Appearance of the country—Absentees—Sir Henry Pottinger—Mr. Macready—Police—Homeliness of the people—Dunkald—A market-day—Paddy and his pig—Fashions—Donkey-carts—Neddy—Sweeping up manure—Railroad to Dublin—Regulations—Cars—Efficient police at stations, &c.—Rain.

SIR EDWARD MCNAUGHTEN has a castle very near the Giant's Causeway, and this desolate-looking coast may probably be a very good neighbourhood in summer, but in winter it is awfully cold and stormy. Forty members of noblemen's families have been in the hotel at one time, but I conclude, from what I see and hear, that the spot is not so much visited as Niagara was before the railroads were thought of. Five hundred may be the actual number in a season. This is not large, and especially when we recollect that Lavery assured us it was "the most picturesquest object in Ireland."

I retraced my route to Belfast with as much speed as possible, anticipating that our ship might have to put in there during the gales which continued to prevail; I was not disappointed;—the ship *was* at anchor, and all our cabin passengers but one were at the Donegal Arms. Finding it in vain to sail against the easters that had so long prevailed, the captain, after giving his passengers another good dose of sea-sickness in a fog and gale of greater severity than before we left him, was driven by stress of weather to this resort. A steam-tug was procured, their luggage taken to the Custom-House,

which I had entirely escaped, and they were delayed a day longer still, while I was ready to proceed to Dublin; first visiting the principal objects of interest in Belfast; among these no one should omit the Botanical Garden, which is in the most beautiful order.

The ride from Belfast to Dublin is one of great interest, exhibiting in strong colours the peculiarities of Ireland. Much of the way we found a remarkably fine, cultivated country, in parts, a perfect garden; near Newry every possible spot was under tillage. There are many large proprietors, mostly absentees, but there are several benefactors of the poor, who remain at home and distribute their money in improvements;—fencing and planting on an immense scale. Indeed there are evidences, in a vast many places, of attention in these respects, leaving an impression of an advance of prosperity in this section of Ireland, highly encouraging to Irishmen who love their green island. If the incubus of a hereditary land-ownership were broken down, a large standing army dismissed, good and wholesome laws enacted, the people instructed in the arts, and given even a common education, this fine country might be the garden of the earth.

I forgot to mention that at our hotel in Belfast we had for a fellow-lodger, Sir Henry Pottinger, of Chinese treaty memory. He came over from Glasgow the day of our arrival, nearly sick with the feasting the Scots have been giving him, and about to enter again upon a similar course in Ireland. Belfast is his native town, and his arrival created no little excitement. He was to receive the compliment of a public dinner in a few days. In appearance he is a modest, plain man. Another distinguished man, better known in America, was also there, announced to perform a round of characters before the “nobility, gentry, and garrison;” no less a personage than Mr. Macready, whose Hamlet, Werner, and so on, were posted all over the town.

The things that strike us most, as strangers, are the effi-

cient police every where, the jaunting cars, the bare feet, the *tout ensemble* of the buildings, and the homeliness, generally, of the people; add to this the presence of a standing army, the red coats seen at the towns, in the roads, &c., and you will imagine us in a country exciting novel sensations. We began well, with Ireland first, and shall go on through higher and higher grades.

Dublin, May, 1845.

Too much fatigued by a long stroll to attempt the night-coach for the south, I have a part of an evening to devote to my correspondents, and will continue my epistle from this beautiful city. One scene on our road from the north escaped me in the last letter: it was a market-day at the considerable town of Dunkald, a place of some commerce. The main street through which we drove was occupied for more than a quarter of a mile by hundreds of town and country people exchanging their little wealth. Here stood Paddy in humble garb, holding for sale a three months' pig in his arms, as we hold a baby, and coaxing it not to cry; next to him a merchant with bedsteads all put up complete, made of very rough materials, for five shillings; coarse wooden-ware seemed to have a brisk sale; it was raining, and the *ladies* walked home with their small tubs inverted over their heads to save the hoods of their quite smart blue cloaks and their white caps, which garb is eminently fashionable; nine out of ten of the more respectable have this outfit, while the men sported coats of one uniform gray, cut in the style of Addison's day in England;—with small-clothes of the same period; their appearance was to our eyes singular and grotesque. There were pigs of all sizes and ages, scanned and bargained for with as much care as if they were horses at fifty pounds each. Tin-ware, bread, groceries, vegetables, especially young cabbage-plants, tied up in circles containing a dozen,

and in short, every conceivable commodity adapted to the middle and poorer classes.

A great portion of this merchandise was brought to market in donkey-carts, geared not with modern leather, but ancient, which snapped and broke as the little Neddy jumped on hearing the shrill horn of our post-guard. The people of Ireland buy these little animals, only larger than a good sheep, sometimes as cheap as a dollar, and call them "the poor man's charger!" They serve a good purpose; we saw them first in Belfast, where they draw marketing, and appear to be under complete control. A number of women in old clothes, without bonnet or shoe, were constantly employed in the middle of the street with a broom sweeping the manure and depositing it in baskets or donkey-carts, and by this means they live.

Between the last-named city and Dublin a railroad has been commenced, and is finished about twenty-two miles at each end; great difficulties have occurred in determining the situation for the remainder of the route, rival interests wishing it to approach their property respectively. The bill is before Parliament now. The regulations on these few miles are in some respects admirable: among these is the mode of checking the ticket-seller. Each ticket is printed on thin coloured paper, and stamped daily with the date of the month; it is cut from a book as sold, always leaving a margin with a corresponding number, so that the cashier who stamped it knows precisely how many are to be accounted for. At every station and crossing, a policeman, well dressed and badged, stands ready to prevent animals or bipeds trespassing on the road, incommoding passengers, or creating any confusion. They are civil, and direct the traveller in any difficulty. The coaches are admirable, divided into three classes, the second being as comfortable as those between New York and our city, and a vast deal cleaner; the third are by no means uncomfortable, except when it rains, as it does daily!

Yours, etc.

## L E T T E R V I .

Dublin, May, 1845.

Atmospheric railway—Prince Albert's prize beef—The Queen's share  
—A present—Library of Dublin University—Its appearance and contents—The students—Ignorance respecting America—Failure of the U. S. Bank not heard of—A situation under Van Buren—Buffalo sporting at Philadelphia—Good humour of the people—An Irish wag—Beggars—How treated—War with America—Ireland friendly—Relieving guard at the castle—Good music—Drum major—Idlers—The 44th regiment—the 32d.

ONE of the first places to which my friends took me on arriving at Dublin, was the Atmospheric Railway, connecting with the Kingston; its commencement is seven miles from our Imperial Hotel in the great thoroughfare of Sackville Street. Its terminus is at Dalkey, a distance of one mile and three-quarters, which we ran in the unusually slow time of four minutes: the route has been frequently traversed in one minute and three-quarters, or sixty miles an hour, on an ascending grade, and with a weight attached of seventy tons. You know the mode of exhausting the pipe by a steam-engine of one hundred horse power, and inserting a piston in a cylinder in the centre of the track; the opening in the fifteen-inch tube is immediately closed by a wheel running over plates of iron, about five inches long, and replacing them in a slight bed of luting, such as is employed to grease cart-wheels or of that consistence, but by no means in such quan-



tity or so fluid as I had imagined from the descriptions. We ascended a grade, recollect, of seventy-six feet, in less than two miles. It is considered here a successful invention and likely to be generally introduced. A committee of Parliament reported favourably on it last week. The Americans must take up and improve this plan. No railroad should be now commenced in the United States without ascertaining fully the benefits and economy of this important invention. Various charters for this improved mode have been granted in England, and many routes are now in progress, with prospects of complete success.

Dublin has at this moment some beef on sale which is exciting great interest: it is the enormously fat flesh of Prince Albert's two prize oxen, which have just competed with the Irish at their cattle-show and carried off the honours. They were each sold for seventy guineas, and the purchaser, one of the wealthiest men of Ireland, is retailing the best pieces at fifty-five cents the pound. The Queen ordered the cut called the "baron;" my friend asked him if he was going to charge her Majesty? "Surely I will indeed." "Well, now I'll tell you what," says my companion, "you present the beef to the Queen, and I'll give you thirty pounds sterling for whatever she returns you." The idea seemed novel to the Irishman, and the compensation *in essé*, has, I am persuaded, induced him to send it "free gratis for nothing," except expectations, which will, they say, consist of a valuable return. I felt surprised that the "royal consort" should take not only the prize but the money for the sale, but subsequently ascertained he presented the proceeds to the Dublin Agricultural Society. The market accommodations here are not convenient.

Having gratified the first friend to whom I delivered a letter by seeing the beef and the railroad, I made my way in search of my own hobby, a fine library. This I found at the Dublin University, where I was most kindly shown the collected treasures of this rich literary institution. The Uni-

versity is in the heart of the city, but in itself is, for all purposes of free circulation of air, in the country, standing in a "Green" of thirty acres. The buildings are very handsome and substantial. Founded by Henry Ussher, Archbishop of Armagh, by Royal Charter from Queen Elizabeth, in 1591, it has been from time to time richly endowed. In the reign of James I. a number of livings were forfeited to the crown by the rebellion of O'Neil, seventeen of which were bestowed upon Trinity College, and it now numbers twenty-one in its gift, and returns a member of Parliament.

There are three spacious quadrangles; the grand front is three hundred feet in length and of the Corinthian order. The second is the Library square, two hundred and sixty-five feet long, by two hundred and fourteen broad; the library occupies the entire fourth side. It was first opened for the reception of the books in 1731, exactly the period when the Philadelphia Library was founded. At the head of the stairs the Library is entered by large folding-doors, and the first view is particularly striking.

Between the windows are lofty oak cases at right angles to the walls, on both sides of which the books rest on well-filled shelves; the fronts of these cases are terminated by fluted Corinthian pillars of carved oak, connected at the top by a broad cornice, surmounted by a balustrade, also of carved oak, forming the front of a gallery which is continued quite round the room. In front of the book-cases are pedestals with beautiful white marble busts of ancient and modern philosophers, historians, and poets. A second apartment is beyond, containing the twenty thousand volumes of the Fagel family of Holland; removed to London in 1794, upon the invasion of that country by the French, and purchased by the University for 40,000 dollars.

The illuminated manuscripts of this Library, if not numerous, are very ancient; one of the most valued was found in a bog enclosed in a copper case of curious workmanship embellished with precious stones; it is one of the Gospels.

The books are rare and valuable, many, very many of the one hundred and thirty thousand such as we have only heard of in America. The rooms are open daily from eight to two, for the use of students and members of the University. Some recent thefts by a student or two, have obliged the regulation to be enforced by which no youth is allowed to enter the recesses. As I looked out of a window on the park, some of the boys were very actively employed at cricket, while others were sauntering about the very green grass in dresses many of them much the worse for wear. I shall not detain you with details of refectory and hall.

I have mixed pretty freely with the classes of natives of the Emerald Isle in whom I might fairly expect an average, at least, of intelligence; on very many points, they are possessed of an amount of information creditable to their country; but I was scarcely prepared to find them ignorant of some of our prominent topics. At a dinner-party, for instance, not one of the gentlemen knew of the failure of our United States Bank; it had made no impression on them if they had read of it, because Ireland has little money to lend; the capital is in the sister isle. On top of a stage-coach a young gentleman informed us, very gravely, that he was going to America, where a friend had promised to get him a place under Van Buren! Another asked me whether there was good buffalo-sporting about Philadelphia! and a gentleman of the bar in Belfast inquired if there was any large city with us but New York!

The good humour of the poor is a pleasing feature. A wag of the real Irish blood, in a rail-car, called every body he saw to him, and cracked a joke with inimitable fun: to the first he saw on halting, "I say, ugly fellow, what's your name?" Here he failed, for the reply was out before he had done.—"The ugliest name, your honour, ever you heer'd."—"Well! what is it?"—"Oh! sure I mostly disremember it!" The second hit caused the laugh to be on our side. "Buy some fine oranges, yer honour?"—"Are they good?"

—“Yes, yer honour.”—“That’s right, my good fellow, always keep the best and you’ll command the top of the market!” The discomfited vender laughed, and was about to depart, when the wag relented and made a purchase.

A beggar, one of the many who beset us on stopping at Drogheda near Dublin, beseeched the handsome gentleman in gold spectacles, and the beautiful lady with such blue eyes, to pity her poverty. When she found we made no answer, “Heck!” she cried, “I’m wasting all me wind and getting nothing to take its place!” and walked off to another window. The respectable part of the community never look at or answer an appeal from a beggar; the moment they get you to answer, it’s all over, and a coin only will drive them away; it is a great comfort on such occasions when the carriage or car moves you beyond earshot. We saw very few beggars from the Causeway to Drogheda; there they made amends by a powerful array, but they all looked smiling, and seemed to think it was a joke, to judge from faces. The North, where we have been, has a preponderance of Protestants and Scotch; here, and at the south, the reverse is the case, and beggary increases.

The last news from the States looks a little threatening, say the British papers; I have not read the Parliamentary debate in full, but a war with America is a topic which is freely discussed, and many do not hesitate to say that Ireland, or rather Irishmen, would join us. But first, the red-coats must be dismissed, before the Irish can well raise a hundred muskets.

The relieving guard at the Castle daily at eleven o’clock exhibits the precision and neatness of the British drill. Before the above hour has fairly done striking, little squads of soldiers assemble in the open court before the Lord-Lieutenant’s door, with a fine band of thirty musicians, who play the overtures from the operas.

When the whole guard is assembled for the relief of those on different stations, they go through some trifling evolutions,

and disperse, along with the ragged boys, and about a thousand idlers, strangers like ourselves, or loungers with no occupation, and the affair is over. The 44th, the celebrated regiment lately returned from Affghanistan, with thirteen men out of nine hundred who went out, has been recruited, and is now quartered here; the few survivors of this band of soldiers receive great attention, and marked interest attends their parades. The 32d, too, is popular with the crowd; a suit of colours was presented to them a few days since with great ceremony, and, in the evening, they gave a grand ball to the "nobility and gentry." There would seem to be an intentional parade-policy on the part of the government to awe the people of Ireland with the show of power. A collision is dreaded by all of both sides, and is believed by many some time to be inevitable.

## L E T T E R   V I I.

Clonmel, Ireland, May, 1845.

Pleasure of travel—Set out for the south of Ireland—Crying and laughing climate—Appearance of the country—Watering-pot—The landscape—Park—Deer—Ivy—The passengers—Information—No way-passengers—May day—System—The guard and coachman—Bianconi—Kilkenny—Duke of Ormond—His castle—His marriage—Parties—The beggars—Erroneous opinions of Ireland—Want of employment—Wages—Servants—Clonmel—Gas in Tipperary—Pig market—The family estate—Flouring mills—Domesticated at Clonmel—Security of the people—Gentry—Dinner—Gardens.

A VAST portion of this country is so highly cultivated, and the stage-coach routes are so good, that it is a pleasure to travel, notwithstanding the crying climate. I left Dublin for Kilkenny, intending to return and make further explorations among its ancient institutions, and, therefore, went off with only a carpet-bag, horse blanket for the lower limbs, overcoat,

and umbrella, the morning as fine as could be; a cloud rolled over us in half an hour, and down came a pitiless storm, accompanied by a high wind, dashing the rain-drops into my face with great force; there were on the top of the coach a well-dressed woman, and another flauntingly decked in silk. I made great preparations to receive the storm, and expected the others to be quite alarmed—my tucking up excited no attention; the ladies quietly drew up their hoods—no remark passed—the driver did not seem to be aware of a change, but dashed on at his regular pace. In five minutes we were in a clear sunshine again, and thus we coached all day, amidst a country cultivated in every part, and in the most beautiful manner. Cut down *all* the trees in all Chester county, divide the hill and valley into small fields; *fence* them with stone walls, hillocks of earth, or thorn, as you fancy; dig it all with a spade; let the sun shine and the rain descend alternately five minutes apiece, for a month in spring; then ascend a hill and survey your garden; you will have just such views as I have enjoyed all day. This raining puts one in the place of a flower-bed, over which a florist delights to hold his watering-pot.

Intersperse the round towers at rare intervals, a low old abbey, in ruins, and covered with the last growths of the ivy, ambitiously rising at the peak of the gable, and entering the stone windows; put a gradually rising hill on one side, cultivated to the top, but in deep shadow from a cloud, raining from one portion of its circumference;—on the other hill let a fine May sun be shining with all its riant effects—a little further on, turn a slight corner of the foot of the hill;—on one side you have instantly a high stone wall, built half a century ago, and brown with age wherever you can see it, for it is covered with ancient and most luxuriant ivy for half a mile or more; paint in a back-ground, viewed through trees of various ages, a large mansion, in the style of a castle, but indistinctly seen; an entrance lodge of exquisite taste, (this not always the case,) surrounded with old evergreens of little

height; as you whirl past all this, don't forget the other side of the road—it is a deer park of five hundred acres—*there* is a herd of five hundred, and the owner has thousands in it! besides those in the neighbourhood of the house. Yonder you think you see a dozen young fawns, but the guard of the coach assures you they are hares.

Such are, as nearly as I can paint, the landscapes of to-day. The belts of trees inside the walls of the parks are sometimes the width of one of our squares, and half of the trees at least have ivy growing to their tops; their old coats are covered, where visible, with moss; though they have not attained the size of some of our monarchs of the forest, they look as if they were older, and certainly they are occasionally very venerable.

As to the deer, for whose pleasure so large a park is provided, they are smaller than our noble rangers of the woods, and a little more picturesque than a flock of sheep. Those in Phoenix Park, Dublin, the first I had approached very near, were quite small, and had a mangy, goaty look; probably they are not as well cared for as Col. ——'s are; they were fat, of various colours, from white to fawn, and minded our coach, as it flew by the top of the wall, no more than sheep would.

The people who ride on the tops of coaches here do so for economy, and are not the best qualified by education to give correct information. I depend on them for little more than for names; having established a good understanding with the guard by talking about America, where he is sure to have relations, I ride inside awhile, and gather what knowledge of the country is to be found there; it differs entirely from that above, in its kind, and is occasionally accurate. The travelers on this route seem to be all on the move from necessity; they are booked on for a hundred miles at a stretch, rarely descend to the ground when we stop to change, and no way-passengers have been taken up the whole distance. The arrival by sound of horn at an old town, with narrow streets, is greeted by hosts of boys and youths, as in old times on the

frontiers of American civilization ; this is more the case now, perhaps, because the horses are all decked out with flowers and ribands for May-day, as is usual throughout the kingdom.

It is a cold May, but flowers, such as tulips, have been pressed upon us in small bunches for sale, and, when all have refused to pay, have been thrown at us, "because it is May." Bianconi, known to all travellers in Ireland, is very neat in his arrangements on this route. The English system of mail coaches, nearly destroyed there by rail-roads, is here presented to my view in its perfection ; it is no wonder that all our former tourists have spoken of it in terms of admiration.

The perfect system arrived at is admirable ; the guard knows his place and his duty—he opens the door, assists passengers to alight, and takes care of the luggage ; the driver has nothing to do but nod to the lasses, answer my questions, and drive ; he often does not descend from his elevation, when horses are changed with a speed and rapidity quite remarkable : and all this is "away in Ireland," near the borders of Tipperary, too, that wild land of savage man as you read in books.

At Kilkenny, where I stopped, is the magnificent newly improved castle of the Duke of Ormond. The guard talks much of the good hotel, "the Club," where the grand Hunting Association assembles from great distances.

The castle of the Duke of Ormond is on a little run, (here called a river, but very little wider than the front of a house,) and commands the old town of Kilkenny. On its ancient walls the late Duke built a true Gothic Castle, of great size and beauty ; it has fine old trees on one side, but the interior is the object of attraction ; the picture-gallery being one of the best in Ireland. The present Duke, only twenty-six years of age, was lately married. On this occasion he gave a series of grand parties, at the castle ; the first to the nobility and gentry, the second to the middle classes, the third to his tenantry ; a fourth was given by the housekeeper, so that the whole populous vicinity had a treat ; he is very



popular in the neighbourhood, a good landlord, in the opinion of his tenants, and mixes freely with the people; but he spends much of his time and money in London. Beggars innumerable are crowding round us to ask for a penny. I have put to all these all kinds of questions; the most frequent from travellers is, "Why don't you go to the poor-house?" This they get over as well as they can. To-day I asked them to give *me* a penny! One of a group instantly pulled out one, and said, "That's all I've got in the world and a baby to feed, but if yer honour is in want, you shall have it," and she pretended to pass it into my hand; the whole group had a hearty laugh, and all joined in imploring a sixpence "to divide among them, for the blessing of God." Further on the western coast there is a poorer population; here there are strong evidences of wealth surrounded by poverty.

The most erroneous opinions about Ireland prevail in America; I had believed that much of its surface was untilled, whereas, every nook which fell under my observation bears its produce for man; the majority *are* poor; they are, however, in the midst of plenty; if manufactories were introduced, to keep in the island the wages paid to England for goods, and the people were set to steady employment, there would seem to be no impediments to prosperity, for her resources would then be great. The wages of labourers hereabouts are very low in the estimation of an American, a shilling a day, for a labourer, and when steady employment is guaranteed, less.\* A contractor for railroads assures me he paid twenty cents a day in the grazing districts. A man-servant can be hired by the year for fifty dollars, but then his knowledge of the metaphysics of American house-keeping is very limited; he probably considers himself very learned if he can say "yes, sir," and wait on table; as for cleaning boots, carrying a basket to market, driving the horse, washing the pavement, and waiting on "the mistress" besides, he would scorn it, and if he did

\* In Kerry, sixpence a day in summer, and nothing in winter.—Wm. Howitt.

not scorn it, he would never learn to do the work of a black, unless he was caught very young indeed. As we procure our supply from Ireland, the time for having good servants in the United States will, I fear, never come; we must, therefore, simplify our habits, and wait on ourselves.

Clonmel is a large town, having twenty thousand inhabitants, on the river Suir, full of queer old houses and people, but prosperous because of the presence of flouring mills of great capacity. The town is lighted by gas—think of that in America—an Irish town in Tipperary lighted with gas. When I arrived it was pig-market day; such men and women as you only see in the lowest employments in Philadelphia, are driving the pig to the large mall, where he is to be sold for ready money, to pay the rent. The wife is not willing to trust her lord alone with so important a commission; she therefore accompanies him with a stick to drive, while Paddy holds on to the hind leg, by a wisp of straw, to prevent the family estate from running away. Prices just now are good; the pig-market is therefore crowded, but it would require a Hogarth to describe it. The dresses of the people are curious and antique; I begin to believe the story told by somebody before, that the old clothes that won't sell in London, are all shipped off here, where they serve two or three generations of pig-feeders. There are many capitalists in Clonmel, who purchase grain and cattle for export, and who sometimes make large profits. The flouring mills are as large as most in America; but as far as my travels have extended, they are the only ones I have seen since leaving Belfast, the grain being generally exported.

Having been domesticated at the house of a gentleman of family and fortune, in the county of Tipperary, I have learned a little of the fashions and ways of the people. I was not prepared to learn the fact that in this lawless country, as all England pronounces it, a private gentleman never takes his large quantity of silver for security to his safe, at night, nor removes it from his sideboard. He has in use five thousand

dollars' worth of plate, which is always at hand in the spacious dining-room. He never fastens his back gate, while his exquisitely beautiful grounds are particularly easy of access. The Tipperary boys are worst at times of election, and they do shoot a man sometimes, when he crosses the path of their interest; a traveller, and an inoffensive rich or poor resident, are just as safe as in any part of America.

The style and comfort of the higher class of gentry here, is very handsome and agreeable; every household department is perfectly filled by servants who know their separate duties, and perform them well. The gardener's son, in the morning, goes over the grass-plot and cuts out the weeds, depositing them in his little basket, for they are very few. The hostler has his department as neat as a parlour, and is, as I inspect the harness, employed in rooting out a little grass just sprung up between the stones. The young ladies and gentlemen, in morning dishabille when I arrive, are punctiliously dressed for the important dinner at six. The neatness of the gardens, surrounded with high evergreen shrubs, such as will not bear our cold winters, forms a feature, one look at which would compensate you for a voyage across the Atlantic.

I have now seen a very large surface of Ireland, from the north to the south, and shall retrace my steps to Dublin by a different route.

Yours truly, &c.

## L E T T E R V I I I.

Cashell, Ireland, May, 1845.

A traveller's experience—Servants—Brogue—Straw for mats—Old hotel—Description—Curtains for flags—Furniture—Moss and grass—Stage-coach breakfast—Antiquity—Dogs—Donkeys—Donkey cart and lady passenger—A gentleman's residence—Dinner—Conversation—Manners—Railroad mania—The lines sanctioned—Nearest route to America—Hospitality to Americans—Start for Cashell—The car—Bianconi—Rock of Cashell—Round tower and castle—Antiquity must be seen to be appreciated—Ruins of monastic establishments.

A TRAVELLER gets by degrees accustomed to the ways and appearances of a country, till he loses those first impressions which struck him as so novel and different from what he has been used to. I detected in Dublin the different manners of the servants, who always repeat the catchword of your question or order: "the coach is it?" "Sackville Street?" "the post office?" as you inquire for each of these; the brogue, too, is strong, and a little offensive to the ear,—but what sounds disrespectful, is not so meant.

In Tipperary all this becomes worse, but I have got a little used to it; not so with the mats at the front doors of the stage-houses; they are nothing more nor less than a bundle of wheat straw, strown clean every day or two inside the door. This is a useful invention where the streets are muddy and passengers not very neat. The very old hotel where I lodged last night, is a low double house, where half a dozen coaches stop for breakfast; its doors seem to have been taken from various former mansions about a century ago, for there are

no two that match; the locks have been mended, with knobs and keys of patterns in fashions of half a century apart, and they move with very peculiar motions. The handle of the key of my bed-room door was nearly as large as the lock itself, and so long was the shaft, that it was a dangerous experiment to walk about when the poor tallow candle was extinguished. The bed had the usual calico curtain, heavy quilt, and small pillow, to which I was glad to add my own, brought from the ship, and to replace the covering with a comfortable wadded dressing-gown. The red curtains of the common breakfast-room had once been drawn through the dirty street during a fracas at an election, when this tavern was the castle of some candidate opposed to the populace, who filled the rooms with paving-stones torn from the streets, and raised the curtains aforesaid for a flag; they are still preserved for ornament!

The furniture is of various patterns, but so substantial that it will be in use for the next century and a half at least, having already served, beyond question, the wants of many successive generations. The outside of the house resembles nothing you ever saw; moss has planted itself at some points of the irregular wall; a window is boarded up, and the grass is growing on the sill here and there; the floor under the entry straw is worn thin with long usage; the dining-room carpet has seen successive thousands trample it into tatters; the doors of the out-houses are, half of them, off their hinges; the oddest lean-to's are used for the housekeeper and the scullery; and this is the principal stopping-place for the admirable mail-coach between Dublin and Cork; successive horns every half hour announced a new arrival for a meal, as I sat at an old oak table in one corner and sketched a letter to my American friends, with one eye on the street to watch the motley groups. I have been an observer of the table customers, who partake of a substantial traveller's breakfast: it consists of ribs of beef roasted the day before, good bread, butter, eggs, with tea or coffee, the latter the only inferior article on the table, if we except the set-out, which consists

of tools and plates, made at different ages of the world's history. The turret of a church opposite, was built in 1269, as is declared over the door of the repaired edifice, and some of the things in the dwelling I was so busy in gossiping to you in, are only a little more modern. This must serve you for an hotel-picture of the interior of Ireland. Some people live as well as our wealthiest inhabitants, within a stone's throw of the scene I have truly but imperfectly painted.

Dogs are very rarely seen; they would consume the value of enough food to satisfy the simple appetite of the useful donkey, contented as he is with furze and the little grass he can pick up from the side of the earthen fence. No cattle are to be found in the roads any where, without a caretaker to see that they do not eat the grass opposite another man's homestead. The thatched hovel very frequently in Tipperary has no window whatever; the light comes down the chimney or through the open door; the lady-inhabitant who can afford the luxury of visiting the neighbouring town in a donkey-cart is a happy woman; if some that I have seen thus paying morning calls would exhibit on the stage in America, they would make as great a sensation as Fanny Ellsler. The donkey is extremely diminutive for his species, the cart the size of a street hand-barrow; the driver fills it entirely with a sprawling cloak; but she looks the picture of contented independence.

You are coursing a good turnpiked road, surrounded by cultivated acres, where the women are planting potatoes in large fields, the latter having the appearance of being dug with a spade; there are hovels on each side, when suddenly you turn into a handsome gate; at the entrance is a neat lodge with Portugal laurel in the greatest luxuriance; you are whirled into the demesne of a gentleman, whose butler welcomes you at the door; the demesne is perfect in all its appointments; the dinner is all that you could desire; the state of Ireland, O'Connellism, and the etceteras are discussed by gentlemen possessed of the latest debates in Parliament,

and O'Connell's last speech at the Repeal Association, held every Monday at Conciliation Hall; you hear much of railroads; the ladies take wine and join in the conversation with more naïveté and gusto than with us, and on their retiring, the punch is freely circulated; the gentlemen thaw out, cigars are introduced of very strong and very dear quality; you join the ladies about ten, hear a little music, shake a cordial farewell, and are soon in the room with the long-handled key.

This country is alive with projects for railroads. I have made particular inquiries respecting them, and find that in some instances the stock is already double its first cost. The Board of Trade have sanctioned that between Waterford and Limerick; an extension of the Dublin and Cashell to Cork, from Cork to Bandon; from Cork to Fermoy and Youghall. Not passed by the Board of Trade, are Dublin to Galway, and a branch of the Dublin and Cork to Limerick, from Cork to Killarney and Valencia. O'Connell, who has some interests at Valencia, wants a road from Dublin to that place, as one of the best and nearest routes to embark for America. There can be no doubt that the route to America will ultimately be thus shortened of the ship and steam navigation. Our own case is a striking but not uncommon one: had there been a railroad from the nearest coast of Ireland, we might have been in England in twenty or twenty-one days; we were really twenty-five or six to Belfast harbour, and then we should not have had the troublesome and expensive landing there, and trip to Dublin; in a commercial view this would have been most important; to you it would possibly have saved my tediousness about the interior of Ireland, for, but for the taste of its beauties acquired thus unexpectedly, I should have been for some days past in London; but I am so much pleased with the appearance of the country, its hospitality, and its antiquities,—I am passed from hand to hand, as an American, with such warmth of feeling, that I have to break forcibly off from engagements, and make my way as

fast as possible to Liverpool, where I hope to receive letters from home.

I could not, however, by universal command of my friends, leave Tipperary without visiting the very old town and Rock of Cashell, pronounced on all hands the greatest curiosity in the south of Ireland. I therefore paid my bill at the old inn, and took my passage for Cashell by the morning route.

*Cashell.* On repairing to the coach-office at an early hour, I found I was to cross the country in a very curious machine; it was an Irish jaunting-car of antique build, so constructed as to carry a vast amount of luggage; on the whole, it looked more like an old Philadelphia fire-engine than any thing else; the driver's box, where I was to sit, was mounted in the air, to make a place for carpet-bags, and represented the top whence the water of the engine is discharged. I was by no means gratified with the equipage provided by Bianconi, and the horses were still more objectionable, to say nothing of a pair of extra wheels, which were mounted on the extreme centre, between the backs of the passengers; the horses had been evidently worn out in the service of a main route; they were now destined to do duty on a cross-trip of less importance.

We dashed through Clonmel with tolerable speed, but at the first ascent the wagon ran back, the horses giving out. All hands walked up; the coach followed slowly, rain fell in abundance, and we passed again a fine country, landing in Cashell in time for dinner at another rustic inn, situated in a town of mud-huts at the foot of the far-famed Rock of Cashell, commanding the whole country on every side, its top occupied by a magnificent old Castle, and one of the best round towers in all Ireland.

Bianconi, the coach-owner on many important routes, is an instance of rapid rise from poverty. A poor Italian boy, he carried his pack through Ireland; observing that the people had imperfect modes of travelling, he commenced with a single horse and car; from small things to great was a rapid



stride. He is now a wealthy man—could probably retire from business with fifteen thousand dollars a year income—but, still more important, he has been elevated by the goodwill of his townsmen to be mayor of Clonmel.

I have inspected the celebrated Round Tower, the ruined Castle, as well as the old Cathedral, all standing together on the top of a high natural rock, and I would give much if some of my friends whom I think of could have passed half a day with me in wandering about its old walls. The Cathedral was either founded or restored at the beginning of the tenth century; adjoining it are the ruins of Cormac's Chapel, built in 901 by Cormac Mac Culinan, at once king and archbishop of Cashell; this was the royal seat and metropolis of the kings of Munster, and the stone is shown on which, according to tradition, they were crowned. The Round Tower is perfect even to the roof; its origin or date, like all the rest, is still a matter of conjecture.

Books had failed entirely to convey to me an idea of the present state of such a magnificent ivy-clad pile; I dare not attempt a description of square towers, battlements, covered ways, port-holes, and openings over stair-cases, to pour hot lead upon invaders if they attained the first story; if you want the idea, you must come for yourself and see. The partly unroofed Cathedral has been put in some repair lately by the rector of Cashell; the rubbish of the floor is cleared up, and some remarkable sculptures of the middle ages brought to light; they are inserted in the interior walls; numerous skulls and bones were reinterred, but many, hastily tossed into an old crypt, may still be handled. The interior and the outside is used by the neighbourhood for a burying-place: the Penefather family, whose fine domain I saw this morning, have many monuments here, and they still inter in it. This town has seven ruined monastic establishments; I have passed a most interesting day among them, surrounded by rafts of the very poorest people yet encountered.

Yours, &c.

## LETTER IX.

Dublin, May, 1845.

Cultivation—Ireland's misery—Resident landlords—Ivy—Lord Portarlington's domain—Its miserable state—A thin post-master—The small mail—A mud hovel—Wretchedness—Alas! poor Ireland!—Dublin—St. Patrick's Cathedral—Antiquity—Repairs—Dust of ages—St. Patrick—Statues—Dean Swift—His bust—Stella—The Four Courts—Lawyers—Wigs—Ludicrous appearance—One worn in Philadelphia—Sir Edward Sugden—His salary—Baron Penefather—The Castle—The Lord Lieutenant—Salary again—The Castle Chapel—Busts—Phoenix Park—Post-office—The mails starting.

My route back to Dublin was again through a well-tilled country; some portions resembled what I had pictured as the finest parts of England; there were, however, evidences of one at least of the causes of Ireland's misery. We passed two or three estates of resident landlords, without titles, but possessing large domains, whose object it seems to have been to make their tenants happy; more comfortable dwellings for the poor it would be hard to imagine; the interiors were well lighted and clean, having two stories, while the outside was ornamented with roses and other plants, trained to the white wall. Every evidence of rural happiness surrounded these fine domains; the most luxuriant ivy mounted the trees to their tops, and then festooned itself in a giant head; the excellent walls were also thus surmounted; meadows with cattle grazing, and happy, well-dressed people, were objects which the eye delighted to take in, after the view of five thousand paupers in the town of huts I had so lately left. Im-

mediately after, we came to the immense tract of land belonging to Lord Portarlington, a ruined spendthrift submitting to the degradation of being supported by a former mistress. There was plenty of land as good as the former, but every thing was in ruins; the poorest houses you can conceive of were tumbling down; every thing, from the men and women to the donkey and the fences, appeared to be going fast to decay. A post-master, looking like Shakspeare's starved apothecary in countenance and lankness, handed up a mail-bag about as large as a reticule; this contained the correspondence, if, indeed, there was any thing in it, of ten miles square. The agent had driven off every thing for the rent, which goes to pay gambling debts. The next heir, it is believed, will do nothing for his wretched tenantry. I inspected a mud hut, without windows, fire-place, or chimney, and only eight feet by three and a half, and five feet six high; in this hovel dwelt two human beings; at least it was their only *home*, though really they could hardly huddle under the peaked roof except to lie down.

I entered many huts in Cashell where there was no window, and no chimney; in all were children, from babes to fifteen years old; the annual rent is seven dollars, paid by one of the occupants, the pig. Wretchedness can little farther go. Not a well-dressed person did I see during the whole day in the populous town. Cannot something be done for this poor, but, considering their condition, moral population? here is strength for dozens of manufactories, yet there are no employers; water-power in abundance every where, but no mills; finely tilled land, but the labourer who works it partakes not of the produce, except a scanty pittance of potatoes and salt—tasting meat but once a year. Bear with me when I repeat that he is surrounded by plenty, but that food, which he by Nature's law is entitled to, is exported; it feeds the soldiers, twenty-one thousand of whom are quartered upon the land; it nurses the police, stationed every few miles over the whole country, to keep the inhabitants, down to starving

point, from committing felony. One must exclaim constantly,—"Something surely is wrong!"—"Alas, poor Ireland!"

It is cheering, after riding for some hundreds of miles through even the finest country, to be welcomed back to the thicker haunts of men. Dublin again reached, I employed some time in the inspection of those parts which I had not yet seen.

Saint Patrick's Cathedral, originally built in 1190, dedicated to the celebrated Apostle of Ireland, stands on the site where stood a chapel, built by the Saint himself in the year 448. Here is antiquity without actual neglected decay. Its first appearance puzzled me; was it an imitation of age, or actual age? If it was imitation it was exaggerated, for surely no materials could be so dilapidated and hang together; it was the eating tooth of time which had taken the mortar by slow degrees from between the stones; the gothic pinnacles looked as if they would fall. If they were put up a *few* hundred years ago only, it must have been rude hands and poor mortar that were employed. The exterior is most remarkable, and cannot be described by either pen or pencil.

The church is again undergoing repairs, which it greatly requires very often; it looked worse than usual from the presence of materials strewn on its floors; but the dust on those statues, and pictures, and helmets, is the accumulation of hundreds of years. Near the west end of the north aisle is the image of Saint Patrick, discovered when making some repairs half a century or so since, but in a mutilated state, the fractures repaired, and standing on a projecting corbel from the wall, and bearing the *modern* date of "1190." Various other queer statues and projecting ornamental mural tablets of subsequent dates arrest the eye, together with one or two white marble full-length sitting figures of modern divines, ornaments of Trinity College, here interred. They look as much out of place as a belle in white muslin at a funeral.

The American visiter is attracted here by a bust, resting on a column fifteen feet above the pavement, of Dean Swift

—the Dean of St. Patrick's best known to us, with an inscription in Latin, expressive of that hatred of oppression and love of liberty which his other writings breathe, for it was written by himself. The bust was placed there in 1776, by Faulkner, the original printer of his works. Near by, but divided by a pavement, emblematic of Swift's cold attachment to Stella, is a white marble slab, to the memory of Mrs. Hester Johnson, on which is this inscription:—

“Underneath lie the mortal remains of Mrs. Hester Johnson, better known to the world by the name of STELLA, under which she is celebrated in the writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of this Cathedral. She was a person of extraordinary endowments of body, mind, and behaviour. Justly admired and respected by all who knew her, on account of her many eminent virtues, as well as for her great natural and acquired perfections. She died, January 27, 1727-8, in the 46th year of her age, and by her will bequeathed one thousand pounds towards the support of a chaplain to the Hospital founded in this city by Dr. Stevens.”

Thoughts and memories crowd upon the mind as you stand opposite these two inscriptions, the likeness of the Dean quite perfect before you, and Stella's bones mouldering beneath your feet.

One of the handsomest buildings in Dublin is the Law, or Four Courts. I was taken there by a member of the bar, as we should style him in Philadelphia, at one o'clock, when the rotunda in the centre presented the appearance, as to numbers, of the New York Exchange at 'change hour, with this marked difference, that the merchants present were traders in cases, but not cases of silks or tea; they were the active members of the profession, all dressed in wigs, giving them a great uniformity of appearance, and an odd look like theatrical performers by daylight. It was my first view of this head-dress, and its appearance was ludicrous rather than solemn. There are a thousand of these professional men admitted to practice, but many do not attend the courts. Those present

bustling about in little coteries, communicating on business, passing a joke, and so on, much as you see our members of the bar in the Law Library, but, being in such numbers, and so dressed, in a place of great size, and all at ease in their queer frizzled whalebone gray wigs, they made an impression which I shall not soon forget.\*

The court rooms, notwithstanding the size of the building, are all extremely small; here was the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Sir Edward Sugden, whose salary is double that of President Polk;—his brother—and Baron Penefather, with many other distinguished men less known to fame. The expense of this building was about a million of dollars, but why the court rooms are stuck in little corners, entered by raising double red curtains, would puzzle a “Philadelphia lawyer.” There are numbers of offices attached.

The Castle is well worth visiting; it is the winter residence of the Lord Lieutenant, in a quadrangle, and with uniform buildings on each side, occupied as offices by the government officials, such as the Master of Ceremonies, and the Aides-de-Camp to his Excellency, at present Lord Heytesbury, formerly Sir William A’Court.

The salary of these chief governors of Ireland is one hundred thousand dollars per annum! Is it any wonder that the people are poor, when they have to support such titled gentry and a standing army of twenty-one thousand men, not including the police met with every where?

The Castle chapel is the handsomest room of the kind I have yet seen; the exterior is ornamented with no less than ninety heads formed of dark marble, including all the sove-

\* I purchased a lawyer’s wig in Dublin, and brought it home; a member of the Philadelphia bar had *courage* enough to wear it in open court, to the no small amusement of all present; a grand ha! ha! broke out from every corner of the room. What is worn as a mark of dignity in Great-Britain became ludicrous in America;—such is the effect of habit and training. The judge was obliged to request the wearer to “take it off, and not make his court ridiculous!”

reigns of England. The great entrance is surmounted by a fine bust of St. Peter holding a key, and above it, over a window, is a bust of Dean Swift, who with Edmund Burke among the moderns, and Saint Patrick of the ancients, are the great names of Dublin. The Saint and Brian Boroihme, King of Ireland, are also commemorated in the chapel. The interior is beautiful in the extreme; it consists of a choir, without a nave or transept, finished in the richest style of Gothic architecture. Between the buttresses springing from grotesque heads, are pointed windows, surmounted by labels, while the east window over the communion table is adorned with stained glass; the subject is Christ before Pilate. The thrones for the Lord Lieutenant and the Archbishops, are luxurious and costly.

A drive round Phœnix Park, where the Wellington testimonial towers in inelegant grandeur, is not to be forgotten. There may be seen a poor attempt at a zoological garden, a number of mangy-looking deer, and the summer residence of several of the official officers of highest rank and salary.

The Post-office, opposite our hotel, the great Nelson Monument before it, is a magnificent building adorning Sackville Street; the mail-coaches for the interior of Ireland assemble in the hollow square every evening, and having received their meagre bags, set out on their different destinations. A quarter of a minute before eight the door is begun to be unbarred, and at the first stroke of the clock the gate is opened, when one after another issues in quick succession, with its red-coated guard, passengers, and luggage, and hampers piled up, and with sound of the merry bugle. This regularly attracts a great crowd; one coach this evening, the very last, was delayed about a minute, and as it came lagging out, was hooted for its dilatoriness. Two or three painted little cars for the new rail-road stations, were among the number, with their red guards and horns; but they looked, with all their gaiety, shorn of their dignity by modern improvement. In a very short time railroads will mainly destroy this animating spectacle.

Yours, &c., truly.

## L E T T E R X.

Dublin, May, 1845.

Foreman of O'Connell's jury—O'Connell's prison—The prisoners' treatment—Nice apartments—His supplies—Light imprisonment—Conduct of his followers—His reception tent—Irish prisons—The silent and the Pennsylvania systems—Neither practised—Gold dog-collars—Lord Ross's telescope.

IF you are not tired of Ireland, allow me to introduce you to the prison where O'Connell was confined: Walking through Dublin with a gentleman to whom I had a letter, he stopped a smart, intelligent person, to introduce him thus: "This is the distinguished Mr. Hamilton, foreman of the jury that convicted O'Connell!" He is a man of great local celebrity.

The prison is a handsome structure, resembling in its general aspect many in America. Mr. Cooper, the deputy-keeper, very kindly showed us through it, and complied with an oft-repeated request, I dare say, to inspect the rooms and ground where O'Connell passed his time. On the prisoner arriving at the prison door, Mr. Cooper said: "Mr. O'Connell, if you give me your word of honour that you will make no attempt to escape, the liberty of the entire prison shall be yours." The word was given, and an arrangement soon made for Mr. Cooper's private apartments, with the liberty of two large gardens, certainly containing four entire acres. The rooms, in the main, are still as he used them, handsomely furnished; say velvet ottoman, piano, &c., in the airy drawing-room adjoining a smaller, then fitted up as a chapel for the priests,



who came daily to perform the church services. His dining-room would accommodate, and did so, a large party: dinner was sent by his followers daily in great abundance for himself, his son John and wife, &c., and there they lived, as we know, very well. The liberty he enjoyed of the gardens, was enhanced by the erection of a mound for his pleasure, with a covered seat and glass sides, overlooking the country, roads, &c.—making the imprisonment as light as was possible.

During his stay, the people constantly assembled around the prison walls, gazing upon them by the hour as upon the shrine of a living saint. One of the gardens is cultivated as well as a private gentleman's. Here the "liberator" had a tent erected of considerable size, to receive his company, who came in great numbers, and were admitted by sending up their cards.

I have visited several prisons in Ireland where the silent system is in operation to a limited extent, under such regulations as do not give a fair chance of proving any thing; and where also the solitary system of Pennsylvania is aimed at without understanding what is meant by it. Their silent plan, for instance, consists of making a dozen shoemakers work in a room together, with orders to be silent; but the turnkey who ought to enforce it, is idly sitting by a fire in an adjoining room. The solitaire is weaving in a small apartment, with the door open, and people are passing all the time; and he is put to sleep in a room with other prisoners! They seem to have heard of both systems, and to practise neither. The jails are, I am sorry to say, numerous; there are two in Tipperary county, the one in Clonmel having three hundred prisoners at this moment.

One of the gentlemen who accompanied me over O'Connell's prison encountered his servant, who was incarcerated a few days before for purloining; he had exchanged the footman's livery, for the garb of the prison; he was young, with

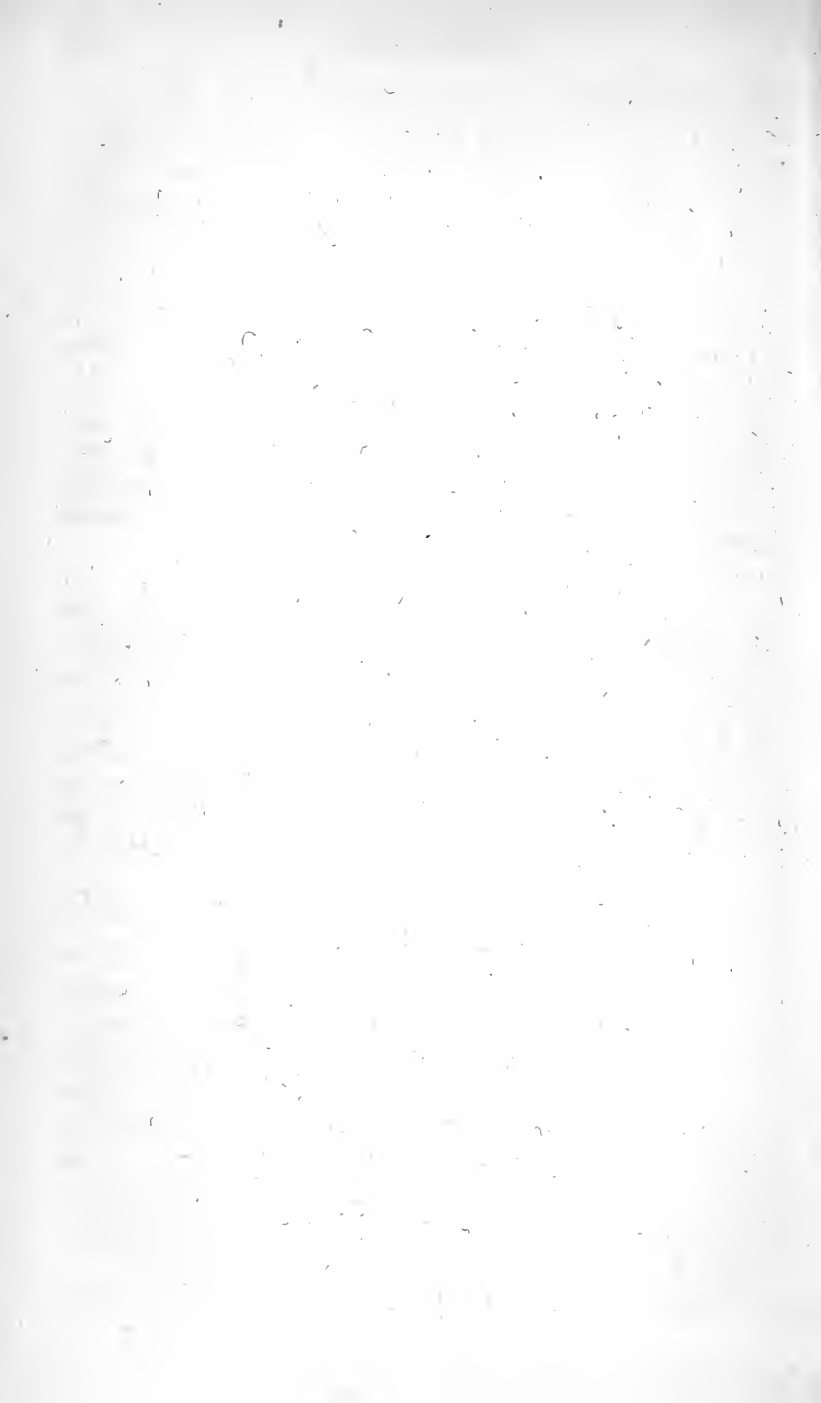
a handsome face, and burst into tears when he saw his master—a sign that some good may be expected.

I had ceased to write, and went to make a call on a friend: at a store-door where I was to see some native Irish silver in large masses, I encountered a beggar in great distress; stepping in, the owner was opening a package from Birmingham, containing plate ordered for individuals. He exhibited his articles with pride; among them were two gold dog-collars! Shall I say the dogs wear gold, and the poor beg for bread!

I had an invitation to go and see Lord Ross's telescope, about fifty miles from Dublin; but was sorry to hear it was not now visible, owing to some mechanical arrangements being in progress.

Yours, &c.

ENGLAND.



## LETTER XI.

Liverpool, May, 1845.

Leave Dublin—English steamboat to Liverpool—Chester races—The docks—Railroad for London—Its excellence—Coaches—Tunnels—Civility of the officers—Contrast—London—Light sovereigns—The Great Britain steam-ship—Blackwall railway—Thames Tunnel—A failure—Appearance of London—First impressions—The League Bazaar.

TAKING the railroad for Kingstown, seven miles, you join the mail-steamer, having excellent, and very English accommodations; it conveys you very comfortably, if you are not sick, in the night, to Liverpool, where be sure to go to the true Waterloo Hotel. My friends, the R.'s, had been looking for me for a long time, and were prepared to offer me more than the civilities of mere friendship. The Chester races are near at hand; many came over with us from Dublin to attend them: as that old city is crowded with gentry of the turf, I defer a promised visit to it; inspect the docks of Liverpool, a few public institutions, accept a few of many civilities offered with no sparing hand, and take railroad for overgrown London. Trains leave several times a day, one performing the distance, two hundred and ten miles, in six hours. Preferring a more moderate speed, with views, at more leisure, I took the first-class coaches, to reach my quarters and friends in nine hours. Liverpool is another New York; it is growing still with great rapidity; the docks on the opposite side of the river, are to rival those splendid accommodations for which this city has been so celebrated.

London, May, 1845.

The railroad between Liverpool and London is certainly the best I have ever seen. The carriages of the "first-class" are extremely comfortable; made to resemble in form the old post-coach, each division will contain six persons, with plenty of room, and comfortably stuffed arms between each. The moment of arrival and departure at every station is timed; we arrived always at or before this period, and started punctually. At Birmingham, there was an elegant dinner provided, and time given to eat it; the stations are so large that there is no confusion; a man goes round at several places, and wipes the dust from the plate glass windows. As there are several long tunnels between Birmingham and London, two very neat lamps, having round globes of glass, were lighted, by which passengers could read when we were under ground. Every officer was civil in the extreme. The whole route was travelled without fatigue; and I could not but contrast the arrangements and civility with some near home, where you are treated as if you were not entitled to any more respect than a bale of goods. When will our people wake up to this monstrous evil—demand a good boat across the Delaware; larger station-houses, and civil attendance! We were not bothered once all the way from Liverpool to London with showing our tickets.

On arriving at London, you find abundance of cabs alongside your car, and in five minutes, without jostling or confusion, an immense number of passengers and enormous amounts of luggage have all disappeared to their several destinations, without imposition from cabmen. These things all want regulation in America.

While on the subject of travelling, let me mention that most of our Philadelphia friends had provided themselves with sovereigns, for immediate use on landing; as it turned out this was convenient, enabling me, for one, to despatch my visit to Ireland without going to my banker in Liverpool; but nearly every sovereign thus brought was short in weight, and

they were occasionally refused; some lost eight pence on the twenty shillings. They were of the coinage of George the Third; the Victoria's have not been subjected to the process of sweating. This hint may be useful to future travellers.

I went with some friends to-day to visit the new steamer Great Britain, lying in the Thames, and advertised to sail from Liverpool in July. We proceeded by the Blackwall railway, which runs over the tops of a vast many houses occupied by poor people, and higher than the roofs of thousands around it! Like the *Diable Boiteux*, we rolled over the chimneys; had the tile-roofs been removed, we might, like the said *Diable*, have discovered some curious specimens of humanity. The ship is of enormous dimensions, say three thousand tons; has state-rooms for two hundred and fifty-two passengers; four engines of two hundred and fifty horse-power each; and is altogether a specimen of naval architecture to excite the wonder of Americans: if the experiment should prove successful, of which doubts are expressed by many, its construction will mark another era in the history of the intercourse already binding nations so strongly together. The charge for visiting it is one shilling, and another sixpence to view the engines: judging from the large numbers on board this very wet day, she must be paying something considerable towards her outfit, by the operation.

From thence we visited the Thames Tunnel, so often and so well described; it is almost the only place I have yet seen which fully agrees with my expectations previously formed. I will not punish you with a new guide to it, but may remark, that it is eminently a failure in a pecuniary point of view. Stalls between the pillars are occupied by venders of various knick-knacks—glass tubes to view the perspective of the scene—toys, cakes, and medals depicting the entrances and arches, much in request by strangers. At the foot of one staircase was a very small boy stationed on a table, playing very well on a harp; at the other, flutists and violinists vied in making a noise and an echo, to attract pennies from idlers; but

few seem to use the Tunnel as a means of shortening the route from side to side. The toll is two cents. No carriages can descend, nor is there a near prospect of the Company being able to purchase sufficient ground to make a descent easy enough for them.

The general appearance of London, as we ride through it, is superior and more metropolitan than other cities; the stores are not generally much more showy; we feel little tempted to make purchases; there is *so much*, and we expect to have better opportunities in Paris. No calculation as to the time of getting from one place to another can be made, for in many places we have been stopped by crowds of vehicles for a length of time, till a policeman interferes and sets us all in motion again. The enormous wagons with huge horses greatly impede progress; add to these great *busses*, carts, brewer's drays, funerals, carriages and outriders, and no wonder there are impediments; yet this difficulty is less than I anticipated, or than might fairly be expected. It is the height of the London season; crowds of people on all kinds of errands are in town; not the least attraction, is the great League Bazaar, at Covent Garden Theatre. It is so jammed with ladies and gentlemen as to make access very difficult.

Yours, very truly.



## LETTER XII.

London, May, 1845.

Facilities of a trip to Europe—Mr. Derby's flying visit—What he accomplished in sixty-two days from Boston—The expenses—Contrast with 1806—No post-coaches—Lionizing—The London streets—Civility—Regent Street—The distances—Liveries—Carriages—The coachmen—Signs—Advertisements—Omnibus drivers—Beer sled—Rain—Music grinders—Tumblers—Houses of Lords and Commons—The Woolsack—Westminster Abbey—Dean Wilberforce—Worship—Poet's Corner—The tour of the monuments—The tooth of ages—The guide—The chapels—Cleaning—Great names—Henry the Seventh's Chapel—Tombs of Henry and others—Royal vault—Edward the Confessor—Royal stone of Scotland—Coronation chairs—More monuments—Major André—Chilliness.

THE facilities now offered for a trip to and in Europe, are so great as almost to exceed the belief of persons who have not investigated the subject; contrasted with those enjoyed by our fathers, they are so numerous as to make one wonder that even more Americans do not avail themselves of them. In my letters, which will necessarily be written in an off-hand, hurried manner, I shall probably detail some of the changes which have occurred within so short a space of time, that books have yet not got hold of them, or only partially. Steam, and the completion of the great railroad routes of England and the Continent, have done much. As an instance of what may be accomplished, a Mr. Derby of Massachusetts, left Boston last October, and in the brief space of *sixty-two days*, twice crossed the Atlantic; devoted a week to London and its en-

virens, another to Paris and Versailles, gave the greater part of a day to each of the great cities of Liverpool, Birmingham, Brighton, Dieppe, Rouen, Nancy, Strasburg, Heidelberg, Baden-Baden, Frankfort, Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, Verviers, Liege, Malines, Antwerp, Oxford, Derby, York, Leeds, and Manchester; sailed down the Rhine, from Mayence by Coblenz to Cologne, and transacted considerable business besides. This can only be done by the aid of the steamers across the Atlantic; but by adding a few more days, you may take packet from Philadelphia or New York, and return by Cunard's line, or the Great Western, or Great Britain. The expenses of such a delightful and improving tour, I shall be able to give you in a future letter.

How different is all this from the time and annoyance formerly encountered; for instance, Professor Silliman, in 1806, was seven days in a miserable smack, going from London to Rotterdam, at a cost of five guineas; the trip is now performed in a few hours, for a trifle, with comfort and in good company, though better routes to the Continent are now preferred, and they also are cheap.

The country, as seen from the railroad on the route to London, is uninteresting; in cultivation not to be compared to Ireland, though it is better enclosed, and free from the miserable huts every where visible along all the routes in the Green Island. We wished often for the old post-coach, that we might see as in old times, but no such vehicle is known on the route; the former celebrated post-horses and coachmen have disappeared before steam, and you are compelled to take "the rail," the short word adopted here exclusively for railroad.

Safely landed in London, we are comfortably domesticated at No. 5, Foley Place, Cavendish Square, Regent Street, where are assembled six Americans, all "lionizing and sight-seeing;"—take my word for it, the hardest work ever I encountered. ' You don't yet know where you are exactly, and when you do find the place on the map, the moment the first

corner is turned, you are lost. The streets twist about in an extraordinary manner, taking a different name before you know it; Cheapside, Cornhill, and Leadenhall Street, main avenues, run directly into each other, so that you soon get wrong; not unfrequently on inquiry you find yourself going away from the place you are in search of; in a dilemma, you seek the policeman, seen in every neighbourhood pacing his rounds, dressed in blue, with standing collar and lace, with his number on his arm and hat; or if he is not visible, any person you ask will most civilly put you right. Step out then into Regent Street with me; let us inquire our way to "the city," through the mazes which have successively grown into so many great cities, piled on each other; we are three miles from the extreme west end, and it is four to "the Bank," from whence most of the omnibuses hail, and to which you can go for twelve and a half cents, from nearly every point. Keep these distances in your mind, when you think of us trying our best to see the most in the shortest time.

The mind is first impressed with the fact that almost every visible thing is different in its form or material from what you have been accustomed to. The houses, carriages, shops, dresses, are all singular and novel. There is a turn-out with livery; the coachman in lace-hat, cuffs, and small-clothes, with a flaming waistcoat; two other liveried, stalwart men, in silk stockings, are behind, bearing gold-headed canes; on the panel is a coronet; the inmate is a lady of some age, or a young mother with children beside her, and a nurse. Yonder another coach has stopped at a shop; the servant in a drab coat and pantaloons, who has let his mistress out, is lounging at the door, ready for instant service when required; the grave coachman, looking sleek as his well-groomed horses, seems pondering on the national debt, though really he is thinking of less momentous affairs; did he make his appearance in your streets, with the prestige of a title, he is sufficiently well dressed to pass for a lord with those who have never seen his class here; when a party of Americans went

to see the residence of the Mayor of Liverpool, or so much as is publicly exhibited, one of them took off his hat to the porter, expecting to be introduced to him as my lord himself! A succession of such sights, red plush and velvet breeches, soon familiarizes you to the scene, and you forget its queer first impression.

The names of the signs with the professions will amuse you. William Gotobed will make you an excellent dress coat of cloth that will wear two years and then look well, for sixteen dollars; his next-door neighbour keeps a "Funeral Feather Warehouse;" opposite is inscribed in gold letters, "Anatomical Bootmaker." Mr. "Death from Aldgate" sells drygoods. You have not gone the distance of a square, when you find your hand half-filled with advertisements, so neatly thrust at you as almost to have escaped your attention; little volumes even are among the number, especially one of a Mr. Moses, who has a clothing store as large as both rooms of Independence Hall. The everlasting omnibus drivers are constantly addressing very insinuating words and motions, inviting you to ride somewhere that you never heard of. Here goes a low sled, filled with empty beer barrels, finding a suitable foundation of slippery mud, just moistened by a water cart in the intervals of the rain, which has fallen every day since we landed, while to-day, the 13th of May, we had hail between sunshiny half hours and dripping showers. Music-grinders hither and yon, disturb the ear day and night; a set of tumblers have just elevated one of their number on their shoulders and heads to a great height, the dirty feet of those in the air making havoc with the theatrical dresses of those below; a few coppers from the gapers satisfies their lofty ambition.

But you have missed your way! a couple of miles have been passed, shops of all imaginable goods have caught your eye, and you have got out of your latitude. You started to go to St. James's Park, and find yourself in progress towards Westminster Abbey. Let us enter its renowned cloisters,

and take our first hasty survey; how different from what you expected! It is difficult for a stranger to find his way to the only open entrance in one side; first you are told that you go in at the Poet's Corner; you trample over a host of oblong old grave-stones, laid flat on the ground, and not in the best preservation; no grass creeps up from the interstices, so close is their proximity. Seeing no door, you feel yourself going wrong; inquiry convinces you that the way lies on the other side, in seeking which, an official-looking personage, with a badge and number, informs you, you can now see the House of Commons and House of Lords on the other side of the street, as the house-keeper is just going to shut up previous to the meeting. You expend your half dollar there first, sit on the woolsack, see the mean small rooms, and return to the Abbey. A good-looking person in black takes your umbrella, without which never venture out,—gives you a ticket, and invites you to wait till service is over. Dean Wilberforce, son of the philanthropist, was installed dean this very day; the officials may all lose their places to-morrow; there is some confusion among them. Worship is going on in the great chapel, under the noble roof; the singing is fine, the service is read in a hurried tone—amen is musically chaunted, the few idlers like ourselves are in motion, seeking to be in the first party to see the monuments. We have lingered around the names of Dryden, Cowley, Chaucer, Ben Jonson, Samuel Butler, Edmund Spenser, Milton, Mason, Prior, Shakspeare, Thomson, Rowe, Addison, Handel, Garrick, Beaumont, and a host of less, though greatly distinguished men. Their monuments are principally mural, (or attached to the wall,) of various excellence and cost, according to the money it was found practicable to collect, and not according to merit.

The second party of twenty-five is now forming at the iron gate, leading to the various small chapels where lie the honoured remains of the great of so many generations; the gate-keeper opens slowly his wicket, asks as a matter of bu-

siness for sixpence, passes you through, and the next twenty-four follow. Soon a clerical-looking, rosy-faced guide, in black gown, appears, to explain, with wand in air, what yet you have no distinct idea of. You enter the chapel of St. Benedict, a small irregular high room, where time has made inroads on marble and stone, such as you have never before conceived of, if your sight-seeing has been confined to American objects. The monuments are all under cover of a good roof and glass windows, but the tooth of ages has eaten and disfigured those elaborate prostrate effigies of knights, warriors, bishops, nay, of kings and queens. The guide is above most of his profession in information, and points to and explains the crumbling stone remains, erected at enormous cost, in the vain attempt to perpetuate names and memories, whose greatness is forgotten by the assembled strangers. Close by you is a costly monument of mosaic work, for the children of Henry III. and Edward I.

You progress thus through eight chapels or small apartments, where probably you expected to find an open area, but these chapels are not shut off by doors; they communicate with the main passage round the scene of the worship you witnessed, or stretch off from the main pile, as in the case of Henry VII.'s chapel. Every possible nook is filled with effigies of men, women, and children, in all the materials ever employed for statues. The softer stones have crumbled much, to prevent which, pious descendants have painted them; in two places stone-cutters were at work, cleaning the marbles, and in another the scrubbing-brush and water had left a damp floor. Careful deans at different times, but especially of latter years, have endeavoured to arrest the progress of decay, and have cleaned up what heirs have neglected. Till the time of George IV., any body and every body that chose, wandered about with sticks or canes, defacing noses, or marking statues; now all are watched. Cromwell's soldiers were quartered in the Abbey, and stole

much brass; beautiful stones, forming mosaic-worked tombs, have been picked entirely out, and carried away.

Do you want a list of great names thus handed down through hundreds of years; I will give you only a few that struck me; for the rest, consult those modern preservers of fame, the guide-books, the most recent being Cruchley's. On a tomb lies the curious effigy of Lady Frances, Duchess of Suffolk, dressed in her proper robes. On an altar-tomb, the figure of Lady Elizabeth Russell, daughter of Lord John Russell, in translucent alabaster, as hard as marble. She died from having pricked her finger with a needle. Near is Lady Jane Seymour. An expensive monument commemorates a master of the buckhounds to Queen Elizabeth; a most magnificent temple is erected to the memory of Ann, Duchess of Somerset; grandee follows noble, with effigies of wife and children, till the mind is lost in the enumeration of names, whose owners exercised their brief authority, left estates, and are thus consigned to a few hundred years of notoriety in the eyes of idle gazers.

Enter now Henry the Seventh's chapel, with the points of which you are so familiar. It is dingy with age, but truly beautiful and costly; erected at great expense by the monarch whose name it bears, as a place of sepulture for himself and family, the first stone was laid three hundred and forty years ago, and the whole was completed in nine years, fame having omitted to transmit the name even of the architect. Henry died before its completion, having richly endowed the works. The decorations of this edifice are so beautiful as to have called forth this criticism from an eminent judge, "that, it appeared as if the artist had intended to give to stone the character of embroidery, and to enclose his walls within the meshes of lace-work." Leland calls it "orbis miraculum," and according to Hollingshead, it cost a million of dollars of the present currency; a fourth more has been employed by Parliament to renovate it. Within a magnificent brass screen is the tomb of Henry and his queen, the

figures of cast copper, once resplendent with gilding. There is also a very magnificent monument to Mary Queen of Scots; one to Lady Walpole, the figure erect and tall. At the end lie the remains of Charles the Second, King William Third, and consort, Queen Anne, and Prince George. We now enter the nave of the chapel, where are installed the knights of the Order of the Bath. Between the knights' stalls is the royal vault, where King George the Second and Queen Caroline are buried, with other royal personages; Edward the Sixth, who died in the sixteenth year of his age, and seventh of his reign. I must stop my catalogue, or it will fill my letter if I only insert the greatest names.

In the centre of Edward the Confessor's chapel stands the venerable shrine of St. Edward, sadly defaced; here is the old coronation chair, last used by Victoria, which you take a seat in, and imagine the great distance between you and its honours, possibly thinking, as I did, that an American citizen enjoys more liberty than a crowned head. Under it is the stone brought from Scone, and superstitiously revered by the Scotch, as the place where Scotia's kings were crowned; the Scots are supposed to have become reconciled to a union with England from a prophetic distich cut upon it by King Kenneth, as follows:—

“Where'er this stone is found, (or fate's decree is vain,)  
The Scots the same shall hold, and there supremely reign.”

There are two coronation chairs, for king and queen, and when in use, they are covered with gold tissue. In a chantry are the wax effigies of Queen Elizabeth, &c., &c., in their coronation robes, and one of Lord Nelson. As you leave, look upon the modern white marble statues of Watt and Wilberforce; the celebrated monument to General Wolfe, and several military men known to fame as having been in America; stop also before that of Major André, one of the most beautiful of the small raised tablets on the wall; Pitt and Fox, Sir Isaac Newton, and others innumerable. Emerge



then upon the busy thoroughfare of London, and wonder, that such a temple can be surrounded with a million of people seeking to earn their pittance of bread, and content to moulder to ignoble forgetfulness.

The whole place is cold—cold with a feeling of marble chilliness, which has struck you already with disease; you must go home to recover, and to *think*.

Yours ever, &c.

### LETTER XIII.

London, May, 1845.

Go among living people—Breakfast with a literary bachelor—Hatchments—A bachelor's apartments—The Reform Club—The clerk and footman's duties—The library—The interior of the club-house—The furniture—Scagliola—Dining-room—The kitchen—The head cook and his assistants—The marketing, fish, &c.—Mons. Soyer—The cook a man of vertú—His wife a painter of celebrity—His studio—Dressing-rooms—Bedchambers—Cost of the club-house—Number of members—Card-playing—Makes unhappy homes—The Conservative club-house—Grand effect—Prices of food—Ury the cook—His salary—Uses of a club—Guildhall—Mansion-house—Royal institution—Mr. Faraday—Titled audience—Mr. F. a model lecturer—Anti-slavery Society—Texas annexation—State of the Jamaica blacks.

IF you were patient enough to read my last letter, you accompanied me to Westminster Abbey among the people that have passed away. Let us go to-day among the living—the actual actors of the present hour, who in like manner are so soon to be ranked with the past. I am invited to breakfast at the West End, at the usual hour of ten o'clock; the distance from my residence in the West is two miles; so we order a cab at half-past nine, and drive to Lower Grosvenor Square. London is not fairly astir yet, probably about as much so as Chestnut Street at seven. Those elegant armo-

rial bearings or escutcheons on a square resembling a carpet, on the third story of several houses, indicate that death has entered the dwelling; they encounter you in every respectable quarter. The custom is to allow them to remain up a whole year.

My host this morning is a literary bachelor. His house is found, the knocker shaken; but so near ten, and my friend is not up! Alas! he was out late last night at Lady ——'s party; he, however, soon appears; breakfast is served by the ever-useful garçon in plush breeches; coffee excellent, and all neat as a married man could wish, cleanliness predominating over every thing. We chat an hour, walk through his *recherché* library, where all is gilt, from the backs of the books to the cases, room-doors and ceiling. Music and the fine arts here seem to reign supreme; a high grade of *mind*, cultivated by education and the best society, have made the possessor happy in the consciousness of power; in its kind not to be compared with that of his noble neighbours,—but still power.

I have an engagement at two to see some of the modern club-houses: go with your and my American eyes to the celebrated Reform Club, calling a moment to deliver some more letters of introduction and make some purchases. My friend the member of the Reform, has not arrived, say the clerk and footman installed within the door in large and comfortable ante-rooms; the former keeps a large book of accounts, noting the log-book of the club like our mate at sea; he receives messages and cards for members, their letters, &c., and despatches others. Very civilly invited into the hall, we sit down on morocco couches made for comfort as well as show. The truly spacious square area before you, lighted by an immense skylight, is paved with tessellated figures; the columns, at least twenty, are lofty and made of exquisite scagliola, the bases of different colours; opposite is a fine bust of Victoria. This is the day that members are allowed for a few hours to exhibit the entire interior to ladies, several par-

ties of whom, highly dressed, are passing in and out. At length my friend arrives, a lady under each arm; turning to the right we enter a library as luxurious as you may conceive; the carpets are the finest and thickest; the furniture neat and convenient, including a dais in the centre with pillows, &c., made of cut velvet. The beautiful tables have the best daily and weekly papers, *Punch* and all, and here are members of Parliament reading, surrounded by law and other books. My conductor is, no doubt, a great Reformer, for every body shakes his hand, and of course I am introduced to men of names known to fame on our shores. Emerge slowly, for my friend seems in no hurry, and you encounter a fine, large portrait of the late Lord Holland, beside one of the late Duke of Sussex; there are other niches for similar portraits, when fame has sounded the tocsin sufficiently long, on this side of the question, to entitle any one to a consecration. Some of the doors about here are of bird's-eye maple, and very beautiful, while the arabesque ceilings of library and hall must not be forgotten as you tread the thick soft Turkey carpeting of the vestibule.

We next enter a very large drawing-room, like that of a palace; the curtains of enormous windows are silk damask, the walls are gilt, and the ceilings fresco; huge mirrors at either end are festooned with similar curtains. The furniture is covered with linen; examine; it is all of cut velvet, and all as clean and free from dust as your best parlour at home. Look out from the balcony of that window opening in the French style down to the floor; there is a fine, large garden running past this, the Athenæum and many other club-houses in the same range; yonder are two of the great ornaments of London, towering in the smoky atmosphere—the Duke of York's Pillar and Nelson's Column. Here are flues highly ornamented for heated air, and near to one an elegant marble bust of John Hampden. We now rise by a white marble staircase, covered up with Turkey carpets, coloured glass windows to light it; but the feature that strikes you most is,

that the sides, nay, the very ceiling, are of panelled scagliola, superbly executed, and so strongly resembling sienite, breccia, and marbles, as to be equally pleasing to the eye.

The dining-room is fitted up much as at the London hotels, with small, very neat tables ready for diners, expected from seven to nine in the evening. Our friend seems determined that the ladies and all shall see thoroughly, and we descend to the kitchen, much celebrated for its size, but more for its head cook, of whose station, and that of his late wife, you are not yet, I dare say, prepared to hear. Women are ranged round several large rooms in the basement, engaged in various occupations of the culinary art; they are pay scholars of the acknowledged best cook in London, and that is saying much. Some are cooking by gas fires, some making pastry, custards, tarts; or cooking a nice steak, a chop, and so on, through a dozen ranges. Several huge fires are raging, with screens in front to keep in the heat, and great joints are revolving by means of smoke jacks, before them; at the backs of the fires are iron plates, eight inches thick, which get so hot that if the fire goes out the meat will still roast. Pull out those drawers there deep in the cupboard; they are full of sweet-breads, spring chickens, and meats spread on towels over tin boxes of ice. Ah! here comes a line of fish-trays; the servants are returning from market; a few turbot and various other creatures of the deep, with whitebait, a fish so very small that it requires careful handling, and is laid on white paper.

But the cook himself! how shall I describe him? for I fear you will scarce believe what I am going to tell you. Step into his studio! He is a man of *vertú*, I assure you; he is Mons. Soyer, an accomplished gentleman in manners and in pictures. Madame Soyer is lately deceased; she was a painter of fancy scenes, portraits, &c.; and one of her pictures was so much approved as to be ordered to be engraved by the King of France. M. Soyer's room is surrounded on all sides by pictures from her brush, and really, say some connoisseurs,

they are gems.\* On the table I have raised a piece of India paper covering a print engraved from her "British Ceres:" it is scored underneath in pencil thus: "To her Grace, the Duchess of Sutherland, by permission, this print of the British Ceres, by her obliged and obedient servant, J. Soyer." This is a remarkable conjunction of the arts; a male and female *artiste* of different ranks certainly. Whether the pictures are as valuable as my friend the Reformer asserts or not, the poor light of the basement, and a small jet of gas, did not enable me to judge. Certain it is, that Mons. S. is in request by the nobility when they give dinner parties, and equally certain that the story is true of the gentleman who drove to the club-houses, and got a guinea daily for dressing the salad. The current story in America that our citizens have been excluded from the clubs has no foundation whatever.

In the basement are also suites of elegant dressing-rooms for members, baths, &c., while the third story is used as bed-chambers; the latter accommodation, however, is rarely found at clubs, another being about to be established in the principal vicinity, to consist of bed-rooms exclusively. A tea and coffee kitchen on a large scale closes the round of this club-palace. The cost of the building and furniture was four hundred thousand dollars! There are fifteen hundred members, who pay one hundred and twenty dollars admission, and about forty dollars per annum. The avowed object of its institution was for the purpose of promoting the social intercourse of the Reformers of the United Kingdom. Card-playing, as in all the other clubs, is practised nightly. One of the ladies with us, in answer to my question, assured me it made many unhappy homes. But clubs are quite the fashion, most members of Parliament hailing from one or the other. In the parchment book of members' signatures, I saw at the Reform the names

\* Mad. Soyer called on her husband one morning; not finding him in, she picked up a brush, and drew on the wall a portrait of herself, instead of leaving her card. The likeness is pronounced admirable, and is preserved with great care by the widower.

of O'Connell and of John Bright, the Quaker member of Parliament ; but the latter I understood had resigned.

Next day I visited the Conservative club-house, the new and most splendid of all the clubs ; it is not entirely finished, but is open. The Hall of Entrance is one of the most beautiful things of the kind in England, having a dome of great height painted throughout in compartmented fresco, at a cost of very many thousands of dollars ; columns of marble and scagliola ; staircases of the same, lined with statuary ; most comfortable library, furnished throughout with green morocco, and imitation of verd antique columns and pilasters ; ceilings high, and oak gilt ; Turkey carpets in the dining-rooms, some of which are for private parties, and others public ; some of the members were breakfasting at twelve o'clock. I took the following prices from the bill of fare of the day :—mock turtle soup, thirty-three cents ; turbot the same ; fish of other kinds, twenty-five cents ; cotelettes, forty-four cents ; joints, thirty-three cents ; ham the same ; tarts, twelve and a half cents ; sirloin, thirty-three cents. Joints are always set by you to take what you want, and the charge would be fifty per cent. more, at least, at Morley's. We inspected the kitchen apartment here also, and were introduced to Mr. Ury, the friend of the celebrated Ude, the author, now retired from business and paralytic. Mr. Ury gets fifteen hundred dollars a year, while many men educated at universities are working as clerks on rail-roads for two hundred and fifty dollars !

Every thing was in perfect order ; there was one " sauce larder," where one hundred sauces were ready for use, in white china pans. Mr. Ury showed us a patent of his for boiling fish by steam. The clubs are Athenæums, on a large scale, united to a hotel, where members are at home, eat, drink, read, play cards or billiards, and meet people of their own political creed or profession. The people have now built palaces for themselves ; a strong feeling is apparent in various circles against privileged classes, and the Reform Club members are especially bitter. One more remark and I have done with

the topic. No public or private houses I have yet seen can compare with them for thorough cleanliness and elegance.

After a peep at Guildhall, where city feasts are given on a great scale, and where the Prince Regent was entertained at an expense of a hundred thousand dollars, and Victoria at even greater cost, and where Gog and Magog of noted memory still are, and in the same room with the monuments to Chatham, Pitt, Nelson, and Beckford, we looked into and through the Mansion House, the residence of Lord Mayor Gibbs, so terribly *Punched* of late; but we were spoiled by the "Conservative," for every thing looked extremely mean and dirty.

We next rode to the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street, one of the best for the diffusion of knowledge in Europe. Mr. Faraday, the chemist, is the popular lecturer of London; it is a great favour to get in among the rich and noble who attend his course once a week at three o'clock, P. M. He had kindly sent us an invitation, which was most acceptable, though it threw us out of our proposed visit to Greenwich Hospital. As to the theatre or lecture-room, it is the best to see and hear in, and the most comfortable I have ever been in. Carriages with coronets were setting down their titled possessors as we arrived; about three hundred persons were present, more than half of whom were ladies, old and young, many taking notes. The subject was mercury, the course being on the metals. As the clock sounded three, the lecturer began; I have rarely or never passed so short an hour. His manner, his words, gestures, and matter were perfection; the mode in which his difficult experiments were performed, beyond praise; there was no moment of interruption, and scarcely one when he ceased to speak, even while the experiments were in progress. He froze mercury in a few moments by means of carbonic acid gas, which was solidified before us by an assistant in one moment; he also made an admirable cast in frozen mercury of Mr. Fuller, (who, we were incidentally informed, left the society fifty thousand dollars,) the cold being one hundred degrees below 0. Ice water

is a real *furnace* to this cold mercury, as was shown by putting the latter in the water, which instantly created a mass of icicles around it. I cannot spare space to recapitulate more, adding only my warmest expression of admiration at the beauty of the language, and the tact of the distinguished lecturer. He completely silvered a large looking-glass in as little time as I can write about it, and closed his lecture half a minute after the clock struck four.

Having an hour on our way to the lecture, we stopped in at the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Anti-slavery Society. "Joseph John Gurney, Esq.," as he is called on our ticket, was in the chair; his brother Samuel addressed the meeting, and asked the members to give money to the cause. Another person spoke against Texas annexation, and asserted roundly that the British government was disposed to prevent it. A reverend gentleman from Jamaica declared the reason that the freed negroes were not better off, or as well as they were promised they should be, was because the home government taxed them for every thing they ate and drank so heavily!! I could not but wish that these well-meaning people would turn their eyes one moment to the poor I have so lately seen in Ireland.

This is a pretty good day's work for London, and I am,

Yours ever, &c.



## LETTER XIV.

London, May, 1845.

Chiswick gardens—Exhibition—Crowd—Police—Price of admission—Splendid scene—Music—The fruits—The company—The nobility—The display of flowers—Mrs. Lawrence's tent—Holly hedge—Number present—Rain—Draggled visiters—Sir John Rennie's Conversatione—Civil engineers—The company—Bishop of London—Mr. Hallam—Dr. Ure—Dr. Mantell—Sir John's preparations—Model room—Inventions—Duke of Wellington and Prince Albert—Dr. Fothergill's residence—Botanical rarities—The trees—Elizabeth Fry—Mr. Everett—Mr. Hacket—The weather—Greenwich Hospital—Whitebait dinner—Pensioners—School for boys—Ship on dry land.

THE annual May exhibition of fruits and flowers at that model garden at Chiswick, took place to-day. Under favour of a member of the Botanical Society, our American party sallied forth after lunch at two o'clock; took the outside of an omnibus, and drove some six miles through the West End and Kensington to the spot. On arriving within a mile or two, the streets were lined down the centre with policemen, stationed every thirty feet to keep order among the troops of noblemen's carriages, and private conveyances, outriders, and men on horseback with servants behind, all flocking to one point. Tickets have to be procured some days in advance, on an order of a member, to secure them, at the price of a dollar and a quarter; a similar order delayed till to-day brings you in a bill of two dollars. We were set down in a spacious avenue, with policemen at every step; in company with an orderly crowd, we entered the beautiful precincts, redolent of

flowers and sweets ; a long avenue, bordered by tulips and flowers in the open air, brought us in view of the splendid scene. Tents, made ornamental, of great extent, greeted the eye around, while every where were seen groups of the best possibly dressed people, sauntering over a sward of unrivalled beauty, and three bands of the Queen's musicians, united, were pouring forth the melodies of the modern operas. The day was damp, but more genial than any we have experienced. Entering a tent, we found ourselves among the fruits raised under glass. Peaches, whose skins were most fair, nectarines, black Hamburgh grapes of the fullest size and colour, pine-apples, such as never reach us, strawberries that would astonish our natives, and melons of good size, but wanting the colour given by our sun ; some were of a hybrid kind, with skins like a lemon ; even the ripe currants outshone in their splendour any similar sight it has been my good fortune to visit.

The stranger here soon discovered that he had got among a different class from any he had previously seen in the open air ; the dresses of some of the ladies were apparently prepared for a ball ; others were in rich silks and cashmere ; but I will not describe habiliments, for beautiful and beaming rosy cheeks were more attractive. The gentlemen were also much dressed, white cravats and light pantaloons prevailing. The nobility mix among a London crowd of this kind undistinguished by the mass, but titled people were occasionally pointed out to us. The great display of flowers was extraordinarily beautiful indeed, such as it would be a folly to attempt to portray in words. You must get Curtis' or Edwards' Botanical Magazines, and, looking at their fine flower portraits, imagine all their varieties collected at one *coup* ; then your imagination will fail to realize the scene. Azaleas of rare beauty and great size vied with each other in colour, their arrangement being considered and executed with rare felicity. A very remarkable collection of air plants was the admiration of all ; but the collected gem of the fair was a tent,

one side of it filled with the rarest plants, from the celebrated stoves of Mrs. Lawrence,\* who excels in all she undertakes. She is the wife of a medical man in full practice in London, he having scarcely time to admire the residence near London which she has adorned. The most exquisite of her plants were *Sarcolabiums*, *Orides odorata*, *Ericas*, *Prochesema latifolia*, *Ixoras*, *Acumenes picta*, &c., in rare perfection. There were in the grounds a large *Magnolia cordata*, yellow, in full bloom; *Wistaria sinensis* many hundred feet long, trained backwards and forwards on the brick wall; an *Araucaria imbricata* twelve feet high; roses incomparably grouped; in the greenhouse an *Aristolochia gigas*, the flowers as large as a conch-shell; in one place there is a magnificent exhibition of a holly hedge, which is the best material for the purpose ever used, and which I am surprised has never been adopted in America; also a finely trimmed hedge of yew. Entering another tent, the display of orchideous plants would have astounded our gardeners.

It was estimated that five thousand persons were present. We sauntered about among the groups of animated and inanimate beauty till five o'clock, taking a peep at the grounds of the Duke of Devonshire adjoining, and at the June exhibition to be opened to visiters, the Duke being president—when it commenced raining powerfully: *such* a scampering for the tents! but these linen textures soon refused to turn the pelting shower, and umbrellas had to be raised. Ever and anon a discomfited party who had taken shelter under an umbrageous tree, arrived at our tent, little parasols hoisted, and silk dresses sadly draggled. A blooming beauty on getting under shelter gave such a look of vexation as she viewed her feet, as told me some future husband must look out for hard frowns, if not words. We escaped to a carriage and

\* This lady is understood to expend thirty thousand dollars on her garden and green-houses; her stove plants are only rivalled by those of Mrs. Marryat, the mother of the novelist.

were home to dinner at seven, all uniting in the expression that a voyage would be compensated by this scene alone. I felt but one regret—that those I best loved were not there to enjoy with me.

I tied a white cravat with unusual care in the evening, and went at ten o'clock to a conversazione at Sir John Ren- nie's. He is president of the Institution of Civil Engineers, and gives annually two parties to the members, the nobility, and ladies. I found the door much besieged by carriages arriving; a range of police again, to pass the company through; was regularly announced from the foot of the stairs by a succession of liveries to Sir John's presence; whence I passed into the principal drawing-rooms; here it was gratifying to take the hands of several gentlemen whose acquaintance I had previously been so fortunate as to make. I do not design to violate the sanctity of private life in any case, but the present being rather a public occasion, may venture to name the following public men present. The Bishop of London was conspicuous from the attention paid him; Mr. Hal- lam, author of the History of the Middle Ages, it gave me much pleasure to see and hear converse, as well as Dr. Ure, now advanced in life. I made the pleasant acquaintance of Dr. Mantell, the geologist, and have an appointment to see his collection, which is unique. The ladies were dressed in the mode, with shoulders *rather* bare for the weather. Sir John, anticipating a very large party, had, with the wand of enchantment, extended the second story of his house over the garden in a temporary manner, but no one not informed of the fact would have been aware of the sudden addition, for it was elegantly papered on canvass, chandeliers hung from the ceilings, and the furniture of the richest description appeared in place, as did also the numerous mirrors, carpets, &c.; while the ceiling appeared to be painted in fresco, though in reality it must have been papered. Beneath was a model room, to which every thing new and rare in the way of inventions appeared to have been sent, from the ever-admired

slave, the steam engine, to the newest Talbotypes, eclipsing Daguerre, who is so improved upon in certain matters as to be quite old, if not forgotten. A guest exhibited a few exquisite preparations of portions of the human body, mounted so as to be perfect, and secured in a liquid which it is supposed will preserve them indefinitely. He has adapted his invention to gold bracelets, breast-pins, &c., much superior to cameos; for instance, a lady's bracelet of massive gold had in the centre, under fine glass, a gold-bug of remarkable beauty, the antennæ and wings as perfect as life and truly brilliant. Whether the ladies will adopt so obvious an improvement as nature, remains to be seen.

The Duke of Wellington and Prince Albert, fully expected, had not arrived when I left at near twelve; previous to calling for my Brougham, I visited the refreshment-room, where tea, coffee, poor ices, and the usual party preparations, which includes some things unknown to us at home, were comfortably served. The first visit to such a place has its novelties for an American—such as the profusion of waiters with liveries and powder; it must also once be novel to find your Brougham called along with “Lady H——” or “Lady B——’s carriage.”

Hard work this London life in the gay season; I got little enough rest last night, but was hard at work again in the morning, having to visit my banker, five miles up to the city, look about the bookstores, and dine ten miles from home in the country, at one of those spots rendered classical to my family by the former residence of its friend and correspondent, Dr. Fothergill. Its present wealthy owner has around him all the elements of human happiness, for besides his large possessions, he knows daily the luxury of doing good. I had time before dinner to inspect the grounds, consisting of a hundred and more acres, where Dr. Fothergill had placed his treasures of botanical rarity. I am given, as you know, a little to arboriculture, but here my hopes of inspecting great tree varieties were more than gratified. Cedars of Lebanon

of one hundred and fifty years' growth to begin with ; then a huge real cork tree, forty feet high, with the bark as thick as four inches, was a conspicuous object ; a fine magnolia (evergreen) and a *Salisburia adiantifolia* against the house, a thicket of old and very rare evergreens, a copper beech, as large as any white beech in Pennsylvania, in full glory, all planted by the hand of the venerable physician, were visited and revisited in my perambulations around the park ; the green-houses and conservatory are the same used by Dr. F. : I will not weary you with recapitulating the names of trees, remarking only that the whole place is eminently in high keeping, and the oaks larger and more vigorous than those in the London parks, and grouped more tastefully.

I was here in the vicinity of the residence of Elizabeth Fry ; having an introduction, I called at her cottage ornée ; surrounded by evergreens, and replete inside with every comfort and luxury that she could desire. She walks with difficulty, but attends Friends' meeting, where she is indulged with an arm-chair, and but yesterday her fine voice was heard vocally addressing her Maker. Her countenance beams with intelligence and benevolence. A kind invitation to return again has closed, I fear, my personal intercourse with this excellent friend of the distressed.

I went in the evening to pay my respects to our minister, Mr. Everett, who sees his American friends one evening every week. He is very attentive to his countrymen ; Mr. Hacket came in, highly gratified that he has obtained permission to perform before the Queen to-morrow evening at the Haymarket theatre. Several from our side of the water were present, ladies as well as gentlemen ; a cup of tea, (being the seventh meal I have partaken of to-day in my various peregrinations among the most hospitable people, including, however, breakfast and tea at our lodgings) closed the evening of a long and interesting day. The weather continues very wet and by no means genial.

A trip to Greenwich Hospital and observatory, with the

accompaniment of a whitebait dinner, has agreeably occupied one of our mornings. You see an immense series of hospitals, in one of which Queen Elizabeth was born when it was a palace, and one was the palace of Charles the Second; we were present in one room where eight hundred pensioners were at dinner, and another of seven hundred; the poor fellows (rich in their own estimation) are dressed in a blue plain uniform and cocked hats; each has rations, which the married men have the right to carry out of the gates to their families in the vicinity; many availed themselves of it. Their sleeping apartments are truly comfortable; made like the berths of a ship, but larger; each ornaments his own with the fruits of his voyages;—pictures, old china, any thing in short that he possesses and which a sailor would covet. A school for nine hundred boys, sons of pensioners, is attached, a ship being *anchored* on dry land for their practice. The chapel and painted room, full of showy battle scenes and portraits, pleased us better than the whitebait, to the excellence of which we are not yet educated.

Yours, truly, &c.

## LETTER XV.

London, May, 1845.

English tourists in America—Sunday in London—Service at St. Paul's—Silver key—Ordination—Sermon—Music—Chaunting boys—Streets on Sunday—Bolt Court—Dr. Johnson's house—The parks on the Sabbath—Serpentine River—Wild ducks—Chelsea pensioners—Policemen—Goat phaetons—Sheep—Cows ready to be milked—Birds—The scene—Satan Montgomery—Ipswich—Thomas Clarkson—His dwelling, age, and health, &c.—His autograph—Priscilla Wakefield—William Kirby—Cardinal Wolsey's gateway—Evrington's shawl warehouse—Cashmere—Prices, &c.

I do not attempt to touch upon British politics or politi-

cians and their doings—a longer residence than mine has been, or is likely to be, would be required to convey correct information. I have been too much disgusted with the positive opinions emanating from the English tourists of a few weeks among us, who attempted to pronounce upon a whole nation and its destinies, by what they saw upon its surface, to dare attempt such a course respecting England, a country modified by so many circumstances of history, habit, education, and religion. My efforts are rather directed to portray contrasts in manners and habits, and to detail what I see as I see it.

I have passed a whole Sunday in the streets and churches of London. Service at St. Paul's Cathedral is one of the sights and sounds coveted by strangers. Two of us made our way in a carriage early after breakfast this morning to that celebrated pile, which I had not yet seen internally. Before ten o'clock there was a crowd pouring in at both entrances on the sides. We could not tell whether this was as usual or not, both being strangers; but entering with the stream, every accessible seat in the choir, except a few far in the rear without backs, was already occupied. Vergers with gilt staves were busy letting people in by doors concealed in the walls outside the choir, (itself a small part only of the St. Paul's); we made application to one, but he said there was no room; recollecting that a *silver key* unlocked most doors in England we made up to a second on the other side, and jingled two shillings in his ear; an entrance to a most comfortable elevated stall, with every accommodation of red velvet cushions, desk, stool, beautifully printed folio books of the service from the Oxford press, &c., flew open as if by magic.

We were not long in discovering that it was an extraordinary occasion; the Bishop of London ordained eighteen deacons, and eighteen deacons he ordained priests, each separately, and each by the imposition of hands; it was a tedious business; the cathedral was bitter cold, and we were locked in. A canon named Dale preached a good orthodox sermon,



addressed to the candidates, touching upon the subjects of prayer, faith, the Eucharist, &c.; insisting that the church required daily prayer, however it may have been neglected by professors. He explained briefly but impressively the essential principles of the English church, from which he deduced the duties of those who were to be ordained, dwelling much on personal holiness, which if not essential to the performance of the service, he declared most important as an example to the people; he pronounced unfaithful ministers the worst vipers ever introduced into the world. The music was not of a very superior order; as at the Abbey, boys in dirty white gowns, their foreheads smoothed up with a brush, while the back of their heads is untouched, wriggling and gazing about as if mere tools without any sense of religious impression, are paraded in singing-desks far out in the chapel, where they sing, and chaunt Amen. The priest who read the service was also wandering in mind, to judge from his eye and head right below us. We got out at one, but were penned off from the body of the cathedral, shown only on week days, for a fee.

The streets at one o'clock were filled with people returning from various places of worship—thronged I may say, some in holiday dresses and very many in old, worn habiliments, but clean. We were hungry and cold, and seeing Bolt Court, with a sign “Dr. Johnson’s Tavern, steaks, chops, and coffee,” we left the main street and penetrated one of those queer, old narrow courts running from the principal great thoroughfares, often between every three or four houses. The window of the residence of the author of the “Rambler” and the “Vanity of Human Wishes,” was filled with beef and mutton; it has been much altered in front, being now an extensive second-rate eating and lodging-house for strangers. We got a cup of coffee in the Doctor’s closet, where, no doubt, some of his lofty paragraphs were composed, and pursued our researches to the parks, coursing St. James’s, Green, and Hyde Parks, to Kensington Gardens, so called, but in reality a park, in which

stands the old red palace of the same name. This is the Sunday afternoon promenade of the people. It has very fine old oaks, a greensward of great beauty, the scene rural and beautiful *in the extreme*; the Serpentine River, half as broad as the Schuylkill at the Falls, with an island or two, penetrates it, though its principal waters are in Hyde Park. The imitation of a natural lake is perfect. The shores are gravel, sand, and shells; wild ducks breed here and take flight in winter; swans ride majestically about; broods of ducklings are picking on the grass, while visitors, purposely provided with crackers or cakes, are feeding the parents; some old Chelsea pensioners in faded red coats, have brought some bread for the same purpose.

Policemen here, as every where, churches and lectures included, are promenading to keep order. Carriages arrive along the margin of the Serpentine, and set down the ladies for a walk; a pair or two of goats are harnessed to small phaetons for children to ride in at twenty-five cents the hour, their conductor, a boy, running at their side. Baby children not sufficiently old to retain the ribands in their hands, are set upon the vehicle, and away it goes, followed by a pet dog, very wet from his excursion in the water. Noblemen's carriages are wending their way in the road outside, to the country; it would be vulgar to be seen here to-day. Many sheep are cropping the grass; further down cows are tied to the iron railings ready to be milked for those who desire, for a consideration, a fresh glass. A group of Sunday scholars have just arrived and are coursing the mead, the grass of which is free to every body; birds in great numbers are singing overhead in the branches; no houses are in sight; you are fairly *in the country*, though London is all around. Such are the London Parks on a fine Sunday.

After dinner at six, we went to hear a celebrated preacher at Percy Chapel; no less a personage than *Satan* Montgomery, author of the epic of that name, better esteemed it seems as a preacher than poet; in the latter capacity he

thought to rival Milton, but the critics laughed him down to zero. His chapel was intensely thronged when we arrived, as is always the case when it is known he will preach. We elbowed our way through the crowded door and anteroom, where a tall verger was so hemmed in as to appear a fixture; but remembering our success at St. Paul's, my friend showed him a silver coin which he very willingly took, bade us follow, and away we worked to the centre of the church, where he met a young woman. A wink to her gave information of our importance, and we were in a moment in an unoccupied pew! to the wonder of the crowds in the aisles who had not used the talisman. The service over, Mr. Montgomery ascended the pulpit, far from the walls, so as to be near the centre of the church. He is tall, homely, with a large mouth, a voice in proportion, and a very rapid delivery. The audience was hushed to great quiet the moment he commenced. His discourse, one of a series, was marked by an attempt at florid poetical diction, little in accordance with a cockney mode of omitting the *h*, and introducing expressions such as *jest so*, &c. The choir consisted of well-trained boys, whose music was not agreeable. He is much followed, but we thought the congregation was not composed of either the rich or fashionable, though in the day it is more so.

You will be interested to hear of a visit I have just paid to a man famous in years past, but who has ceased to occupy of late a very prominent position in the public eye, owing to his age. I set out yesterday to visit some connexions at Ipswich, in Suffolk, reached by fifty miles of rail and twenty of excellent coaching. Received with that hospitality which can only mark the conduct of refined minds, I was driven next morning to call on their friend, the venerable Thomas Clarkson, residing four miles from Ipswich, on a fine property of the Earl of Bristol. The ancient mansion is surrounded by a wide moat, as in feudal times; it is spacious and convenient, well and even richly furnished; the old gentleman has not been out of his chamber for twenty-one weeks. My

friend preceded me to his chamber, announced an American, and I was sent for immediately. He was sitting in a spacious bed-chamber on a sofa with screens around him, the picture of age, but I soon found that his mind retained its vigour. He quickly touched upon his great topic, slavery, inquired as to the prospect of the annexation of Texas, with the progress of which I found him well informed, and not without hopes that it might fail. He said the British government, with the movements of which he was familiar, had honourably declined interference, as something they had no business to meddle with. He seemed to think a few months more of life was all he could expect or wish for, and spoke of probably being soon released from the ties of earth, with meekness and Christian hope. My companion, supposing such a token to carry away would be welcome, placed before him a blank sheet of paper, and asked if it would be too much trouble to write his name. "Oh dear no," said he, "they write to me from all parts of the kingdom for my autograph, and if it gives them pleasure and me no pain, why should they not be gratified?" Alluding to his almost loss of sight, he wrote in a good hand,

THOMAS CLARKSON,  
Playford Hall,

May 21, 1845. Aetatis 86.

Taking me kindly by the hand, and with some more words about America and his old correspondents there, now all deceased, we parted. His voice is strong and agreeable; but with age he has lost the control of some muscles of his face, which makes a painful impression on the beholder. I felt that I was certainly parting from a good man for the last time.

In Clarkson's parlour I saw his fine portrait, the original so often copied; the walls were ornamented with other paintings, and a frame covering the freedom of the city of London, with a request that he would sit for his bust. There were about

it books and pamphlets on the slave trade, Life of Wilberforce, North American Indian tracts and religious books. The house walls are many feet thick, and are covered with shrubs, ivy, and apricots; neat gardening around and on the bridge crossing the moat, supplied plentifully with running water from a spring. The Earl is his friend and neighbour, and it is understood that Clarkson pays a small rent for two or three hundred acres, I forget which; it is mainly under the superintendence of Mrs. Clarkson, who keeps all the accounts of the place, not too well farmed.

On our return we passed the former residence of Priscilla Wakefield; William Kirby, one of the authors of Kirby and Spence's valuable work on Entomology lives hard by, in the eighty-seventh year of his age. Wherever you go in England, are places hallowed by the residence of great or good people. Cardinal Wolsey was born in Ipswich; the old gateway of his residence is still standing; though not erect, it is still carefully preserved. Visiting some friends the other day at Stoke Newington, I was shown the residence of De Foe; also the spot where Dr. Watts lived, the place now turned into Abney Park Cemetery, where are fine cedars of Lebanon, but an indifferently contrived burial-ground. I was told that Sarah Ellis, the authoress, has hired the former residence of William Penn at Hodderdon, called Rawdon House, where she is about to open a school to teach young ladies practical duties.

To vary my sight-seeing, a friend, on my return to London, took me to the great shawl warehouse of the Evringtons, where there is a collection of draperies for ladies exceeding any thing elsewhere. We had displayed before our admiring view one single shawl, the price of which is seven hundred and fifty dollars, made by the poor creatures in the vale of Cashmere, who live on nuts and the cheapest food. It is certainly a triumph of elegant manufacture. This fashionable store had also a few articles of *vertú* on sale, such as a pair of Chinese vases for a thousand dollars, the fellow pair having

just been sent home to a nobleman. Several of Cardinal Wolsey's chairs were also here, and an inlaid *or molu* bureau, belonging once to Louis XIV. There were ladies' bracelets for two hundred and fifty dollars, a Chinese screen for a like sum, with commodities for the affluent innumerable. This store is a remarkable exhibition of extravagance in itself, being surrounded by looking-glasses, and the huge windows having their ceilings of the same material.

One fairly sickens at the thought of ever enumerating the things of interest in and about London.

Yours, &c., ever.

## LETTER XVI.

London, May, 1845.

Hints to visitors in London—Royal Antiquarian Society—Royal Society—Marquis of Northampton—Dr. Roget—Colonel Sabine—Manuscript of Newton's Principia—The Queen and "Royal Consort"—The children—Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne—Library of the British Museum—Its apartments, treasures, manuscripts, authors, early printed books, missals—The librarian—Book publishers—Paternoster Row—English gardening—Loddige's palm house—Beauty of English gardens—Prices of fruit—The Queen at the Haymarket—Mr. Hacket.

A VISITER in London anxious to view and learn the most he can in the limited period allowed him, will find a great economy of time if he *begins* right. By going too hastily to work, he will see superficially and often have to go over again, for he will discover he has not seen the half. I have been fortunate in this respect generally; I have found a disposition to forward my plans, though very few have time to go about with one, and much loss must occur by not having a guide to dispose of the day to the best advantage. I have been this evening first to the Royal Antiquarian Society, and then to the Royal Society at Somerset House. At the first a

paper was read upon some antique spoons, &c., lately found four feet below the bed of the Thames; and a most elaborate pall of needlework and gold was exhibited, three or four hundred years old, brought from Fishmongers' Hall; also the dagger with which Wat Tyler was killed by Mayor Wandsworth. There were some sixty members present, the chair being occupied, in the absence of Lord Aberdeen, by Mr. Hamilton, author of a book on Egypt.

The Marquis of Northampton, a most urbane gentleman, the President, took the chair of the Royal Society punctually at half past eight, only thirty members being present. A new "fellow" (F. R. S.) was inducted, after the mace of the House of Commons (used by the Speaker in the Long Parliament, when Cromwell said, "Take that bauble away") was placed before the marquis. A paper on agricultural chemistry was read, members were proposed, and then we adjourned to the library, were introduced to great men, and had a good cup of tea, surrounded by books, portraits of the scientific great, and to my pleasure, a superb bust of Mrs. Somerville, by Chantry, in his best style. I here was introduced to Dr. Roget, author of one of the Bridgewater treatises, Colonel Sabine, Mr. Christie, &c. &c. I will whet your appetite further only by saying that I here saw the original MSS. of Newton's Principia, with the marks of the printer. It is preserved with the extraordinary care it deserves. For all this and a thousand kindnesses, I am indebted to my friends the V.'s, of Fenchurch Street, whose attentions are untiring.

Do not suppose that I have been so long in London without seeing the Queen and her "Royal Consort." She yesterday left London for a few days' visit to the Isle of Wight; I saw her depart in a plain carriage with four horses, outriders, and a few mounted soldiers, having a good view of both wife and husband, for so they rank, she being head of the menage. As she drove off she was putting on her gloves very much as another lady would do, looking round upon about a hundred gazers, with an air of great ease; a few hats were raised, but

there was no huzza; the royal children followed in two four-horse coaches, with outriders also, and nurses; the flag, kept flying on Buckingham Palace only when she is at home, was struck, and the pageant was over. I have also seen Prince Albert in a dashing red coat, enter St. Paul's on the occasion of his presiding at the meeting for the Sons of the Clergy. Various other opportunities have presented for seeing them, but other occupations have been preferred.

I made the acquaintance, a few evenings since at a literary soirée, of the Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne, whose "Introduction to the Scriptures" you well know; it is soon to go to the ninth edition. He is in middle life, hale and social, with a quick manner and exact in his knowledge; small in stature, he is active; in his kindness he walked at rather a late hour to see me into a carriage, showing me his house as well as his parish church on the way, but gratifying me in the pursuit of one of my hobbies by inviting me to spend a morning with him in the library of the British Museum. He has been engaged for nineteen years in preparing a catalogue of that mammoth collection, from whence I have just returned, highly delighted, as you may suppose. It is kept in spacious, elegant, and comfortable apartments; one range of rooms is three hundred and seven feet in length. There are between three and four hundred thousand books—no enumeration of the amount is kept; it would be labour lost. In separate apartments are Sir Joseph Banks's Library, of 18,000 volumes, George the Third's, 75,000—rooms of prints and maps, the mere catalogue of which would astound you. There are the Cottonian and Harleian MSS. Near the latter is an *old* deed, written in the year 572; the Duke of Wellington's estimate of the efficient forces under his command, written on the back of a letter on a drum-head, just before the battle of Waterloo; and the original of Magna Charta. Here is a case of extraordinary books in manuscript, illuminations, &c., worth a million of dollars, including the famous Codex Alexandrinus of the 4th or 5th century. A Bible bound in silver



and set with precious stones, the cover thick and having holy relics inserted in a hole in the centre, consisting of a tooth and some bones; it was written in the 8th century. Queen Mary's Psalter in elegant silver embroidery; two volumes of Philip de Comines' copy of Valerius Maximus, superb beyond description; the celebrated Roman de La Rose; the original of Pope's translation of the Iliad, written on the backs of letters for economy! and on one of which is found the anecdote about the Duchess of Queensbury, the friend of Gay, who writes to Pope, "The Duchess was gloriously drunk last night."

Authors are sitting round, some copying fine illuminations, and others consulting books; thirty attendants are ready to wait on applicants, the porters using clever-sized wagons to carry the books to and fro. There are comfortable, nay, luxurious accommodations, for seating one hundred and thirty students; as no books can ever be taken out, you may be sure of finding what is wanted. My opinion is confirmed by all I converse with, that the Philadelphia is the best circulating library of English literature in the world. Mr. Horne, after a laborious tour, turned me over to Mr. Watts, Russian and Polish librarian. He kindly took out many more of the great treasures of the institution, such as Cranmer's Bible, 1539—Luther's of 1558; the French Protestant version, presented to Queen Elizabeth, bound in silver embroidery, and truly beautiful. The library is particularly rich in early printed books; I saw and handled the celebrated book rarity, the first ever printed about America, by Columbus; it consists of but four leaves, but being unique, is priceless: it was translated from Spanish into Latin by Leander de Tosco, and printed 1493. Here is the first book printed! the Mayence Bible of 1452—a copy of the Mazarine Bible near the same date, and equal to any book since produced in beauty; also the very superb Mayence Missal, printed in missal type, 1457; a Bible printed entire in a North American tongue in 1668; Caxton's "Game of Chess," extremely rare, being the first book printed

in England, 1472; the first edition of Shakspeare, which when received at this library, was in so ill a condition as to fall to pieces when handled; every leaf has been encased in the thinnest possible tissue paper, though strong; it is now perfect, very legible, and likely so to remain for centuries; the celebrated great edition of Thomson's Seasons, type and paper luxurious beyond my previously conceived ideas.

I dare not trust myself to give a further enumeration; you must read old Dibdin, who still haunts these precious shelves occasionally, and then open your eyes and come and see. I am overwhelmed with the magnificence of the collection, and the liberality of a government which keeps up such a source of knowledge for those respectably recommended to Sir Henry Ellis, the head librarian. One of our boarders, an American, obtained from Sir Henry to-day a ticket to read, for a month.

I do not find the book publishers communicative; they do not keep the books of each other, though there are a few shops like those of Moore, Penington, or Carey and Hart, where the variety you require is displayed. Paternoster Row is in a mean, narrow street, and the majority of the great publishers are now found elsewhere. All the partners, clerks, and underlings, have studied some particular department of the trade, are complete in it like other Englishmen in their several employments, but know *nothing* out of it, so that I am less *au courant* of what is doing in literature here than I am when at home with all the literary periodicals around me.

Several excursions to visit my friends in the neighbourhood have forcibly impressed me with the beauty of English gardening. I have seen Loddige's celebrated nurseries, near London, and their great palm-house, three stories high, where the bamboos and palms of the East grow to a great size in a congenial atmosphere. The *Latania Borbonica* has attained the extraordinary height of forty feet, and is fifty years old. Loddige has extensive collections of rare plants, supplying the nobility at high prices. The private gardens where I have

visited, have fine old yew trees, hollies in prodigious numbers, but the landscape-gardener depends most for his effects upon the delicate evergreen Portugal laurel, which does not readily bear our cold winter. The Laurestinus is hardy here and much planted, as is also the Aucuba Japonica, whose colour is entirely-too sickly to be so much employed. Then the box trees and bushes are superb. A little piece of water and some rock and shell-work, no matter how small the premises, with a fountain to be played at pleasure, are frequent ornaments. In very many houses where I visit, the drawing-room opens upon a fine conservatory, gay with calceolarias and flowers of colours assorted for effect, a looking-glass at the end heightening the general beauty. A grotto, too, of stones and shells, permanently built, and lighted with coloured-glass windows, you will probably find in your winding walk, and a gold-fish family are sporting in the fountain basin; wall-fruit overlooks a strawberry-bed, on two sides of a hollow deep-cut, so as to have a north and south aspect to ripen the fruit in succession. We have had at dinner parties these fine berries, raised under glass, the fruit large, but not especially fine flavoured. Did I tell you that we saw at Covent Garden early in May peaches selling at ten dollars the dozen, strawberries twenty cents the ounce, and black Hamburg grapes at three dollars the pound?

Can you wonder after all this that I am constantly on the gape with admiration, that I find so much differing from home, and that I cannot yet get away from London?

Some of our boarders had a good look at the Queen the other evening at the Haymarket Theatre, where she went with her husband very quietly and unobserved by many in the house, to see Mr. Hacket play Mons. Mallet, a point he has been long anxious to bring about. She looked very comfortable, behaved much as other ladies do, and enjoyed the play. I hear that the "Americans" used their opera-glasses at her, having secured a seat for the purpose, rather more

freely than royalty is accustomed to, or than etiquette permits to a crowned head; "Who's afraid?!!" says Jonathan."

Yours ever.

## LETTER XVII.

London, May, 1845.

Barclay's Brewery—Its extent—The vats—Value of one—Horses—Naked men—Boilers—Malt bins—Cats—Burying-ground—The descendants of William Penn—Stoke Park—Trees and deer—Proposed visit to Oxford—Lady Grenville's place at Dropmore—Pinetum—Araucaria—Douglass pine.

BARCLAY'S BREWERY, celebrated the world over, is such a curiosity that I have been tempted to visit it under favour of an introduction from one of the family owning it. Though statistics are not much in my way, you shall have the benefit of the few notes I thought it worth while to make on the spot: as it has been greatly enlarged latterly, perhaps they may possess novelty. The whole establishment covers fifteen acres; we saw one hundred and eighty vats, each containing from eleven hundred to three thousand barrels; they are thirty-three feet in height; one thirty-six feet across at top, the bottom forty-three feet, had in it the enormous amount of three thousand five hundred barrels; the weight of iron in the hoops alone is seventeen tons, the eight bottom ones weighing no less than one ton four hundred weight; it is large enough to drive a carriage and six horses into; it will contain four thousand barrels of imperial stout, and its liquid treasure is worth eighty thousand dollars! Father Mathew's gimlet would lessen its value. There are stables for one hundred and eighty-seven of the enormous horses employed for delivery, each horse worth three hundred dollars; one *little* fellow we measured, and found his height to be full

eighteen hands, or six feet; a steam engine finds full employment in breaking up their food.

In one place we saw men in vats handling the hot hops, as nearly naked as savages. In one vat was 1360 bushels of malt; a copper boiler is so large that forty-five men have dined in it comfortably! it will contain 4200 barrels of beer. Here are conduits half a mile in length, rail-roads, hoppers, steam engines, &c., enough to confuse one. Thirty tons of coal a day are consumed. The malt-bins will contain sixteen hundred thousand bushels, worth two millions and a quarter of dollars; sixty great cats are kept to destroy the mice. Fifteen hundred barrels of ale are made daily; it is cooled in summer by curious refrigerators. There is even a burying-ground for the men who die, but for this there is no longer room; the space is wanted, the temperance men would say, to make poison for others. The brewery was partially burnt in 1832, but precautions are now taken so that the whole can be flooded in a very short time. To look at the Thames water you would not say it was a desirable article to drink; but the people here seem infatuated with beer; wherever you go you see huge signs, "Truman, Hanbury, and Buxton's Entire," and so of other brewers, while the beer is on every dinner table; and beer money is allowed to servants and soldiers, whether they spend it for that purpose or not, it is so settled in the contract. The great London brewers own very many of the beer-houses, and thus insure the sale of their own liquor.

Oxford, May, 1845.

I received the other day a kind invitation to visit the present head of the family of the founder of Pennsylvania, and his lineal descendant, Granville John Penn, Esq., at Stoke Park, near Windsor, where I have been most hospitably entertained; as the name and family of this gentleman interests many of the descendants of our first settlers, and as we Pennsylvanians consider the name as public property, Mr. Penn, I feel assured, will not deem it an invasion of the private hearth

if I tell you who constitute the present descendants of the peaceful good Quaker. Thomas Penn, who, with his brother Richard, was joint Proprietor of Pennsylvania, married Lady Juliana Fermer; his son John built the present Stoke new manor house, a superb mansion, in the Italian style, the former large dwelling, the residence of Sir Edward Coke, having been mostly pulled down. He died without issue, and the entail gave it to Granville, his brother, who died only eight months since, leaving it to the tenure of his eldest son, Granville John Penn, Esq., the present possessor, aged about forty-three; he is much interested about us in Pennsylvania, respecting which I had the pleasure of answering numerous pertinent questions. His mother and two sisters reside with him, and I met there his intelligent brother William Penn; an intermediate brother, Thomas Gordon Penn, is in orders.

The manor of Stoke consists of one thousand acres, four hundred of which is in a park, very finely wooded, where ranges considerable game, including two hundred and fifty deer; here reigns that rural ease enjoyed by the wealthy English in so very remarkable a degree. The noble trees are venerable; every luxury of wood, lake, fine views, an excellent and large library, await the fortunate guest. Windsor Castle and Forest are seen through numerous beautiful vistas from the library, drawing-rooms, extensive pleasure grounds, and park. The collection of family pictures, historical portraits, and statuary, is highly interesting. The original picture of Penn's Treaty with the Indians, by West, ornaments one of the drawing-rooms.

On my mentioning a wish to visit Oxford, Mr. Penn, who is a graduate of Christ's College of that University, was kind enough to insist upon being my escort; we passed by rail to that celebrated seat of learning, a distance of forty miles, in less than two hours, having first paid a visit to Dropmore, the garden seat of Lady Grenville, where is presented a fairy scene, the creation of Lord Grenville and his widow, of surpassing elegance and taste. Her pinetum, and grounds gene-

rally, excel in the beauties of nature, presenting some of those extraordinary exhibitions of old beech and oak trees, which in no country can be rivalled; they have braved the breeze for several hundred years; their gnarled and knotted trunks are a study for a painter, especially those situated in what is called Birnham woods. Her ladyship has the largest *Araucaria Imbricata* in England, being already twenty-one feet in height. This tree promises to become the greatest ornament of English scenery yet introduced. The great Douglass pine, which attains the height of three hundred feet, has here already reached forty-five feet; it is the most lovely vegetable production I have ever gazed on.\*

## LETTER XVIII.

Oxford, May, 1845.

Oxford—The Colleges—Their construction—Christ's Chapel—Burton, author of the Anatomy of Melancholy—His bust the home of a robin—Dr. Pusey—His appearance—His benevolence—Dinner at the nobleman's table—A wine party—Angel inn—Pictures—Statues—Library—Kitchen—Boating—Death—The twelve Cæsars—University press—Botanic garden.

OXFORD presents a scene not readily described; it is a city of colleges, as you know, interspersed with comfortable, neat dwellings for families. The colleges are constructed of a soft stone, and their external walls seem rapidly going to decay in every part, though some have stood the climate for four hundred years. The decay adds to the appearance of antiquity. When the debris has extended too far, the external coating of the wall is replaced by new stone, whose yellow tinge is very

\* A noble double colonnade of Cedars of Lebanon here is worth many guineas to have seen.

beautiful. It yields to a cane almost as readily as the Bath brick, and the wonder is how it remains as permanent as it does.

Our first visit was to Christ's Church Chapel, where is the effigy and shrine of St. Frideswide, who died in 740, ten years after the erection of the chapel. The author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy* is buried near her; his bust overlooks the old confessional above her monument, a Latin inscription informing the spectator that having cast his horoscope, and not dying the day he had fixed upon, he killed himself.\* The bust was for four successive years the home of a robin, who built in it and raised her broods, finding access to the chapel through a broken pane; but old Burton's plaister face and head are now in pretty good order with paint; the whole chapel is very neat. We afterwards attended evening service there, partly to get a sight of the celebrated Dr. Pusey, whom we saw leave his cloister, in white and red, walk with eyes nearly closed, and unobservant of the scene around, to the door. He is a young-looking man, bearing on his mind, to all appearance, a load of responsibility, thus personating what you would expect in the founder of a sect. Varied trials have marked his life, such as the loss of an amiable wife and child; but most especially is he known to feel his suspension from preaching before the University. He is much esteemed for his kindness, visiting the sick and feeble; one young man, now lying at the point of death in a consumption, receives his daily visits, prayers, and consolation, though he is only the son of one of the porters of the college. The father himself told me, with tears, how much his visits were esteemed.

\* The porter here could not refrain from showing his knowledge of Latin; he kindly translated for us, with cockney accent, old Burton's inscription. Humouring his vanity, we asked several other similar favours, but he had only acquired enough to "do the Burton." He afterward showed us some water-colour drawings, which he said were painted before the invention of *hoyle*, not speaking *by the card*, but of *oil*.



My friend now left me in the Radcliffe Library, to call on his cousin and ward, Lord P——t, who kindly insisted upon our dining at the nobleman's table in the grand hall of Christ's Church College: this young gentleman is expecting his degree, and soon will take his seat in the House of Lords.

The commoners, masters, &c., were seated when we entered the great dining-hall; marching up through a long line of grooms, we found ourselves at a table of distinction at the far end, raised a few steps above the others, thus overlooking the scene, which was one of perfect order. The noblemen's table is better served, and better provided than the others; for a college dinner it was excellent—a written bill of fare, and good cooking, with ample variety. Lord D——n was my opposite neighbour. It may be as well to record my surprise at hearing the replies of the servants to these youthful lords. "Yes, my lord; certainly, my lord"—"No, my lord;" and so on. This we heard repeated in the street by Lord P.'s boatman, whom we met, and by all who approached. The dinner over, we adjourned to his lordship's rooms, where a few of his friends joined us, to fruit and wine. Another tour of inspection of quadrangles, chapels with the finest old painted glass windows and antique ornaments, towers, statues, gardens, college-walks, as green as green could be, sent us tired to bed at the Angel Inn, an excellent house, the Turkey carpets of which were purchased on the occasion of its being occupied by Queen Adelaide and suite. The rooms retain the names of the occupants carefully labelled on brass plates. We were so fortunate as to get apartments once occupied by high-born maids of honour.

I saw so many fine pictures by the old masters, in Oxford, that I dare not commence an enumeration. Statues of Locke and others, portraits of founders, dignitaries, deans, statesmen, and warriors, educated at each college, are paraded at every possible turn, till the mind refuses to retain their names. The library of Christ's Church College contains 130,000 volumes; its walls, window-casings, book-closets, and floor,

are all of oak, which has remained unpainted and unvarnished for one hundred and eight years.

It is not to be expected that I could leave Christ's College, without viewing the kitchen, whose groined high roof and roasting apparatus you remember, in the coloured pictures of Oxford. The reality quite warrants the colouring.

Boating is a favourite amusement of the young gentlemen here; two were drowned in the Isis, the night before last; having been out till midnight, and the river being swollen, one fell overboard, it is supposed, from the very low sides of the frail machine, and the other, in his efforts to save his companion, shared the same watery death. It excites more attention in the London newspaper of this morning than it does here.

Bells are ringing from one minaret or other every five minutes in this strange old town; the heads of the *twelve* Cæsars, there being *sixteen* of them, with moss for hair, without noses, paraded in front of one of the colleges, have a very undignified look, but the general air of the city is good and cleanly. The Oxford University press and store claimed a share of our time. After making an arrangement with the head librarian of the Bodleian Library to receive the guiding care of a sub the next day, we continued our examination of various points of interest, the Botanic Garden, Brazennose, Maudlin, Balliol, St. John's, St. Mary's, and other colleges, in all of which we were most courteously received and conducted by their inmates. We proceeded to make some purchases of characteristic books and prints, and retired more fatigued than ploughmen.

Yours, &c.

## LETTER XIX.

Oxford, May, 1845.

Oxford—Bodleian Library—Manuscripts—Illustrating Burnet and Clarendon—Posting to Blenheim—Titian's gallery—The house—Pictures—Present Duke of Marlborough—Tapestry, &c.—Private gardens—Artificial water—Trees—Deer—Preserves—Gravel walks—Hereditary possessors—The Duke's column—Rosamond's well—The weather—Woodstock—Return to London—Ignorance respecting America—Anniversaries—The season—Imitations—London docks—Wine—Tasters—Merchandise—Revenue from tobacco—Cigars—Wealth—Newspapers—Queen's drawing-room—Review—Outside view of the pageant—The people—The scene in the Park—Coach of the Speaker—Conclude to sail for France.

AN account of Oxford institutions, its usages and neighbourhood, should of itself fill a volume. I do not mean to trouble you much with details of its heads of halls, heads of colleges, professors, scholarships, or university terms, here constituting a world in which to be distinguished, is rewarded, after death, by hanging up your portrait, or placing your bust; or, mayhap, by only writing a cold epitaph.

The Bodleian Library has the air of an institution extensively used and rapidly increasing; the rooms are spacious, and they contain over 200,000 volumes, many of great rarity and age. We had the treasures of old illuminated MSS. freely placed before us, and were extremely gratified with the inspection of many most superior specimens; in some the artist's hand is apparent, and the colours are perfect. A catalogue of book rarities would scarcely be read,—I therefore confine myself to one single specimen. Mr. and

Mrs. Sutherland, some years since, took the folio editions of Burnet's Own Times, and Clarendon's Rebellion, five volumes in all, and illustrated them by collecting and adding every known engraving, or map, or plan of the period, that could be procured for love and money; the result is, that the two works of only five volumes, now number *fifty-seven*, of great weight and size!! Not content with having the perfect portraits, they collected successfully the proofs taken by the artists while each engraving was in progress—and then they added impressions from the same plates when they had become worn out. Such labour is no doubt engaging and agreeable; to a certain extent, also, it is useful.

We procured a posting-coach at our inn, and galloped off merrily for Blenheim, the noble gift of the British nation to the great Duke of Marlborough. The property consists of twenty-nine hundred acres, all but eighty of which is in parks and gardens of the rarest beauty. You enter by a fine portico, and a gentlemanly person conducts you to the famed gallery, where are shown the pictures of gods and goddesses, painted by Titian, and presented by the King of Sardinia to the first Duke. To say they are *nude*, would hardly convey an idea of the exhibition; very fine pictures they certainly are, but few Americans would dare to have them in their possession. From thence you go through the great hall, and many superb rooms splendidly adorned with the works of the masters, with marble statuary, gilding, and rich furniture, to the noble library, coated with marble, and fitted up in a style of magnificence that our people would not allow, even to their greatest hero, and I trust never will. One of the suites of rooms measures four hundred feet from end to end; before you have had time to examine in detail, the greatest names in art have been so often thundered in your ear, that you "give it up," taking care, however, to stop before Carlo Dolce's Madonna, and a Raphael, for which, it is said, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars have been

offered. A visit to such a gallery helps onward a little your education in paintings.

The portrait of the present Duke hangs in one of the rooms, representing a good-looking rosy-faced man. He came into possession very lately to an encumbered estate, and soon afterwards lost his wife, for whose death the servants and the chapel are in black.

A singular saloon, painted all round with figures of all nations in characteristic costumes—great masses of tapestry representing Marlborough's battles—cabinets of ivory, and ebony, and pearl—a head of Alexander the Great, found at Herculaneum—the monument in the chapel, by Reysbach, which cost £30,000—the gold and crimson furniture, might well occupy a letter each in their description, but it is difficult to convey a correct idea of these things, their extent and grandeur.

We procured a view of the private gardens, consisting of *only* seven hundred acres! The utmost attention has been paid to planting for a very long series of years; great perfection has consequently been attained. The American amateur of landscape gardening may here take a few lessons on a large scale; for, to have every thing in proportion, there are two hundred and sixty acres of water artificially formed, though so naturally is it introduced into the landscape, that a visiter might suppose it had always held the same position. Swans besport themselves in these elegant lakes and streams; while you may sit down and admire the scenery, from very numerous china benches and stools, under trellises of roses in hundreds of varieties, or under weeping oaks and ashes, copper beeches,—but crowning the whole, the great cedars of Lebanon; here are found the largest in Europe. Throw in an enormous cascade, and dream that you are in elysium; if you possessed all this you would not wish to die. Three hundred men are employed, there being among them twenty regularly bred gardeners.

We next called our postilion, and drove round the entire

grounds, accompanied by a ranger on horseback, to point out the beauties and remarkable localities. We passed the former residence of the witty Wilmot, Earl of Villiers, now converted to the use of the keeper, who has under his charge two thousand one hundred and fifty deer, among them twenty-four of the red species, immense numbers of pheasants, and other game: there are large preserves where they breed unmolested. Some of the old trees here are most remarkable: one oak is shown to which tradition assigns the age of sixteen hundred years; it measures thirty-five feet round the trunk; a considerable birch-tree is growing in one of the decaying crotches, fifteen feet from the ground. "Capability" Brown, who laid out these grounds, is reported to have said, that the Londoners would never forgive him for exceeding the beauty of the Thames by his water and trees. Among his extravagances may be mentioned, a drive of two miles in an artificial valley; there are sixteen miles of gravel walks to be kept in order. The late duke, in his extremity for want of money, commenced cutting the wood for sale, but an injunction stopped him. These hereditary possessors have no right to cut more than is necessary for repairs. Thinking of the regular succession of heirs, often four or five in a few years, and comparing their lives with those of the trees, it seems as if they only came, took a look, and died.

The great column in the park, commemorative of the deeds of the Duke, is as high as our Christ Church steeple, having on top a statue of the hero of Blenheim, twelve feet in stature; the base is covered with long inscriptions. Rosamond's well, near by, still furnishes the best water in the vicinity. I forgot to mention that the house and offices occupy seven acres. Sir John Vanbrugh, the architect, has been much criticised for some of the details, but it must be admitted the pile is grand, even to magnificence. The affairs of the present Duke, the sixth, if I remember aright, are more prosperous than those of his father.

We made as much of our time at Blenheim as possible, but a day is not sufficient to see its pleasure-grounds, and park. One important matter on visiting it, is not to go on a rainy day. The first very fine sun that has shone upon me in England, greeted us here, and strange to say, shone out in splendour till near evening, so that my recollections of Blenheim are bright and agreeable.

The town of Woodstock borders the Park, and Cumnor is seen in the distance. Of course you buy a few pair of Woodstock gloves on the spot, at prices equal to those in London; there is something, however, in association, and one likes to have Sir Walter Scott at their *fingers' ends*.

London, June 1, 1845.

Returning to Oxford, we employed the remainder of our time in the inspection of those points of interest previously unseen, in conversation with some of the intelligent professors, settled a bill in which Turkey-carpets and silver seemed to have mingled, took the rail at three, and fulfilled a dinner engagement in London, comfortably, at six.

Return to London is extremely annoying, after the peaceful quiet of Stoke Park, and the beauties of Blenheim. There is much to see, it is true; you are surrounded by the great and the good, and the clever, but also by a crowd, so dense, that pushing through it resembles the effort to save yourself from drowning; you are less than nobody—nothing; the scale of existence is so large, that if it is desirable to the friends of any great man, in any country, county, or town of the known world, to have the conceit taken out of him, let him be sent forthwith to London. Thomas Clarkson said to me, he feared all his American correspondents were dead; “let me see,” he added, “wasn’t there one Rush once in your country, and is he dead too?” meaning Dr. Benjamin

Rush.\* So in London they think and know just about as much of an individual State in America, as we do about Hayti! and not a bit more. Most persons I have met, have not heard that our State paid her February interest, and never will hear it, because they have, to them, more important matters under consideration.

The longer one stays in London the more does one find to see, and may I add, the more disposed do you feel to run away from it to some less bustling place, where you can visit what is worthy of observation without being so annoyingly intermingled with crowds crowded on crowds. I am still here, notwithstanding those companions whose society I coveted have flown to summer skies. To account for this delay in smoky London, it will, perhaps, be necessary to say that the present month is the season when the anniversaries of various prominent societies are principally held; that, in short, what with Parliament in session, the spring meetings and anniversaries of religious and benevolent societies, the Free Trade Bazaar, Opera, every thing, this is *the* season. I have found many friends disposed to aid an observer and stranger; the penny-post is making intimate acquaintance with my lodgings every "delivery," generally sending up notes and tickets of invitation for ensuing days, enough to puzzle a man familiar with London, and therefore calculated to distract a stranger. I have had cards for various meetings of the Royal Society, Royal Institution, Conversaziones, for the Ethnographical Society, for the Library of the British

\* The literary reader will recall the following anecdote from Horace Walpole's Letters to the Miss Berry's: "When I was very young, and in the height of the opposition to my father, my mother wanted a large parcel of bugles; for what use I forget. As they were then out of fashion, she could get none. At last she was told of a quantity in a little shop in an alley in the city. We drove thither; found a great stock; she bought it, and bade the proprietor send it home. He said 'Whither?' 'To Sir Robert Walpole's.' He asked coolly, 'Who is Sir Robert Walpole?'"



Museum, the London Institution, for the examination of the boys at Christ's Hospital, numerous dinner invitations, which I decline whenever I can, for they consume so much time; breakfast, tea, and so on. I should not enumerate these, except as an evidence that great kindness is still extended to citizens of America. I came away from home in the most hurried manner, almost without letters, and yet no obstacle not surmountable has been presented to my obtaining a sight of whatever I desired. As to the Queen's drawing-room, not being in a hurry, I did not mention the subject to Mr. Everett till it was too late to be presented, and I was not sorry to learn that the period was over; so we have not this trouble of time and expense to encounter.

A visit to the London Docks is a fatiguing operation; a kind friend who knows the ways of the place accompanied us, having provided himself with that important document, an order to taste the wines. The dock we visited is not the largest, but probably contains as much in value as any other. There are one thousand six hundred pipes of wine *in* the Crescent vaults alone, and five thousand above; in the port of London there are now in dock one hundred thousand casks of various sorts. A vat for mixing wines in the Crescent will contain ten thousand two hundred gallons; here old and new are mingled. In matters of temperance the British nation is far behind us. We saw a number of the professional tasters hanging about; one at least, I can vouch for it, has a peculiar discoloration of the nose. With lighted links we traversed this underground world, and then emerged to the enormous warehouses above; the construction of the whole is a triumph of ingenuity and strength.

In the warehouses great masses of ivory tusks are encountered, wax, tea, cork, sugars in quantity beyond your previously conceived ideas; the very drippings from the hogsheads would be a snug fortune; this black liquid is carefully swabbed up from under foot and purified. It is calculated that fifty millions of pounds sterling worth of goods are

now in dock, occupying no less than one hundred and sixty acres; twelve hundred houses were pulled down to construct the London Dock alone; there are three others still larger. We inspected rooms full of silk in a raw state, having in them three thousand one hundred and fifty bales, brought from Turkey, China, Persia, and Italy, and, assorted into colours ready for the English manufacturer. One single room contained one thousand five hundred large bales. The rooms containing Tuscan straws ready for plaiting, were very attractively neat. We saw half an acre of cinnamon!

The revenue derived from tobacco is enormous; we were most kindly shown through the vast structures containing the raw as well as the manufactured article; you may inspect, if you please, twenty thousand casks, in warehouses covering five acres, on which, with the cigars near by, there will be a revenue of thirty millions of dollars; there are now in London thirty thousand hogsheads; it is supposed that about as much more in value, in the shape of cigars and manufactured weed, is smuggled annually. The duty on cigars is 9s. and 6d. per pound; a thousand cigars may weigh nine pounds, so that the duty on cigars of every quality is *only* twenty dollars per thousand; they are sometimes retailed of the best quality at eighteen cents each, or one hundred and sixty dollars the thousand; a few belonging to the estate of the Duke of Sussex, sold, after his death, for two hundred dollars per thousand: smoking is quite the fashion, but the expensive pleasure has to be paid for; much very inferior tobacco is employed; this you ascertain when riding in omnibuses, which people enter after a shocking whiff. The poor are content with a little pinch in a pipe. The plant would grow well in Ireland where it has been tried, but the revenue must be had to be expended in gewgaws for royalty, and so forth, and its culture has been prohibited!

London is the place for large figures, either of bullion or other articles. The more you inspect the place, the more apparent does it become that she is like the sun drawing up

water, sucking into her vortex the products of the whole world. More gold is now here than was ever known; more goods of all kinds are imported and exported, more large fortunes are acquired than ever before; there is more extravagance, and, let me add, more poverty; as the facilities for acquiring great wealth are multiplied by commerce and inventions, the *few* are elevated while the tendency on the mass is to depress it. *The people* do not know what their rulers are doing, and are not aware of the mode of emancipation. How should they be? The London Times costs fifty dollars a year. It is "taken in" at our boarding-house for an hour a day! and it serves the many English residents who get a glance by turns, and often not once a week. I was so disgusted with this paltry system, and found it so impossible to know what was going on around me, or what measure Parliament was discussing, that I ordered the Standard to be subscribed for during my stay. At the end of the week a bill comes in for sixty-two cents, while it contains less matter than many of your penny sheets. In Ireland I saw no newspapers except in the houses of the rich. The tendency of all this, with the absence of a government system of education, is most evidently seen, and keeps the poor in extreme illiteracy and ignorance.

As to the manner in which the money of this realm is spent, we had a rather striking specimen yesterday. The Queen held a drawing-room, on the occasion of her birthday. I determined to witness the outside show. An inspection of the household troops took place at ten, at the Horse Guards; no discipline could be superior, the infantry being reduced to the order of machines; on such occasions a few poor people raise up platforms of suitable solidity, where you get a stand for sixpence, and view the scene, enlivened by the presence of the Duke of Wellington and Prince Albert, names which you must be prepared to become very familiar with. The band, in which I counted nearly fifty drums, was excellent, particularly in the performance of the march in Norma. The large black horses on which the guards are mounted, exceed

in beauty and uniformity every thing of the kind. Leaving this pageant, we crossed with a great crowd to St. James's Park, and up to Buckingham Palace, making our observations as we leisurely pursued our way, upon the people composing the hourly increasing crowd. Whenever we had an opportunity, we entered into conversation with the best dressed or most intelligent-looking. They knew where they were, certainly, but as to any knowledge of what was to take place, they were surprisingly ignorant; the newspapers are not given to telling what is to be; if they were, the crowds that would assemble would exceed all control. It had been simply announced that a drawing-room was to be held; a pageant was expected, and two hundred thousand people of the middle and lower classes assembled, not one of whom knew, as far as we could discover, from former experience or from description, at which gate the Queen would enter St. James's; so we were left to our own judgment.

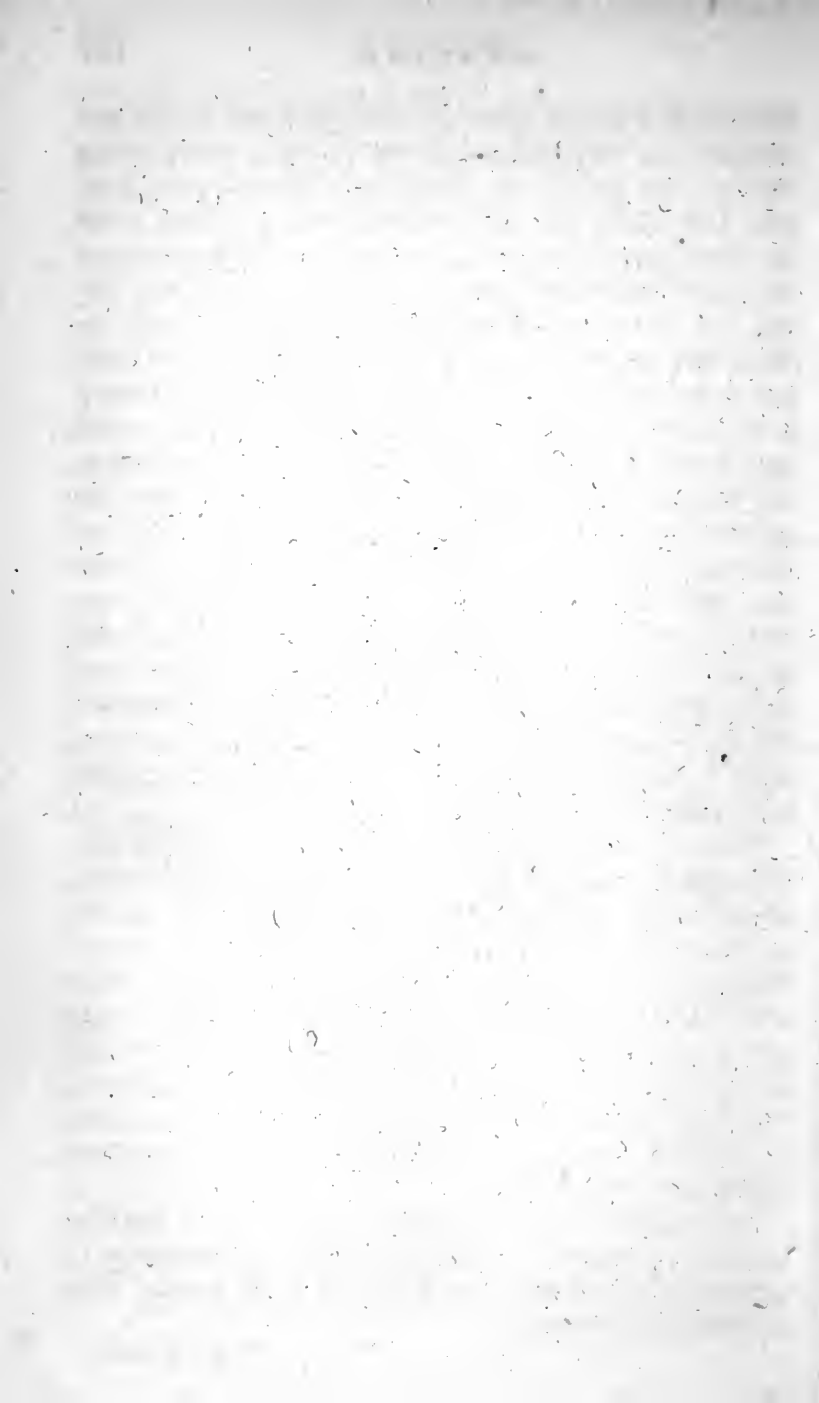
By twelve o'clock a host of greasy men and women were on the ground with old chairs, tables, and boards, and had placed them along the line between the two palaces; this we thought no doubt was the place to see; we paid for seats sixpence; the sun broke out genially, and we rested; it rained in half an hour, and we huddled under an old oak; at one, great armies of policemen appeared, overthrew our seats, and assisted in pitching the whole of this paraphernalia, brought at great labour from considerable distances, over an iron railing into another walk; so we asked questions of the police, and of a guard in uniform pacing before a gate, and they told us where the Queen would enter; that we might stand close by up a lane, and there we stood; presently old chairs were stealthily brought in by more greasy people, and as I had got *correct* information I hired an old decrepid stool, not quite satisfied that I was not in a ludicrous position, waiting a sixpenny gape at a Queen. In twenty minutes another body of police arrived and ordered us over the way; there was another crush of old chairs. We now took station where we saw the best-looking ladies; the police backed us up to a

certain line of gutter, where we were, they said, in the best position; they humoured the crowd with kind words, acting efficiently but gently. In fifteen more minutes, guns were fired, announcing that the procession was in motion, when the horse-guards backed their enormous black animals against our august republican persons; amid the cries of oh! oh! from the ladies, we fell back six feet, and had to look between the horses, the way intercepted by the great boots and the trappings. The nobility soon began to pass, dressed to the extreme of possible dressing; some gentlemen with their plumes, &c., on the seats before them; the ladies looked very blooming; there must have been a mile of carriages, the gayest liveries and cocked-hats, plumes, red-silk clocked stockings, and as grotesque as a Sandwich islander could desire. Sometimes came a coach with three fellows, all over gold lace, hanging on behind by gold cords! At length the Queen came, drawn by only two great cream-coloured horses, nearly resembling elephants in size. All around us remarked that she looked angry, but the view I had was so momentary as not to enable me to confirm it. The Prince appeared perfectly composed, as he had done at the inspection.

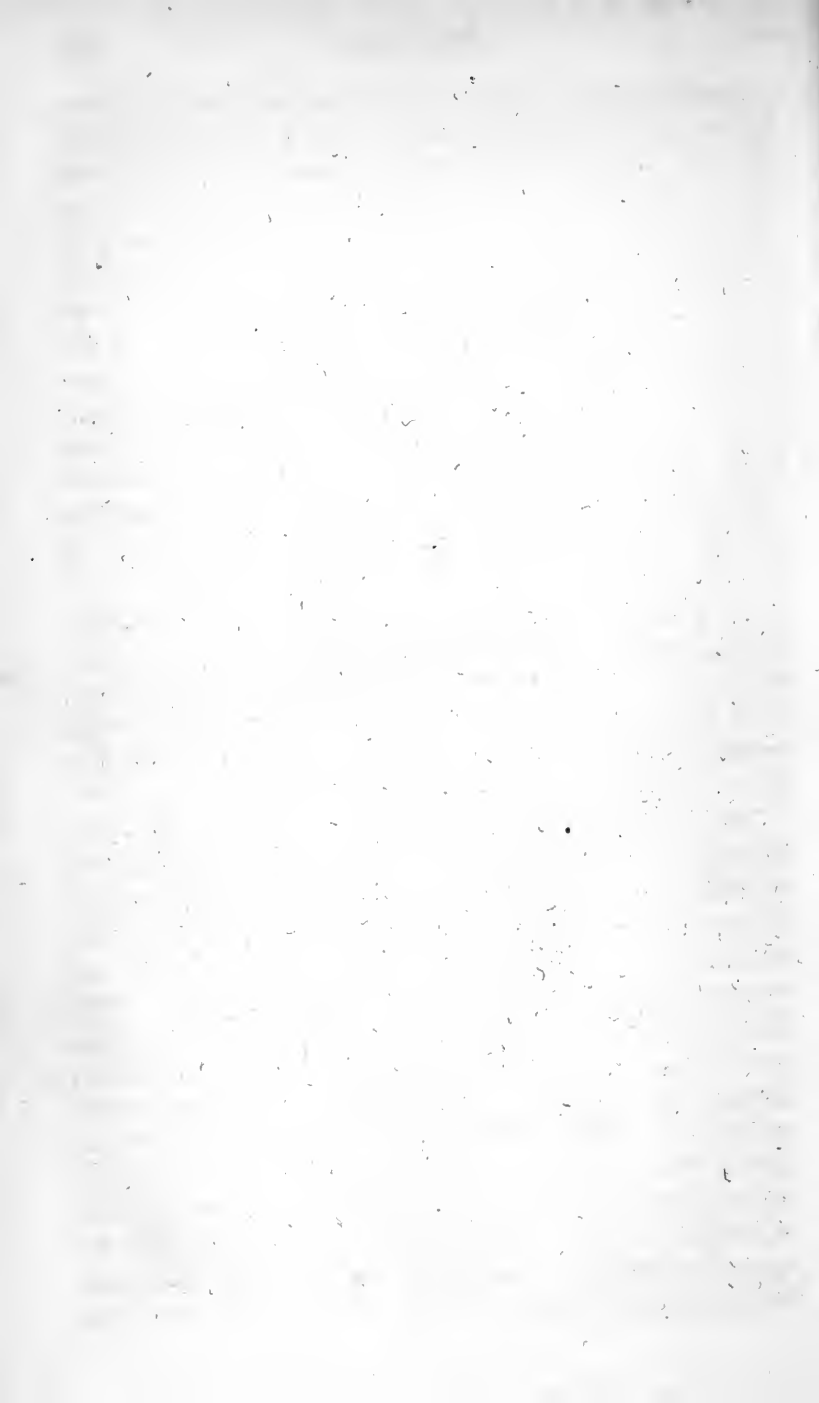
This is the way the pageant is looked upon by the people; they must be surrounded by military and police, and though allowed to see under such disadvantages, they know nothing; not one around us could name an individual of the nobility. Walking slowly away, we encountered the ludicrous coach of the Speaker of the House of Commons, slowly poking along with a great *figure-head* sticking out in front, the whole gilt all over, and made in the style of the day of Louis Quatorze. The poor Speaker, victimized in it, looked funny enough, and *we* laughed outright!! I went home and slept from very weariness of body and spirit.

The weather continues damp and cold, like our April, so we have concluded, after making various engagements to be fulfilled on our return, to sail to-morrow to the sunnier skies of France, via Havre.

Yours as ever.



FRANCE.





## LETTER XX.

Rouen, June, 1845.

A letter from under the sun—Passage to France—A real John Bull—Dover and Walmer Castles—Havre—Passports—Custom-houses—The Diligence—Description—The guard—French farming—Old towns of Normandy—Lively French girl—Arrival at Rouen.

AT length I am able to date a letter from *under the sun*, which could scarcely have been done in England during more than one day, since we landed. Such a May is, they say, very uncommon, but other travellers do not confirm this. Vegetation is certainly more backward than usual; the prospects for a good crop are yet excellent.

Very little satisfaction is obtained by the traveller who inquires as to the best route to Paris; some will tell you by Southampton, some Dover, &c.; but I believe, from experience, that the easiest and most agreeable mode is to take steam at London Bridge for Havre, a voyage of only seventeen hours; this avoids one change of baggage, at least. The *Rainbow*, a fine vessel, left the pier at eight in the morning, thus giving us daylight to see the Thames; it presents some points of interest, such as the arsenal at Woolwich, Gravesend, and the Nore. Steam-tugs were doing their best in every direction to carry large vessels to sea, and into port; numerous craft, green banks covered with houses, or green fields, or little towns, enliven the scene every mile. The river becomes very large near its mouth. Our first class passengers, of various nations, were agreeable; the fore-cabin had in it an

entire French dramatic company, men, women, children, dogs, and parrots; they seemed quite accustomed to roving, having all the apparatus for cooking at hand; their luggage was a serious matter of freight.

Contrasted with these was a live specimen of an Englishman; he came on board some miles below Blackwall, in a small boat. At first, I thought a whole family had arrived: first came up the side, *two* hat-boxes and a large sea-cap, then seven trunks, besides smaller articles of bags; and finally the gentleman showed his head, with a gun for a cane, a spy-glass slung round his neck, along with powder-horn, shot-bag, &c., &c., and with a fourth covering for the head, on top of a pretty stout wig. He looked complacently, but inquiringly on us, called right and left stoutly for-*maid* and waiters, and by dint of good management he was stowed away before dinner. I scraped acquaintance with him very soon, and found him intelligent, well-read, and *very* English. By humouring his inveterate prejudices, I found out his pursuits; by his own account he is one of a large species; a kind of sporting *Will Wimble* in a county far from London, who thinks the English the only nation in the world, hates the French most patriotically, drinks more wine than would fill his long spy-glass, sports when he can, and travels to be able to talk of foreign places at good tables and the races: as useless an animal as ever breathed, and yet possessed of as much *bonhomie* in his way as you could desire in a travelling companion. He knew the Rev. Sidney Smith well, and had in his possession a letter from him, written not long before his death—which, by the way, he promised to me for my “drab-coated” friends to see. The few other conversible persons on board formed a coterie, and persuaded our captain to run in very near to Dover Castle and town, to see Shakspeare’s and other chalk cliffs, the castle, and the scenery; but neither equalled my expectations. We soon passed in view of Walmer Castle, a seat of the Duke of Wellington, where the Queen sometimes visits.

Our John Bull sportsman, at dinner, gave us a specimen of the antipathy of his nation to the French; among other anecdotes he declared that he was invited to shoot with some gentlemen near Paris; but what was his astonishment on arriving at the ground, to find the party dressed *en chassé*, with red jackets, and with cross-bows, to shoot frogs, at a few feet distance! The national feelings of the English break out at every opportunity against the Irish and French; probably the same remark would hold good as to the Americans on proper occasions; one or two of our passengers, however, exhibited more knowledge of our country than is usual; Webster, Guizot, and Peel, are looked upon as the three men of the three nations, on whom the destinies of each, for good or for evil, are principally dependent. Mr. Webster's visit to England has made him better known there than any of our public men, Mr. Clay not excepted; the fame of the latter has not penetrated the crust of society very deeply. As for Mr. Polk, as he is universally called, they want much to know what public service he has rendered, to induce us to elevate him to the highest station.

The voyage to Havre was one of pleasure to all on board the steamer; I never saw the Delaware more free from the smallest swell or wave, than was the sea the whole distance; a glorious sunset over the "land of the free and the home of the brave" recalled recollections of home, and feelings not to be penned.

Havre did not look sufficiently attractive to detain us any great length of time; booking ourselves for the *Diligence*, we breakfasted at no very attractive hotel near the landing, kept by an Englishman named Wheeler, strolled round the town till the custom-house and passport-office were open, and then visited the official personages. At the former, our luggage underwent a hasty scrutiny by polite officers, who charge us two francs each for port duty; two more francs sufficed for the passports, or rather temporary ones, the originals being detained, to be delivered to us at the bureau in Paris,

in a few days. The scrutiny in both cases was by no means annoying, an English *valet de place* conducting us with ease through each ceremony with very little delay, and thence through an army of talking parrots, sailors, and their wives, to the Diligence.

As many books of travels as I have perused, none had succeeded in giving me a correct idea of this antique mode of conveyance. Imagine a caravan for an elephant and his keepers, and you have *the size*. In front is a little parlour for a small private family, called the *coupé*; above it the driver's seat, for himself and one passenger, while behind him, under a leather top, is another, (the *banquette*,) for three besides the *conducteur*; over the driver three of the four pairs of eyes see very badly because of the incumbrance of the coachman and his left-hand neighbour on the same level; a frame of glass, strapped up to the top, so as to let down if it should rain, protects the people over the *coupé*; under the same cover, and behind the top passengers, are the trunks, boxes, and packages, so that when the glass is down you have an odorous smell of old leather, in addition to the nauseous pipe of the *conducteur*, who sits at his ease, winding up or down a little windlass, as the ascent or descent requires the action of a *brake*! Behind the *coupé*, and under the luggage, are the inside passengers, six in number, stowed away amidst straps for fastening up an umbrella, and two canes each, four hats, and two ladies' bonnets; the roof, originally too low, is thus brought down to a level with your nose; nothing but the two windows will open, so that when a lady pulls down a blind, on account of the sun, you are nearly stifled. Another private apartment, (the *rotund*,) is behind the *interieur*.

We had among our party of three, two inside and one top seat, so that by changing about all the way to Rouen, we had each a taste of fresh air, and a slight view of the horses, sometimes five, six, seven, and once *nine*, when we came to a heavy hill; these animals are geared in the most uncouth fashion, three abreast, but they are not one behind the other

in regular train; the third rear horse pulled in our case, by a rope tied to one of the steps, with his head steering for the off fence! some galloped, and some trotted, while the driver in a miserable dress and a Frenchified cap, whipped up, and uttered a guttural cry that none of us have been able, after much practice, to imitate. A little before every change, the *conducteur* pulled out a large leathern purse, and paid in five-franc pieces, the hire of the horses, to the driver. Very little time was allowed for changing our steeds, scarcely enough to effect the great descent and get into the *interieur*. Our first attempt at changing seats was amusing; the *banquette* passenger who was to get inside, called out to the other taking his place, "I say—where *did* you come out from?" Before one was fairly down, the *conducteur* was bawling out "Montez! vite! vite!"

The first view of French farming is novel enough to the foreigner; there are no fences to be seen; the cattle are all tethered, and by noon have eaten bare their allotted space; the fields are cultivated in patches by women, with ploughs and other implements, rude and ungainly; a species of clover, lucerne, now in bloom, is beautiful, giving the appearance of flower-beds. There are few or no *good* houses; like those at Havre, they seem generally to be built of plaster and wood; we find the weather decidedly warmer than in England, where our thickest winter clothes, with always an overcoat, were requisite every day in May, while fires in our bed-rooms were required to keep us comfortable to the very close of the month. We saw several partings between gentlemen at Havre and on the route, when the kiss, such as a man might give in our country to his wife or daughter, was exchanged as a matter quite of course.

As we entered the narrow streets of the dirty old towns of Normandy, the nose would inform us, with our eyes closed, of the fact; we set down the inhabitants, therefore, as others have done before, as being dirty people; an epithet well deserved.

We had in the *interieur* a lively specimen of the new nation we had got amongst, in the shape of a young French girl of affable manners. In ten minutes she had begun to display her treasures of travelling comforts. Her basket opened, she produced a large bundle of cakes, which were offered with great kindness to every one. Then came out of the pocket of the coach a bundle of shells purchased in Havre to make ornamental work when she got home; in producing these, the paper broke, and away they all went to the floor, whence we vied in reinstating them in a curious old pitcher from the same *poche*, bought for its peculiar shape. We hoped she had got through; but no! she was anxious to display more purchases, and began to unburden her own pocket, the fun seemingly being to show us what a mixture it would contain! A mixture truly there was: a bag full of working instruments, three pairs of scissors, and paraphernalia to match; then a napkin ring made of shells, *pour papa*; a picture book, &c., &c., and then a comb! when this came, she was so provoked at the display, as to pitch it out of the window. I forget the remainder, but it was all accompanied with such a jabber of words and good humour that we were all in a roar. Finding my son did not fully comprehend her, she said she understood English, and repeated with great glee, "How you dew; farree wella," at great length. She then produced a phrase-book and offered to teach us all her language! All this, among total strangers. A Frenchman present seemed to take her wit with great glee, but we thought her rather more than a *fair* specimen of the nation. In such plight did we course to Rouen, where a delay to see its extraordinary antiquities will enable me to say again how much

I am yours, &c.

## LETTER XXI.

Rouen, June, 1845.

First impressions of Rouen—The hotel—Grotesque appearances—French postilions—The steamboat—Labourers—Commerce—Antiquity—Houses—Shops—Cathedral—Interior—Monuments—Butter Tower—St. Ouen—Library and museum—Illuminated MS.—Musée—St. Patrice—Hotel de Bourgtheroude—Arrival at Paris.

THE first drive into a town like Rouen, creates much interest in the mind of an American, totally unacquainted with such architecture and *toute ensemble*; its narrow streets, and high gable-faced houses, are extremely curious. Our lumbering Diligence drove through them in such a style as really to alarm me for our safety; the three horses abreast, straggled their heads so as almost to poke them into the windows on each side; no accident, however, occurred; we were set down in a stable-yard, and ordered to pay our railroad fare, with privilege of resting in Rouen: this we did, but it was an error, as you will learn in the sequel. The Hotel de Rouen on the Quai du Havre, not being very distant, we went on foot; a porter, with a small wooden fixture on his back, having handles sticking out, was soon equipped with the heavy baggage, after a fashion that made my young travelling companions smile, and away we marched, along streets having no sign of a side-walk, a gutter down the centre, while the garbage was piled up against the houses, saluting the nose with no savoury force. We found our hotel clean, quiet, and every way excellent; fine rooms overlooking the Seine, the ship-

ping, steamboat, and passengers; wagons of grotesque form loaded with wine, cotton, and other merchandise, enliven the prospect: we had so recently left the extreme dirt of London coal smoke, that it was a real luxury to see clean white sheets, and the price apparently very low: sixty cents for a bed-room per diem; but it swelled up to more than three dollars a day. I mention this because to new-comers the charges in France appear to be moderate, while in reality they are not so; every candle is a franc, a bottle of ale is two francs, and servants are a franc more, so that though the bed-rooms are cheap, the table d'hôte likewise, and very superior, you find it is more expensive than you had been led to expect.

Some English nobility were at the house, travelling through the country in their own coaches, but with post-horses, four to each carriage. The conveyances drive in under the hotel; such an outfit you never saw! The two postilions with boots so stiff in the ankle as to make walking difficult, and their outlandish looks, tying the leading horses by ropes, all exhibit the appearances which one had supposed had faded away with modern civilization; but here nearly every thing is in a condition represented in pictures of some hundred years ago, except the little steamboat for Havre under our windows; it looks peaked and frightened, as if it was astray in this old country; as if it was making an experiment to see whether it would be naturalized or not, and doubtful how long it would be allowed to look at the middle-age cathedral and houses, high-capped old dames, Norman horses, Norman every thing, amid a few modern rows of houses lining the shells behind them. The place is one of industry, having considerable cotton and other manufactories around it. The manner in which cotton bales are loaded here, on two wheels with long tressels, the whole covered with canvass or straw, is very picturesque. Four men are pretending to load railroad iron, below us, into wagons made of poles; they evidently do not admire the job; by the deliberation with which they proceed, one would suppose their employers must pay very little



for their labour. Numbers of peasant women, with high white caps and blue gowns, are constantly passing; a fine sun, such as reminds us of home in July, has quite enlivened our spirits, and thawed us from our English frigidity.

Vessels of two hundred and fifty tons arrive and depart from Havre with cotton, and take back wine and other produce, but though a port, Rouen has not the air of one, nor yet of the Manchester of France, which it is called. There is no bustle indicative of commerce. To see Rouen in perfection you must come before many years shall have elapsed, as a law has been passed prohibiting the rebuilding of houses in wood. We plunged very soon into the labyrinth of little streets, feeling at every step the strongest inclination to take sketches of matchless old houses, with gables and windows odd enough to satiate the artist or the most ardent lover of antiquity; venerable, and picturesque, are poor words to express the scene every where presented; you are transported to the fourteenth century as soon as you leave the new façade on the Quai. The houses are high and very small, often one room deep, backed by another little room on another street, so that the thickly stowed inhabitants have no symptom of a yard, much less of a garden; every lower room, almost, is a shop of some kind; many of these are showy, especially the confectioners' and shops *des variétés*; in the latter is offered a set of commodities quite new to our eyes in their appearance. In one, figures in ivory, not dear, gilt and gold chains of curious manufacture, bijouterie of all kinds, pictures, saints, crosses, mousetraps; and next door, meat, flowers, or vegetables. The people are generally dressed to correspond with the antiquity around, so as to appear part and parcel of the place—as if they had survived the civilization going on in other countries. It is difficult, nay, impossible, to convey a first impression of such a scene to a person from a country where an *old* house of the last century is so curious an object as to get into a popular book called Watson's Annals; tell the clever author of that

redoubtable and valuable work, to go to Rouen with his painter; *there* is occupation for a lifetime. So much for the town—let us glance at its cathedral and churches.

The cathedral I will not attempt to picture to your eyes; in the year 260, Saint Mellon built the first chapel on this site, but after being burned, plundered, and rebuilt several times, it was at last destroyed by fire in the year 1200. John, Duke of Normandy, and King of England, granted the necessary funds to rebuild it, and now begins the *modern* origin of the present pile, which required from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century to complete it. The great Gothic façade, with its profuse decorations, its stone screens of open tracery, crumbling towers, (one lately replaced with new yellow stone, perking up like a modern dandy among weather-beaten monuments,) all strike at once upon the mind with force; first, of admiration at the piety that could so patiently cut the hard material; next with admiration for the Gothic—but finally with sorrow, that the religion which prompted the expenditure, is not more simple in its forms, more *understandable* to its votaries.

At all hours of the day poor people are kneeling at the various shrines; while little thin candles, raised upon an upright and set in a large round tin, are burning before some shrine or monument in a niche. The interior measures four hundred and thirty-five feet in length, and the nave is ninety feet in height. The three rose windows of coloured glass are enormous and very fine. The tomb and effigy of Rollo, first Duke of Normandy, and the marbles in the choir marking the spot where are deposited the heart of Richard Cœur de Lion, and the bodies of his brother Henry, of William, son of Geoffrey Plantagenet, and of John, Duke of Bedford, arrest attention. When the church was injured by the Huguenots in 1663, the effigy and heart of Richard were removed and lost until 1838, when they were dug up from the pavement near the high altar. His "lion heart" was found still perfect, but shrunk in size, enveloped in green taffeta and lead.

He is buried at Fonterrault, but his heart he bequeathed to Rouen, in testimony of his great affection for the Normans. The effigy is mutilated, but enough remains to exhibit him crowned, and in the royal robes. Cardinals in effigy, old painted glass, pictures, allegorical figures, mixed in with old chairs hired for seats, dirty candlestands, iron railings shutting out the stranger from some sculptured monument or chapel, are passed without taking time to read inscriptions; the marble effigy of the distressed widow Diana of Poitiers, kneeling at the head of an emaciated corpse, representing her husband after death, is curious; she is in a mournful attitude, corresponding with the sentiment of the epitaph dictated by herself:

“Indivulsa tibi quondam, et fidissima conjux,  
Ut fuit in thalamo sic erit in tumulo.”

But so it was not in the grave, for she was buried at her chateau of Anet. She was the mistress of Henry II. Above is the Duke on horseback, a fine piece of art of the age of Francis I.

On emerging from this curious scene, the southwest tower is conspicuous, called *Tour de Beurre*, having been built by that curious process of granting indulgences to eat butter in Lent; the filigree stone circlet surmounting it must be considered superb. The central spire spoils the termination; it is merely a cage of cast iron bars, unworthy of the edifice, replacing a wooden one burnt in 1822, and when finished, will reach the enormous height of four hundred and thirty-five feet. Fine views of this cathedral, and of St. Ouen, will be found in the new work on Normandy, by Janin.

Not far off is the church of St. Ouen, admitted beyond a doubt to be one of the noblest and most perfect Gothic edifices in the world: more pure in style than its neighbour, it is only surpassed by it in historic monuments. All the windows are painted; the entire work may be studied with admiration for days. A very pretty garden, formerly belong-

ing to the abbey, is behind the church, filled with gay flowers, and trimmed trees, furnishing shady and beautiful walks for the inhabitants, who saunter along without an apparent wish to touch the gay tulips and roses in full bloom.

Adjoining is the monastery of the friars, now a town hall; in the second story is the library and museum, to which visitors are admitted without fee; the former contains thirty-three thousand volumes, among them one thousand two hundred manuscripts; the most remarkable is the Gradual of Daniel D'Aubonne, of the seventeenth century, containing two hundred vignettes and initials by the hand of a master, the colours as fresh as the day they were put on; the work is about the size of a volume of one of our largest newspapers, bound with iron-like hinges; a more remarkable specimen of illumination I have not yet seen. The museum, of paintings principally, is large and gorgeous, but contains more pictures of inferior than of superior merit.

The Musée des Antiquités, not far from it, is much more interesting; it contains Roman and Gallic tombstones, coffins, and effigies, dug up in the vicinity of Rouen. The fifteen windows of painted glass from old convents and churches, exhibit in a series, the progress of the art, and are superior to any thing in France or England. A glazed frame contains the *mark* of William the Conqueror, who could not write, and the signature of Richard Cœur de Lion, autographs which would set up a collector. An extensive collection of coins surrounds the principal room, in which workmen were labelling the articles preparatory, it is to be hoped, to a catalogue. The whole arrangements are creditable to the administration of the department, by whom the Musée was founded in 1833.

A peep of an hour will scarcely satisfy the traveller with the sight of the painted glass in the church of St. Patrice, not named in the guide-books, but well worth seeing for this kind of ornament, both for quantity and extreme beauty.

We went a round of fatiguing sights—fatiguing by their

extraordinary character or beauty, not forgetting St. Maclou and the Hotel de Bourgtheroude; the latter the most curious monument in Rouen. It is covered with basso-relievos relating to the time of the occupation of Normandy by the English. In one, Henry VIII. is just come forth with his suite, with troops having great feathers in their hats and mounted on noble steeds. The whole front is covered with very remarkable sculpture of this kind; one side of the court has gone to decay, the fragments being preserved in the Musée des Antiquités, where, as long as they remain, they will be considered very interesting relics. A volume would scarce suffice to detail the interesting sights in Rouen; if I afflict you but with a single letter, give me credit for leniency.

*Paris.* On going too late to the railroad, to return to the coach-office, we found our places for Paris had not been taken, as promised by the clerk; the railroad men would not allow us to pass on without again paying, and on our arrival here the same concern has refused to refund the money, sixty francs. We made the mistake of not returning to the Diligence Office, and going to the depot in it; this lumbering affair is mounted on the railway and goes up to Paris with its Rouen passengers.

I am, very truly,  
Yours, &c.

## LETTER XXII.

Paris, June, 1845.

The railroad—Reminiscences—Meurice's Hotel—Remove to lodgings—Description—Mr. Walsh—Sample dinner at the Palais Royal—The Seine—Champs Elysées—Place de la Concorde—Amusements—Obelisk of Luxor.

THE Diligence is superseded by the railroad from Rouen to Paris; it was opened in 1843, and is to extend to Havre,

to which place the route will be completed by May, 1846; the highroad, like our Lancaster turnpike, is nearly deserted, while the slower steamboat is abandoned. The road is carried up the valley of the Seine, the river mostly about the size of the Schuylkill. The scenery will not compare with that of our little Pennsylvania river, though there are so many places of historical interest that the mind is kept awake: at Mantes, for instance, William the Conqueror received the injury which caused his death a few days after, at Rouen. Madame de Genlis was buried in a little cemetery not far from Neuilly; and in a little church of the village, the Empress Josephine is interred, where a simple monument has been erected by her children. Her favourite residence, Malmaison, has been sold, and her pleasure-grounds also, together with her Swiss dairy and merino farm.

The railroad is not so firm, and consequently the coaches are not so steady, as those of England, though the whole seem to have been made after their patterns. Our baggage underwent another slight inspection at the depot here, and we drove immediately to the Hotel de Meurice, where we found several Philadelphians, and next day met my state-room companion of the Saranak, who having become wearied with the cold and wet of England, has preceded us; he informs us that the climate here has been little less propitious, though it is now improving. Meurice's Hotel is a large one, luxuriously furnished, very comfortable, and famous for its good dinners. The mode of living at it is very Parisian, though frequented mostly by English and Americans. You take a room, if it is not full, which it usually is, for four francs a day, more or less as you please or can get one, breakfast for two francs more, dine and tea where you please, and discover that by some process, not anticipated, your bill of six francs comes to two dollars and a half at least, for a candle is again a franc, and servants, "boots," &c. &c., are added *ad libitum*. We were not able to get apartments on the few first floors, and soon changed our

quarters to private lodgings, where we each have a room, with a parlour in common, the whole for seven francs per day, with breakfast if we choose, for two more, and can buy our own candles! we hope more economically. In each of our four rooms is a mantel clock, striking the quarters as well as the hours; it is an ornament as much in request as some of those in America, but these are very tastefully made.

It would much puzzle you to find us out, even if you were set down in our street, the Rue Neuve de St. Augustin, and were told that our number is 38. The front of the street, (I am describing a great portion of Paris,) is occupied by houses and shops, but between every two is a wide gateway, some of which admit carriages: pass into and through it, but inquire of the *concierge* or porter—who has a room under or near the end of the arch—for Madame D'Ouest, and Mr. —; he will point to the door of the house on the rear of the lot, having marble steps and some china vases in front, and tell you Mr. — is on the fourth floor, number 8. Ascend, but don't count the first floor, nor another small one, called the *entresol*, but go up six pair of winding steps, waxed and rubbed bright by the use of a brush on the feet of the men-servants every morning. As a foreigner, you will think we are high in the world from poverty of purse! no such thing;—there are two or three more stories, where our friends, not fortunate in getting lower, have been mounting these two weeks. But you are puzzled, for there are a great number of doors all round—ah! there is number 8, twice repeated over the door. Search about, and you will see an odd sort of a bell-pull—ring it, and I will appear. Enter our little parlour, eleven feet square: it has two large looking-glasses, three easy chairs, covered with blue silk, a sofa to match, the clock over the mantel, an *escritoire*,—at which I am writing, and where I keep five hundred francs, just drawn from our bankers, and carried home in a canvass bag,\*—with

\* Silver is the universal currency.

other furniture, good of its kind, such as marble-topped tables, and chairs. There are two windows, with the oddest fastenings, opening inwards from top to bottom, and shaded from our near neighbours first with close-fitting white curtains, and then with blue damask.

Adjoining is my sleeping-room, seven feet wide, very comfortable. There are four doors opening out of the little parlour, and one placed in the wall with another concealed in the panelling, so that we should be airy enough in cold weather. My seat where I write overlooks the floors of fourteen families, on different flats, into whose windows I could cast a biscuit! It is daytime, and I see several little domestic groups in the windows.

I have called upon my friend Mr. Walsh, the American Consul, whom I find looking very well; he offers me every kind of facility in his power, and as an evidence of his goodwill, presents me at once with orders for admittance into the palaces and so forth, for the proper days, and makes other appointments for the future.

A party of Americans, under convoy of some older residents from our good city, agreed to dine to-day at Les Trois Frères Provençaux, in the Palais Royal, the best and most showy of the Paris restaurants. We are six in number, including two ladies. The scene is singular: the rooms in the restaurant are not large, and one side is upon a thoroughfare where carriages set down their passengers, the other looking upon a great quadrangle; three sides of the room are filled with large plates of clear glass; in one, on the quadrangle, appropriated for a show-place and doors, are exposed, to tempt the passer-by, strawberries, cauliflowers, artichokes, and other fresh vegetables. Two little tables are put together, a nice table-cloth thrown over them, plates, silver spoons, and forks, and bread, are ready in a moment, and our cicerones (older residents than us by three whole days!) are engaged in searching from an octavo printed book for delicacies to astonish us, while the waiter gets the most delicious soup. A



variety of French dishes slowly followed, succeeded by a *charlotte russe* of coloured ices; we had besides four bottles of wine—claret—and for this sample dinner we paid about one dollar and a half each; ordinarily you dine for four or five francs, and at Meurice's, with sixteen to twenty-four courses, for the same.

It was odd to see so many respectable ladies dining thus as a matter of every-day custom,—taking their wine, and being perfectly at home; they arrive and depart with the same ease of manner they would enter their own parlour; wear and part with their bonnets *au plaisir* at the table, and take no notice of their neighbours, who are within a foot of them. While we took our leisurely meal, we surveyed the novel scene; two or three hundred well-dressed people came and went away during the period of an hour and a half, during which we vied with each other in producing from our American letters just received and only half read before, the greatest budget of Philadelphia news, marriages, and Presidential appointments, and so on. It was a scene as agreeable as it was novel. The ceilings are painted, and the paintings covered with plate-glass for protection and ornament, while every possible place not of simple glass, is occupied by mirrors, gilt, or richly papered. Two well-dressed ladies sit in the centre, where every thing passes them and is charged without a moment's delay, and the bill is ready as soon as called for. These cafés and restaurants are principally patronized by strangers.

We have endeavoured to rest a little since our arrival, taking short walks in the garden of the Tuileries, entering the churches, and delivering a few letters of introduction, waiting till we have studied our map and for a proper grouping of objects of interest, so as to see them with the least fatigue. The ensuing day after the dinner we passed in this way, and in the evening took a glance at the Champs Elysées, where the trees are cut into shapes, forming long vistas; here the outwardly happy Parisians on a fine evening, which we

have just returned from enjoying, amuse themselves in a manner so totally different from the Londoners, or our people, that it will be worth while to recount our first view. Entering the Tuileries garden from the Rue Rivoli, opposite to Meurice's, we encountered a thick wood, like a forest, in a most healthy condition, through which no sunshine could ever penetrate. The walks were lined with ladies and gentlemen, pursuing leisurely their evening promenade, to and from the Champs Elysées, while carriages drove along very leisurely in the alleys and roads.

Walking from the Tuileries you pass the Place de la Concorde, and the obelisk of Luxor, around which fine fountains are playing, and enter a long walk with a carriage drive in the centre, with spaces around it; this is the Champs Elysées; the wide foot-pavement is of asphalte, very perfect, and adjoining are all sorts of exhibitions: a café has a parcel of chairs, tables, and a stage in the open air, where vocalists, fiddlers, and harpers, are making a kind of concert for the customers seated around, drinking beer, eating cakes, or smoking cigars. A little further is a set of hobby-horses or run-rounds, for the amusement of grown boys and men; then an old woman has placed three or four candles on the ground, and a very little child is playing on the violin to gaping spectators, who have a plate presented to them now and then for a sous. Beyond, a woman is performing on the harp; a little table is erected for playing a sort of billiards; booths for toys of the commonest kinds, cakes, and confectionary, are spread about, and here the people seem to enjoy themselves very much like children, with no care for the morrow.

Carriages drive about in the centre, soldiers are every where, as they are over all Paris, and the utmost order and outward decency prevails. The scene altogether was curious: goat phaetons, four-in-hand for children, are racing about much more merrily than in the London parks. Little boys without hats, turned out from home, if home it can be called, where the parents are abroad at some spectacle or

café, are running about. The magnificent obelisk of Luxor, cut one thousand five hundred and fifty years before the Christian era, and brought at enormous expense from Egypt, is an object of intense interest.

Yours, &c.

### LETTER XXIII.

Paris, June, 1845.

Historical recollections—The Tuileries—Bibliothèque du Roi—M. Joumard—The treasures of the library—MSS.—Engravings—Antiquities—Monument to Molière—Sunday in Paris—Worship at St. Roque—The King's apartments in the Palais Royal—Minister of public worship.

THE amount of interest attached to the historical recollections of France is less to most of us than those of England, probably because we have read more of the books of the latter than of the former nation; and yet no one can come to this city, without having his memory eminently refreshed respecting scenes most famous in story. The Tuileries have been the seat of more great events probably than any other building in the world; they do not disappoint any one who has been accustomed to see pictures of the building; the front is old, but in tolerably good repair; the trees in front, trimmed in the French style, with their fine avenues, are strikingly neat; the old lemon trees set about are also cut in the old manner; they are not at present apparently in good health, and are not allowed to bear fruit; their size is enormous. The statuary of marble, displayed every where, is white and clean, very French, and often highly ornamental. The King resides at the Tuileries at present, as do many of the royal family, including the Duchess d'Orleans, widow of Louis Philippe's oldest son, whose little boy of seven or eight is

the next heir to the throne. The Prince de Joinville, it is said, occupies the sixth floor of one of the suites of apartments,—but it is only the third probably—no derogation to dignity here, where the higher the flat you inhabit, the freer from noise and smells; of the latter Paris is full, as newcomers especially inform you.

Let us go to-day to the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, under guidance of the honorary director, M. Joumard, who was with Bonaparte in Egypt, and is a distinguished scholar. The exterior has much the appearance of a jail, but the interior is superb. The building has been used for various purposes; among others it was head-quarters for Law, when his Mississippi scheme was deluding its votaries, and it was also once occupied by Cardinal Mazarin, and here he breathed his last. In the time of Charles V. the library contained only nine hundred and ten volumes; it has now one million two hundred thousand; more than five times the number of that of the British Museum. As M. Joumard remarked, brooks feed the rivers, and all rivers flow into the sea; this is the sea of literature, where are deposited its golden sands, brought from all lands which have any claim to being considered book, map, or print-makers. We were first shown the great rooms of maps: the topographical portion is astonishingly complete; it contains over three hundred thousand charts; there are eighty-six maps, each six feet in height, of France alone; a large map of the world, engraved at Vienna, with the names in the language of each country represented. Here is the Arabian Astrolabe, and Arabian maps of the twelfth century.

The manuscripts are astoundingly numerous; they consist of about eighty thousand volumes, including thirty thousand relating to the history of France. Many were brought from Egypt under M. Joumard's inspection; the catalogue of the MSS. alone fills twenty-four folio volumes. In estimating the volumes here, pamphlets bound together are counted as one volume. The long perspective of the great suites of rooms is one of the striking appearances; guards in uniform are at

hand here and there to prevent visiters from doing injury ; on certain days the public may enter and consult any work required, by writing its name on paper. Every thing is free of charge ; six hundred readers, students, and copiers, repair to it daily for information or amusement. They have a large room appropriated to them, free from disturbance other than what they make themselves. Every part and portion is so very clean, and neat, as to excite astonishment and admiration.

The specimens of book-binding, from the earliest date, exhibit a succession of tastes to which latter years have added little beauty. The first editions of books are extremely numerous, rich and rare, and here, too, you will observe that no improvement in clearness of typography has been obtained since the earliest dates. The oldest printed Bible, and the most ancient book printed *with a date*, 1457, are here ; the latter is a psalter, issued at Mentz by Faust and Schaeffer ; the Mazarine Bible, also, printed in 1456 with cut metal types ; in short, the first printed books of all countries, are exposed under glass cases with labels.

But the manuscripts were most interesting ; we saw those of Galileo ; letters from Henry IV. ; the prayer-books of St. Louis and Anne of Brittany, and other rich illuminations ; the MS. of Fenelon's *Telemachus*, in Fenelon's own hand ; autograph memoirs of Louis XIV. ; a MS. of Josephus ; a volume of three hundred pages, containing the names of all the victims of Robespierre ; with some missals of the fourth and fifth centuries, the most ancient in existence. Franklin's autograph, with those of Voltaire, Madame de Maintenon, Racine, Molière, Corneille, Boileau, Rousseau, &c., tempt the eye of an amateur. The Chinese collection, both of engravings, MSS., curious maps of great size, Arabian, Ethiopian, and even quantities of Japanese, puzzle one to know how they ever could have met in such numbers in the French capital.

The engravings are esteemed as among the great treasures of the institution ; those of the history of France fill eighty-

five large red portfolios; here may be studied costumes, mythology, and every thing required from such means of instruction; many artists were copying; among them were several females.

A gallery of antiquities is attached, containing a little well-preserved ancient armour, medals, and coins to the number of one hundred thousand, of extreme rarity; the famous vase of the Ptolemys, Egyptian antiquities, cameos, and gold ornaments of great age, intaglios; the porphyry bath of Clovis, &c.; but in this department the British Museum far exceeds this institution. One famous and large room has a high ceiling, painted in fresco, very beautifully, by Romanelli, in 1651.

In the same street stands the new monument to the memory of Molière, recently erected, a marble slab on the house opposite, informing the searcher that No. 34 is the house in which he died. This day has been one of great enjoyment; we may read for ever of great libraries, but inspection is requisite to convey correct ideas of their appearance. The one I described in London, the Bodleian at Oxford, and this, have been to me places to which my memory will most frequently revert; and yet I feel that I have conveyed to you little information respecting them.

My first Sunday in Paris did, I confess, even after all I had heard respecting it, surprise me very much. I had read, as all other general readers have, that very little attention was paid to its observance, but I did not believe the half of what I have seen to-day. Without circumlocution, let me just tell you what I have witnessed. While dressing at eight, we had a musical serenade in our court; sallying out, it was evident the shopkeepers had no respect, after our fashion, for the Sabbath. *Not a single shop in all Paris was shut up*; people were engaged in their several occupations just as on the day before; they were buying, selling, working at their trades, coaching, just as usual. By ten o'clock, when I again turned out, a number, but not a great number of females,

dressed as if for church, were on the move ; so I entered the old St. Roque cathedral, where the Catholic ceremonies, French fashion, had just begun. . This is the chapel where the Queen worships ; and last Sunday when she was there, a military band accompanied the procession of the host, and beat their drums at the periods when a bell is usually rung ; but to-day the ceremony was less imposing, though to our uninitiated eyes very novel. Two large Swiss, dressed *en militaire*, with military hats, which they did not take off, and holding large silver-mounted canes, headed a procession, sounding their staves on the marble floor so as to be heard all over, and using the same motions of the hand as a drum-major, whom they greatly resembled. Then followed boys bearing flambeaux, a crucifix of silver, and candles, interspersed with priests, two brass serpents accompanying the chanting. One entire perambulation ended, the priests entered a vestry-room, and returned dressed in gold and red, when the regular Catholic service commenced, followed by the singing of a choir of boys, a sermon, incense, candle-burning, Latin, and so forth. Another service was going on in a place called Calvary, at the far end, for the Poles, a numerous body here, at a high altar surrounded by statuary, a dead Christ, and a painted wall to represent the mountain, rocks, and woods. A school of girls, in full voice, was singing in a little room so as to be distinctly heard ; people as little interested as ourselves, were sauntering about in numbers, looking at the carvings, paintings, and great stained glass windows every where conspicuous and most imposing ; there were old chairs to rent, devotees of all grades were kneeling, beggars were soliciting money, men and women were seated about near the fonts with a little hickory brush to sprinkle us with holy water if we wished it ; children were being christened in little chapels with little boys for god-fathers, their names registered by the priests ; and all this under one roof, and at the same time, while relics in niches were observable around ;

passing the door was a funeral, and on the other side of the way a band of music playing, and soldiers marching.

The apartments of the Palais Royal over the shops, left as it was occupied by Louis Philippe when Duke of Orleans, is thrown open on this day for the crowd to inspect its suites of gilded saloons and showy pictures; omnibuses, railroads, and steamboats are leaving, crowded with people for St. Cloud and Versailles, also thrown open, and their fountains playing to admiring thousands; but worst of all, there was at the latter, to-day, *regular horse-races*, to which the Parisians advised us by all means to go, as the finest *spectacle* we should see here; but where we *did not go*.

About two o'clock there was a slamming of window-shutters, one at a time, along the principal streets, and the shops on Sunday afternoon did present some appearance resembling our own; one-third or so, however, were not shut at all till the usual hour at night. The churches were about half full, the streets gay, music by a full band was introduced into the gardens, while in the evening the public walks exceeded our former limited experience, for open tents were erected, and crowds of people were dancing in public on stages elevated about, in the *Champs Elysées*. Most of this one has read before coming to Paris; but you have either read it carelessly, or have not believed it, so that the impression heretofore received is not half as vivid as the scene; perhaps too, you had believed there was an improvement since the Revolution, or you had some misgivings as to whether you had not jumbled modern and older books together regarding the matter; be the case as it may, account for it how you can, the sudden transition from the other side of the Channel to this, strikes one with surprise; it was a fine day—every body, so to say, turned out, and we saw a Parisian Sunday in all its variety. It may add to your impressions of the reality, if I tell you that hod-men were every where carrying hods up ladders, and that building went on as usual in all parts of the town.



An effort has been made in the Chamber of Deputies, within a few days, to induce the Minister of Public Worship to enforce the laws which do exist, preventing this desecration, but it will be impossible soon to change the entire population, brought up as they are to practices such as these, from their youth; it is in their bones, their character. We have something of the same kind at New York and Philadelphia—some shops are open in each city—some parties of pleasure go to Camden, or Hoboken, and eat and smoke in the open air at cafés, while some go elsewhere, but the entire population is very differently employed; they do not all work, and amuse themselves. We have walked about to see all this, to have a correct idea of it, but have returned to the comparative quiet of our lodgings, with great satisfaction. Tea, and a pleasant chat with some countrymen at Mr. Walsh's, reconciled us to absence from home.

Yours, &c.

## LETTER XXIV.

Paris, June, 1845.

Paris fatiguing—Deliberate people—The climate—St. Cloud—Napoleon's country residence—Example of French taste—The Water-Works—Want of water, &c. in Paris—St. Denis—Burial-place of the Kings of France—Effigies—French glory—Peace—Meeting of the Institute—Arago—Dr. M——.

AMERICANS look to Paris for enjoyment—in a certain sense and degree they are right; but a person uncertain how long the physician will order him, or his children, or friend, for whose benefit he is travelling, to remain, and who uses, as I have done, all the time he can spare from sleep, in sight-seeing, will find his cup of sweets copiously mixed with the bitter. In the first place, nobody is in a hurry in France;

they are so deliberate, that if you order breakfast *immediately*, an hour will probably elapse before your coffee and eggs are ready; then to get about with their slow horses, is no joke; the hackmen (alias cabriolet drivers), go slower than you can walk;—"vite, vite," here means slow;—the sun is more piercing, if possible, than in Philadelphia in July; it is very dusty, you don't know the way perfectly, and so you lose several hours in the day; add to this, that the people of business prefer pleasure to trade, leave their shops and stores to inferiors, and you have an idea, but a most distant one, of the time and trouble required to get through your enterprises. We undertook yesterday to go to St. Cloud, because the waters were to play on that day, and went in a Diligence-kind-of-omnibus, for a very trifle, two leagues: the driver was in no kind of hurry and went *fast* to sleep, letting his horses move along at a walk so slow, that I got into a fever—stole his whip and cracked away at the animals without waking him, though he uttered a grunt, to say he was disposed to see all right; it was Blue Monday, and he was therefore to be excused, said our valuable cicerone, Mons. Rodolphe, whom I can recommend to travellers; though he himself has no objection to stand and wait an hour or two, if he can persuade you there is any chance for a *spectacle*, or a sight of Louis Philippe.

Originally built in 1572, by a financier of wealth, St. Cloud has passed through the hands of four Bishops of Paris, was purchased by Louis XIV., and converted into a splendid residence for his brother the Duke of Orleans; it was afterwards purchased by Louis XVI., for Marie Antoinette. Napoleon showed a marked preference for this fairy place, which may be said to be less a palace than a royal country-seat; he attended to the affairs of state here, in a rural retirement which any monarch might envy; though, by the way, I cannot help remarking that this kingly, uncertain tenure, cannot give the pleasure to a monarch that the possession of

one's *own* little cottage is capable of affording to an American farmer, who can call all he sees his own.

The place is an exemplar of French taste, especially of the age when it was ornamented;—an age whose fashions seem likely again to come into use; gilding and deep colouring, pictures florid, and in which colour seems to be a principal ingredient, cabinets in tortoise-shell and buhl, porcelain and statuary, seem to have been the beau ideal of royalty; chapels which tell a religious story in gilded pictures or tapestry, ranges of rooms filled with historical scenes, give place to those domestic comforts which we prize not beyond their worth; cold—cold—comfortless grandeur;—to produce *an effect*, seems to have been the object of the artists employed; they have succeeded—Louis Philippe and his court take pleasure in perpetuating this taste—they restore—regild, beautify, and continue the scene for future generations. For one, I am obliged to them, but I do not think the taste that originated the fashion can long survive the utilitarian age that has just commenced making (steam) inroads upon the nation.

We walked, with hundreds, the galleries; witnessed the grand efforts of the jets d'eau and the cascade—pretty playthings of a bygone age—the whole discharging about one-quarter as much water as turns one wheel of the Philadelphia Water-Works! The trick—for trick it is—of these fountains, is to make the water do double duty by pouring from one basin to another. At the great cascade, which still continues to be the admiration of thousands of Parisians, the water does duty a dozen times; first it spouts in a jet—then it tumbles down a flight of steps, receiving little streams from the mouths of lions; then it performs gyrations in a basin below, and ultimately makes a lame effort at elevation in miserable jets in a square, artificial, flat lake. We are not great, in Philadelphia, at making fine sights, but I would rather see our Water-Works usefully employed in sending wholesome water to our inhabitants, than this kingly toy so employed, while the great population of Paris is drinking at unwholesome

founts, has no under-drainage, and is imperfectly freed from dust. But the Frenchman, or rather *woman* of Paris, is content to endure bad smells in her house for several days, if on one she can snuff the fresh air of a paternal king's garden.

About the same distance from Paris, in another direction, is St. Denis, a village of no pretensions, but having a church in which the kings of France have successively chosen to be buried;—they are crowned at Rheims, reign in Paris, and are sent to the great church of St. Denis to moulder, and have their statues sculptured according to the taste of the age in which they lived, to transmit their features to posterity in enduring stone. Louis Philippe has declined to share this species of immortality with them, and will be buried elsewhere. Bonaparte was ambitious to join the great predecessors, whose profuse expenditure he endeavoured to imitate; he built himself a fine vault here, with brazen doors having three keys—but his people have chosen to commemorate him as a great *General*, and he sleeps in the Hotel of the Invalids.

The church is magnificent, but gaudy; despoiled in the time of the revolution of its relics, the monuments were fortunately preserved, though somewhat mutilated, and the whole has now been restored with care; the windows will very soon all be filled with painted glass, the lost or broken portions being replaced from the Royal Manufactory of Sevres. Beginning with Dagobert, who was buried in 580, and Pepin, father of Charlemagne, we have, in a half-subterranean long vault or crypt, a series of most interesting effigies of kings and queens, with whose names come flashes of memory, momentary but vivid. Likenesses in stone, clean and dry in this protected place, are Louises and their queens, Anne of Brittany, Catherine De Medicis, Marie Antoinette, not forgetting Hugh Capet, Philip Augustus, Blanche, and a host whose names fill all the histories of France. These effigies are in remarkable preservation—probably of many it should be said, of restoration. The present policy seems to

be to perpetuate the memory of the annals of France—to give the people a pride in their national history, and to throw open to them, as well as to strangers, the means of imprinting the whole by the eye, without even the necessity of books. Here and at Versailles, which will form the subject of part at least of a future letter, are depicted the glories of France; truly, in the world's estimation of what glory is, they are numerous—would that they partook more of that spirit of peace and good-will which the great founder of Christianity taught, but which neither Catholics nor Protestants have yet been careful to practise. Let us hope that modern civilization, and modern steam power, have made us so well acquainted with each other, or will ultimately do so, that wars and rumours of wars, which have made up the bulk of history, will cease; as Longfellow has happily said:

“ Down the dark future, through long generations,  
 The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease;  
 And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
 I hear once more the voice of Christ say, ‘ Peace.’ ”

When nations turn their swords into pruning-hooks and ploughshares, I hope they will adopt better models than those of France; to this end their quadrennial exhibitions of manufactures in this city will tend; at present, the Sandwich Islanders probably do not make or use ruder wheels, ruder carriages, or more primitive gearing, than some we see here; improvement seems not to have reached the lower classes; the differences between their position and the civilization, great scientific attainments, and polish, of the higher circles, with some of whom it has been our privilege to mingle, marks an era in which the elements of change, of progress, are at work; but that they have not yet performed their mission is most evident.

I attended the other day, by invitation of M. Arago, a meeting of the Institute of France, and saw the eminent men, who compose a body which in some senses dictates science to the

world. Arago is secretary, and he dictates to the Institute. The session was numerously attended; among others I saw the son of Jerome Bonaparte, *permitted* to remain here for a month! It was something to meet Valpeau, Drs. Louis, Berard, &c., in such close proximity. Doctor C. D. Meigs, of our city, read a paper before this august body. He was treated with marked respect, as has been the case in every circle where he has been introduced. I am as ever,

Yours &c.

## LETTER XXV.

Paris, June, 1845.

Versailles—Handsome railroad depot—Seven miles and a half of pictures and statues—Portraits—Historical gallery—Mediocrity—Bonaparte's history—Louis Philippe's—The Chapel—Medals—Impressions created by battle scenes—The King's private garden—Fountains—Recruits—Female ticket-sellers—Patches of land—Grapes—Farmers—Shepherd's dog.

A TRIP to Versailles, by railroad, four French leagues, on a fine day, must be admitted to be one of the highest pleasures that can be offered to a foreigner. The *depôt* is not very distant from our residence. It is one of the handsomest, if not the very best, we have seen, and the road is now under good regulations in every respect. The palace is to be seen on Sunday and two or three other days of the week only, so that the train carried down an immense number of people; but the place is so large that they made no crowd in the rooms. An omnibus from the station carries you to the entrance of the palace, through an old town going to decay, planted with elms which are trimmed on the sides next the houses and the streets, so flat that they are spoiled to my eye, though so perfectly are they kept that, to a person taught to

admire this style, they must appear very beautiful. The entrance is through an iron gate and railing into a dry, dirty, paved court, in which are many colossal statues, and thence through unsightly points, you go at once into the long ranges of galleries, and paintings, and gilding, which comprise in the whole, seven miles and a half of indoors walking. We were extremely fatigued in performing this feat, sitting down rarely, and stopping only to admire those pictures which possessed the most beauty to our eyes, or the greatest historical interest. The floors are marble, or of inlaid wood, and waxed. As you go round wing after wing, fine views from the windows of gardens, orangeries, avenues, water, places where fountains play on Sunday, catch and arrest your attention. Some rooms are inlaid with marble from the ceiling to the floor; some of the hanging lamps are set with precious stones; columns are all painted and gilt; statues of all the great men of France, placed so as not to be crowded, many in marble, but others in plaster awaiting the completion of the harder material. Portrait galleries in which you stop to gaze on Laplace, Claude Lorraine, Loyola, Rochefoucauld, Marie Stewart, Cromwell, the beauties of the court of Louis XIV.,—Conde, — *Georges Washington*—not a good likeness, and taken in 1799—*Madame de Sevigné*, and thousands of others, fairly fatigue by their number and interest. Every thing is as clean as it is possible to keep it. Civil men in livery point at every turn which way to go.

There are suites of rooms appropriated to the Crusade histories. Here you have a fine portrait of Peter the Hermit, Geoffroy of Boulogne, Cœur de Lion, and *every body* connected with those memorable events; pictures of all the celebrated scenes, landing, fighting,—every thing; while the ceilings are painted with their heraldic or armorial bearings, all historically correct, and in the brightest colours.

The historical pictures, many of them of great merit, represent the great battles of France by sea and land, from the earliest period. Those of the age of Louis XIV., are very

numerous, both on splendid ceilings and in frames: the victories of the Republic—the campaigns of Napoleon—(but there is no Waterloo) the events of the Empire—the Revolution of 1830, and the reign of Louis Philippe to the present day, including the Algiers campaign. In these paintings men and horses are represented as large as life. There are separate rooms for admirals, for constables, marshals, and celebrated warriors of France; rooms for pictures of royal residences of past ages, with costumes of the time; then a gallery of statues, some in mail—mostly modern, and by no sculptor of great note. Quantity rather than quality, both in paintings and marble, seems to be the order of the present day, though the king replaces a poor article with a better, whenever he can do so, and he advertises for portraits which are correct likenesses, and purchases or copies them. He is endeavouring, at vast expense, to complete this national gallery; but artists of merit are not to be found in sufficient numbers, so that to fill the walls, much of mediocre value is employed.

There is a fine marble hall with a bronze statue of Napoleon in the centre, surrounded by marble statues or busts of the whole of his family. All his great battles are strung about; many fine pictures from this series have been engraved; you recognise or remember most of them—his bivouac at Wagram—visit to the old soldier at the Infirmary of the Invalides—at the tomb of Frederick the Great—the battle of the Pyramids—visit to the Pest-House at Jaffa—his coronation, by David, and that of Josephine. You see the whole of Louis Philippe's history, as a school-master teaching geography, up to his ascending the throne—with portraits constantly, all like him; with his family—in the street—every where. Then you peep at the chapel with Gobelin tapestry for carpet—painted ceiling, gaudy and yet chaste according to French taste; the bed-room of Louis, the bed covered with needle-work—some of his furniture. Now you look at a huge series of medals in the windows—you catch anon the siege of Yorktown, labelled Rochambeau first, and



Georges Washington—next, perhaps, some of Horace Vernet's fine pictures; look down upon an orchard of 1200 orange trees;—you rest on a bench, and are informed that you are only about half through.

What is the impression, you will say, of all these battles? It sickens the heart to think that greatness can be achieved by such massacres as are here represented:—

“ The tumult of each sacked and burning village;  
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns:  
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage,  
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns!

“ The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder;  
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;  
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,  
The diapason of the cannonade.

“ Is it, O man, with such discord and noises,  
With such accursed instruments as these,  
Thou drownest nature's sweet and kindly voices,  
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?”

Every battle scene has a general on horseback, directing the carnage, as the prominent object. Some steeple, fort, city, or country, correctly represented, a few portraits of well-known individuals, a dead man or dead men, cannons, drums—horses pierced or bloody, a wounded leg or arm, and there is the same story of cruel bloodshed.

After coming from this place, with your head confused with historical recollections—the very scene where the infuriated mob came to drag Louis XVI., from his palace; the room where the easy monarch, Louis XV., suffered Madame du Barri to sit on the arm of his chair in the presence of his council, and to fling into the fire a packet of unopened despatches; the apartments of Marie Antoinette, &c., &c.; after all this, it is a relief to turn and pluck a flower of nature's planting, even though it be but a daisy overshadowed by

cropped hedges of elm, distorted yew trees in the shape of haycocks, pillars, columns, squares, and long straight avenues, clipped as nature never clips, but still beautiful in their way. The king's private flower-garden is in the same formal style, redolent of colours, and filled with perfume; the roses are just opening; and there are an hundred varieties of Flora's treasures in the greatest abundance, with which your American eyes are but little acquainted. Then the basins for miles of fountains—frogs spouting at their queen (a woman), tortoises, horses, dragons, and every conceivable absurdity; inferior, loose gravel walks, and poorer grass, for the sun here burns even more than with us; and you emerge into a dusty street, where new recruits have been marched and counter-marched ever since you went in.

These recruits must be a merry set; every young man is compelled to serve seven years in the army, or find a substitute. As we came down on the top of the railroad coach, there were three decked out in tri-coloured ribbons, going to barracks to serve their term of duty; they were as full of fun as boys; sang and laughed as if they were going to a frolic. The guard took his share in their amusement, laughed and sang and joked all the way. It chanced that a thread of silk from a red ribbon, on one of their hats, flew out like a kite-string; this amused their thoughtless minds as much as it would a little boy; in fact, the facility of amusement in the people is so great, that a little dog, or the smallest trifle, seems fully to satisfy for the moment their vacancy.

The women attend at the railroad offices to sell tickets, a very suitable occupation. The little patches of grapes and other matters of cultivation in little strips, make you ask over again how many proprietors of land there are in France; the answer is ready, thirteen millions! Fathers can no longer entail their estates, and these are cut up into lots, which in the landscape look like those in a cemetery, and there is no better comparison; for they are in very large fields of miles, and each owner has a small patch not divided from his neigh-

bour by even a furrow. In one is grapes, another has rye or wheat, another lucern, while the next is in garden vegetables, strawberries, or any thing the owner fancies. There must be great honesty among these near neighbours, or they never could get along in such close proximity. A number unite and employ a concierge at the entrance to protect their interests, and thus all seems to go on harmoniously. Some of the graperies are not large enough to make a barrel of wine per annum. In these large subdivided fields, you see few houses; the *farmers* must go a great distance to tend their crops, while the return must be very small. It is a novel mode of tilling the earth to us, and excites much interest among my young farmer companions, who also are greatly entertained with the shepherd's dog; he seems possessed of human intelligence in the highest degree, having a kind of ubiquity and a knowledge of his duties that is beyond our comprehension. He watches and controls the flock with a talent that is truly curious.

Writing late at night, with eyes half shut, is not the best way to entertain you. As mine are almost fairly closed, I must only repeat how much I am

As ever, yours, &c.

## LETTER XXVI.

Paris, June, 1845.

Jardin des Plantes—Mineralogical cabinet—Cuvier, Jussieu, &c.—  
—Science patronised by the government—Contrasted with England  
—Collection of plants—Cabinet of comparative anatomy—Five  
courses of lectures—The garden—The Artesian well—The Grenelle  
—Champ de Mars—Hotel des Invalides—Napoleon's tomb—Fortifi-  
cations of Paris—Anecdote of an invalid.

WE have just made a visit to the Jardin des Plantes, under circumstances to insure us the kindest attentions, as well as

a view of the entire collections of natural history. Taken as a grand school for learning, it surpasses my expectations: in many particulars it is not only complete, but it is very showy for those who have not even a smattering of the sciences; this remark will apply especially to the new suite of rooms appropriated to the famous and superb collection of mineralogical and geological specimens.

Give up your umbrella to enter the first gallery; while you wait for the door to open, observe a neatly written placard on the wall, announcing to his class, that Jussieu's next botanical excursion with his pupils will be on the ensuing *Sunday*, to meet punctually at 8 o'clock, in the Bois de Bologne; adjoining, read placards announcing the courses of lectures to be delivered by M. Milne Edwards, Brogniart, Beaugerard, and Gay-Lussac, names with which it is some distinction to be associated, even as contemporaries, but whom it is more satisfactory to have seen and heard them converse.

The garden was founded by Louis XIII., in 1635; it has received generally, ever since, the fostering care of government; and Cuvier, and Jussieu, and other learned men have passed their lives, and devoted their enthusiastic minds, to procuring, arranging, classifying, and naming; the productions of nature in such a manner as to make the knowledge of their conformations and their properties so legible, that he who desires so to do, may read the book of nature, while he learns to admire and worship the great God of the universe, whose plans have been carried out with such wonderful, such admirable perfection. The good sense of Bonaparte induced him to protect the men of science, who contributed so much to the glory of the nation; Louis Philippe, who has resuscitated Versailles, which is dedicated on two portals, "A toutes les gloires de la France," has consigned their portraits to his grand galleries; hereafter it will not be a dispute with posterity, I trust, to which department, military or scientific, the greatest glory should attach. The amount of money appropriated by government to this institution is most munifi-

cent; it was never more flourishing than it now is; the professors are all well provided for, so that they have none of the cares of money matters to distract their attention; they are not eaten up with jealousy of a rival establishment, but, proud of the distinction which learning and science here confer, they are constantly on the alert to make every effort in their power for the advancement of their department. It is becoming a little so in England, but as yet there is not the proper consideration paid to talents of this kind there; again—the societies of Great Britain are now so cut up and divided, that no one institution contains that centralization of talent which is here so prominent; the old Philosophical Society in London is still the head, but the work is done in a hundred coteries out of its doors; the honour of membership is still the great honour sought for, and to become initiated, you must have done *something* to entitle you to it; here the honours are fewer and much more difficult of attainment.

The institution of the Jardin consists of a botanical garden, with spacious hot-houses, &c.; several galleries in which are arranged scientifically, collections belonging to the different kingdoms of nature; a gallery of comparative anatomy; a menagerie of living animals; a library of natural history, of great value; an amphitheatre for public lectures, with laboratories complete, for teaching every branch of science connected with natural history, the whole of the lectures being public and gratuitous.

The garden of flowers is not intended to be for show, but for the benefit of science; exotics are cultivated for the lectures, each kind having labels attached designating their class, use, or properties, by a different colour. The most beautiful trees of New Holland, the Cape of Good Hope, Asia Minor, &c., are brought out of the green-houses this month; the palm-houses contain larger plants than any in Europe. There are 12,000 species of plants cultivated in the botanical part of the institution. The menagerie portion is a large plot of ground with some fine animals, elephants,

tapirs, monkeys, and some still more rare ; but as a whole, this department is not remarkable.

Cuvier's cabinet of comparative anatomy, the best ever collected, is filled with skeletons of all the known animals of the globe ; man figures here in various degrees of development ; the bones, strung together with wires, of Soliman-el-Halley Bey, a learned young Syrian, who assassinated General Kleber in Egypt, is in the midst, in a case with negroes or Hottentots ; the varying conformation of the head, from the lower animals up to man, including the man of Etruria and Egypt, are all displayed. Detached bones follow : the hand, vertebræ, fishes, snakes ; one room is devoted to the muscles ; another to monstrosities ; while on the stairs are the fossil remains of antediluvian animals. The number of specimens in this section alone exceeds 15,000.

In the showy and complete mineralogical gallery are statues of Cuvier and Jussieu in marble—the great founders of systems—they are represented in the costume of the council royal of the Institute ; the first has the proudest of all inscriptions, the names of his immortal works. Some very large and perfect tables of Florentine mosaic are here ; a fine crystal of Icelandic a lcareous spar, a superb vase of brecciated porphyry, cups of agate, and so on, in countless variety. The galleries are occupied by fossil remains of the greatest value, and the whole as clean as a parlour.

The garden is full of people, men, women, and children, playing, or lounging, or examining—some women sewing and minding their bairns, some gossiping ; and all happy and harmless to the surrounding objects : it is a sight such as no country I have ever seen can present. The great cedar of Lebanon, whose top-leader somebody destroyed while shooting at a bird perched upon it, spreads its noble branches over other groups of happy idlers on one side ; happier school-girls are dancing in a ring, under a long drooping branch, admired by fifty older people, as content with the fine day and freedom

from work, as themselves. This noble tree was presented to the garden in 1734, by Peter Collinson, and was planted by the elder Jussieu. An interesting day is recorded at the Jardin des Plantes, which you must see, to love it; for I remember that all former describers, after devoting more words to it than myself, failed to present to my eye its vivid living picture.

I have in my possession the programmes of the entire public courses of lectures to be delivered in Paris, gratuitously, in the winter of 1845-6. As an evidence of the manner of carrying out the designs of a paternal government, for the instruction of its people, the plan has no parallel in any other land. There will be delivered by competent hands the following courses, at the Sorbonne, &c.:

Astronomy,	Clinique d'Accouchements,
Chemistry,	Organic Chemistry,
Vegetable Organography,	Pharmacy,
Calculation of Probabilities,	Toxicology,
Differential and Integral Calculations,	Mechanics,
Latin Eloquence,	Physical and Experimental Mechanics,
Sacred Literature,	Anatomy, Comparative Physiology, and Zoology,
Philosophy,	Botany,
Latin Poetry,	History of Ancient Philosophy,
Hebrew Language,	Literature of Foreign Countries,
Ancient History,	Sacred Eloquence,
Modern History,	Geography,
Ecclesiastical Literature,	History of Ancient and Modern Philosophy,
French Poetry,	Greek Literature,
Sacred Eloquence,	Moral Theology,
French Eloquence,	
French Civil Code,	
Commercial Code,	
Medical Natural History,	
Medical Surgery,	

Diseases of Women and Children,	Dogmatic Theology,
Chirurgical Pathology,	Institutes of Justinian,
Pharmacy and Organic Chemistry,	Institutes of Rome,
Physiology,	Pandects,
Medical Pathology,	Rights of People,
Pathological Anatomy,	Penal Legislation,
Therapeutics and Materia Medica,	Vegetable Natural History,
Clinical Surgery,	Mineralogy,
	General Chemistry,
	Applied Chemistry,
	Botany by Country Classes.

Here are courses of public instruction, which might be a model for other nations; but it does not stop here. At the College of France and at the Royal Library, you may enter gratuitously to lectures on the following languages, *in addition* to subjects strictly collegiate :

Arabian Language,	Manchou Language,
Persian “	Sanscrit “
Turkish “	European Languages,
Greek Language and Literature,	Chinese Vulgar Language,
Hebrew “	Arabian “ “
Chaldaic “	Malay “
Syriac “	Japanese “
Chinese “	Hindostanee “
Tartar “	Modern Greek “

We have visited the great Artesian well, and an abattoir adjoining, where they were employed in killing animals for the market, in clean, paved apartments: these latter are washed with the water flowing from the well. As soon as an ox is killed by hammering him on the top of the head, and then running a knife into his heart to bleed him, he is subjected to an inflation with a pair of bellows, in order to get



his hide off more readily, and to improve the appearance of the meat; we saw one puffed up to near the size of an elephant.

The Artesian well was commenced in 1833; in February, 1841, a little thread of water appeared, and soon after a powerful jet broke through the machinery, and M. Mulot's efforts of seven years and two months boring, were crowned with success: the temperature is  $83\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  of Fahrenheit. The boring instrument penetrated to the depth of 1800 feet; once it broke at the depth of 1335 feet: incessant labour for fourteen months was required to recover it. The water rises in a tube of twelve inches bore to the height of 112 feet above the earth, yielding 660 gallons per minute at the surface, or half that amount at the top, where it runs over into other pipes, and is distributed to different points of the town, serving also the abattoir. We tasted the water, which is agreeable and wholesome. Here was assembled a party of two young men from India, with bronzed faces and Persian shawls, who spoke good English, two Englishmen, three Americans, a party of American Indians, and divers Frenchmen, all tasting the water raising itself from the bowels of the earth, the courteous French drinking our healths with their proverbial politeness, while we interchanged ideas with all, respecting our various travels.

From here we drove to the Champs de Mars, a great dusty parade-ground, in front of the Ecole Militaire, where Napoleon held the celebrated Champs de Mai, before the battle of Waterloo, and where Louis Philippe distributed their colours to the National Guards in 1830. It is the place for reviews and horse-races, and possesses the sad feature of very many, nay, most public places here, of absence of grass; whitish sand, whitish stone pavements, and dust, give Paris a forbidding and ghastly look of a warm day; just like what the traveller feels on the hottest turnpike in America, in a glaring sunshine, during the middle of August. Add the dirt and smells always when you think of this filthy city.

We went thence to the Hotel des Invalides, where Napoleon's body rests, but they have walled him up for the present, till the tomb is completed; one million, five hundred thousand francs have been voted for this purpose; a crypt is to be erected under the dome, of Corsican granite and French marble, distinguished for its severe simplicity, with the sword, hat, imperial and iron crowns, and the grand decoration of the Legion of Honour placed on it. Napoleon is a favourite with the people very generally; they think that but for England, he would have made France the ruler of the world. To prevent any future invasion of their capital, the fortifications of Paris are completed, extending all around it, a distance of seventy-five miles; the Chambers will probably vote for their being also manned, and then Paris, they think, could never be conquered. We ride through the openings of these fortifications frequently; they are no impediment to ingress or egress, the spaces for roads being left to be filled up on a sudden notice. The *barrière* for the collection of the octroi duty, is an iron gate in the streets, and our carriage never passes one without being looked into by a *gens-d'arme* to see if we have provisions; these pay a duty of ten per cent., poultry, wine, and all.

We were pleased with the appearance of the old Invalids at their grand quarters, with regulations like Greenwich; though here, instead of ornamenting their bed-rooms, the old fellows have each a garden full of roses, a seat, or a bower. One old man has made his little eight by ten plot into representations of some of Napoleon's celebrated fields; the fort, bridge, stream, mill, mounted cannon, and Napoleon's statue very small—Lodi—Jena, &c.: and when you notice him, he pours a pitcher of water into a chimney; the mill turns, fountains rise, and the *eau* irrigates a Napoleon willow from the tree at his St. Helena grave; a few sous and a little praise make him very happy. You see here the real mutilations made by fire-arms; some have lost both legs, and one or two have neither legs nor arms—a body and head only are left.

Yours, &c.

## LETTER XXVII.

Paris, June, 1845.

Hotel de Ville—Guillotine—Robespierre's council-room—Hotel de Sully—Notre Dame—The Madeleine—Alto relievio—Description—The Gobelin manufactory—Splendour of the articles—Contrast with England as regards fees—Louis Philippe—Anecdote.

Do you want to think over the horrors of the French Revolution? Walk to the Hotel de Ville, and the Place de Grève, or Gallows, not half an hour's stroll from our lodgings. The bloody Place, where the guillotine chopped off heads till the Seine, hard by, was itself gory with blood; the same spot where the populace was so often assembled to dictate to its rulers, and where they were addressed by Louis XVI., with the cap of liberty on his head, is now a sunny, paved spot, about as large as one-fourth of Centre Square; the Hotel de Ville is on one side, and shops of "Commerce de Vins," "Bonneterie," "Cafés," "Restaurant a Deux Francs," &c., &c., surround the other, where, I fear, walks daily in peaceful times, a population, so excitable, that they only require some little grievance and a powerful leader, to commit any outrage upon the laws, did they think it likely to tend to their own advantage. The red-trousered gentry are so numerous now that unless they are first gained, not much could be done; but treachery is to be calculated on, and they do calculate upon it. The death of Louis Philippe, it seems to be understood, will be the signal for some outbreak, and what part the soldiery will play, becomes an interesting question.

A very grand building and a large, is the Hotel de Ville—the mayoralty of the twelve towns or departments of and about Paris; the architecture is in the style of Italy in the 16th century, a style known here as *La Renaissance des Arts*. It has a very imposing look with its ranges of numerous statues along the wall, its other sculpture, its bas-relief of Henry IV. over a gateway, its great clock, and enormous size.

Enter and see the room where Robespierre held his council, and where the wretch afterwards shot his jaw off in his attempt to kill himself; think over the whole of the events which passed around this spot, and say whether you feel any great amount of sympathy with the picturesque people and shopkeeping women who are leisurely marching about in the sun, ready, as it seems to a stranger, to hang an obnoxious person to the next lamp-post. Some few of the rooms in the Hotel de Ville are worth seeing for their painted ceilings, but need not detain you long.

Look for a moment, as you walk onward, at the Hotel de Sully, the residence of the celebrated minister, and enter the Place Royale, where formerly stood the Palais des Tournelles; here Charles VI. had nearly lost his life at a *bal masqué*; and Henry II. received the wound in his eye at a tilting match, in consequence of which fatal event the palace was pulled down. It has now the air of a “square,” but the planting is poor, and it is not well kept.

Do not suppose that I have been so long in Paris and have not seen Notre Dame; it so happened that it was one of the first places I drove to. After Rouen it disappointed me; Paul de Kock's description is exaggerated in all respects as regards the present structure; it has had a curious history, having been patronised by various popes, prelates, &c., including Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, who came to France to preach the third crusade, and who here officiated, only the other day, in 1185! The western front is the handsomest, having the old retiring arches, angels, and figures of

saints, bas-reliefs, allegorical sculpture, tracery, and dirt, for it is very old, and very little attention is paid to keeping it clean, either inside or out. The stained glass of the thirteenth century has great interest; but on the whole I was disappointed in the entire effect, probably from having formed too exalted ideas of its proportions. In relics, Notre Dame is what is called rich. The archbishop's palace formerly stood near, with its splendid apartments; it was sacked and burnt by the mob, and its fine furniture and library thrown into the Seine.

The Church of the Madeleine, the most modern of the great buildings of Paris, would require an architect to describe it. The structure is somewhat like that of Girard College, much larger and having more columns and double rows at each end; the defect to the eye, is the composition of these columns, which resembles mosaic from the stones being small; but its whole ensemble is very beautiful, particularly by moonlight. The pediment at the south contains an immense alto relievo, the largest in the world; Christ in the centre, with Mary Magdalene at his feet, receiving remission of her sins, the angel of Pity contemplating the converted sinner. Faith, Hope, and Charity, regard the future scenes of bliss. A resurrection is going on, while on the left Vengeance puts away the Vices—Hatred, Unchastity, Hypocrisy, Avarice; and a damned spirit is just sinking into an abyss, pushed on by a demon: an allegory not well executed, according to the severe rules of art. The great bronze doors, too, have scriptural allegories, while the interior of one nave, at present disfigured by scaffolding to erect an organ, is clean and white, with side chapels, bas-reliefs, angels, like huge women with great wings, and other rich marbles, and paintings. The ceiling over the altar is painted in fresco with elaborate designs, to represent the benefits conferred on mankind by Christianity; without going into details, how would you like to see in Philadelphia, the Saviour, Mary Magdalene, St. Louis, Godfrey de Bouillon bearing the Ori-

flamme, Richard Cœur de Lion, a blind old Doge, Mussulmans, Otho, Jean d'Arc, Michael Angelo, and Dante, mixed into a church ceiling with Bonaparte! You may see it here, if you will come, and also witness a marriage in one part of the church, a confession in another, girls in white taking their first sacrament, women renting chairs, for which there is a printed "tariff," ladies going and coming, poor kneeling, and a high mass besides, all at once. This enormous church is warmed by hot water.

Go with me now to the Gobelin tapestry manufacture, in a large building like a convent, and see the extraordinary productions of the loom, almost equal to the original paintings of which they are copies. In one, the boots of Louis Philippe actually appear to shine, though on approaching them you see it is the effect of light and shade. We saw some copies which had been nine years in the loom; the progress is so slow that a few weeks makes scarcely an appreciable impression. Carpets too are in progress to fit certain royal rooms, and the director has told the king that if he hurries, they *may* be done in five years. Perfection can no farther go. There are some fine copies of Horace Vernet's pictures exhibited—one, the murder of the Janizaries, is the finest thing imaginable as regards colour, light and shade, and perspective. A few smaller scenes are in frames as they were taken to the chateau of Eu, where a present of a fine piece was made to Queen Victoria as a specimen of French art; it surpasses any manufacture in England, but it is only maintained at *royal* expense. I would not have missed the Gobelins for any sight in Paris. There is a school of design, lectures on dyeing, painters, &c., all connected with the establishment, which employs one hundred and twenty persons. The cuttings and fastenings are all performed at the back, the workman being on the wrong side, with the picture behind him. To exhibit your passport here, as at so many other places, is sufficient to gain admission, a civility by no means accorded in England, where the fee expected by every body in attendance amounts

to an extortion. Money there is a passport, and no other is required; it is of such great force as to have given rise to the saying of an American, that with plenty of it, he could kiss the Queen; an assertion I would not have you credit.

Louis Philippe is now getting old; he rarely shows himself in public: some attribute this to fear, some to prudence in not wishing to expose his new dynasty to danger; fear he has not in his composition; but fifteen attempts or so on a man's life must have the effect of giving him caution, and his family care. We have seen the royal carriages and four driving about sometimes, but rarely any of the family were visible. When we were last at Versailles, all the household was prepared to receive the king; we waited to get a sight of royalty, when at a late hour a hussar trotted up, and said his majesty had gone to St. Cloud; the officers in waiting were not particularly pleased; the English assembled were provoked. Every where we encounter John Bulls and their hopeful families—thirty thousand of them are said to be now here, and but three hundred Americans; the latter principally from the eastward, I should judge; such is the influence of their proximity to the sea steamers. Neither English nor Americans receive any thanks for their custom generally; the French consider these foreigners pay a tribute to the superiority of Paris by coming in such numbers; the truth is probably as the French have it.

Ever, &c.

## LETTER XXVIII.

Paris, June, 1845.

Napoleon and Josephine's house—His successive residences—Place Vendôme—Napoleon's figure—Chapel commemorative of the Duke of Orleans—The painting representing his death—Expiatory chapel—Cemetery of Père la Chaise—Ney—Cemeteries inferior to the American.

I SPOKE in my last of historical associations, but did not mention the smallish house up a small court, which is still shown where Josephine and Napoleon lived. You may see the office of the future Emperor, a little larger than a watchman's box, and his little garret where he slept; as also the loft over a small coach-house occupied by Eugene, afterwards Viceroy of Italy; and Hortense's bed-room.\* There is something extremely interesting in these reconnaissances—to see the residence of the grub before it becomes a butterfly, and rolls itself up in Gobelin tapestry. The successive residences of Napoleon are known, and are pointed out to strangers by an intelligent guide; the contrasts between these old, dirty houses, and the palaces and pictures, is very striking, and not without its moral. Napoleon occupied the house, then No. 52, Rue Chantierine, at the very time he assumed the command of the army of Italy; he returned to it preceded by 170 standards, 550 pieces of cannon, and 60,000,000 francs; in

\* Galignani.



honour of which, the municipality voted to change the name to Rue de la Victoire. Here he received his appointment for the army of Egypt, and here also was planned the Revolution of the 18th Brumaire, which made him Dictator. When he was only general of artillery, he occupied, with his brother Louis and Junot, the fourth story of the Hotel des Droits de l'Homme, at a rent of seven dollars in *specie* a month; thus you may follow his career by his residences, till you get to the Hotel des Invalides, where they are making his tomb.

But you follow his military achievements on the columns and other buildings of Paris. Close to our dwelling is the Place Vendôme, in the Rue de la Paix, one of the wide streets with elegant shops, so showy and attractive to the eye, that I loiter along it whenever I go to the garden of the Tuileries, to examine some novelty in art or manufacture; the bronze model of the obelisk of Luxor, jewellery, false diamonds and other paste representations of precious stones, with their settings, strike you here, as they do in the Palais Royal, and every where else, as nearly equal to the originals they are meant to represent. But what is the Place Vendôme? Cut about twelve houses from each corner of Tenth and Chestnut Streets—thus make an elongated octagon, which build all around with French houses with roofs like the top of the Tuileries, and porte-cochères to drive under below; pave the circle with square white stones, except the very centre—melt 1200 brass cannons taken from the Russians and Austrians; mould them into a column 12 feet in diameter and 135 in height—standing on a pedestal of much greater width, place a statue of Napoleon 11 feet in height on the top, and you have the Place Vendôme. The metal employed in this column weighs 360,000 pounds; the bas-reliefs represent the dresses, armour, and weapons of the conquered troops; these are on the lower part; above them are garlands of oak, supported by four eagles, one at each corner, and each of the weight of 500 pounds. At the double door of massive bronze, highly decorated all over its surface, sits an old soldier of

Napoleon's, who for a trifle, gives you a lamp, and allows you to pursue your way up a narrow spiral escalier, in the heat, to the top.

The bas-reliefs are continued in a spiral direction to the capital, figuring in chronological order,—they say, for you cannot easily ascertain it, and would not care to walk round and round it to do so,—the principal actions of Napoleon, to the battle of Austerlitz. The figures are three feet high, 2000 in number, and this vast scroll is 850 feet in length, having also inscriptions. Denon was one of the directors of the work, and a lady named Carpenter one of the sculptors. Nap has been once pulled from his pedestal, but is again replaced. To all appearance he has toppled over to the right a little, but this is explained probably by his position, with one leg advanced. The whole cost of the column was 1,500,000 francs, a clever little sum, which you may compare with the cost of Van Buren's gilt spoons.

I have just been to the new and very chaste little chapel erected by Louis Philippe on the spot where his oldest son, the Duke of Orleans, died from the effects of a concussion of the brain, occasioned by his fall from his carriage. He was picked up by the keeper of a small brandy-shop, and carried into his squalid apartments; the king and his family were at their private palace of Neuilly, two miles from Paris and a quarter of a mile from the spot; the king and queen, a physician, Guizot, Sault, and others, were immediately sent for; the royal coaches not being in readiness, the family hurried over from Neuilly on foot, but every effort to save the heir to the throne was vain. A chapel of one low story, paved with marble, and furnished with mourning-chairs, oratories, painted glass-windows, a statue of the dying duke, with an angel at his head executed by his deceased sister for another place, mark the spot, while in the rear, in a little room, is an accurate painting of his dying moments, even to the prints on the walls of the shop. The king is kneeling at his feet; his mother is in deep distress, hiding her face in a handkerchief;

the family is all assembled, Guizot, with his saturnine countenance, and old Soult, are looking on; the doctor is sponging the temples of the dying young man; every thing is in keeping, and extremely affecting.

As soon as the fate of the duke was known in Paris, the people collected in thousands on the Boulevards and on the streets to talk over the event, the town presenting the appearance of an émeute, to the great alarm of foreigners. The dead body was carried over to Neuilly, and finally thirty leagues, to the family place of interment. Close by the little chapel is a suite of two or three cottage-rooms, furnished in black, for the royal family when they visit the chapel, much in the style of a cottage in America, and looking much more comfortable than any palace I have seen. On one table stands a clock, stopped at a quarter past eleven, when the accident occurred, and on a mantel-piece another, also quiet, the hand marking the hour, a quarter past four, when he died. The whole thing is quite touching. The little auberge was purchased at a good price, the materials carried to Neuilly Park, where the queen means to have it put up as another memorial; it will show that with all the splendour of the Gobelins, all the manufactures of Sevre, all the gilding and pictures, poor humanity, their heir, may die as others die, without being able by all this to arrest beyond nature's commands, the insatiate archer. As if to mark the successive strokes of fortune forcibly to our eyes, we met soon after a coach and four and a courier, with the little Count de Paris, now heir to the throne, taking a drive to St. Cloud, where the king is passing an hour or two to-day. We happened not to have our passports at hand at the gate of the chapel lodge, but our guide, never at a loss, was impertinent enough to assure the concierge that I was attached to the *Irish* embassy—a place not mentioned in the Red Book.

Another chapel of interest here is the Expiatory, where Louis XVI. was buried with his queen in 1793, in the obscurest manner. The spot was converted into an orchard by

a partisan, to protect it, the graves being carefully noted. At the Restoration, the royal remains were taken to St. Denis; the earth where he had been laid was carefully preserved, as were also the remains of other victims of the Revolution; and the Chapelle Expiatoire was built by Louis XVIII. This, with the pretty little chapel of Notre Dame de Loretto, will finish my tour of the churches; in them is to be found, no doubt, much piety, but as to the manner in which this displays itself, I confess myself not to be satisfied, nor can I believe so much gilding, if any, so many paintings, so many royal heads and statues, are necessary to turn the heart to God. We see women confessing to the priests, but never men.

The Cemetery of Père la Chaise greatly disappoints me. It is large and has a very fine view of Paris from its heights, but nearly the whole place is dirty, or neglected. The monuments are of yellow stone mostly, very much out of taste, as we understand it; extremely numerous, and many of them badly constructed and tumbling about, while weeds disfigure many, many others. The mass of the monuments may be said to be little chapels, with a grated door, an altar inside, candlesticks, a chair or two, while the wreaths of immortelles, artificial flowers, vases, flower-pots, old China, or gewgaws, are pictures of distorted grief. In one or two instances, a bust was dressed up in immortelles with ear-rings, the flowers, and face too, by time made as black as a negro's. When there is no chapel, a painted half-circle of tin runs across from one iron railing to the other, to protect the wreaths from wet; and here there are sometimes two dozen strung up, some being made of whalebone frizzled in the manner of the British lawyers' wigs, and the rest of flowers. Very queer vases with flowers are sometimes seen; occasionally a good rose bush or honeysuckle overruns the little plot, shaded may be, on each side by chapels. Some monuments are very lofty and costly; among the latter are those of Casimir Perrier, and some of Bonaparte's marshals. Ney has no name on

his grave, that privilege having been denied to the family of a proscribed man ; but some one has scraped the little word in the paint of the railing with a pin ; it has more celebrity, and is more visited than the most costly inscriptions.

A road winds about the cemetery, paved with square stones, which are much used and very dusty. Interments of persons, of all sizes, ages, and degrees, from the little infant of poor parents carried on a shabby bier to the place for those who cannot, or will not, pay for the ground in perpetuity, to the soldier whose grave they were firing over, or the nobleman attended by a host of followers, I have seen performing at the same moment. The funerals are extremely numerous every day, but no statistics were to be obtained. Altogether the aspect of the place was that of a city of the dead, not of a rural cemetery : I have seen none in Europe that will compare with the best at home for beauty of scenery, careful keeping or planting. The two best in England are very inferior in these important respects : I mean the St. James's at Liverpool, and Kensall Green near London.

Yours truly, &c.

## LETTER XXIX.

Paris, June, 1845.

Chamber of Deputies—Appearance and members of note—Manners—House of Lords—Lord Brougham—The Morgue—Banks of the Seine—Firewood—The Cocoo—The cab-gig—Sleepy drivers—Prices—The “turn-outs”—French private life—Dinners—Versailles—Jerome Bonaparte's son—Trianon—Bonaparte's furniture—Petit Trianon—Evening with the royal family.

BEFORE going any further let me tell you that I have seen the Chamber of Deputies, an extremely well-constructed room. A plan of it is sold at the door, on which the name of every member is printed on the relative place of his desk, so

that with a little study you may learn who is speaking, and get a view of faces that you know a little of; in this way I got my first peep at Guizot, Lamartine, Larochejaquelin, Arago, a legislator as well as a savant, old Marshal Soult, Duchatel, Salvandy, and Sauzet, the President. The discussion was on the Budget, and very animated; some cutting remarks fell from the opposition members respecting the National Guard; whenever a severe thing was said, the other side burst out into a denial, all talking at once. The accommodations for visitors are convenient, being in tribunes, like large boxes in a theatre, and here ladies are to be seen in numbers, differing in this respect from the House of Commons, where they have to peep through a blind in the back of the gallery, like the women in a harem. I was so badly treated at the Commons by the officials, was obliged to stand, or sit on a low step, that I believe I did not describe it to you; I listened at the House of Lords for an hour to Lord Brougham, enforcing by good argument the necessity of repealing the present laws regarding deeds, and urging that the long parchments should be done away with, by using but a few lines;—shortening the old legal absurdity of repetitions, will be an improvement.

The Chamber of Deputies is composed of four hundred and fifty-nine members, chosen by the electoral colleges of each department for five years. A deputy must be a native of France, thirty years of age, and have paid five hundred francs (one hundred dollars) a year, in direct taxes. The voters must be twenty-five years of age, and have paid two hundred francs in direct taxes. The Deputies are prorogued, as well as the Chamber of Peers, and the former is dissolved at the pleasure of the king. In case of dissolution, a new Chamber must be elected and convoked within three months.

One of the curious sights of Paris is the *Morgue*, or dead-house, where the numerous persons drowned in the Seine are exposed to public view for recognition; I have frequently looked into it in passing, and but once without seeing one or

more miserable bloated objects, with a crowd gazing on. To-day there were two in a state of decomposition. They are separated from the spectators by a glass partition, so that you have no bad odour, and are laid in a slanting position, nearly naked, with a slight jet of water from a hydrant always running over them,—their clothes, when they are found with any on, being hung up beside them; here they are left for three days, and if not claimed, are buried. The average is about one a day, mostly males; the spot is on the banks of the Seine, near a bridge, in the heart of the city; one is puzzled to know what species of curiosity it is that so constantly attracts the poor people here; is it morbid, or is it mostly to see who of their acquaintances have so carelessly thrown off this mortal coil and entered unshriven the unknown world? The French of the lower orders, it would seem, have no great dread of death; they amuse themselves as long as possible, and when the ability to do so any longer fails, throw themselves into the river. The sight of these distorted countenances is most melancholy, their blackening flesh sometimes falling from the bones; but one by degrees gets accustomed to it, and we look on without getting the "horrors" as at first.

The banks of the Seine here nowhere present any signs of commerce; baths for the men and women separate, are moored about in great numbers, while structures very similar are constantly in view, occupied by the busy washerwomen, beating the clothes with a paddle; they return your clothes very clean and neat, at moderate charges. Little boats are moored near the shores, or rather walls—for the Seine is walled in so as to look like a great canal—with water-wheels in motion turning machinery for mixing colours for dyers and paper-hangers; dyers are washing their blue cottons; a blacksmith establishes his forge here and there when there is ground sufficient below the wall, but the river presents little animation. Below and above the town, rafts of small wood, built up so as to form little streets and covered ways, are breaking up, the wood, a precious article, being sold to little

shop-keepers at about forty dollars a cord. We have had a fire once or twice, in a most amusing fire-place, with a queer blower to let down in sections, but could procure no warmth from it; the wood in lengths of nine inches, and very dear.

The oddest vehicles drive about Paris; the *cocoo*, an omnibus on two wheels, and with one horse, traverses the suburbs, principally filled with peasantry, or common people, and in picturesque caps and hats. The cab-gig is the most awkward public conveyance for gentry; it is a very old-fashioned gig on leather springs, the seat wide enough for three, one of whom is usually the fat driver. If you want to be in close contact, of a warm day, with this animal, enter it once, smell his garlic breath, and for ever eschew his society. As soon as you are set down by a cab-driver he goes fast to sleep; you must rouse nine out of ten of them from this state; if they wait for you, it takes some time to get them in motion again. They all wear a peculiar blue dress, with a kind of nasty livery, and a laced hat. One good regulation is worthy of imitation—on entering a public vehicle, each driver is required by law to give you his printed number, so that if you leave any thing in the carriage you can get it again, or if any complaint is made to the vigilant police, it is in your power to complain knowingly, without the necessity of doing as the old clergyman's wife in the Ayrshire legatees; she had heard that if a hackney coachman cheated her she was to *take his number*, and was provoked to find she could not detach it from the coach! The charge for cabs is less than with us; forty cents an hour is an average; but they drive most provokingly slow; their coaches are generally close, and otherwise not of the best construction, though one kind, called a "*remise*," with civil drivers and good horses, at sixty cents an hour, are to be met with.

The "turn-outs" in Paris are not to be compared in finish or beauty to those of London. The servants are ill-looking, and badly dressed; the whole vehicle and its appurtenances being greatly inferior. The favourite blue of the French is the



fashionable colour for coaches. Ladies drive about in very comfortable carriages to visit, shop, and take the air; while a dashing young Parisian, with an imitation tiger is seen frequently displaying his horsemanship in the Elysian Fields—the tiger sometimes fast asleep beside his master! The rumble behind a family coach is occasionally occupied by a woman servant, who has been probably taken out to a country-seat to cook or wait on the family. Thus, on the whole, the style in the street is a different and inferior affair to that of England, where every thing is complete.

As to French private life, a short residence does not enable me to speak at large. What I have seen presents the aspect of great gentility, and in some respects, comfort, according to a code of their own. The dinners are deliberately eaten, without any apparent care on the part of the lady of the mansion (or rather floor.) Course follow course so slowly, that you have time to get hungry between them, and the servants have time to perform the changes quietly and well. The system of courses differs from ours or the English. Fish sometimes follows the meats; often a fish mayonnaise or salad, particularly just now; the salmon would satisfy Apicius. Wine is as essential to every dinner as water with us; it is generally claret. The white wines are too cold, while a good glass of Madeira or sherry is too rare. The utmost ease and bonhomie prevails, without attempts at great depth of remark, or a hope to create a sensation. The children of the family are brought in nicely dressed; they form a pleasant portion of the circle, with their natural, playful manners, and are often highly accomplished in many branches of education. It would, I am convinced, require a residence of more than a year or two to understand French modes of living, much less their habits of thought.

We have had another visit to-day to Versailles, to see the whole again. Jerome Bonaparte's son was inspecting the galleries as we also went through. When he came to the pictures of his uncle's battles, bivouacs, &c., I thought a

quiver of the lip indicated sometimes that feelings were at work in which thwarted ambition had its share. He bears a strong family likeness to the Emperor.

We had a fine opportunity of inspecting the grounds and gardens; the avenues, all alike, planted with elm trees, kept low and trimmed into a fine hedge, have an abominable stiffness. The effort is not at variety but similarity; the fountains were playing. A book of prints would be required to explain how the water is thrown up into figures of classical beauty. We went over the Trianon Palace, and also the Petit Trianon, a mile or so from Versailles, and saw the most private apartments of the King and Queen, and at the latter those of the Duchess of Orleans, who rarely visits it, however, since the death of her husband. The king's dwelling here has an air of domesticity and even comfort and privacy, strikingly in contrast with Versailles and the larger palaces. The furniture at Trianon is very French:—red, white, and gold; some of it the same used by Bonaparte; and here we saw Napoleon's little sleeping-room. The library, small, but neat, contained several good and serious books, such as Pascall's Thoughts, but more commonly the works were historical. The King and Queen's bed-room is small; it is shown just ready for their use; a small kneeling-chair is at the side of the bed, covered with crimson velvet, a favourite material here in most houses. The palaces are crowded, like the private houses, with clocks in every room, and often two, beating in this respect the Americans.

The Petit Trianon is rather small and plain for the residence of the heir of the throne; not comparable indeed to some private houses I have been in; but here the Duke and Duchess of Orleans enjoyed domestic life, it is said, in perfection. The grounds are laid out in the English style, or intended so to be, but a clipped avenue now and then shows itself. In a wood is a complete theatre, to which the Parisian actors were brought occasionally to exhibit to a small party. In this chateau, as in all the larger, a fine billiard-room is to

be remarked. The Duchess is said to be a mourning widow, and well she may be, for she has lost a husband and the near prospect of being Queen of France. She receives the kindest attentions from Louis Philippe, whose domestic relations appear, from every account, to be very happy. We are told that to pass an evening with the family would be to find them employed much as educated people are elsewhere, in music, embroidery, reading or conversation; perhaps surrounded with eminent talent consulting on works of public utility, art, or affairs of the day. The occupations of royal personages and those of people of refinement in more humble life, must be much alike; but our youthful impressions of *royalty* are hard to shake off. The best way to do this is to see great people at home; the next best is to view their apartments, vacated but yesterday, and just as they left them.

The furniture of the greater Trianon in the lower saloons is much faded, especially the curtains. I am certain that some were so shabby and torn that you would not allow them to remain in your bed-room; they were actually in large holes. Cleanliness, however, presides every where; the floors are carefully waxed and rubbed. In one suite you see the little, royal bath-room—the bath-tub itself in the form of a sofa without ends; the top lifts off and it is a bath. A sitting-room is often also a bed-room, with a mattress covered with silk, the bed-clothes taken away in the daytime. We have much to learn in America in regard to the economy of space. At the Trianon, the apartments of the king's sister are not wider than many an entry in Philadelphia, but eminently snug and comfortable; such in size as I would hereafter covet. Some of the reception rooms are not as large as your parlour, but large enough. Cold indeed are the great palaces; but comfortable and nice is this *dwelling* of royalty.

Yours, &c.

## LETTER XXX.

Paris, June, 1845.

Contrasts—Armed police—Secret police—Determine to visit Mont Blanc, &c.—The medical schools—Musée Dupuytren—Charlotte Corday—Secondhand shops—Pantheon—The monuments of Rousseau and Voltaire—Marshal Lannes—The echo—The fabriques—The flower season—Place de la Bastille—Column of July—Viscount D'Arincourt—Academy of Fine Arts—School of the Fine Arts—Louvre.

I DID not contemplate remaining so long here: but a month's residence serves only to show you how little you know of a place where manners and habits of thought, institutions and government, differ so widely from your own. Contrast, for instance, the great assemblages of peaceful citizens every where in America, in the pursuit of electing a President, marching, countermarching, with drums and cymbals, and not a policeman in attendance,—with the manner in which things are conducted in Europe; here, armed police in the garb of soldiers are in attendance wherever the smallest crowd is expected. Every theatre is guarded by a great number to enforce order among the people going, coming, or sitting as audience: the end of the street where they are to disperse is guarded by mounted horsemen prepared to do battle. The President of the Chamber of Deputies enters his hall through a double row of armed men, with beat of drum: every avenue to the gardens of the Tuileries has one or more guards, who, by the by, will not allow any one to enter carrying a bundle,

or smoking a cigar, and who wage constant war on little dogs. No city that I have been in is free from this swarm of locusts, who meet you every where, day and night; the principle seeming to be that it is better to counteract crime than to have to punish it. A secret police, too, is maintained, who prowl about, and are probably watching even us. We have been through several forms of viseéing our passports already; what I have got to encounter in this particular is yet unknown to me.

Finding myself so near to Mont Blanc, and being advised not to reach America before I could be certain the heat of summer had somewhat abated, I have concluded to visit Geneva, Chamouni, and the interesting portions of the route thence to the Rhine—look in upon the German watering places, inhale a few bubbles, made so refreshing to home travellers by Sir Francis Head; visit Brussels, Antwerp, Ostend, for an early embarkation; a tour to Scotland to be also accomplished if time permits. To be able to perform this little journey to the Rhine, about as much in trouble as going to the Rocky Mountains, and in distance a little more than going to Cincinnati,—my *valet de place* has danced attendance on the Swiss, Sardinian, German, and Belgian consuls, to say nothing of our kind American Ambassador, Mr. King, till he is daily too much fatigued to attend me in my excursions. Then I had another difficulty that promised at one time to defeat me entirely. On repairing a week ago to the office of the *malle poste* (mail), I was coolly informed that every place was engaged for five weeks. I repaired to the office of the slower *Diligéce*, whose time of day or night of crossing the finest portion of the scenery of the Jura could not be accurately ascertained. There was, however, a single seat, and that the best one in the *banquette*, or upper covered story, vacant a week hence, and I immediately secured it. My son, wearied with lionizing, and scarcely able to encounter the fatigues of this tedious but most fascinating route, has returned to England, where the climate is now warmer, and

where he hopes to regain the strength lost by an attack of fever here. I am thus about starting on a trip requiring some energy of body and mind, alone.

When you come to Paris do not neglect to visit the medical schools, witness the students hacking away at the dead bodies of human beings and domestic animals for the benefit of science; do this if you want to lose your day's dinner, of a warm day especially—but do not omit a sight of the *Musée Dupuytren*, founded by a bequest of two hundred thousand francs from that eminent surgeon. It is in the refectory of an ancient convent of Cordeliers, and is well fitted up to receive specimens of pathological anatomy—or rather wax representations of the most horrible appearances which the human body assumes in a state of disease. To a medical man this must be a place of the greatest interest, for to a mere general observer it offers strong attractions. The thousand natural ills that flesh is heir to, but most especially the diseases which dissipation engender, are here exposed in their abhorred nakedness:—a lesson to the young, and a study for the old. The French probably stand at the head of certain departments of medicine and surgery, and the government kindly imparts the knowledge of its savans gratuitously to all who will listen. The common people may, and do learn at the public lectures something of the wonderful structure of their corporeal frame, being better informed on these topics than our own people, for they all seem to be more or less attracted to hear; women obtain information which is extremely useful, and they make and trade in wax representations of the human form, which our females would not be known to have looked upon, much less to sell them personally to the other sex. But, as I said before, another code prevails here on most subjects, from that existing among us.

Not far from the Musée, Charlotte Corday stabbed the monster Marat in his bath, in 1793. I have been to the house, now occupied by a printer, whose sheets are spread out in the very room of the bath. The neighbourhood con-

sists of very old houses, some going to decay, occupied with every variety of shop; among the latter do not fail to enter some of those which have *d'occasion* on them, indicating secondhand goods, old china, of which great quantities are for sale in many parts of Paris, old bronzes, old chairs, covered with tapestry, which look as if they might have been thrown out of a palace during the Revolution; you may buy a good old Louis Quatorze clock, striking and chiming, for a few dozen francs, and ornament your cabinet of antiquities with engravings of the pastoral scenes now invaded by steamboats or railroads, and gone quite out of fashion since the introduction of the waltz and the Polka; the only rural representative left is my favourite, the shepherd's dog; the crook now is a gun, and the shepherd who gathers in the flock of Paris at least, wears a sword and mustaches, an ugly cap and red trousers.

I stopped to-day a second time at the Pantheon, and went *down cellar* to see the monuments of Rousseau and Voltaire; they are now of wood, though it is intended to replace them with marble; it may be hoped that the public money will be turned to better objects. Marshal Lannes, Duke of Montebello, has a tomb here, presented to him by Bonaparte, all to himself. Mirabeau and Marat got into these Pompeian-like tombs, but were cast out by the National Government. A few others of more or less note have resting-places here; but it does not appear to prosper as a cemetery. The most remarkable thing, if thing it be, is an echo, which the guide produces till you almost fear the very dead will be awakened. The building is a noble one, of stone and marble inside and out, and with some fine sculpture; but its *use* seems to have gone out of fashion. The names of those who fell in the Revolution of 1830 are emblazoned in gold letters on piers of masonry supporting a noble dome.

In passing about, one is constantly tempted to look in upon the *fabriques* dispersed every where about Paris. I have just

been to see the *exposition* of a *papier maché* manufactory, which offers many objects of beauty.

It is the flower season; every few feet you meet old women assorting the richest bouquets of moss and other roses, pansies, and beautiful nosegays. There seems to be a sale for all that are brought, shops being appropriated for them in every street, and venders are continually plying you with bouquets for a few sous. The poorer *rentiers*, or owners of a little patch of ground, sedulously cultivate their plots, and are seen wearied and dusty, marching to a dealer, with little baskets of cherries or strawberries, to procure a few francs for their labour; a country boy will be seen now and then in his blue blouse, assorting his berries on a bench, intent upon his occupation, unobserved by the passers and unobserving of any thing but his *assortement*. One can only regret that the grapes, so promising, and mounting the very windows of the office of the police, where we had to go to show the colour of our noses and eyes, are not ripe.

The *Place de la Bastille* is a large, paved, open square, with the Column of July on the site of the Bastille. The lower part of the present column was commenced by Napoleon, and rests on an immense arch thrown over the canal, formerly the moat. The column itself is surmounted by a gilt globe; on this stands a colossal figure, the Genius of Liberty, blowing a trumpet, in itself any thing but ornamental. The inscription is—"To the glory of the French citizens, who armed themselves and fought for the defence of public liberty in the memorable days, the 27th, 28th, and 29th of July, 1830,"—the same who are recapitulated in the Pantheon, and whose names to the number of five hundred and four, are again inscribed on this lofty column. It is pleasant to see canal-boats passing through the moat of the prison, whose dungeons are so permanently destroyed; it is a little startling at first to meet omnibuses placarded with the word *Bastille*, to which *Place* they run from several quarters.



I have visited the Viscount D'Arlincourt, whose "Three Kingdoms" were published last January in Philadelphia. He is living in Paris and continues to write. He assured me of his intention of seeing the United States before very long; he will doubtless produce a book about America, in which there will be much that is *French*. He says that the descendants of the Stuarts—so favourably mentioned by him, are now in Edinburgh; and that their Catholic friends are confident of their lineage.

The Academy of Fine Arts, in the Luxembourg Palace—where sits also the Chamber of Peers—is a most attractive place to strangers;—here are the best modern paintings which have received the prizes, but which must not be introduced to the palaces while the painter still lives. Horace Vernet's great picture, so well copied at the Gobelins, of the Murder of the Janizaries, is now exhibited, together with a number, remarkable every one of them, for some beauty. The light, and shade, the position of the figures, *their nakedness*, or their historical interest, all serve for recommendations; generally it requires all these, except the nudity, which, however, appears to be rather approved than otherwise. The outcry made in the United States about the picture of Adam and Eve would not receive in Paris more than a passing sneer if it were related. The French style of painting is extremely showy—it tells its story truly, and its attention to detail gives it value; but it is not of the highest order, and would shock the fastidious.

The School of the Fine Arts possesses also some modern as well as antique treasures; but after the Louvre, Palais Royal, and Versailles, we were not particularly attracted by them.

If I have not undertaken to describe the Louvre, its great treasures of ancient and modern art, its superb ceilings,—on one of which William Penn is emblazoned with illustrious cotemporaries,—its Marine Museum, with the finest and cleanest models in the world, including Norris's model of his

steam locomotive,—attribute my forbearance to modesty—if you choose, to incompetency. It has often delighted my uneducated eye, but I have not time for doing it justice; as soon as this letter is closed, I enter the Diligence for the Jura and Geneva.

Yours, &c.

SWITZERLAND.



## LETTER XXXI.

Geneva, June, 1845.

Leave Paris—The banquette—The road—Average speed—Meal-times—Companions—Carriage dogs—Appearance of the country—Solitude—Ascent of the Jura—The road—Scenery—St. Laurent—Passports—Douane de France—Descent of the mountain—Extraordinary beauty of the scene—Zig-zag road—Geneva—Lake Lemman—The Rhone—Hotel des Bergues—Chateau of Mons. — — Ferney—Voltaire's residence—The house and grounds.

I LEFT Paris without regret, for its sight-seeing and our mode of living there had become wearisome after the principal objects had been examined. My place *au premier* in the banquette of the Diligence was a real luxury. When you are in America and think of going to Geneva, you probably imagine that it will prove a great journey, for so have written the bookmakers. It is a slow mode of getting over the ground, but I reached this beautiful place with less fatigue than we encountered, only a few years ago, in going from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh by stage; two days and nights, and nine hours, lands you here, through Dijon and Dole; the Jura mountain is to be passed; it is not a great impediment.

The road all the way from Paris is as nearly perfect as it is possible to be, mostly paved in the centre with square blocks of stone; our heavily loaded carriage, with nineteen human beings, a dog, and a pile of trunks that would frighten a steamboat captain, made its way, on an average of up hill

and down, at the rate of five miles an hour, with very few stoppages, and those for a very few minutes, the horses being changed with great celerity. Meal-times seemed to be regulated by some caprice of the owners of the line, for we breakfasted one day at half past one o'clock, and dined at twelve at night; the journey was to me, however, one of uninterrupted enjoyment. My companions, generally Genevese, speaking only French, were agreeable and communicative; we changed from *interieur* to *coupée*, and from *coupée* to *banquette*, as the humour of each directed; then we walked up hill in company with the passengers of another Diligence, a rival line, which kept just before us all the way to Dole, and to pass which was forbidden us by law. The horses are large and strong, but so slowly do they walk that it is painful at first to witness it; the drivers understand their business, and the conducteurs are attentive. Our most amusing passengers were the little white carriage dogs on the top, who assumed the duty of keeping watch, barking at all other dogs on the road; one would sometimes be brought down to us by his owner, the conducteur, who never travels without such a quadruped; a most intelligent and companionable little fellow he is. He and his master take their meals with us, in the hurried intervals devoted to this department. The dog, who came with us nearly two hundred miles, showed the greatest antipathy to the one on the other carriage, and kept up a constant, ineffective, and amusing controversy.

Our route through Burgundy and Franche Compté, would not lead a traveller to suppose there was in France so many as thirty millions of inhabitants; no part of the road is thickly settled, though it is all, apparently, under cultivation, growing winter grain, the grape, English walnuts, and a few other productions. Women do all but the ploughing, which latter amounts to a little more than scratching the ground with an awkward instrument, drawn by three horses tandem, and having a pair of wheels at the forward end! Queer enough, till you get used to seeing it.

The women and children, and often the men, wear the awkward wooden shoe; the former are seen on little donkeys, with panniers made of willow, but a remarkable absence of inhabitants strikes you, till in some places the silence is terrible; it seems as if the people had planted the ground, a fire had destroyed the houses, and a pestilence had swept away the inmates. Families dwell in clusters off from the high road, the French character being one that requires society; they seem to maintain little intercourse with the rest of the world; our lumbering coach never stops to deliver a package, or is welcomed by some expectant family, anticipating the arrival of one of its members. We are all booked through to Switzerland, though to different parts, for at Dole the road separates us, some going to Neuchatel, and some to Geneva. We there took a smaller Diligence, and in a few hours began to ascend the mountain chain of the Jura. As we did so, we were met by trains of poor wagons, bringing down wood about as large as a man's wrist, and sometimes at a chalet *two* men were using a cross-cut saw to divide this *heavy* timber.

Day broke fully at three o'clock, and scenes of great beauty presented themselves constantly. Deep gorges on one side, filled with trees, principally the arbor vitæ, with occasionally a waterfall; on the other, a high wall of natural rock; the road is extraordinarily good; the men are paid by government, (there are no toll-gates in France,) and are constantly employed in keeping it in repair; there is a gutter, along the foot of the rocks, for fifty miles, while very often there occurs a system of underdrainage, the water being carried under the road, and down into the valley. Cultivation, wherever it is practicable, is carried on; beautiful slopes, and valleys, and villages occur frequently, while several smart towns on the route, attest the capability of the Jura to support animal life. The whole distance was cheered by most superb bushes of yellow laburnum in full flower, hanging their rich clusters over us, or seen in the distances below. Wild flowers of beautiful colours, enlivened the wayside; rain fell, occa-

sionally, for a few minutes, and was immediately succeeded by bright sunshine, and a rainbow, and then we could see the clouds making, and rising below us. We breakfasted, as I said before, at half past one o'clock P. M., at St. Laurent, on the top of the Jura, and had soup, mountain trout, bacon, mutton, various good cakes, vegetables, tea and coffee, all for sixty cents.

A soldier politely asked us for our passports while at table; being all *en règle*, we commenced the descent; another examination of passports took place, nearer the Swiss frontier, at the *Douane de France*; boxes of goods were knocked open, and inspected, but no trunks were subjected to this surveillance. A few miles further we were in Switzerland, our passports were required at the first little town, making another detention of ten minutes, without our leaving the coach, and we rattled down the mountain again. The road is lined with red posts ten or twelve feet in height, to mark it when covered with deep snow, which it is for seven months in the year; it wants but a few days to July, and the snow has only been gone for six weeks; yet vegetation is forward, and roses in bloom, cherries nearly ripe, and flowers abound, as do fruit trees, especially the apple; where the road is wide enough, these are planted for use and shade, interspersed with the mountain ash, showing its clusters of berries.

Now comes suddenly upon your enraptured sight, at a turn of the road, the crowning beauty of the journey. Lake Lemman, or Geneva, with its broad and grand cultivated valley, lies below you—at your very feet, and yet it is twelve miles off; so clear is the atmosphere, and so perfect the deception; it seems as if you could toss a stone to its centre; on the opposite side is Mont Blanc, and its surrounding satellites, at a distance of sixty miles, and yet you would almost venture to stake your purse that it was not five miles from you. I have seen most of the celebrated scenery in the United States, but never did any impress me, at first view, with feelings such as



I now experienced ; I record them while they are recent, lest I should have them obliterated by Chamouni.

The road now assumes a character quite new to me as far as actual experience goes ; so level as to allow the horses to be driven furiously down, this evenness being obtained by frequent zigzags on the side of the mountain, so many in number, that they would make on a map some forty or fifty S's, and so perfect in construction that you feel as safe as on the Jersey sands. At one moment a Genevese town is at your feet, and you look down the lake ; at the next, your sight is directed to another village, and the waters towards the other end, with their picturesque outline, are in full view. After a rapid descent to the level ground, you ride at a gallop, twenty miles, to Geneva, where you arrive, after fifty-seven hours of as *diligent* travel as I have ever undergone. A bath, and a good supper at the Hotel des Bergues, the best hotel I ever was in, is necessary after this long tour ; that it was not very fatiguing, may be inferred from the fact, that though eleven at night, I wrote nearly the whole of the foregoing before retiring to rest.

Daylight revealed more of the extraordinary beauties by which I am surrounded. After calling upon the only person to whom I had a letter in Geneva, and fortunately finding him in town, we strolled to an eminence overlooking this beautiful city and its curious houses ; it is fortified on all sides, with gates to every street ; these are shut at ten o'clock, and moderate pay received for admittance after that hour, till twelve, when it is doubled. My friend insisted upon my driving with him to his beautiful country-seat ; I returned to a late breakfast at the hotel, looked in again upon the busy town, and its shops of watches and dry-goods, walked its ramparts to enjoy the splendid views of valley and mountain, and prepared some needful articles for the ascent to Chamouni. Lake Lemman is evidently the model which the English have taken for making their pieces of artificial water ; they could not have selected a better, for in picturesque

beauty it is perfect. Lake George will afford me the best comparison; but you must increase its width at Caldwell four or fivefold, and place valleys, cultivated in every part, and with houses interspersed every where among hedge-rows and vineyards, for ten to twelve miles on each side; then elevate the hills to the height of the Jura and the Alps of Savoy, and you will have something like what I am now gazing upon.

I am writing at the very corner of the hotel, overlooking, within a few feet, the outpouring of the lake into the Rhone. There is the width of the street only between me and the water, which water, remember, is in colour like that at the Falls of Niagara below the cascade. Beautiful little sail-boats are gliding about on the lake, and a steamboat for Vevay, has just put out, from within half a Philadelphia square of my pen. Swiss peasants, and ladies wearing straw-hats exactly as they came from Leghorn, with broad flapping brims, are walking below me, and little boys are trying to get a nibble at their hooks on the margin of the already rapid Rhone. This is picture enough, but the mountains are beyond; a balcony admits me to a full view of all this, and when I return to my sitting-room, I see a superb apartment, containing among other nice things a grand piano, and plush furniture! Truly one must have an active curiosity to induce them to leave such sights, and such comforts, for the fatigues of mountain ascents—things that I never had a great fancy for.

There is an appearance of comfort about the country-seats, a successful attempt at combining the useful with the ornamental; the houses look neat and clean after Paris, and the same remark will apply to the streets, in which the unseemly nuisances, so prevalent in the French capital, are not committed.

Since the above was penned, I have been to dine with Mons. —, at his elegant chateau, several miles from Geneva. On our route, to catch some of the most striking features of the Alps, we stopped at Voltaire's celebrated chateau de Ferney, advertised to be sold at public vendue in the middle

of August, the last proprietor, M. Budé de Boissy, having deceased. The old man-servant of Voltaire welcomed us, and told the old story, that his master rode in a gilt coach, and four horses, and was a terror to the little boys; that he wore breeches, and ruffles at his wrists, &c. He showed us Voltaire's favourite walk of trimmed elms, planted by himself, and called the Berceau; walked us over the park, as he called an old shrubbery with straight alleys, into the garden, and then handed us over to a pretty French girl, who exhibited the two best rooms of the chateau, left as much as possible as when the celebrated owner lived in them. The parlour in the centre of the house, has his old, faded, worked arm-chairs in it, and is hung with a few pictures; in one, he is painted in the act of being introduced by Apollo to Henry IV.—who has a copy of the *Henriade* in his hand. In another, his detractors are writhing in agony under his feet. His bed and bedstead are poor old trumpery now, and the curtains have almost disappeared, piecemeal, by thefts of relic-hunters. On the walls are some poor engraved portraits, as the girl says, of his friends; among them is Washington! Franklin, Newton, De Lille, Marmontel, Milton, Racine, Corneille, Diderot, Clement XIV., Helvetius, and D'Alembert. A portrait in oil of Frederick the Great, presented by that monarch, one of Le Kain the actor, and one of Catherine II., of Russia, executed by herself, in needlework, with one of Madame Chastelet, his peasant-boy, &c., &c., hang still on the walls, and are all to be sold with the chateau, and large farm, once of nine hundred acres, but since reduced in size. The old church, built by Voltaire, but much dilapidated, still stands on the left of the lane, or avenue, leading from the village of Ferney to the chateau. His theatre, once opposite, no longer exists. Ferney is in the French territory, though only five miles from Geneva. I should be very sorry to be the purchaser of the old spot, for visiters are annoyingly numerous, and not to show it would get one a bad name.

Yours, &c.

## L E T T E R . X X X I I .

Geneva, June, 1845.

Visit to a chateau—The scenery—The group of children—Happy family—Population of Geneva—Travellers—Feud—Cabinets of natural history—Library—Calvin's MSS.—Knox—Sismondi—Fellow-travellers to Mont Blanc—Sardinian frontier—Donane—Salenches—Char-a-banc—The Arve—Baths of St. Gervaise—View of Mont Blanc—Chamouni—Travellers of all nations—Anecdote—The hotels—The guides—Ascent of the Flegère—The Chalet—Flowers and snow—Alpine strawberries—Sunset at Chamouni.

THE first, the strongest wish I have entertained during my stay here, has been, that I had brought with me all whom I love, to enjoy the delicious scenes I have been gazing upon, and drinking in. My friend, Mons. —, drove me from Ferney to his country mansion, whose situation brought me somewhat better acquainted with the geography of the lake below us—as if it were at our feet. The view from the ascending ground possesses all the poetry of scenery—mountain, valley, lake, and high cultivation, with picturesque houses, vineyards, and grounds. After we had taken a hurried view, and refreshed ourselves, we entered a superb drawing room, supplied not only with every comfort, but with the luxury of many fine paintings; in a few minutes a group of children, with their governess, entered, warm from an excursion in the heights above the mansion, beaming with health, each crowned with a fanciful wreath of yellow laburnum, and full of joy at their adventures; a little King Charles's dog, led by a green cord, completed the group, excepting your humble servant, and the

admiring and gratified faces of the happy parents. It was a scene of home enjoyment which can have no superior; it was the happiest which human beings can witness.

To say that Mons. ——'s grounds are handsome, would convey no idea of their beauty: they are perfect avenues of roses, grafted six feet high, and all in full bloom; weeping ash trees formed into elegant arbours, with seats; gardens evidently produced from the hands of a master of his art, with all the accompaniments of a charming chateau, were open for my enjoyment. I left this scene of earthly peace, with a sincere wish that its present occupants might long enjoy its beauties, free from anxiety about health, money, and those worldly cares which make up the grand total of our discomforts.

Geneva has about thirty thousand inhabitants; the same number of travellers visit it annually, distributing large sums of money to its manufacturers of watches, jewellery, and trinkets. There exists an hereditary feud between the inhabitants of the upper and lower town; the former are aristocratic and rich, while the latter are poorer and rather disposed to demolish the pretensions of their neighbours.

Saussure's celebrated geological collection is here in an interesting establishment, the Musée d'Histoire Naturelle; Brogniart's fossil plants, and De Candolle's botanical cabinets, as well as the collections of M. Necker and other celebrated naturalists, may also be inspected. In the library of forty thousand volumes, there are four hundred manuscript letters of Calvin, and twelve volumes of his manuscript sermons, as well as manuscript volumes of Beza. The town was long the head-quarters of Protestantism; Knox, exiled by Mary to Geneva, contributed by his presence to the influence exercised on the minds of the inhabitants by eminent preachers. Calvin, too, had his proselytes and followers concentrated at Geneva. Sismondi, and other great names, have conferred celebrity upon Geneva by their learning and research.

Chamouni, July, 1, 1845.

I found my passport, which had been taken at the gate of Geneva, had been viséed, and brought safe to the hotel by the attentive waiter. Having completed my outfit, including a basket containing provisions for which I have found no use, divided my baggage so as to retain nothing but a few needful articles, and sent the remainder by *poste* to Vevay, I joined a party of two most intelligent English gentlemen with their *valet de place*, Monsieur Dick, and entered again a good Diligence, which was to convey us to the foot of Mont Blanc, in this beautiful valley. Soon after leaving the village of Chesne, we crossed a brook and found ourselves at the douane of the Sardinian frontier; our passports were taken from us and forwarded half a mile further, to the "Bureau pour la verification des passeports," while the contents of the carriage were subjected to the most rigid scrutiny. Bags of salt, on which his Sardinian Majesty levies a heavy duty, were weighed and paid for; packages of dry-goods were knocked open, and bills for duty made out, while an officer ascended to our several seats and examined our baskets, under the cushions—even our hats—to see if we were smuggling tobacco or salt; stores, selling these articles only, are found at every little village of Sardinia. While the officer was overhauling my basket, he unrolled a good bunch of Bologna sausage, and a roll containing a few clothes, which seemed to him likely to be a productive package; but he was disappointed in finding any dutiable article. While this was going on, peasants were driving up their rude wagons to the door, beginning immediately to unpack the straw and hay in which their purchases at Geneva were stowed, preparing thus for a strict search and a heavy duty. The scene was one which a good painter would have worked into a saleable picture. At length all was readjusted, our passports were returned by a polite Sardinian officer ahead, who wished us a *bon voyage*, and we began to journey in the dominions of Charles Albert of Sardinia, whose resi-

dence is at Turin; Genoa is his principal port. We ascended by a tolerably good road through a poor country, where the people seem to be struggling for existence, and where we encountered several scenes of desolation occasioned by fires, which have destroyed, almost entirely, several whole towns within the past year.

At Bonneville, where we had an apology for a breakfast, we saw a funeral, preceded by effigies of Christ, priests in white, military music, and followed by a rabble. The town has an utterly foreign aspect from what we have left, and is poor and mean. At Salenches, thirty-six miles from Geneva, the road becomes so precipitous as to oblige travellers to leave the Diligence, and enter the conveyance of the country, called a *char-a-banc*, well described by likening it to a short sofa set endwise on four narrow wheels, and covered with curtains; the projection, formerly called a sword-case, such as we have behind gigs, is at the back of the sofa, thus being *on one side*, while the door is at the other; but queer as it is, the *char-a-banc* is a comfortable conveyance. A pair of good horses carried us over hills and mountain-streams, along the banks of the Arve, to the baths of St. Gervaise, a watering-place of great pretensions, belonging to a physician in Paris, but notwithstanding its healing waters and Alpine scenery, of no very inviting character. Snow was now most abundant above us, but we found the weather oppressively warm in the little valley, which strikingly resembles the scenery of the wildest parts of the Wissahiccon, only greatly enlarged in all its characteristics. We met several parties at San Martin, where an excellent view is obtained in fine weather, coming down from Chamouni, who had waited eight days, at the base, to get a sight of the summit of Mont Blanc, while we are most fortunate in having the finest possible sun, without a cloud, and are continually straining our necks to look at the "monarch," or greatest elevation.

We arrived at the Union Hotel near ten o'clock, completely chilled with the evening air of the mountains, glad to

see a good fire in the *salle à manger*, and to have our beds warmed ; this too, after having suffered much with the heat in the valley below. The stream of foreign company to Chamouni has only fairly commenced, but we find people of all nations—from Brazil, North America, and all the European states,—giving out a jumble of languages which puzzles the waiters ; they are hard students, endeavouring to make themselves understood by the inhabitants of the various countries. English is spoken pretty well by some of them. I must not omit an anecdote on this subject, that amused me very much. A good waiter, who had been very attentive to me at Geneva, and who had been recently hard at work at his English phrase-book, took leave of me with a most emphatic bow, intending no doubt to say “I wish you a pleasant voyage,” or some similar expression, but he got the wrong words on his tongue, and said, “How do you do?” to *his* infinite confusion, and, for the moment, mine also.

The number who ascend to Chamouni annually, is declared to be from five to seven thousand, though Murray says three thousand. The increase is rapid, owing to the facilities of arriving, *via* the Rhine, by steam. New hotels are in process of erection ; the several now in existence show evidences of prosperity which a very few years will greatly increase, provided the peace of Europe continues to be maintained.

Next morning at seven I commenced my explorations of this most interesting region, a faithful guide having been engaged over night ; these fellows are in number sixty, all under a syndic who regulates their engagements, each being obliged to take his *course* in turn. I was the first to start ; view me then with a great-coat on, a pannier basket with food and wine, mounting a trusty mule in presence of some fifty guides, ladies and gentlemen on the balconies, and idlers without number. The guide started off at a quick walk, with a pole in his hand, to assist in the ascent, or in going over ice ; the mule followed as if accustomed to the journey, and away we went for the Flégère, a high pinnacle opposite



the *Mer de Glace*, where an admirable panoramic view is obtained of Mont Blanc and its neighbours. The morning was perfect, though a little cold at first; ascending the rapid stream of the Arve for a mile, we turned suddenly to the left, mounted a zig-zag path to a great height, and then turning on the right, the mule began to move on the side of precipices which I can compare to nothing more satisfactory, as it then struck me, than walking on stones and rocks atop of a ten or twenty-storied house. Fear took possession for a moment, but on the assurance of the guide that there was not the slightest danger, I kept my seat, and gradually acquired courage and confidence. The ascent occupied two fatiguing hours, employed in guiding the mule, or in surveying the peaks of purely white snow above and around. I was fully repaid for all this on my arrival at the chalet, where I found a man in his cabin surrounded by nick nacks made of the chamois horns, stones of this region curiously cut, and a good spy-glass to view the mountains and the *Mer de Glace* opposite; here my guide got his breakfast of bread, cheese, and wine, while I employed myself with the glass, collected additions to my herbarium, actually pulling a bunch of violets with one hand, while the other was embedded in snow!—rambled about in the clear sunshine, and enjoyed the magnificent view, the height being 3500 feet above the valley. This is the grand point from which Mr. Burford took his panoramic view of the great mountain and the aiguilles or peaks of rocks ascending to the very clouds.

The descent appeared more difficult than going up, and I walked nearly the whole distance. The mule seems to *smell* the road, poking its nose to the ground, and requiring little guiding; I must do her the credit of saying, that she made not a single false step. I saw below me a party of ladies coming up the zigzag path, preceded by their guide, father and brother, who as they marched slowly in ever-changing positions, looked extremely picturesque; when we met, the young man stopped to ask if there was any danger, while the

females seemed to have perfect command of their animals as well as of themselves. They afterwards told me they rode the whole distance.

No sooner had I reached the valley, hot, fatigued and burnt, than a pretty little Swiss girl, eight years of age, offered me a tray of Alpine strawberries and cream; you may be sure I halted under the first shade-tree, and enjoyed the luxury in its perfection. I found dinner on table on my return, and my friends congratulating me on having attained a source of pleasing reflections for the rest of life. Sunset soon tinged the snowy mountains with rose-colour—we walked along the Arve to see the cowherds assembling their tinkling charges for the night, and to witness the return of some hundreds of goats, housed carefully, and milked for the purposes of the dairy. A visit to a living chamois in the village, cheerful conversation, the return of the ladies, and their relation of their adventures, closed my first day at Chamouni. A gentleman, who ascended both to the Chalet of the Flegère and to the *Mer de Glace* to-day, has returned so utterly fatigued as to be obliged to go immediately to bed. He has been ten hours in motion. No one should attempt two *courses* in one day.

Next morning I rose early again—mounted a second mule, and took another guide for Montanvert and the *Mer de Glace*. This day will survive while life sustains my mental faculties.

Yours, &c.

## L E T T E R   X X X I I I .

Mer de Glace, Chamouni, July, 1845.

Mer de Glace—Chalet of Montanvert—The Scene—Pococke and Wyndham—History of the Valley—Album at the Chalet—A sample—Fatigue of the descent—Height of Mont Blanc—Temperature—Return to Geneva—Guerre des enfants—Lausanne—Vevay—Castle of Chillon—An evening on Lake Lemman—Hard work.

I HAVE carried a portion of my apparatus for writing to the Chalet of Montanvert, that I might have the pleasure of dating a letter from the immediate banks of this *sea of ice*, the ascent to which has fatigued me even more than that to the Flegère; but I dare not complain, for there is a lady on my right, busily employed looking over the names and the nonsense inscribed in the visiter's book. She seems to be much amused, and not as much fatigued as myself. The Chalet is poor enough, just equal to one in "the Pines" of New Jersey, but answers the purpose for rest. I have been walking on the Mer de Glace—or rather it should be called the *river* of ice, for it bears the geographical appearance of a river descending through an immense gorge of the mountains, suddenly arrested in its course by the wand of winter—but it has also this additional feature, which gives it its name of *sea*: the surface is piled over with enormous blocks of ice, standing up like crystallizations, sometimes twenty feet high, and the flat surface between them worn by melting snow into deep crevices, that are fearful to look into. After walking about upon this uneven and most dangerous surface for an hour, I became aware of its great extent, and of its general resemblance to the sur-

face of a sea frozen while the waves were highest; it must be approached and thus touched before any conception can be formed of its extent; you look down upon it from the Flegère, and it appears to be of the width of a house—you approach and find it to be three-fourths of a mile wide, for here the mountains are so high, the atmosphere is so transparent in fine weather,—you have no small objects to compare it with,—that the deception of size and distance is at first puzzling. Mont Blanc, for instance, seems so readily ascendable that you would probably say at first glance you are disposed to undertake it; the longer, however, you stay in the neighbourhood, the more do you understand this optical deception, and appreciate the objects before you. On this subject, Professor Forbes says, happily, “There is nothing more practically striking, or more captivating to the imagination, than the extreme slowness with which we learn to judge of distances, and to recognise localities among the glaciers. Long after icy scenes have become perfectly familiar, we find that the eye is still uneducated in these respects, and that phenomena the most remarkable when pointed out, have utterly escaped attention amidst the magnificence of the surrounding scenery, the invigoration which the bracing air produces, and the astonishing effect of interminable vastness, with which icy plains spread out for miles, terminated by a perspective of almost shadowless snowy slopes, impress the mind.” The Mer de Glace continues for a distance of seven miles beyond the spot where the Chateau Blair, now the Chalet of Montanvert, is erected: it has a downward *current*, if I may so express it, creeping along imperceptibly; as the lower portions towards the valley are melted by the sun, others are pushed forward by the weight above.\* The very huts of the peasantry are sometimes invaded by this moving ice; many

\* For the best account of the glaciers of Switzerland, see Professor Forbes's recent work on the subject; it contains some new theories, and much accurate information.

persons now living have seen the ripening grain touching the glacier, and gathered ripe cherries from the trees with one foot standing on the ice. Lord Byron has said :

“ The glacier’s cold and restless mass,  
Moves onward day by day.”

Professor Forbes has verified this well-known fact, and *measured* the progress, which he found to be from 15·2 to 17·4 inches per day, according to the heat of the weather ; so that even while walking on a glacier, we are, day by day, and hour by hour, imperceptibly carried on by the resistless flow of the icy stream, with a solemn slowness which eludes our unaided senses. The greatest motion is in the centre of the glacier, but amidst all the turmoil, which breaks the mountain rocks into atoms, there are no fits of advance, no halts, but an orderly continuous progression.

There is ice enough here to supply all the cities of the world for a century ; the manufactory is inexhaustible. On returning from the Mer, and before ascending from the gully, to the Chalet, you encounter a flat stone covering a rude cavern, inscribed with the names of Pococke and Wyndham, who slept here in 1745, on their exploring expedition ; the rock is now christened “ The Englishman’s.” The credit of discovery is attributed erroneously to Pococke, the valley having been settled in 1088 by some poor Catholics, and the Montanvert ascended long before Pococke’s time. The scene from the windows of the Montanvert, is admitted by Forbes, and others most familiar with the scenes above it as well as below, to be certainly one of the grandest of Alpine views. The Aiguille du Dru has scarcely a rival.

So much has been written so ably on the subject of these mountains and glaciers, that I shall not now enter into a discussion respecting them ; they deserve all that has been said respecting their sublimity, but to be at all appreciated, they must be visited—the *eye* must assist, or the description is imperfect.

Professor Forbes has made the following beautiful allusions to the progressive stages of the down-falling glacier :

“Poets and philosophers have delighted to compare the course of human life to that of a river ; perhaps a still apter simile might be found in the history of a glacier. Heaven-descended in its origin, it yet takes its mould and conformation from the hidden womb of the mountains which brought it forth. At first soft and ductile, it acquires a character and firmness of its own, as an inevitable destiny urges it on its onward career. Jostled and constrained by the crosses and inequalities of its prescribed path, hedged in by impassable barriers, which fix limits to its movements, it yields, groaning, to its fate, and still travels forward, seamed with the scars of many a conflict with opposing obstacles. All this while, although wasting, it is renewed by an unseen power ; it evaporates, but is not consumed. On its surface, it bears the spoils which, during the progress of existence, it has made its own ; often weighty burdens devoid of beauty or value, at times, precious masses, sparkling with gems or with ore. Having at length attained its greatest width and extension, commanding admiration by its beauty and power, waste predominates over supply, the vital springs begin to fail ; it stoops into an attitude of decrepitude ; it drops the burdens, one by one, which it had borne so proudly aloft,—its dissolution is inevitable. But as it is resolved into its elements, it takes all at once a new, and livelier, and disembarassed form ; a noble, full-bodied, arrowy stream, which leaps rejoicing over obstacles which before had stayed its progress, and hastens through fertile valleys towards a freer existence, and a final union in the ocean with the boundless and the infinite.”

As I have commenced the bad habit of quoting, let me insert a stanza from Wordsworth ; he is speaking of the stillness of these Alpine solitudes :

“ The utter stillness and the silent grace  
 Of yon ethereal summits, white with snow,  
 Whose tranquil pomp and spotless purity  
 Report of storms gone by,  
 'To us who stand below.”

At the Montanvert a very large folio book is nearly filled with the names and observations of travellers of all nations; some of my countrymen are given to attempts at wit—some draw portraits of their ascending party holding fast to the tail of a mule—some refer to the creature comforts—many to the clouds which have interfered with their view, and so on. I copy two on the spot, in order that you may have an idea of the spirit in which the book of Mont Blanc is carried on.

“ James Rice and lady reached here in safety after the writer's mule taking the liberty of laying down without any notice !”

The Yankees fire away at the Mer de Glace in this manner :—

Five Yankees rode up this darned hill  
 To see the sea of ice,  
 But as their mules kicked up “ to kill,”  
 They didn't find it nice.

*Labor ipse voluptas.*

'They've eaten the bread, tasted the cheese,  
 And sipped the sour wine—  
 But all in vain—it does not please.  
 They guess they'll be a “ gwine.”

Some of the names here of people of neighbouring nations are not the most sonorous: a few inserted to-day are of titled personages.

Thus far did I write at the Chalet, not knowing the terrible heat and fatigue of the descent; the steepness is so great, together with the loose stones of the path, that it seemed madness to attempt continuing to ride; as walking was the

only alternative, I got to the base as best I could in a glaring hot sun, fell rather than sat in my chair at the dinner-table, and recounted my adventures to those who had not yet made the attempt, but who cannot go away without it, at least with any Chamouni reputation. There was a large arrival of fresh company in the evening, some from America. A stroll about the valley to see the sun gradually disappearing from the summits of snow, sent me, more fatigued than I ever hope to be again, to a good bed. I trust I am now done for life with mountain ascensions.

The height of the summit of Mont Blanc is 15,673 feet, or nearly three miles above the level of the sea; it is 14,556 feet above the Lake of Geneva, and 11,500 above the vale of Chamouni. Its actual elevation is 5200 feet less than the summit of Chimborazo, and 10,000 feet less than the highest peak of the Great Himmalaya chain in Asia. The temperature on the summit is from three to five degrees below the freezing point in summer. Saussure's thermometer was at 27° of Fahrenheit on the top of the mountain, while another at Geneva was at the same time at 82° F. The barometer at the same hour on the 3d of August at noon was 16·181 inches (English), while at Geneva it stood at 29·020 inches. The air of the summit, according to Saussure's hygrometer, was six times less humid than the air at Geneva. The least exertions caused a laborious and painful respiration. The sound of a pistol was as feeble as that of a Chinese cracker.

#### Geneva.

Having descended with my English friends through the same set of beggars we encountered at every turn in going up, passing numerous ugly creatures with goitre and cretin, we were politely *passported* out of Sardinia, and arrived early in the afternoon at Geneva.

On again surveying this place, it appears even more soft and picturesque in its scenery, from the force of contrast with the rough, mountainous country we have left. Though



so small is the Canton, that Voltaire said, "When I shake my wig, I powder the whole republic," it must be admitted to possess those strong points of beauty which gratify the eye and satisfy the mind. Were Switzerland not torn by religious dissensions respecting the Jesuits, or by Catholic and Protestant feuds, it would seem to me to be possessed of all the requisites for human happiness within its own borders. Every heart knoweth its own bitterness, and every country seems to be enthralled by some eating sore. "You have had a war here," I said to an elderly Genevese. "Oui"—was his reply—"guerre des enfants."—Children's play. "See here," he continued, "the step from the sublime to the ridiculous, for there," looking down from the ramparts, "is the powder-house of Geneva, and there, close by, is the ice-house for the town—you see the latter is much the largest!" The subject of the expulsion of the Jesuits shakes the little republic of Switzerland to its centre; whether it is to be powdered all over in another sense than Voltaire's, remains to be seen; at present the subject is left to a meeting of the Diet, to be held this week at Zurich, where I am likely to see the representatives of the people collected.

Geneva is the place for good and cheap watches as well as jewellery: you are a good economist if you do not open your purse.

Vevay, July, 1845.

The neat little steamboat Helvetien brought our party today to Lausanne, where the sun, pouring down upon the houses situated on the side of the hill, made the place so hot, that we took a hasty glance at the remains of Gibbon's residence, and rode over to Vevay. The wall of the "Hotel Gibbon" now occupies the site of his summer-house; there are only a few of the acacias remaining of his *berceau* walk, they having been destroyed to make room for a terraced garden.

Very beautiful views of the lake are obtained from the vicinity of Lausanne, where the grape is cultivated extensively: as we steamed to it, the vineyards at a distance looked much like potato-fields; the vines are kept very low and carefully tended, mostly by women, who employ themselves in picking out great basketfuls of the useless young wood. The wine here is not much esteemed; it is little better or higher in price than cider with us. We have always at dinner a pint bottle of *vin du pays* to every plate, without extra charge; both ladies and gentlemen mostly consume their allowance.

At Vevay you are of course obliged to visit the Castle of Chillon, invested with so much interest by Byron's poetry. It is about eight miles from our hotel, (the latter the "Three Crowns," one of the best in Europe,\*) and may be reached by a pedestrian with ease. It stands upon a rock, with deep water all round, over which a bridge of wood has been thrown. It is no longer a prison, but a depot for army stores. The old prison is large and airy, with a floor of rock; the light is reflected from the lake through windows above. The depth of the lake is stated by Byron to be a thousand feet, while in reality it is not three hundred. Read the passage—

"Lake Lemán lies by Chillon's walls."

and think of me plucking a flower from the rock—the day excessively warm—too warm for verse, and too dusty to describe. As this spot, and the scenes of Rousseau's Clarens, have been so often described, let me pass them for fear of wearying you. An old woman assured me that the house of Madame de Warens, Rousseau's queer association with whom he relates in his Confessions, no longer exists. The "Hotel Byron," a fine house between Chillon and Villeneuve, is visible from the lake, and is said to be resorted to by the best company.

\* It was at this hotel that our townsman, Nathan Dunn, Esq., breathed his last, about a year since.

We passed the evening on the terraces of the hotel at Vevay, flush upon the lake; they are set out with green-house plants, orange, and other rare trees, and altogether this is one of the most charming spots met with in a tour of Europe. Young men are fishing from the steps with good success: the gardeners are pumping water from the lake for the plants in tubs and pots; the sun has set in the valley, but shines upon the snow on the mountains opposite—ladies and gentlemen are seated about under the verandahs, on the very borders of the water prospects; tea is served elegantly in the large *salle à manger*; a group is engaged in inspecting Bauerkeller's very interesting raised map of Switzerland, planning and studying excursions, calculating how many miles must be made on horse or mule-back, and much influenced, I must say, by the accounts of the hotels, good or bad, on the routes. A great deal of study—real hard study—has to be gone through before you can decide what to *do*, in this country of beauty, variety, and exertion; for, to travel here requires that you should work, and work hard. I am seated in a little nook of the garden, overlooking the fishermen—an acquaintance from New York is playing with two fine boys, his sons, at school here. My English travelling companions are enjoying the Italian *farniente* of the scene—I have, as I wrote, formed an engagement with Col. Thayer, of Boston, to penetrate the heart of Switzerland; and to complete the picture, which I wish you could see, I have just overheard a young lady say, in French, "There is an *artiste* painting the lake!" She means me, and thinks I am drawing pictures; I wish I was, for here the acquirement of drawing from nature would be valuable.

I left my writing materials after inditing the above, took a stroll through the environs to the public promenade on a height, where women were knitting as the evening shadows from the mountains were cast upon the lake in full view—and now I wished that in addition to being a painter, I was a

little more of a poet. It was too common-place to go to bed, so I dreamed away a few hours in contemplating the scene from the terrace. If I have not already put you to sleep, I shall deem myself fortunate.

As ever, &c.

## LETTER XXXIV.

Freyburg, July, 1845.

American traveller—Hofwyl—Fellenburg's sons—Agricultural schools—Freyburg—Feudal watch-towers—The great suspension bridges—The organ of Freyburg—Portal of the church—The good and bad—Jesuits—Jargon of languages—Anecdote—Berne—Fountains—Bears—Costume—Library.

WE made our way comfortably in a Diligence to Freyburg before dinner, our party augmented by the agreeable addition of Colonel Thayer, lately of West Point, a most determined American traveller, just off of a little excursion through Egypt, Russia, Denmark, Italy, and a few other *small* countries. My old companions and myself concluded to stay in the town to examine its great suspension bridges, and to hear the celebrated organ, while the Colonel should go to Hofwyl, and inspect the school founded by the celebrated Fellenburg. The founder has been dead a few months, but the institution is continued, so far successfully, by his two sons. There are one hundred and fifteen scholars, besides those at an exclusively agricultural school near at hand, where the art of farming, and of carefully preserving and distributing manures, is taught with great success. The results of this teaching, I am informed, are very satisfactory; poor boys earn their living while at the school, and the sons of the more wealthy, *may* learn to farm if they choose. The gradations of rank and pay

here allowed would scarcely answer in American schools, but why we should never have such institutions for teaching the theory and practice of agriculture, can only be because no suitably qualified individual has undertaken the cause. I believe all the manual labour and agricultural schools in America have failed after a short trial; we have yet to see whether Fellenburg was the only person accomplished in this way, by watching the progress of the success of his descendants.

Freyburg is a poor specimen of a Swiss town; the houses and stables are under the same roofs; smells are consequently rife and most disagreeable. It is curiously situated on a point of land formed by the river Saarine, and is full, not only of antique houses of the most singular kind, but they are built about in such queer situations on the high banks, that you can ascribe the inconveniences the inhabitants have so long endured in getting into the streets from the country, to no compensating cause but the greater security from rapine and violence which they have enjoyed by it, since 1175, when the town was founded by Duke Berchtald, who gives name to streets, statues, and hotels. There is a long line of embattled walls, with feudal watch-towers, running up the ravines and surrounding the town: odd and curious structures they are, with high, pointed, tile roofs. The gateways of these ancient fortifications are still perfect, and the military arrangements made in the middle ages are still kept in repair, though latterly of no great use.

The great suspension bridge is the longest in the world, being nine hundred and forty-one feet in length—that over the Menai Straits only five hundred and eighty, and fifty feet less in elevation: it is the most prominent object from my window, towering in the air. During our visit to the bridge we witnessed a storm peculiar to the hilly regions we are in: it came up suddenly; rain fell, quickly followed by large hailstones, so as to alarm me for the prospect of getting back to the hotel; but in ten minutes it was again clear. We

walked back in time to hear the celebrated organ of Freyburg at the church of St. Nicholas; it disappointed me as well as those of our party who had heard the Haarlem instrument. The stop of the *vox humana* is however extremely beautiful, as also the imitation of distant chaunting, and that of a storm from Der Freyschutz, the howling of the wind, thunder that almost deafened you, and the falling of hail. The church is too small for the instrument. The noise at one time seemed as if it would batter down the solid buttresses.

The Zahringen Hof is the principal hotel of the place, and those who wish to hear the music of the organ, inform the landlord before a five o'clock dinner; he arranges with the organist, who charges eleven francs—there being eleven of us, a franc, or twenty cents, was charged in each of our bills. The instrument has 7800 pipes, some of them thirty-two feet long. The portal of this church has some curious bas-reliefs, representing the last judgment. On one side are the good, weighed in a scale wholesale, with an imp pulling down one beam; on the other, a devil with a pig's head, (query, did they get this from the Egyptians?) drags after him a crowd of evil-doers; others are in a pannier on his back, about to be thrown into a boiling cauldron, imps stirring a fire beneath. In the corner is hell, being a monster's jaws full of naughty people, whom Old Nick is surveying from one corner, as things of course that he expects in his net. Under a little glass, in a slate-frame, were several requests to the faithful, to pray for the souls of recently departed Freyburgers—no doubt that they may not be crushed in the monster's teeth. This town is the head-quarters of Jesuitism; they have a huge college here like a great caravanserai, and exercise an important influence in the Canton. Of course, Freyburg is deeply interested in the question now so rife, of the expulsion of the order from Switzerland.

We had heard of the remarkable division of languages that takes place here: the French is spoken at one end of the town, and the German at the other, this being on the line

where the two tongues begin to be distinct; we thought we detected the fact on the signs, and certainly here first found a servant who could not understand our French, heretofore the only language we had encountered from Geneva. The Swiss have in fact four tongues—the French, German, Romanische, and Italian; a fifth might be added, for we have now to help along with a little English, and a sixth is manufactured, interlarded with the other five and a little Piedmontese.

We had in our party from Geneva to Freyburg, a gentleman, who had singular difficulties in getting along; while we had the best seats, the best beds, and so forth, he was always behind with his luggage, and with booking himself forward, so that he was poked in the rotund of the diligence with the common people, or soldiers, not a word of whose speech he understood, and moreover he got wofully dusted; but this was not his greatest difficulty; he lost his bunch of keys at Vevay and brought away the door-key of his chamber instead; at Berne he lost a most valuable pair of spectacles, and cannot in consequence read a word of his books or bills. He has had several other disasters to-day. He has just lamented to us that at Geneva he sent eleven shirts of very superior quality to be washed; eleven were returned, but when he came to wear the first to-day, he discovered they were all of coarse cotton—probably those of Madame la Blanchisseuse's husband! This mode of travelling is not only troublesome, but expensive.

One of the roads near this town is bordered by more crosses than we have usually seen, though they are quite frequent in all the Catholic Cantons; a short way out of Freyburg I encountered a little recess in a stone wall where was fixed under glass, a figure of our Saviour on the cross, with tinsel ornaments, and an inscription that can scarcely fail to arrest the attention of the passenger; it was in gilt letters—

“O! ETERNITE—ETERNITE.”

It is evident in Switzerland that the Catholic Cantons are

far behind the Protestant in comforts and in those things we are fain to call civilization; but they give their time, money—a scarce article—and thoughts, to the church.

Berne, July, 1845.

Berne is a very curious town; the houses nearly all rest upon arcades, under which are the pavements for pedestrians—or as I should more properly say, the houses are built over the pavements to the curbstone. This makes a covered way all through the town. The first story is too low to make this walk either airy or very cool, but the effect is good; like most Swiss towns, Berne is amply supplied with fountains, and streams of water run down the centre of each street. The fountains have quaint devices; Saturn, on one, is devouring a child, and a few more are stuck in his belt! The Bear (Berne is Suabian for bear) is however the prevailing fancy; you meet him sculptured on the town gates; sometimes he is in armour, with a breast-plate, thigh-pieces and a helmet, a sword at his girdle and a banner in his paw! An old Switzer attended by a bear as squire, and many other figures of equal absurdity, are set about; then the town councils maintain some living bears, and have done so from time immemorial. The French carried the family to Paris, where the lively population were so pleased with them that it is believed their restoration to the Bernese, cost as many tears as that of the pictures to Florence. The town clock has a cock to crow the hours, and a procession of bears comes out and marches around with great gravity. The “boys of Berne” get the name of cubs! and truly the inhabitants are a queer-looking set of people; the women have a costume peculiarly their own. The variety of dress in Switzerland is not the least attraction to a stranger. I must close my Berne date with a feeling recollection of heat utterly overpowering, and recommence at Interlachen, said to be one of the handsomest places of resort in the country, and the entering wedge to some of the finest scenery, which I am about to explore; but



before doing so, I must advise you to go to the *Platform*, a sort of public walk, and take a view of the grand Bernese Alps, here seen to the greatest advantage, peering up to the skies with their everlasting snows. Grindelwald will, from appearances, repay the loss of a day or two to glance at it more nearly.

I visited the town Library of forty-two thousand volumes of respectable-looking books, some of which are very curious; the History of Switzerland may here be studied. The celebrated Haller was librarian of this institution, and was a native of Berne.

## L E T T E R   X X X V .

Interlachen, July, 1845.

Thun—Hotel Bellevue—The lake—Church in the hotel—Start for Interlachen—Peasant women—Interlachen—The resort of English—Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald—Avalanches.

WE left Berne for the Lake of Thun and Interlachen, in order to see a new class of Swiss scenery among the Bernese Highlands and small lakes. The day was excessively warm, the roads dusty, and the Diligence exceedingly crowded and close; to add to the discomfort, the conveyance started in the warmest part of the day: if one could have cooled oneself by thinking of the "frosty Caucasus," the *sight* of the snowy Alps in full view all the way to Thun, would have been eminently satisfactory; the distance, however, was only seventeen miles. We arrived before evening at the town, an old and picturesque place with a feudal castle seven hundred years old, surrounded by ancient houses and some five thousand inhabitants. We walked after our luggage to the banks of the lake, where there is a most superb garden, and in its centre, overlooking the water, the Hotel *Bellevue*, having a

watering-place air, and much frequented by English ladies and gentlemen, who find in its beautiful walks and scenery, a delicious summer retreat, with every accommodation of good beds, table, boats, carriages, and riding horses—in short the very beau-ideal of a place of rest—a contrast peculiarly striking it must be to the poor Londoners, shut up between brick walls ten months of the year. The views here from various positions are most truly picturesque, particularly one from the Chartreuse, where the Jungfrau, the highest of the Bernese chain, with its smaller neighbours, is seen to great advantage. The little lake between hills, like a diamond set in ebony, with its small iron *bateau à vapeur* just coming in full of tourists, is on the whole I think the very most beautiful miniature I have ever seen. The proprietor of the watering-place owns two hotels in the garden, and another on the lake, as well as the steamboat; he is thus a monopolist, and his charges are complained of, but we found them moderate, and himself ready to give us accurate information to govern our future peregrinations among mountainous defiles; his name is Knechtenhofer, a man well to do in the world, who has built in his hotel an English church for the accommodation of travellers from Great Britain. This is a common thing in Switzerland; we found one at Chamouni, and at several other public resorts; the fact will serve to convince you that the patronage of these places comes from the Protestant English. They overrun this part of the continent every season, with their guide-books under their arms, standing and wondering, grumbling and being cheated, to go home and talk about the beauties of Switzerland.

We left Thun on Sunday morning, accompanied by a Swiss guide, in the little steamboat for Interlachen; the boat was crowded by country lasses and their beaux, bound for a little excursion, and dressed in their curious holiday finery. They may safely be called *she-men*, for by hard and rough work in the open air, the Swiss peasant women have attained the complexion and the muscular arms of men; their hands are larger than you will find in the average of American plough-

men; so little that is feminine have they in their appearance, you would not like to have them about you, even as servants.

Interlachen is on a little strip of land "between the lakes" Thun and Brienz, and is also a watering-place of great beauty, much frequented by the English, who are accommodated in several stately boarding-houses, with windows looking out upon rural scenery, fine English-walnut trees,\* and upon the frozen tops of the Bernese Alps, whose base is about fifteen miles distant, but, to all appearance, much nearer. The place has a European reputation for beauty and economy. It is the starting-point for many excursions, such as through the Oberland, where I am going, the Staubach and Giesbach falls, Lauterbrunnen, and Grindelwald. It would be difficult to point out a more agreeable-looking spot. As we rode through the main avenue of walnut trees, the boarding-houses displayed a number of well-dressed ladies, walking about in sun-bonnets of a peculiarly graceful form, rather on the gipsy order, with pointed tops; every garden was filled with the gayest roses, grafted six feet high, and other flowers of rich colours; a large school of half grown young gentlemen, on a *course* with their tutors, were looking about for lodgings, each with a staff and a wallet, while a party of young ladies were chasing some tame fawns round a lawn. The sun very hot, ice and snow in full view, active life and still life in contrast, but each beautiful, you need not wonder if this Swiss Saratoga has left a vivid impression. We retired early to gain strength for a fatiguing mountain excursion on the morrow.

The ensuing morning, our Swiss guide on the seat with the driver, we made an early start for Lauterbrunnen, in a *char-a-banc*. By ten o'clock the sun became overpowering; to make the matter worse, we had to walk up much of the heaviest part of the ascent. We passed an old tower, said to have been the residence of Lord Byron's Manfred, formerly

\* More usually called in Europe the Madeira nut.

the residence also of the Lords of Unspunnen, the governors of the Oberland. We now entered upon a region of peculiar and wild beauty; a narrow valley between high cliffs, with a hardy and industrious, but sparse population, who were going to church on some festival occasion, gave us a vivid picture of the land and the people of interior Switzerland. The valley now divides into two branches, the right leading to Lauterbrunnen, the left, with the Black Lutschine river gurgling down its snow-melted waters, and overtopped by the magnificent Wetterhorn mountain. We went first up the right-hand valley, overhung by vertical rocks, with cascades descending from a great height, their current broken into thin spray before they half reached their destination: Lauterbrunnen means, "nothing but fountains," derived from the streamlets casting themselves headlong from the cliffs into the narrow valley, in the manner of the Buttermilk Falls, below Albany. The village now comes in sight, formed by a succession of straggling Swiss cottages, each with its overhanging roof for protection from the snow, and its snag pile of winter's wood stacked under one side ready for use: it lies 2450 feet above the sea, and is in one of those confined narrow passes where the goitre prevails; it is so hidden under precipices, that even now they get a peep of the sun only at seven o'clock, and in winter not till twelve at noon. Fruit will rarely ripen in this climate. A great number of waterfalls dangle from the heights as the snow gradually melts, and form, together, a respectable mountain-torrent in the middle of the gorge. Soon you come upon the great schute called the Staubach, so often painted and engraved, and so frequently found on enamelled breastpins, made so beautifully at Geneva. This is esteemed one of the loftiest falls in Europe, measuring between 800 and 900 feet in height; as we neared it a Swiss girl ran before, to open a little shop of carved wood articles, of workmanship peculiar to the valley; two more preceded us to sing the *Rans de Vache*, and a little girl sprung forward to place a plank, of which she is heredi-

tary guardian, over the little rivulet across which the visiter wishes to pass in order to get the best view. Arrived at the spot, you look up into the clouds and see the water pouring over, in no great bulk to be sure, but forced from its propriety by being shivered into seeming dust long before it reaches half-way to the bottom—whence its name—literally, *Dust-fall*. This dust touches all around, like a heavy dew, forming frequent little irises, visible all about the very base and on the ground at your feet, “like rainbows come down to pay a visit.”

Byron, in his *Manfred*, has compared this to the “giant steed to be bestrode by Death, as told in the *Apocalypse*.” Wordsworth called it “a heaven-born waterfall,” but to our eyes, which have seen Niagara, it is scarcely grand enough to detain us in the heat.

Getting a little rest at the much-frequented inn, where the landlady tried her best to cheat us with wrong change, giving a handful of the debased coin of Germany and Switzerland, but not enough by half, as the guide soon convinced her, we mounted our vehicle and made for the other grand object of the day, Grindelwald. The rays of the sun came as if through a burning-glass, and, but for the protection of an umbrella, would have been insupportable. We were now in a long valley, blocked up at its termination by immense mountains and precipitous rocks, and among a people of primitive habits, who know little of the rest of the world; who have intermarried for centuries, and are just able to pick a scanty subsistence in the summer by sending their cattle up the mountains, where the herdsmen live for months in total solitude. Houses well protected from the cold, a few small fruit trees, and a garden formed in the extreme bottom of the valley, which often contains no more than twenty feet in width fit for cultivation, shelter and support a homely but contented population. On arriving at the good inn at the top of the valley, we were utterly overcome with the weather, but on being shown to the best room, were obliged to close

the windows instantly, to exclude a biting cold blast descending across the little spot on which the house is perched, directly from an immense glacier, faced on one side by a high bare rock. You are now in the neighbourhood of avalanches, which may be seen every few minutes by only making a short journey to the Wengern Alp, or Lesser Sheideck. The snow *performs* these antics on the Jungfrau daily, nay hourly; most frequently about noon, when the sun melts the glacier to which they are attached. One seen at Chamouni, has satisfied me.

Grindelwald occupied me a long time, and interested me greatly. *Under* the glacier worn by the melting water, is a cavern which you enter, and enjoy the extraordinary novelty of being in an enormous natural ice-house, and the extraordinary pleasure of getting out of it. "Come to Switzerland," is perhaps as strong a recommendation to you to travel as I may now indulge in.

Ever, &c.

## LETTER XXXVI.

Lucerne.

Grindelwald—Dancing on Sunday—Lake of Brienz—Boys on a course—Falls of the Giesbach—Accident—Vale of Hasli—Meyringen—Baths of Reichenbach—Cross the Lungern pass—Lungern.

My last left you gazing in imagination on the glaciers of Grindelwald, celebrated by all travellers for their extraordinary positions; they descend *into* the hot valley, and people live in "Swiss cottages" so near their icy barriers, as to be almost within reach of them with a pole, while behind their

houses rise perpendicular rocks to an immense height, closing the exit from the valley at this end. The glaciers which cling around these peaks, and fill up the depressions between them, extend without interruption from the great Jungfrau to the Grimsel, and from Grindelwald to Brieg, in the Valais. The extent of this glacier has been calculated at 115 square miles, or about one sixth of all the glaciers among the Alps.

It was Sunday when we were there; after a dinner of mountain trout, born and bred in the water of melted ice, my friend and I sauntered out in the hot sun to take views of the scenery from different points; we were soon surprised with the sound of a violin, and saw numbers of peasants in holiday garbs, entering a chalet, where there was a blind fiddler playing with great energy while the peasants waltzed themselves into fevers.

Next morning, still under a burning sun, we took another little iron steamboat on lake Brienz, to penetrate further into these rocky, mountainous regions; a spell seemed to be upon us, for the more we saw, the more did our curiosity grow. Very few passengers made their appearance; a lady and a gentleman, the former a very pretty young bride, in the most becoming and elegant white dress, with a pointed straw hat, and her *cara sposa*—bearded all over the face, and very German-looking: he was always sucking at his long pipe—with ourselves, formed the whole of the first class passengers, except a school of English boys, getting their education in Switzerland, with their teachers; they were on a *course* on foot, and were going with us to the falls of the Giesbach a short way up the little lake. We found them full of intelligence; one was born in India—another in Canada—their fathers in the army, and mothers dead. Never did I meet with more ingenuous, natural, and agreeable young gentlemen.

The boat stops to land visitors at the much-praised falls of the Giesbach. Here lives the celebrated family of Alpine musicians, three generations of whom turn out to treat sojourners with their melodies and the famed Alpine horn;

sounds to be long remembered in after life. On the return of the boat we proceeded to the head of the lake to Brienz; our guide quickly procured a new kind of conveyance, between a phaeton and a char-a-banc, drawn by a vicious-looking horse; the fair bride and groom entered a larger, drawn by two animals, and away we went towards the town of Meyringen, from whence we were to cross the mountains, by the Lungern pass. We proceeded very well till a considerable descent sent our vehiculum upon the rear of the horse; he started off at a furious pace and completely ran away, down a most dangerous road; our cowardly Swiss driver first lost his hat; then away went that of the guide; the former gentleman rather than be killed by the expected crash, gave up the lines to the guide, and threw himself off at the imminent peril of life and limb; but for the presence of mind of the guide, we should inevitably have been thrown down a steep ravine upon the rocks below; we rather flew than ran, and for ten minutes or more I did not consider my life worth a moment's purchase. At last we came to the bottom of the hill, the horse was soothed with kind words, and fairly stopped, but it was out of the question for me to think of running such a risk again, so I summoned my most winning smile, and when the bride and groom came up, requested liberty to take a seat with them; the lady's pretty mouth actually demurred, but her smoking husband said there was plenty of room, and I entered. We soon struck up quite a friendly chat, and were getting on very nicely, when there was confusion of some kind that seemed to threaten another disaster; looking round I perceived one of our front wheels was spinning down the hill greatly in advance; the lady screamed, but the phlegmatic husband sat as still as could be, seemingly unconcerned; presently our coach smashed into a little fence; instantly dismounting I assisted the lady out; she received a slight scratch, which at first she magnified to a great one; I brought her a rail and a whisp of new hay, and she spread out her white dress to witness our proceedings. A beautiful fall of water from the



heights above, a fine sun, clear sky, rocks towering on rocks overhead, and my now mortified lady sitting on a rail, with the drivers and guide, made as pretty a little scene for a painter as could be desired; we had not much further to go, but it was evidently mortifying to madame to have to accept my seat in the phaeton-char, after having declined the pleasure of my company in her coach; there was no remedy but walking. A little revenge of this kind to a pretty gentlewoman has its pleasures; I walked to the inn, and we became still better friends.

Meyringen, the chief place of the celebrated vale of Hasli, is situated in the region of those mountain-torrents, which sometimes descend with such violence, as to bury houses and lands under the mud which accompanies these incursions. The rock is *lias marle*, easily disintegrated; in 1762 the village was buried twenty feet deep in rubbish; the church was filled with mud and gravel eighteen feet in height, and the fields yet exhibit traces of its effects.

We stopped opposite the village, at the Baths of Reichenbach, an inn much frequented, and visited the falls, our bride being carried by two men in a *chaise à porteur*, while we toiled up on foot. The Reichenbach has a descent of nearly two thousand feet, in a succession of leaps amid green trees and rocks.

Time not admitting us to extend our researches further, we hired another guide and two horses, and started off for the Lungern pass, our carpet-bags fastened behind the saddles.

The ascent to the Lungern pass I shall never forget; all our endurance was called forth by the heat, by the stubbornness of the horses, and the character of the road, which is a *turnpike*, three feet in width, made of round stones difficult to traverse, the horses slipping every few yards; and moreover the route is very steep. On the extreme top we found a chalet toll-house, where an English lady and gentleman, passing in the opposite direction, were resting. This is the frontier of the canton Berne. A bottle of good wine

for *ten cents*, and some cool water from the melting snow, refreshed us sufficiently for the descent onwards to the valley of Lucerne.

After a laborious descent surrounded by all the characteristics of Alpine scenery, its peculiar vegetation, waterfalls and ravines, night overtook us at Lungern, situated above the diminished lake of that name. We dismissed our horses and successfully resisted the extortionate demand of the guide, the road from hence being practicable for a *char-a-banc*, and found ourselves in the hands of a most unreasonable landlord, who having the only inn and the only conveyance in the town, placed a high value on his food and services, and was impudent besides.

Yours, &c.

## L E T T E R   X X X V I I.

Lucerne, July, 1845.

Lungern lake drained—Alpnach—Boat girls—Mount Pilatus—Slide of Alpnach—Lucerne—A beauty—The scene—The expulsion of the Jesuits.

THE windows of our chalet kind of wooden hotel overlooked what remains of the lake of Lungern—formerly a beautiful sheet of water, with the poor town on its very banks. Preferring arable land, of which the townspeople had very little to support themselves on, to picturesque scenery, it was long an interesting problem to them, how to drain off the water and reclaim the submerged ground. After various consultations, an engineer was found willing to promise success, who after great difficulty gained 500 acres from the waters, to the profit of a joint stock company.

We breakfasted at Alpnach, near lake Lucerne, a village bearing a striking resemblance to many in the interior of the Swiss and Dutch settlements of Pennsylvania and New York, where absence of shade, rude domestic arrangements, and dirt mark an ignorant and partially civilized population; the inn was abundantly supplied with wholesome provision, but the furniture was what we call *Dutch*; nevertheless, we had a large piano in the huge breakfast-room. The landlady asked if we would have a two or a three-oared boat to row us to Lucerne; as we were in search of novelty, we said three! The boatmen were sent for to carry the scanty luggage, our trunks having been forwarded to Basle, by stage from Berne, according to the usual practice of travellers through the Oberland. Our surprise may be imagined, when two stout, well-dressed lasses, each with an oar in her hand, made their appearance, and shouldered our carpet-bags. We were soon in the rude boat, and the Swiss girls rowed in a standing position by pushing the oars, against a man on the other side; in this way they conveyed us about fourteen miles in a broiling sun, stopping but once to take a drink. I confess at first I felt some hesitation at seeing myself thus waited on by the gentler sex; but here they are beasts of burden, as farmers, horse-keepers, and boatmen, and their muscles acquire the solidity and weight requisite for such great labour.

From the boat we saw the spot where the celebrated slide of Alpnach was constructed, to bring down the trees from the mountain of Pilatus, or Pilate, on the top of which, in a little lake, they say the wicked governor of Judea, banished to Gaul by Tiberius, drowned himself, after wandering about among the mountains, stricken by an upbraiding conscience, and giving the bad reputation of a storm-breeder to his death-place. Another spot on the Rhone also claims the poor honour of the death-scene of Pilate.

We arrived without much notice at the town of Lucerne, our boatwomen jumping out and tying their canoe to the strand; they then exacted two or three francs extra, beyond a

liberal payment, because we had had the awning spread! This we found was according to the tariff fixed by the law of the canton; an awning forming an impediment when the wind is ahead, they are allowed to charge when it is fair; our pockets had been already well picked for several days, but there was no disputing about fare with such *fair* captains, however *un-fair* the demand and fair the wind! The hotel received us graciously, but its accommodations, aiming to be elegant, were very unlike what we call comfort. The sleeping apartments were dirty, while the *salon a manger* was decked out with mirrors, and the dinner table and windows with elegant hydrangeas in porcelain vases. The dinner was in a novel style—a mixture of French, German, Swiss, and English tastes, in which the frequent changes of plates, and small bits of various kinds of cookery, very good in the main, with good wine without extra charge, were the principal features; if I except my opposite companion's visage, belonging to the homeliest lady I ever beheld—an actual living representation of your friend——'s mirth-moving picture of *Miss Beetroot*; we could have borne her looks, but for a terrible goitre, which brought her chin without interruption from the line of beauty, downwards to her bust. She was in company with a good-looking gentleman, remarkably attentive to her wants, and we afterwards learned that she was an heiress and a *bride*! She, as well as the other young ladies present, emptied their bottle each of Swiss wine. The heat was intense—no ice was to be had, and we soon abandoned the pleasures of the table to have a good laugh, and a siesta, before taking in more of the *beauties* of Lucerne.

Could your first view of a town in Europe be taken from my present chamber windows, without your having had any previous introduction to such a scene by a gradual approach, through scenes differing materially from it, and yet verging towards a resemblance, you would wonder what several prominent objects are, and what people you are among. I am looking straight at an old square feudal watch-tower, with a

tile roof and odd port-holes, and this is connected by a high wall running all around the land side of the town, with similar erections at short intervals; looking out of another side of the room, I see a tower of great antiquity at the water-side, to which has been tacked a modern house; through the corner of this I conceive there is a communication with the tower, for a female is sitting at a loop-hole at work, occasionally surveying, like myself, the people on the short wharf below us, who are awaiting the arrival of the steamboat, which goes twice a day round the lake, touching at all the ports, including Altorf, the country of William Tell. The inhabitants here are nearly all Catholics; Lucerne is the very centre of the difficulties now agitating the country, and I see several priests confabulating in one corner, about the events of the day, that have been so fully detailed in your newspapers.

The boat has arrived while I narrate, bringing a crowd of passengers, principally peasants and their wives, who seem to have come to learn the state of things, for they have no baggage or baskets of marketing. It is evident that the question of the expulsion of the Jesuits makes a fearful agitation. One of their opponents, an eminent man of this place, has lately been shot in his bed, and preparations for a civil war are said to be in progress; even young women are trained to the practice of the rifle. We are told that we are in no danger, but such is the state of excitement in the canton, that but few foreign travellers have come this way of late. As we are anxious to see the land of Tell, and the beauties of the lake of Lucerne, we have concluded to make the excursion in the boat this afternoon; we hope thus to escape the intense heat we are here afflicted with.

Yours, &c.

## LETTER XXXVIII.

Lucerne.

Heroes of the land of Tell—The appearance of the inhabitants—The republic of Gersau—The lake—Tell's country—The peasants—English tourist—Pic-nic party—Mount Pilate—The Rhigi—Its ascent—Gersau—Brunnen—American travellers from Italy—Tell's chapel—Altorf—Tell and his son—return to Lucerne.

I CONFESS it is hard to identify the people by whom we have been surrounded in our excursion on the beautiful lake of Lucerne, with the heroes of the land of Tell; they are to a man homely and ill-looking; quite as much so as the farmers we are used to call by the title of Germans, who attend our Philadelphia markets. And yet they live in a land famous for its heroic deeds, and some are from the little independent republic of Gersau, where we touched to land them.

The lake of Lucerne, or of the four Forest Cantons (Vier-Waldstädter-see), so called from the four cantons of Uri, Unterwalden, Schwytz, and Lucerne, which exclusively form its shores, is one of the most beautiful to be found in Europe. Bordered by high mountains, rocky bluffs, and exquisite sites for farms and country-houses—with fine timber, and glimpses of perpetual snow, there is a character of sublimity and yet peaceful repose, which impresses the beholder with admiration and delight. It is moreover classic ground, being emphatically *Tell's country*, by which name one of its long arms is generally called. We moved from the wharf at the town of Lucerne in a neat iron steamboat, still under a lens-like sun,

a motley company. Here was a large group of peasants, going as forward-deck passengers, in the rude dresses of the working people of the four different cantons; there not being room for all in this section of the boat, about as many were compelled to take tickets in the more exclusive part, where they were pressed in with several parties of English, and Prussian, and German, and French tourists; the most conspicuous, and the most observable of these foreigners, were two families from England, with children and servants. The natives were grouped in consultation on the present state of affairs, but our kinsmen, the *Britishers*, had come for pleasure, and pleasure they were determined to have, in their own way, for the worth of their money. They had brought materials for a pic-nic, consisting of all procurable meats and sweets, and by dint of considerable scolding they got up a table from the cabin, spread it out on the centre of the deck, and amidst the wonder of their more simple neighbours, commenced to do justice to the repast. Cold chickens, eaten with silver forks, surprised the Swiss, who were exceedingly amused, and apparently interested in the fate of the viands. The cloth was regularly removed by the attendants, and a course of cheese, and then another of strawberries with cream from a jug, underwent speedy demolition: the whole party *acted* as if they were quite at home, the ill-behaved children and scolding mamma receiving no little notice from the observers. Then came complaints, loud and long, from the papas, that the captain had removed the awning; this was done because of a head-wind as we rounded a promontory, but they declared it was only to *save it*, which put the already hot captain, given to scolding his men immoderately in public, in a perfect fury; at one moment it was doubtful whether the élite party would not be set on shore. Thus do *some* of the English behave abroad.

The lake is in the form of a cross; when we neared its centre, with Mount Pilate on our right, in gloomy solemnity, the scene was extremely beautiful. The Rhigi, a mountain

which most tourists ascend to enjoy the view, girt with ever-green forests, was on our left. Here a number went ashore, but before they could have more than ascended half way, we observed the mountain was enveloped in dense clouds. They have had heavy rain all night, and returned at noon to-day, quite dispirited, having been crowded in a miserable chalet, overcome with wet and cold; they entirely lost the grand views of sunset and sun-rising, from the top. This ascending of mountains is at best a sorry business.

We soon stopped at Gersau, opposite the foot of the Rhigi. This is the place which for four centuries formed an independent state, the smallest in the world, its entire territory not measuring more than three miles by two, formed against the side of a mountain, two torrents washing its central portion. The ground is rugged and broken, yet have these people subdued its wildness, and made it to blossom with fruit-trees; there are about 1400 inhabitants, their largest and most conspicuous building being, as usual, the church. Originally serfs, the inhabitants bought their freedom in 1390 with the proceeds of ten years' hard toil, and maintained their independence till the French occupied Switzerland in 1798, since which they have been united to the canton of Schwytz.\*

\* Murray. I must here, once for all, acknowledge the obligations which every traveller owes to Murray's various guide-books for the continent. Though not always correct, they contain an amount of information and facts perfectly astonishing, and leave little to be desired by the *voyageur*, except the pleasure which the sight of the objects described, gives. These works are indispensable—better even than the most intelligent companion; the best travelling tutor would be a poor substitute; without "Murray" one would get along like a blind man: as to lodgings, his recommendation makes, as his warning against, breaks the fortune of any hotel. One landlord, not recommended, declared to me at Lucerne, that if Mr. Murray said it was right to enter the Cathedral of Cologne on horseback, he verily believed the English would all do so. A "Mr. Murray," no relation to the bookseller, but suspected to be the author, going up the Rhine, told us he was feasted every-



Though Gersau possessed a criminal jurisdiction of its own, together with a still existing gallows, that emblem of sovereignty, no instance of a capital execution occurred during the whole of its existence as a separate state.

At Brunnen, a little further on, we took on board a number of travellers, among them two Americans, who had come by the regular route over the St. Gothard pass, from Milan, having visited Rome, Naples, and other parts of Italy, while I had been idling in Paris; they had been no longer from America than myself, which gave me a twinge of regret that I had not been equally industrious. They consoled me, however, by stating that they had suffered dreadfully from heat *and fleas*, and would not go again, at this season, for a good portion of the Pope's dominions. They had seen Vesuvius in powerful action for several days and nights. It was mortifying to be within eighteen hours' ride of Milan, and not to have the needful passport! If mine had included Italy, I believe I should have gone, but I was far from the proper source. Let future travellers in Switzerland include Italy among the possibles, and prepare accordingly.

The lake now suddenly changes its direction, and you look straight up a long reach that you had not previously conceived to exist, between two beetling promontories which open a narrow passage, running without much deviation from a direct course, to Altorf; this is the most exquisitely beautiful portion of Lake Lucerne. As you ascend past its wooded precipices, with here and there a cultivated spot, you pass the *Tellenplatte*, on which is Tell's chapel, a small summer-house-looking building; here, according to tradition, Tell sprang ashore out of the boat in which Gessler was carrying him a prisoner to the dungeons of Kussnacht, when the sudden storm on the lake compelled him to remove Tell's fetters, in order to avail himself of the hero's skill as a steersman; thus affording the where, and had hard work to get the hotel-keepers to make out any bill whatever, so anxious are they to get recommended in the next edition.

captive an opportunity of escape. Next you land below Altorf, and walk or ride to the spot where Tell shot the apple from the head of his boy; here rude statues are erected of the father and son. The sail back is highly picturesque, or would be, if like us you are not overtaken by a thunder-storm, and obliged to pass most of the time with the grumbling English parties in a confined cabin.

Yours, &c.

### LETTER XXXIX.

Lucerne.

The Lion of Lucerne—Holbein's Dance of Death—A funeral—The church cloisters—Convent—Tell's sword—Lucerne to Zurich—Slow travelling—Zug—Heraldry among republicans—Zurich—Iron manufactures—Hotel Baur—Peculiarities—Dignitaries—The Diet—Table des Ambassadeurs—The dinner—Legislation—Farming—The river Limmat—A tea machine.

The *lion* of Lucerne is undoubtedly the monument erected to the memory of the Swiss guards, who fell in defending the royal family of France in the great massacre of the French Revolution in 1792, for it is no less than a magnificent sculptured lion cut from the solid rock, to the sides of which it is still attached. The figure designed by Thorwaldsen stands in a garden near the town frequented by the populace, but the private property of a General Pfeiffer; its guardian keeps a shop of prints and curiosities, and expects a small fee, or that you should purchase something; another of those ingenious devices by which the traveller's hand is kept, in all parts of Europe, constantly making evolutions between his pocket and another person's palm. The curious old bridge leading to the old Catholic church has paintings overhead from Holbein's Dance of Death; rather appropriate to the place,

for while examining one of the pictures, a funeral passed on to the burying-ground ; it was that of a child about five years old. In advance was the priest, the parents following at a rapid pace, while the infant, in a plain uncovered coffin, was carried in the rear by a young man ; this was the whole cortège. The child was dressed in white, and decked out with tinsel and gay ribbons, contrasting strongly with the marble hue of death. The church has a series of covered cloisters attached, running round the three sides of the graveyard quadrangle, with vaults throughout, and mural tables opposite each, while the poorer classes are interred in the open central space. The carvings in stone of saints on the front of the church are very antique and rude. An old convent is near by. Lucerne presents appearances to the eye differing much from any town we have seen, and as it has been and is likely to become again the theatre of exciting events, interested us greatly.\* At the arsenal you may see some suits of rusty armour, Tell's sword, and a battle-axe of Ulric Zwingli—so they tell you, though some doubts of their authenticity are expressed by antiquarians.

#### Zurich.

A good road has lately been constructed from Lucerne to Zug and thence to Zurich ; the travel is by Diligence at an extremely slow pace, starting late in the morning and accomplishing but forty-two miles in the day. They do not seem to value time in the least, and wonder why you can possibly desire to go more than that distance in the twenty-four hours. The town of Zug, with a population of about

\* It is curious to remark that, even in these days of liberal ideas and Catholic emancipation, a citizen of Lucerne is deprived of all political privileges if he be a Protestant.

three thousand, on the lake of Zug, is a most primitive-looking old place, where the people seem to have nothing to do but saunter about, smoke, and go to sleep. It too, has a wall, and outside are vineyards, orchards, and crops of various kinds. We remained there about half an hour, during which I took a survey of a Capuchin convent and a nunnery, and also of the odd old church in the suburbs, surrounded by tombstones with armorial bearings, coats and crests; these republicans, like many Americans, are very fond of heraldry. The lake possesses nothing remarkable in its general features.

Before arriving at Zurich, the route descends to the lake of the same name by a winding road somewhat resembling that from the Jura at Geneva, giving fine views of the beautiful scenery, full of vineyards, good country-seats, and exhibiting remarkable fertility. The town has the appearance of a capital; houses of great pretensions, fine hotels, and a truly remarkable, elegant, and large *station-house* for Diligences, with every convenience like those on a great railroad. You soon learn that Zurich is in importance the second town of Switzerland, having extensive manufactories; one of its citizens has a foundry, where he constructs steam-engines and even iron steamboats, now generally introduced on the Swiss lakes.

We were set down at the *station* and walked over the way to the new and splendid hotel Baur; under a *porte-cochere*, a fine-looking servant, *dressed in full regimentals*, received us with extreme politeness, passed us to a *maitre d'hotel*, who conducted us to a line of servants, who passed us to a range of chambermaids; but with all this show of civility, it was half an hour before my friend or myself could get our luggage carried to our rooms.

We ordered dinner, and soon found we had got among the dignitaries; the Diet of the Cantons is in session at this moment here; whatever town, in turn, receives the now distracted councillors, it is expected that the ambassadors from all the countries represented shall be on the spot, and accord-

ingly they are all under the same roof with us;—very soon we were invited to dine—not *at* the formal *table des ambassadeurs*, where they were all assembled with their families, and where the fashion is for them to be select, but at a little end table, where we could see all that passed and have the *honour* of partaking of the same food as these representatives of majesty; no American ambassador is now at this mimic court. Every circumstance of the dinner indicated that it was looked upon as an event of great moment; people were peeping in at the windows—the waiters were more than usually spry—and the ambassadors ate their meat and drank their *vin du pays* much after the fashion of the numerous body of people who play that favourite trio with knife, fork, and wine-glass. The *diet*-ing here was more harmonious than what is expected at the *Rath-haus*, where the legislation is going on, and where the subject of the expulsion of the Jesuits is the topic on which they have met, but which they have not yet had courage to broach. The ambassadors from Catholic countries are looking on with interest. The town has a great preponderance of Protestant inhabitants, which, as in Ireland, accounts for the superior improvements and the improved condition of the people over that of the Catholic districts we have so lately left.

This canton is remarkable for its excellent husbandry; the farmers save every particle of liquid manure, carry it out in large wooden vessels in the shape of churns, and distribute it over the land by swinging it out of wooden ladles, much to the distress of the olfactories of travellers.

We took a delightful stroll round the borders of the lake and of the river issuing from it, before breakfast; every citizen seemed busy at some mechanical trade, the Limmat giving a fine water-power for the silk and other manufacturers.

Somewhat in haste to get breakfast next morning that we might see the Diet in session, we requested that it might be brought immediately; but a great delay occurring, I sallied out to ascertain the cause; we had been asked if we would

have our tea from *a machine*, and as we were curious to see what would come, we said yes. In the adjoining room three able-bodied men were perspiring powerfully, and endeavouring to get the tea machine ready. What think you it was? An English urn with a spirits-of-wine lamp beneath; but with all the ingenuity of the three, the spirits would *not* burn. One was lighting lucifer matches, another holding the wick, and the third a napkin, all deeply distressed at our urgent calls and their utter inability to get up the steam! They looked as if they thought me a magician, when I reversed the wick in the spirits and instantly set the flame to it with success.

We took a peep at the assembled wisdom of the cantons, the doors with a military guard, but could not see any thing going on, and I departed soon in the *Diligence*, my friend Col. Thayer going further round, by the Lake of Como, the Baths of Pfeffers, and Schaffhausen. My next will carry you to the banks of the Rhine at Basle.

Yours, &c.

## L E T T E R X L.

Basle.

Zuinglius, and other reformers—Gessner—Lavater—Cappell—The Swiss confederates—Death of Zuinglius—His monument—Ride to Basle—Dwellings—A new conducteur—Brugg—Cradle of the Hapsburg family—Baths of Schintznach—Abbey of Königsfelden—Zimmerman—Banks of the Rhine—American and English travellers—Basle—Domestique de place—Cathedral—Tomb of Erasmus—Room of the Council of Basle—The Library—Autographs of Luther, Melancthon, &c.—Holbein Gallery.

I SHOULD have remarked that I have just passed the country of Zuinglius. The house in which he lived was pointed out at Zurich. It is also the birthplace of Hammerlin, another re-

former; of Gessner the poet, and Gessner the naturalist; of Pestalozzi the teacher, and last, not least, of Lavater, whose grave, in a small but neat cemetery, I visited and plucked a harebell from his tomb under the simple mural tablet which marks his resting-place—still kept in neat order by his sister's children. The previous day we had passed Cappel, a village which has obtained a sad celebrity in Swiss history, as the spot where the Swiss confederates, embittered, as now, by religious discord, dyed their hands in one another's blood; and where Zuinglius the reformer fell, surrounded by his flock, in 1531. "In accordance with the customs of the time and country, he attended his people to the field of battle, to afford them spiritual aid and consolation, and was struck down in the fight, and found by a soldier of Unterwalden, who did not know him, but who ascertaining that he refused to call on the Virgin and Saints, despatched him as a dog and a heretic. His body, when recognised by his foes, was burned by the common hangman, and even his ashes subjected to the vilest indignities that malice could suggest." We saw by the roadside before reaching the town, his monument, consisting of a rough massive block of granite, bearing Latin and German inscriptions. Wildhaus, on the road to Schaffhausen, claims the honour of being his birthplace.

The ride to Basle is through a very pleasant country, marked by features of high cultivation, and more of German in the population, and very dirty—such as we see in some Pennsylvania counties—the taverns strikingly like. Milch-cows do the work of oxen; fine barns attached to the dwelling-houses, stables, hay-mow, granary and pig-sty—all under one roof, create a neighbourhood by no means savoury.

We had now a driver and a conducteur of another rig entirely, with a Robin-Hood horn and red livery. As we entered the walled town of Brugg, I should have lost my head under the low gateway, but for a timely admonition from both these civil people. Brugg is an ancient possession of the House of Hapsburg, a fragment of whose ancient ruined

castle, the cradle of the House of Austria, is visible as you enter the town, on a wooded height two miles distant. The tall square keep has walls eight feet thick, and beneath is a dungeon entered by a trap-door in the floor above. The view takes in the site of the Roman Vindanissa, the ruined castle of Braunegg the property of the sons of the tyrant Gessler, and Birr, Pestalozzi's burial-place, as well as the whole Swiss patrimony of the Hapsburg family, from which Rudolph was called to wield the sceptre of Charlemagne. Many of the Austrian royal family were buried here, their remains having been but lately transported beyond the Rhine. Three miles from Brugg, are the Baths of Schintznack, the most frequented watering-place in Switzerland.

I took a leisurely survey of the odd old town of Brugg. Half a mile outside the walls stands a very large building, till very recently the Abbey of Königsfelden, founded in 1310, by the Empress Elizabeth, and Agnes Queen of Hungary, on the spot where their husband and father, the Emperor Albert, was assassinated. It now looks simply like an extensive old house, being converted to the purposes of a mad-house, hospital, and farm-mansion. Brugg was the birthplace of Zimmerman, the writer on Solitude, and physician to Frederick the Great.

After a much more extended tour in Switzerland than I had contemplated on leaving Paris, I now find myself at Basle on the banks of the Rhine, most comfortably ensconced at the Three Kings, a hotel of the best kind; my windows overlook the beautiful rushing waters of the river, and the dinner-room has a balcony overhanging it; the Three Kings are prominent objects as you mount the steps, their statues, dressed in colours like those of our Indians, and begilt and bedizened, over the door. The utmost civility awaits the wearied traveller, who is glad to meet these evidences of civilization, to pace the long, paved corridors, and feast his eyes with the first beauties of the memorable Rhine. I here met several conversable persons who had been my companions at other



scenes; refreshed in the bath and the dining-room, and lounged away an hour on the ornamental balcony, listening to the sound of running waters, and the music of the voices of countrymen of my own. Americans now become more numerous, and English swarm; the troubles in the interior of Switzerland have deterred many from taking the route I have just come over; they ascend the Rhine, however, with impunity, and many of them are bound to Lake Como, or Schaffhausen, or the Baths of Pfeffers. The servants speak English; they had my luggage, forwarded from Berne, carefully locked up, had paid the cost of transporting it, and gave me altogether one of those warm hotel-welcomes, so agreeable, but so poor a substitute after all, for home. After I was fairly booked (hooked), however, their attentions were transferred to newer comers, and my bill showed that the great effort had been to charge every thing carefully, even to a tumbler of milk—(half a franc), and a poor candle, *as usual*, one franc. This time it was a *bougie* or wax-candle; I determined if any of it was left, to put it in the mouth of my carpet-bag, to see how they would like my avoiding this profitable extortion, at the next place.

Swiss, in its political relations, Basle is historically a part of Suabia, and is German in its aspect. The population is stated to amount to twenty-three thousand; the Rhine being here navigable, though scarcely so above the town, and being situated in an angle on the frontiers of France, Germany, and Switzerland, Basle holds an important position. The railroad which connects it with Strasbourg, brings a great amount of travel, while its habitations mark the residence of wealthy merchants or manufacturers of ribands, cotton, and paper.

The *valet de place* is here a *domestique de place*; a respectable and intelligent young man answered to my call, detailed to me the objects of interest which he could show me in a day's tarry, and I secured his services, with a carriage, for the morrow.

The Cathedral (Münster), was our first as well as last place to visit. Its construction differs much from those of France; the material is sandstone of a deep-red colour, while the roof is of party-coloured tiles, put on in figures. The two lofty spires, and the curious old cloisters for burying-places, together with the German and antique ensemble, form a novel and picturesque object to an American. I believe I have been lenient to you in avoiding one of the book-making arts of giving architectural descriptions of buildings, in terms which none but architects read, and of pictures, in language which nobody understands; commend this course to future travellers, and allow me only a brief description of this, and a few other cathedrals hereafter. It was commenced in 1010, by the Emperor Henry II. The four columns inside are formed of groups of detached pillars, with grotesque capitals; the fitting up with pews (for it is now occupied as a Protestant place of worship) is rude, but convenient; one contrivance, in case of a full attendance, I have not seen at home; little benches, with a movable foot, are buttoned against every pew; they may be easily let down when required, and thus may be avoided the necessity of carrying seats down the aisles. The tomb of Erasmus is near the altar; against a pillar is the small red-marble tombstone, with a brief inscription, marking the spot, with the date 1536. A stairway leads into the old chapter-house, in which meetings of the committees of the Council of Basle were held in 1440. The room remains unaltered since the day of this celebrated council. The cloisters are very extensive, being a succession of quadrangles and open halls, occupied by the dead of the last five centuries, and filled with vaults, and tombs, and tablets, recording long-departed worth, nobility, or talent; they run to the verge of the hill on the river; adjoining them is a terrace, or public mall, planted with chestnut-trees, and commanding fine views up and down the Rhine, and of Little Basle on the other side.

The carvings and the whole of the front of the church, have an indescribable air of German antiquity.

The guide was able to procure me admittance to the Library, though the librarian was absent on a little tour to Germany. His intelligent substitute, left to keep the closed rooms in order, was very useful in showing us the principal curiosities in this collection of fifty thousand volumes—among them the Acts of the Council of Basle, in three volumes, with chains attached to the binding; also a portion of the library of Erasmus; his “Praise of Folly” is here, with marginal illustrations by the pen of Holbein. I handled too the handwriting of Luther, Melancthon, Erasmus, and Zuinglius, &c. The library is in an old church, the galleries of which thus answer a good purpose. This constitutes the best library in Switzerland; it has a few very curious MSS. from old monasteries, in fine preservation—among which do not fail to remark one of the rarest kind on red vellum. In the lower story are some old Roman remains, such as altars, tombs, bronzes, pottery, inscriptions, &c.

Yours, &c.

## L E T T E R   X L I .

Basle.

Holbein gallery—Dance of Death not Holbein's—His history—Anecdote—The University of Basle—Erasmus—Euler—Bernouilli—The arsenal—The Rathhaus—M. Vischer's terraced garden—Walls and towers of Basle—Terra cotta figures of the Dance of Death—American cotton ascending the Rhine—Railroad to Strasburg—Paté de foies gras—French frontier—Vexatious scene—Passports—The English ladies—Low valley of the Rhine—Indian corn and tobacco—Poor villages—Walled towns—Manufacturing villages—Strasburg—Fortifications—Hotel de France—The cathedral.

THE gallery of paintings and drawings by the younger Holbein should be visited by all strangers in Basle; it is the most interesting collection of his works extant; it includes the passion of Christ; his wife and children; portraits of Erasmus, and others; a number of sepia drawings, with his own portrait; original sketch for the famous picture of the family of Sir Thomas More; with a great number of his peculiar productions. Also, a few of the fresco fragments of the original Dance of Death, but Holbein has been deprived of the credit of originating this series, since it is known to have existed at the time of the Council of Basle, fifty years before his birth. He was obliged to seek patrons in England, where many of his best pictures remain. Originally a house-painter, it is said he was employed to ornament the house of an apothecary, who was anxious to keep the youth at work: but Holbein wishing to repair to a neighbouring wine shop, painted a pair of legs so exactly like his own, on the under

side of the scaffolding, that the apothecary, seated below, believed him to be constantly present.

The university, which once numbered among its professors, Erasmus, Euler, and Bernouilli, was closed. I visited the remaining curiosities of Basle, such as the arsenal, the Rathhaus, of Gothic architecture, the terraced garden of M. Vischer, of no great pretensions, and the carefully-preserved walls, watch-towers, &c., well worthy of inspection. At a bookstore where prints and maps abound, the proprietors have a very curious manufactory of terra cotta figures, representing the Dance of Death—the figures coloured, and labelled in French and German, and correctly copied from the pictures. If the manufacturer follows my advice, and does the labels into English, there can be little doubt of a large sale in America and England.

American cotton in considerable quantity ascends the Rhine by steam to Strasburg, and is brought to Basle in wagons, or by railroad, at a great expense, to be manufactured here, and at intermediate places; the ascent of this part of the river, against the stream, has been found tedious and difficult, and a railroad has been constructed, on which we are to travel to-morrow.

#### Strasburg.

A tolerably good railroad from Basle to this place, along the valley of the Rhine, and past several manufacturing towns, brought me comfortably to Strasburg, so celebrated for its cathedral, and its *paté de foies gras*. I was seated in the cars between a sister of charity and a priest, who took little or no notice of each other, both employing their time in the perusal of religious books. On entering again the French frontier, below Basle, the scene of the examination of the passengers' luggage was one of confusion, which led to no detection of smuggling, and was a source of trouble and inconvenience to all, not excepting the regimental officers whose duty it was to dive into every body's trunk and

bag. As soon as the cars stopped at the station, all the baggage-cars were unpacked of their contents, and the great trunks, &c., were carried into an office with benches and counters, behind which stood the examiners. Among so much, and with so many porters, it happened always that packages belonging to the same persons were separated, and the result was a bawling from perspiring fat ladies, and a great anxiety on the part of all. My hat-box was on one bench, trunk on a counter, and bag in another place; the first, not locked, was turned inside out and hastily closed without being strapped, while I was endeavouring to repack the trunk, into which it was impossible in a hurry to return all the contents. The carpet-bag was in a similar predicament; the alternative was to bundle up the extras in a dressing-gown and hurry back to the cars, almost indifferent whether such troublesome companions as "big box, little box, bandbox, and bundle," were left behind or not. This system was adopted when travellers were few and far between; the idea then might have been well enough carried out, but now that the douane is invaded by a modern rush of railroad pleasure travellers by steam, both examiners and passengers are seriously annoyed. Passports, too, had to be viséed and returned—often to the wrong owner. How long this system will be continued, remains to be seen. The English ladies were particularly discomfited. Most of them had models of Swiss cottages nailed up in fragile boxes, which they carried by hand, and other Swiss curiosities to ornament their parlours at home; all these precious packages were unnailed, often broken in the process, and rendered difficult to transport safely by the operation. My writing-case was even required to be unlocked. The person, fortunately, is not subjected to examination, or I feel assured that a good invoice of Swiss watches and bijouterie, might have been detected, particularly *a pair* of those costly little Geneva gold singing-birds, which spring from a gold box so magically, sing so sweetly, and then jump back as the lid eloses over

them. An American gentleman of fortune had been tempted to purchase *two*.

The low grounds bordering the Rhine, give evidence that the whole has been long submerged at a former period; rolled river stones and coarse river gravel seem to compose much of the soil, on which good wheat, a little Indian corn, and less tobacco are cultivated.

The regulations on this railroad resemble those of England; men are stationed at numbers of places, such as crossings or turn-outs, with an arm extended to show the engineer that all is right. The rails are not laid with the same firmness as the English, and the shaking, like that on our own routes, is not agreeable. The poor villages we passed gave evident signs that business and life was more stationary than in our *go-ahead* country. The manufacturing towns look dull and heavy; often walled, the walls are ruinous and neglected; it was plain, even to a railroad traveller, that there was much stagnation of mind in the people. Appearances improved as we approached Strasburg, the tower and spire of the great cathedral looming up to the heavens, and seen from a great distance on this level route.

The city is strongly fortified, with a large garrison; double bastions must be passed before entering it, bridges and moats also, and altogether there is an appearance of military occupation of an imposing character, reminding one of the times of Napoleon. It is the capital of the ancient province of Alsace, the Rhine frontier of France; it is German in its language and aspect; it was the *Agentoratum* of the Romans.

Rather uncomfortably accommodated at the best caravan-serai, the Hotel de France, my first visit was, of course, to the grand cathedral, of which so much has been said and written in all the books of travellers for centuries. It is the noblest Gothic edifice in Europe; its spire, the highest in the world, rises four hundred and seventy-four feet above the pavement, twenty-four feet higher than the great pyramid of Egypt, and one hundred and forty feet higher than St. Paul's.

Begun by Erwin, of Steinbach, who died in 1318, before it was half finished, his daughter Sabina continued to superintend the work; but the single tower now existing was not completed till four hundred and twenty-four years after it was commenced. Both towers should be finished to carry out the design; one only has ever been attempted for want of funds, so that the building has a lopsided appearance. Ascend this great height, if you like, and look over the flat country around; but do not ask me to accompany you. The open tracery of the stone fretwork is extremely delicate. The cathedral is closely surrounded by houses of no pretensions; shops, and ugly, dirty people, do not add to the effect.

Yours, &c.



GERMANY.

The first part of the paper discusses the general theory of the subject, and the second part discusses the special case of the subject. The first part is divided into two sections, the first of which discusses the general theory and the second of which discusses the special case. The second part is divided into two sections, the first of which discusses the general theory and the second of which discusses the special case.

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## LETTER XLII.

Strasburg.

Opinions of the cathedral—Description—Mass—The great clock—Military-looking guide—The host—The cost of the building—Moonlight view—Monument to Marshal Saxe—Church of St. Thomas—A mummy or two found in the church—Oberlin—Goëthe—His dwelling—Invention of printing—The library—Early printed books—Anecdote—Roman remains—Journey to Baden-Baden—Douane at Kehl—Baden-Baden, a fashionable German watering-place—The Hotel de Angleterre—Flowers—Gaming—Mons. Benazet—The servants.

HOPE, in his work on Architecture, says of the Cathedral of Strasburg—"The gigantic mass, over the solid part of which is thrown a netting of detached arcades and pillars, which, notwithstanding their delicacy, from the hardness and excellent preservation of the stone, are so true and sharp as to look like a veil of the finest cast-iron, contains a circular window forty-eight feet in diameter, and rises to the height of two hundred and thirty feet—that is, higher than the towers of York Minster."

"The building," says Mr. Whewell, "looks as if it were placed behind a rich open screen, or in a case of *woven stone*. The effect of the combination is very gorgeous, but with a sacrifice of distinctness from the multiplicity and intersections of the lines."

The nave was begun in 1015, and was two hundred and sixty years in hand before completion, and this is not the oldest portion. The painted glass, great rose windows, the enormous height, ornaments in the hardest stone, the great space,—all tend to impress the mind with astonishment. As

I was soon known for a stranger, a verger in military costume and staff, accosted me, and became my guide to the interior, where mass was performing in two different places, and the usual prostrate poor people were kneeling, while the little candles blazed before altars. The most beautiful clock in the world is in one corner, near the high altar; one of the most remarkable features of it is the excellent manner and taste with which its various parts are now painted. The solar system is in motion, with every contrivance to exhibit all that a clock can do, including calendar and astrolabe; a cock crows every hour; youth strikes the quarter hours, middle age the half, growing age the third quarter, and death sounds the knell after the cock has crowed. This horological apparatus, long out of order, has been thoroughly repaired lately, at a cost of one hundred and twenty thousand francs, and is to many the greatest attraction of the cathedral; crowds wait about to see the hourly operations, in which figures, wheels, moon, stars, and planets, produce a great effect. My military-looking cicerone was well satisfied with a franc for his trouble, and after I left him went to assist the service by preceding the host as it was carried round, with an air that said it was a trade in which he felt no interest whatever, beyond the salary. The interest of the vast amount of money spent on this pile would serve to educate the whole poor of Strasburg, sunk in abject ignorance and dependence on their priests.

I visited the cathedral many times, studied its architecture with interest, and became almost an habitu e of its interior by daylight, to catch the spirit of its architecture, while hours by moonlight were passed in gazing at its tower and spire as the clouds flitted unconsciously past, sometimes in contact, as they obscured the beautiful moon. How I wish you could have a view of one great cathedral with me; this would repay a traveller for all the fatigues endured in reaching it.

Pigalle's greatest work, the Monument to Marshal Saxe, paid for by Louis XV., adorns the Protestant church of St.

Thomas. Here is an exhibition, shown by a woman, which is revolting. In a room attached to the church is a human body preserved by some species of embalming; said to be that of a count of Nassau. His tomb being disturbed by some repairs to the building, this body was discovered almost in the state in which it was interred. It has been placed in a coffin with a glass lid; the face, somewhat discoloured, preserves its form perfectly, the nose and all. In another coffin is his daughter, similarly covered; but her flesh is fast parting from the bones, the head and hands particularly, while the clothes of each, of antique fashion, are remarkably perfect. They were supposed to have been buried more than a century when discovered. What motive induces the Protestant congregation, which worships in this building, to keep such an object above ground, I cannot conceive; the female custode profits by it, as all strangers go to the church for the purpose of seeing this disagreeable sight.

Oberlin, and other distinguished men, received their educations at Strasburg, and Goëthe here took his degree of Doctor of Laws in 1772, at the university suppressed at the Revolution. The house in which he lived is still in excellent preservation. The present owner, a physician, has placed an inscription over the door to commemorate its occupation by the poet. It is a large, double, stately dwelling.

We are now in the neighbourhood where printing was invented; at the public library fine specimens of early date are shown, as well as several rare and beautiful manuscripts. Cicero *de Senectute*, printed by Faust in 1465, and a Bible printed at Strasburg in 1466, should be examined. Guttemberg made his first attempts at printing in Strasburg, but removed down the Rhine to Mayence (Mentz), where he brought it to perfection. Shaeffer was a native of this place. The library, a large one, say one hundred and ten thousand volumes, is in a poor building, and the books are distributed over many rooms. The librarian was particularly attentive to gratify my curiosity respecting the red vellum manuscript

with Byzantine illuminations. When I spoke of the Philadelphia Library, of which Dr. Franklin was one of the founders and the first librarian, he said, "Ah, yes; at Washington." In the vestibule are many curious Roman antiquities, dug up on the Rhine; altars, inscriptions, &c., (one of them recording, in well-executed letters on stone, the site as occupied by the 22d legion,) with other remains, will arrest the American eye, not accustomed to handle and look upon such curiosities.

#### Baden-Baden.

Crossing the Rhine by a bridge of boats of considerable length, you arrive at another douane for the examination of passports and luggage at Kehl, preparatory to obtaining liberty to enter Germany, the first point being the domains of the Grand Duke of Baden, whose beautiful watering-place of Baden-Baden I am now luxuriating in. A railroad connects Kehl with this place, and it is continued through Carlsruhe, &c., to Frankfort on the Maine, Wiesbaden, and Cologne. An omnibus carried us up from the station to our hotel, through a town reminding one not a little of Saratoga in its air, though its houses are built so very differently. Gardens, shrubs, and trees, beautiful shaded walks, irregular ground, and an *ensemble* of leisure in the walkers, gave indications not to be mistaken, that I had arrived at a fashionable German watering-place.

My English travelling companions having agreed to meet me at the Hotel d'Angleterre, the most fashionable in the town, where I found them, view us mounting a fine marble staircase, every step set out with superb flowers in full bloom, cultivated in green houses and brought daily in conformity with a pretty German and Swiss fashion. A luxurious room, overlooking a small piece of water, and not far from that

great attraction and temptation, the *Conversations Haus*, gave me agreeable impressions of what I was to enjoy while resting at this head-quarters of pleasure, and, since the shutting up of the Paris gaming-houses, of gambling. Gamesters, to apply a mild term, are a body of men infesting every old community; against them the morality of even France has preached a crusade, and banished them by law. Under favour of these German princes, they have receded from the sea-coast, and taken refuge in Baden-Baden, Wiesbaden, Homberg, &c., where, for the privilege of fleecing the pleasure-hunters and people with a propensity to gaming, they pay an enormous bonus to the dukes of Baden or Nassau; the same company of speculators operate at both places, their *chef* being Mons. Benazet, formerly the *farmer* of the Parisian gaming-houses, who has fitted up the public rooms and walks in great splendour, and is understood to reap a rich harvest from the deluded votaries of the blind goddess, who resort here for four months from all the countries of Europe, especially from Prussia and Russia, to lose their rouleaux of gold.

Our hotel is kept by a German, who speaks English, and he has servants who can converse in all European languages. If you speak French or English to one who does not understand you, he immediately sends the waiter possessing the desired tongue, mostly a native of the country desired.

Yours, &c.

## LETTER XLIII.

Baden-Baden.

Peculiarities of a residence at Baden-Baden—Hotels—Dinner—Cookery—Courses—The guests—An American family—A newspaper at table—Rentier—Princes—Nobleman from Greece—The arrivals in the Gazette—Advertisement of a Sunday concert by the Duke's band—Pleasure grounds—Conversations Haus—Shops—Bohemian women—The scene—Café—The gambling rooms—Rouge et noir—Female gambler—Roulette—Winners and losers—Sunday the great gambling day—The Duke's subjects not allowed to play.

THE customs of a watering-place in America are so different from those here, that I may be excused for noticing, in a hurried manner, a few of their peculiarities. You select any hotel you choose, such as that of "France," "Holland," "Russie," "Prussie," "Germany," "de l'Europe," "du Rhin," or the "Badenscher Hof," where the charge for a single bed-room is from two to five florins a day (a florin being about forty-two cents); you breakfast alone, or with your own party in the *salon à manger* appropriated to this meal, and dine at home, or at other hotels, as fancy dictates, at a six o'clock *table d'hote*, having selected your dining place before twelve, and given notice to the landlord, who provides, accordingly, a sufficient number of seats for his expected guests; regularity and attention is thus insured. The dinner is in the German fashion; the cookery being somewhat French, and excellent, is handed round by accomplished waiters in a long succession of courses, somewhat in the following order: soup, pudding, salad, fish, chicken, and



other poultry ; meat, including *ros-bif*, and a parcel of made dishes, the composition of which is unknown to me ; a good dessert follows. A bottle of wine of the country to every plate, without charge ; the whole for fifty cents, at the most *recherché* tables. The gentlemen are moustached, and the ladies extremely well dressed. The best-looking party, the most genteel in their air and carriage, at our hotel table to-day, is an American family, from the state of New York, who are the observed of all ; the beautiful and well-behaved children could not be excelled for figure and manner.

Between the meats and dessert, a most polished and quiet newsman sells you a brochure, half the size of one of our penny papers, in German, giving a list of all the visitors at Baden-Baden, where they stay, together with the latest arrivals ; their titles and professions. My name and those of my companions figure, to-day, correctly, but the French and German, as well as many English people, write so carelessly in the books of the hotels that when their turn comes to be printed, the most woful and amusing errors occur. "Rentier" is the title of those who have no other to sport, and of course mine. We find we are surrounded by princes from neighbouring German states, from Russia, &c., and we have one nobleman from Greece, now in the service of the Emperor Nicholas, and, it is whispered, the greatest gambler now in the place. Some people come here in pursuit of business, and their names and trades are also printed in the Gazette. We note several arrivals of milliners from Paris ; also a hair-dresser, who wishes it to be known that he is in private lodgings near the hot springs. An American lady and gentleman, whom I have been following up, by tracing them in the hotel-books, but who left to-day, figure as Mr. and *Lady* ———. At the end of the paper is an advertisement that the Duke's band, from his palace at Carlsruhe, will give a grand gratis concert, to-morrow, Sunday evening, at the grand ball-room in the Conversations Haus.

Very considerable attention has been paid here to planting

the pleasure-grounds, about the pump-room, &c., where retirement may be enjoyed in alcoves, or publicity obtained by those anxious to see the promenaders. The walks are kept in fine order. In company with an English clergyman, I sallied out to see the humours of the Conversations Haus, near the pump-room, to which the scalding hot-water is conveyed in pipes from a considerable distance. The conversation rooms are in a very large and ornamental building, erected by the Duke, and let to the Paris company for fifteen thousand dollars, with an additional charge, sufficient to keep up the public grounds. As you approach, both sides of the avenue to the building are lined by modern shops, under a poor covered arcade; these are rented to trinket-venders, exposing on their little counters every conceivable *imitation* of gold ornaments, seals, watches, glass and crystal stamps, ear-rings, purses, and German toys of inferior workmanship, but showy. Some of the shop-women are from Bohemia, wearing the peculiar pointed men's hats with a broad riband, and stomachers. In front of the great building is a stand or covered music summer-house, in which the Duke's band is performing extremely well. Loungers are seated about the front of a café, at little tables, in the Paris fashion, eating ices, smoking, drinking strong coffee or weak wine, and engaged in social converse, principally in German or Dutch; their costumes are peculiar, the whole place having a foreign air, to us so lately from Paris. In this café is a restaurant where from three to five hundred dine daily at a very small cost. Indeed the whole expenses necessary to incur here, and to live well, are not half those of Saratoga, or our seashores.

Mount the steps of the Conversations Haus, and enter the gambling rooms; a soldier in full dress guards the entrance, but every well-dressed person is admitted. In a large-room is the *rouge et noir* table—see what a crowd of lookers-on surround it! As you have never seen the game, and as every body else does so, you approach and look over the shoulders

of the spectators. A large green cloth is nailed on an oblong table, having, on each side, compartments divided by yellow lines printed on the baize. In the middle sits a grave-looking and very gentlemanly personage dressed in black, who is dealing several united packs of small German cards; another sits opposite to superintend *the bank*, consisting of huge piles of gold, napoleons and silver florins, while two other assistants sit at each end to see that the play is correctly performed, and to prevent players from picking up other people's winnings; they also provide seats for those who wish to bet, and request non-players to give up theirs to more business-like ladies and gentlemen. If you sit down it is expected you will play. Round the table are seated men and women (*ladies* rarely play) with anxious faces, each with a wooden rake in hand to haul in their winnings, and most of them with little papers before them, on which they prick with a pin, as a black or red card turns up.

By this they expect to learn the decrees of fortune, for, if black is seen by the number of marks to have lately turned up very often, they presume that red will soon follow, and *vice versa*. The Russian, who has been gambling here for seven weeks, with rouleaux of gold, was hard at work, often betting fifty and a hundred dollars at a time, and every *jeu* was over in a minute. Sometimes he won largely, but on an average the rakes of the bankers took more than they lost. The next most determined bettor was a fat woman, rake in hand, who began to-day with a pocket full of gold, which she entirely lost, and was now betting silver florins and kronthalers that the card turned up would be either red or black. Numerous amateurs, standing behind the seated players, ventured their coins, but as far as I could ascertain, nine out of ten, who played, lost their money.

In the next room, *roulette*-tables were in full operation. Four men were similarly seated, with *banks* of gold and silver; but here the play was performed by dropping a ball into a revolving basin, the bottom divided into holes, each number-

ed, and when the ball falls into the number on which a player has bet, he wins largely. The bettors placed their money on the green cloth, selecting any number as high as thirty-six, which numbers were stamped on the baize in yellow; here, too, was a set of players on each side of the croupiers, some risking gold and others silver to large amounts. A few women were here also, rake in hand; several hard bettors played with spirit, and *one*, after losing several rouleaux, filled his pockets with gold, and prudently walked away, while most whom I watched lost uniformly in the long run. "*Messieurs, faites le jeu,*" and "*Messieurs, le jeu est fait,*" was repeated every minute as the money lost or won was raked in by the bankers or the players. I have described this high play, because it fortunately has gone out of fashion in America, and my readers may not have seen it.

You will be much surprised, probably, when I tell you that on Sunday, at ten A. M., all the rooms in the house are opened with similar tables, *and that this is the great gambling-time*, the evening especially, when a grand gratis concert is given, and most of the company at the watering-place attend in full costume! What a comment on all this is the fact that the Grand Duke positively prohibits all his subjects from playing at these tables. He permits others to be fleeced, but knowing that to be the result, does not allow his own people to enter the unholy circle.

Yours, &c.

## LETTER XLIV.

Baden-Baden.

The Romans at Baden-Baden—Remains—The hot-springs—Called “hell”—The water scalding hot—Roman masonry—Fashionable drinking hour—Grand Duke’s new castle—The Duke now here—His appearance—The Princess of Baden—The present family—Visit to the prisons under the castle—The secret tribunal—The dungeons—The solid stone doors—The rack chamber—The oubliette—Subterranean passages—Number of annual visitors at Baden.

THIS remarkable spot was known to, and occupied as a bathing-place by the Romans. There is a room near the palace and the source of the hot-springs, where are collected several curious Roman remains of stone, votive tablets to Neptune, Mercury, and Juno, pottery, &c. These hot-springs are thirteen in number, bursting out of the rocks at the foot of the castle terrace, called Schneckengarten. That part of the town is called “Hell,” though the gambling rooms should claim a participation in the title. The hottest spring is at 54° of Reaumur—the coldest 37°, from which they do not vary in winter or summer; snow, in the coldest weather, never rests on this part of the town; the heat melts it as soon as it falls. The hottest water is conveyed to the hotels for bathing purposes, in pipes, but there is not a demand for the whole, and it runs smoking down the gutters, and some of the sources are used by the townspeople to scald their pigs and poultry. The vault over the hottest spring is of masonry of Roman construction. When the woman in attendance opens the iron door, you would suppose by the

heat and the steam which escapes that a good anthracite fire was beneath. The water is not unpleasant; adjoining is a temple, where people come in the morning to drink, and immediately start for a walk under a covered arcade. Others go for this purpose to the pump-room (*Trink-halle*), to which the water is conveyed; the fashionable hour here is from six to seven in the morning, when the band plays.

Immediately above the springs rises the *Neue Schloss* (new castle), of the Grand Duke, who has lately arrived from Carlsruhe for a short residence. Large carriage-loads of furniture and luggage are just arriving, under the charge of soldiers, who are marching with it to the castle. It is only *new* in contrast with the old ruined one on a higher hill, for it was built in 1689. I ascended a pair of rough hewn steps, to the grounds, and seeing no impediments, I and the *domestique de place* entered a kind of garden, shaded by old trees. Immediately before us was the Grand Duke, accompanied by two fine-looking sons and their tutor, who were walking up and down in the shade. They all took off their hats with the politeness of French gentlemen; indeed the Grand Duke\* is a most urbane personage; he mixes among his people

\* The princes of Baden had the title of margraves down to 1801; in 1803 the dignity of elector was conferred on them; and in 1806 they were rewarded by Napoleon, for their adherence to the confederacy of the Rhine, with the rank of grand duke. The Grand Duke Charles Frederick, married in 1806, Stephanie, adopted daughter of Napoleon; dying in 1818, without proper male issue, was succeeded by his uncle, Margrave Louis. At his death without children in 1830, he was succeeded by his half-brother, son of Charles Frederick by his second wife, a Countess of Hochberg, a lady of inferior rank, and whose marriage had been called a mesalliance, she belonging to the lower nobility. But the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Russia interfered, and frustrated the attempt to exclude her children from the succession. Her eldest son, now the reigning prince, is Leopold, who married a daughter of Gustavus IV., deposed King of Sweden. He has a fine family, judging from the sons I saw. The other children were driving about the town in a coach and four several times during my stay.

without ostentation, generally walking or riding through the town daily, but avoiding the play rooms—a fashionable example not followed by the visitors to his neighbourhood.

I applied to a valet for permission to visit the very remarkable dungeons cut out of the solid rock beneath the castle. He introduced me to the castellan, who having just emerged from their depths, handed me over to his daughter. With lamps we prepared for the descent, down stairs cut from the rock, under a tower, and through an ancient bath constructed by the Romans, the stone bath-tub still remaining. Altogether, the impressions in this descent to a subterranean prison cut out of a solid rock beneath a summer watering-place residence of a modern nobleman and his family, creates sensations novel and interesting. This you will understand when I tell you that the place has a history such as would grace the pages of Mrs. Radcliffe, and that I saw the *oubliette* and the dungeons thus accurately described in Murray.

“The present entrance has been broken through in modern times; originally the dungeons were only accessible from above, by a perpendicular shaft or chimney running through the centre of the building, and still in existence. The visiter, in passing under it, can barely discern daylight at the top. According to tradition, prisoners, bound fast in an arm-chair and blindfolded, were let down by a windlass into these dark and mysterious vaults, excavated out of the solid rock on which the castle is founded. The dungeons were closed not with doors of wood or iron, but with solid slabs of stone,\* turning upon pivots and ingeniously fitted. Several of them still remain; they are *nearly a foot thick*, and weigh from 1200 to 2000 pounds.

\* Several of these I passed through and shut them with considerable labour, their weight being so great, though they move evenly on their pivots. I confess I was not without a feeling of dread that they would fasten, as they once did upon a party, and leave me a prisoner.

“In one chamber, loftier than the rest, called the *Rack Chamber*, the instruments of torture stood; a row of iron hooks, forming part of the fearful apparatus, still remains in the wall. In a passage adjoining, there is a well or pit in the floor, now boarded over, originally covered with a trap-door. The prisoner upon whom doom had been passed, was led into this passage, and desired to kiss an image of the Virgin placed in the still existing niche at the opposite end; but no sooner did his feet rest on the trap-door than it gave way beneath his weight, and precipitated him to a great depth below, upon a machine composed of wheels armed with lancets, by which he was torn to pieces. This dreadful punishment was called the ‘*Baiser de la Vierge*,’ (the salutation of the Virgin,) and the fatal pit with its trap-door, an *oubliette*, because those who were precipitated down it were *oubliés*, never heard of more. The secret of this terrible dungeon remained unknown until, as the story goes, an attempt to rescue a little dog which had fallen through the planking above the pit, led to the discovery, at a depth of many yards,\* of fragments of ponderous wheels, set round with rusty knives, with portions of bones, rags, and torn garments, adhering to them.

“The last and largest of these vaults is called the *Hall of Judgment*. Here the judges sat upon stone benches, remains of which may still be traced round the wall. Behind the niche where the president sat is the outlet to a subterranean passage, by which the members of the court entered. It is said to have communicated at one time with the *Alte Schloss* (High Castle), three miles distant on the top of a hill, but is now walled up.

“According to popular belief, these dungeons were the seat of a *secret tribunal*, such as that described so well by Scott in *Anne of Gierstein*, and by Goethe in *Götz of Berlichingen*. There is little doubt that these prisons were the

\* Twenty feet appeared to me to be the depth as I surveyed it by a dim lamp. The dungeons could only have been lighted by lamps.



place of meeting of a mysterious tribunal, over which the lord of the castle probably presided. Such prisons were not unfrequently the instruments of tyranny, and the scenes of dark crimes; while at the best, from the secrecy of the proceedings, such a trial must have been but 'wild justice.'"

Think of this spot with its real paraphernalia of heavy stone doors, bolts ten feet long to close them from another apartment, its perfect darkness, its oubliette, into which you can still look, at the most fashionable of modern German watering-places, *approached by a railroad*, and say if such a tribunal can ever again exist where a "*chemin-de-fer*" or a steamboat penetrates. There was an impression among the English visitors at Baden-Baden that the dungeons had been closed up, and I did not wonder the present possessor should issue such an order, as it seemed scarcely creditable to be even the *successor* of people who could practise such dark deeds; a *douceur*, however, accomplished an entrance, and the sight interested me more than all the gay, living population of the place. Twenty thousand people visit the springs annually, and but few know or care to see this, to an American, most interesting feature of Baden-Baden. On visiting the High Castle, I shall be able to inform you that appearances there indicate the certainty that a secret communication existed between the two strongholds. The walling up of its entrance into the secret tribunal, has been done to prevent the falling rubbish from filling the rooms; this indicates that the passage has a descending course; it has not been explored in modern ages, having long fallen in. Ascend tomorrow with me to the old ruin on the hill, called the Alte Schloss.

Yours, &c.

## LETTER XLV.

Baden-Baden.

The company at the pump-room—Conversation—Music—Humours of the place—Princes and blacklegs—Excursion to the Alte Schloss—Skirts of the Black Forest—The old castle, a feudal pile—Saloon of the knights—The Beacon Tower—Storm—The repaired saloon—Restaurant—Contrasts—Communication with the lower castle and dungeons—Black mail abolished—Blacklegs—Moonlight scene—Family habits of the fourteenth century—Lords and ladies of ancient days—Reflections.

I ROSE early this morning to see the company in their dishabille at the pump-room and the springs; the sun shone brightly and there was a full attendance. A young lady presides, and draws the hot water into tumblers from a silver spout resembling our mineral water founts. Too hot to drink, the ladies are at liberty to show their airs and graces while it cools in their hands; lively conversation, almost drowned by the music of the band—a few people on crutches, and a number who will never find any water that will rejuvenate their aged limbs, some walking up and down and exchanging nods and “wreathed smiles” with their partners at the ball of last night—gossip as to who lost and who won during the last day of high play, and similar matters discussed in all the languages of Europe by modest people with titles, and by pretenders to fashion and figure with none, sends you back to breakfast with lively notions of a German bathing-place. Perhaps you have not been accustomed to see so much company assembled so far from the sea as this; the men are not

shipping merchants, such as compose your dashers at Long Branch or Saratoga, and you feel a curiosity that can be only partially gratified as to their stations and business; the result of all your observations is simply, that you meet here high-minded people as well as low, princes and blacklegs, fine ladies and grisettes, diplomats elbowed by parvenus, and a host who come for very much the same purposes as myself, to see life under new phases.

With my *domestique de place*, I made one of a number of pedestrians who whiled away a day by an excursion up to the old high castle, winding about through a beautiful piece of woods, part of the Black Forest, with old hemlocks and some modern planting with Balm of Gileads. A good carriage-road also conducts to this celebrated spot; as we walked, the four-horse coach of one of the young prince Galitzins of Russia, who was at our hotel in Paris, whisked past us. Some walkers were busy in collecting whortleberries; others were botanizing, or resting on the board seats; fine views of the country opened upon us at every turn. Reaching the old castle in ruins, we mounted its wall. It was the earliest residence of the Dukes of Baden, where they enjoyed such security as they could obtain by defending themselves on the top of this eminence. In the fifteenth century, when the right of private warfare was abolished, this stronghold was abandoned, and the dukes came down to their new schloss in the town. The galleries round its mouldering battlements have been repaired to make a walk for enjoying the scenery, as well as to preserve the old ruin from further decay. It is a magnificent labour of ambition, worthy the name of a feudal pile, a vast and intricate congeries of halls and corridors,—a true baronial castle, not the isolated tower of a simple knight, but the majestic and embattled palace of a mighty nobleman, who might safely say with Plantagenet—

“Our airy buildeth on the cedar’s top,  
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.”

It would seem from this aspiring edifice that the confusion of languages did not put an end to Babels. The immense solidity of the huge exterior circuit of wall, even more than its guardian hemlocks and pines; prevent your forming a correct idea of the castle, beyond a vague notion of its extent. But when you have passed the deep portal, over which the arms of the Zahringen are emblazoned, you find, that sedately as it seems to crown the very apex of the hill, its own architecture forms a scale of mounds which promise no trifling toil to the visiter to surmount. The saloon of the knights has been a noble chamber; the deep recesses of its spacious windows command the most ravishing charms of landscape; but alas, it is overgrown with beeches and pines sprung long time since from its floor, and you cannot do justice with the eye to its proportions.

Arrived at last, by a series of renovated stone staircases, at the very apex of the Beacon Tower, the elevation was so great that even

“The proud tops of the eastern pines”

had ceased from their competition with the presumption of man, either baffled in the endeavour, or without hope of ultimately o’ertopping those high walls which have beheld generations of their leafy race spring, decay, and perish. The pale Rhine uncoiled its distant and melancholy meanders, from one horizon to another, looking as lifeless and still as if it were some theatric scene. The distance looked dreary, as a rain-storm came up over the far extremity of the glimmering stream. Ere I had done my survey, a heavy shower drove me below for shelter. A novel and very curious scene presented itself in one of the old rooms.

Numerous pedestrians had collected in a large saloon which the Grand Duke, who takes special interest in the old castle; has fitted up and rented to a family who keep a kind of restaurant hotel. Oak panelling, tasteful pictures, chairs and tables from antique models, befit the scene. Numerous par-

ties from within and without the walls continued to flock in as the increasing shower made shelter needful. A motley throng of various nations took possession of the seats till none were left; they immediately began to call in a quiet manner for wine of various kinds, with bread, patés, and coffee, each party keeping distinct, and perfect order prevailing. As I looked out of a gothic bay window upon walls covered with ivy, weeds, and even trees springing from them, I espied a little court in which there could have been no less than thousands of empty bottles stacked up, showing how much company the modern *land-lord* of the castle entertained. The wassail scene how different from olden times—and the company, including myself from the far-off new world, not discovered when these walls were built, *how different!*

When the rain ceased, I went to look down the great chimney, sixty feet deep and five wide, which tradition declares, and appearances warrant us in believing, was the funnel through which the communication with the castle and dungeons in the town was maintained. It is now choked up—another kind of civilization, people with other habits and pursuits are pleasuring about it; Europe is at peace; marauders in doublet, and mail, and plume, are *laid*;—yonder ascends a steamboat from Holland, which has not been stopped at any castle below and black-mail levied; the only *blacks* about now are the *blacklegs*, levying contributions from the thoughtless and unwary at the licensed gaming-tables;—man is as savage as ever—his nature has not changed; he continues to impose in some manner upon his fellow; now that wars have ceased, he addresses his deception to our leisure moments, and robs by a more attractive means, where all is fair on the surface, but where facts prove that his hyena propensities have found the means of picking pockets, if not of sucking blood.

Moonlight caught me still gazing from these terraces, or pushing through old choked-up doorways, to trace relics of the family habits of the fourteenth century. Here were chimney-places one above the other, showing that there had been

a succession of floors and chambers—windows for shooting arrows from—bay windows commanding the finest prospects, and smaller ones to watch the approach of an enemy. I thought of the lords and ladies who had figured here, with their passions like ours, but with pursuits and habits of mind,—with such different ideas of right and wrong, and I wondered if *we* of the modern school, with our divisions into bitter sects, were better than these old self-defending, marauding, free-booting, castle-building, mail-clad princes.

Yours, &c.

## LETTER XLVI.

Baden-Baden.

Female beauty—Ugliness—Walks and drives—Castle of New Eberstein—Black Forest, why so called—The Favourite—Margravine Sybilla—Faded furniture—Sybilla's boudoir—Her sixty portraits—Cabinets—Gloomy chapel—Her wire scourge—Hair-shirt and iron cross—Her statue companions—Church and Convent of Lichtenthal—Old ruins—Valley of the Mourg—Baden easily reached from America—Fine weather—Railroad to Carlsruhe—Haardt Forest—Heidelberg—The Neckar—Students, soldiers, and travellers—The Alhambra of the Rhine; decorations—Mannheim—Mayence—Scenery.

A DOZEN letters would not convey to you my vivid pleasure received at this watering-place. I cannot describe to you the beautiful women who resort here, for there were scarcely any: either our ideas of what constitutes beauty differ from those of Germans, or else their women are generally ill-formed, with irregular features and homely. But you must accompany me a brief space in one or two excursions to the extraordinarily beautiful scenery around. You can get out of the crowd in five minutes by following any of the numerous paths

leading from the village, and plunge into the thickets of the Black Forest, or take a carriage and drive for an hour and a half over a steep hill through Gernsback, an old town, to the Castle of New Eberstein, another ancestral fortalice of the Grand Ducal family, on a beetling crag, lately rebuilt, and inhabited occasionally by their relatives. Here you may view old Gothic furniture, ancient armour and coloured glass, and scenery beyond, of the most fascinating character; you get a good idea here of the long ranges of the Black Forest, and its peculiarities—called black because of the character of the black hemlocks and pines.

As neither you nor I have been much among monkish and nunnish people, accompany me to the *Favourite*, a half ruinous chateau of the old Margraves, built by the Margravine Sybilla, whose husband, Louis, fought against the Turks in the ranks of Prince Eugene. Its furniture and whole appearance are faded, but its remains are in sufficient preservation to show the habits and tastes of former days. Sybilla was a belle in her youth, as well as a beauty; and here you may see in her boudoir some sixty of her portraits in every variety of costume. There is also a cabinet, filled with ancient glass and delftware, and her gloomy chapel is shown in the garden, where she spent her days and nights in penances. Her scourge is actually shown; it ends in points of wire, like a cat-o'-nine-tails, and was used for scourging herself; also her hair-shirt, and a cross of iron network, the points turned inward, which she wore next her skin. Her companions here were too wooden figures, as large as life, of the Virgin and St. John, with whom she sat down to table, equal portions of food being served to all three; but their share was afterwards handed over to the poor. This exhibition is about upon a par with that of the dungeons of the Duke, and will probably not last much longer.

I visited in my walks various other places of interest in this, to me, novel neighbourhood; among the rest the old church attached to the Convent of Lichtenthal. The convent

has been long patronised by the Ducal family. There are but a few old nuns in it, chiefly employed in educating a number of girls: the seats where they worship, behind a screen and curtain, in a niche high up in the wall between the church and convent, carried me back in memory to olden times. These nuns, happy creatures, have the privilege of taking the veil for only seven years, and if they choose, of returning to the world. The trip to the Valley of the Mourg, offers as much of the characteristic scenery of Baden as can be procured in a single excursion. I have yet seen no watering-place possessing half the beauties or attractions to an American explorer as this. Weeks may be employed in looking at novelties; every accommodation is easily procurable—the gay may find any amount of amusement, and those fond of retirement may follow their own pursuits in this old place with modern improvements. Persons bound for “a summer’s jaunt across the water,” by sailing to Havre, may reach Baden-Baden with comfort in one or two weeks after arrival, pass the warm season in great luxury there, and not spend much more money than by going to Saratoga. The word Baden, means *Baths*, consequently Baden-Baden, is Baths-Baths.

We were extremely fortunate in the fine weather which prevailed during our stay; and altogether I can commend this delightful spot as among the most agreeable I have seen.

Mayence on the Rhine.

Taking a reluctant leave of my travelling companions, who designed to remain longer at Baden than I could spare time for, I took the railroad cars for Carlsruhe, the capital of the Duchy, and the residence of the Court and the Foreign Ministers. It is the beau-ideal or model for a town—being regularly built, in the form of a wheel, of which the main streets are the spokes, radiating from the common centre of



the Palace at the hub ; each street looks upon and terminates at one end with a view of the Schloss, which is shown to visitors, but as it has little to recommend it beyond the usual silk-hangings and furniture and poor pictures, I would not recommend future travellers to more than stop here for the next train, saunter in the environs to view the Haardt Forest, and proceed to Heidelberg. To reach this, you must ascend by an omnibus from the station, and may find good accommodations at a hotel near the celebrated castle. The town is on the bank of the Neckar, on a narrow ledge between it and the rock on which the castle is perched. In historical interest, Heidelberg may claim a pre-eminence over all its neighbours ; war has frequently seen it laid in ashes ; it has been five times bombarded, twice burned, and thrice taken by assault and delivered over to pillage, and it figured largely in the Thirty Years' War—for an account of which, read Schiller's interesting history. It is now full of students, soldiers, and travellers ; the latter coming by hundreds to view its castle, to which you ascend on foot or in a carriage. It is rather an agglomeration of palaces than a castle, and may not improperly be termed the Alhambra of the Rhine. Built of a rich vermilion stone, and adorned with a variety in its architecture, its magnificence is the result of the efforts of various builders, but of the *taste* of an entire dynasty. The Electors Palatine have vied with each other in their lavish decorations of their ancestral palace. To look at its vast façades and towers, and to read their history, you would say, that each prince as he ascended the electoral throne, eschewed the old habitation and added new, as he might the old garments of his predecessors ; for each alternately built himself a new palace, adjoining the old, or pulled down old and built up new on their foundations. Thus they proceeded, changing square for round, their princely caprices receiving now and then a helping-hand from the fire and sword of some feudal antagonist, and wonderfully promoted by the artillery of the French ; until that pile of which we now trace the phantom, glowed in

all the intricate and elaborate magnificence of an Arabian or Indian palace. Completely restored to its greatest splendour, it was set on fire by lightning on the morning of the Feast of St. John the Baptist, in 1764, since which it has remained roofless but unscathed of its exterior beauty, retaining its charm of detail. While you are enabled to form most glowing conjectures as to its surpassing splendour when entire, you are delighted with most finished morceaux of architecture, which every where welcome you with mournful beauty, and ask what you cannot withhold, the tribute, not of a tear, but of admiration for their ruins.

Façades and turrets, porticoes and gateways, fountains, staircases, oriels, glories, statues, arabesques, windows and gables, each of them a study and an exemplar of its style, form a golden mine for artist or architect, nor can the mere antiquary depart without plentiful subjects of veneration and regret. I will not enumerate where enumeration would only lead me to too long a detail; but leave you to study out in the works of some more leisurely tourist, the details of this sumptuous palace-castle; only assuring you, that you may here see walls twenty-four feet thick.

The railroad deposits you at Mannheim, near the steamboat that is to convey you comfortably to Mayence, through a valley with low banks, possessing few attractions; the distant Vosges and Haardt Mountains bounding the horizon—poor-looking farms and vineyards on the banks. The beauties of the Rhine commence below Mayence, where a few words only will detain

Yours, &c.

## LETTER XLVII.

## Mayence on the Rhine.

Mannheim—History—Grand Duchess Stephanie and court—The Rhine steamboats—Restaurant—Historical interest—Roman legions—Liberation of Germany—Merovingian monarchs—Charlemagne—Various dynasties—Bonaparte—The Hanse League—Art of printing—The Reformation—Boats and merchandise on the Rhine—The slumber of ages—Oppenheim—Hotel de l'Europe—Cathedral—Monuments—Crowning of the German emperors—Tower of Drusus—Pupil of St. Peter—Alexander Severus—Modern times—Statue of Guttemberg—His house and printing office—Roman aqueduct—Public garden—Frankfort on the Maine—Rothschild's bank—His mother's house—Statue of Ariadne—Mr. Beckman's gallery—Public cemetery—Cloisters—Thorwaldsen's bas-reliefs.

MANNHEIM, where my last letter left me, is a place of little interest; from its position it has shared the fate of the other Rhine towns; burnings and bombardments mark its history. It is now the residence of the Grand Duchess Stephanie and her court, and of many English families. I took the steamboat here, one of a regular line, to Mayence, about as large as those running up the Delaware, with moderately good accommodations; an excellent dinner at a table d'hote, and other meals in the restaurant fashion. The river has yet acquired no beauty of scenery; but you are now among the scenes to which the writings of Cæsar and Tacitus have given so much importance. The Germans who dwelt on the shores of the Rhine, according to these, were a well-formed race, with blue eyes and fair hair, of a bold aspect, trained to arms from their earliest youth, with religious feelings, love

of freedom, but with the vices of drunkenness, debauchery, and love of fighting. The Romans found much difficulty in conquering them, never having met with greater resistance any where; they were never thoroughly subdued, in spirit at least; their formidable character is proved by the number of troops which the Romans were obliged to keep under arms; of the twenty-five legions which composed the military force of Rome in the reign of Augustus, eight were encamped on the Rhine alone, making in all an army of nearly one hundred thousand men.

The liberation of Germany was effected by the incursions of the barbarians of the north under Attila, from which period the records of history are full of the events which transpired on these shores. The Merovingian monarchs with their feuds, assassinations, and debaucheries—Charlemagne, the greatest monarch, perhaps, the world ever saw, who extended the empire of the Franks over almost all Europe, and whose friendship was coveted by the Byzantine emperors, and even by the successor of Mahomet, Haroun Alraschid;—the Franconian dynasty—the Salique dynasty, and the Saxon, with that of Hapsburg, have each had their reigns during the lapse of centuries, and Bonaparte at length took his turn, to be supplanted in our own time by new divisions and new rulers. From Charlemagne to Bonaparte, the Rhine has been the focus of most of the military, political, social, and religious revolutions, evolutions, and movements, which have affected not alone the destinies of Europe, but probably those of the entire world. To prove this, it need only be said that the first mercantile confederation, the Hanse League, took its rise on the Rhine; that the art of printing was invented in one of its cities; and that the Reformation had birth, and was cradled to maturity, beside its bounding waters.

As we descended to Mayence, numerous boats with cotton and other merchandise were slowly ascending with the assistance of sails, and sometimes with horses added, towing in the manner of canal barges; the river, as well as its shores,

wants the bustle and animation of our own principal streams, while the towns seem wrapped in the slumber of ages. This is the case at all, and especially at Oppenheim, where we stopped to visit the old Gothic church of St. Catherine, a century older than Westminster Abbey; its architecture is equally advanced and florid; the painted glass and the monuments, once the boast of the Rhine, are now defaced; the roof of the nave gone, and till lately weeds filled its interior.

The Hotel de l'Europe, at Mayence, where I am established, faces the river, and is a place of great pretensions and many comforts. The town lies nearly opposite the junction of the Maine with the Rhine; it is filled with strangers and soldiers, while new and important fortifications are in course of erection under my very windows on the quay. A fine old cathedral, begun in the 10th century, has suffered various vicissitudes, having been set on fire by the Prussian bombardment in 1793, and from injuries during its occupation by the French armies as barracks and powder-house. It is well filled with the monuments of the episcopal electors of Mayence; some archbishops, who enjoyed celebrity in their day from their exercised right of placing the crown on the heads of the German emperors, are depicted in that act. One, who had crowned three, appears in stone as large as all the crowned heads together.

Another of the sights of Mayence, to which I toiled in company with a *valet* who had obtained a ticket from the authorities for the purpose, is the Tower of Drusus, situated within the limits of the citadel; it is fast crumbling to decay, its walls filled with weeds; at the top is a trap-door, from which you emerge upon a weedy roof, commanding several views of a dull country; it was erected by Drusus Germanicus, who succeeded to the command of the Roman legions on the Rhine. The twenty-second legion, which had been engaged under Titus in the conquest of Judea and the destruction of Jerusalem, was stationed here A. D. 70, and Crescentius, one of the first preachers of the Christian faith on the

Rhine, it is stated was a centurion in it. This pious man is uniformly described in local history as a pupil of St. Peter, and he has always been known as the first bishop of Mayence. He is said to have suffered martyrdom under the reign of Trajan, A. D. 103. Alexander Severus was murdered here in 233;—so you see I am again among historical scenes.

A more modern matter here demands attention. It is the recently erected statue, and a fine one it is, of Guttemberg, the inventor of printing. The figure is of bronze, and colossal; on one side of the base is represented a printing-press; on the other a printer's case of types. Mayence was the birth-place of Guttemberg, about 1395, and the house was shown to me in which he first saw the light; as well as his first printing-office from 1443 to 1450. These antiquities must be deemed among the most interesting on the Rhine. The remains of a Roman aqueduct nearly 3,000 feet long, with sixty-two pillars remaining, may be visited a short distance from the town; as well as a really tasteful, modern, and well-ordered public garden, with which I was much pleased; it is kept in order at the expense of the town authorities.

#### Frankfort on the Maine.

Crossing the Rhine on a bridge of boats 1600 feet in length, to Cassel in Hesse Darmstadt, I entered a good railroad car, and was whirled off to this free town, famous for its fairs, and for being one of the most lively, wealthy, and handsome cities in Germany. In the omnibus at the terminus, I found myself in the dark, in company with numerous English men and women, who seemed to consider getting into a good hotel a most important affair; they had reason, for on going to the best, the Hotel de Russie, der Weisse Schwan, and half a dozen others, we were coolly informed they were all full; I was glad at length to get a poor bed in a dirty room, with rats gnawing the floors, at the inn of a Jew.

Many of the houses here are large and handsome ; nearly all of any respectability have looking-glasses so placed outside the windows as to reflect what passes in the street to the eyes of the unseen inmates. Baron Rothschild's banking-house is near my hotel ; on stepping in, I found one hundred and fifty clerks busily employed ; wagons with bullion boxes were unloading in front, into the hands of liveried servants. He maintains a business intercourse with all the commercial world ; has a splendid palace near the town, but has been unable to induce his mother, ninety years of age, to remove her domicile from the old Jews' Street, where I stopped opposite its antique front door to wonder at her taste. Her house is comfortable enough, but is surrounded by as poor a population of old clothes' venders and their numerous progeny, as you can imagine. I stepped into the ancient synagogue, where the rudest and meanest accommodations I ever imagined for a place of worship, are to be seen.

I next visited Dannecker's celebrated statue of Ariadne, in the gallery of Mr. Bethman, a rich citizen, where are other fine statues, and some good paintings. This is in a room by itself, a luxurious light cast over it by red-coloured glass. It is fixed on a pivot, and the feed attendant comes in now and then, while visiters are seated round, to give it a turn to exhibit its naked beauties in a new position. This female figure possesses a countenance the most noble that I can imagine, being altogether worthy of its fame. Frankfort also possesses other great treasures of art in its picture-gallery, where were some just arrived from the late sale of Cardinal Fesch's at Rome. There are many paintings by the early masters of the Low Countries and Germany, and a few of the Italian school, of merit.

A public cemetery on a large scale, now nearly filled, where a practice common in Switzerland and Germany, of interring in cloisters, or covered arcades, is carried to a great extent, is well planted, and highly attractive. Among the monuments at the upper end, in one of these cloisters, is that

of the Bethman family, with beautiful bas-reliefs by Thorwaldsen; it commemorates the death of a daughter in the most touching manner. It is under lock and key. The arrangements to prevent any danger from premature interment adopted here are very complete. Each corpse is placed in a dead-house, with a bell-rope in the hand, for several days before interment.

Altogether, this specimen of a German town has gratified me greatly.

Yours, &c.

## LETTER XLVIII.

Wiesbaden.

Ride to Wiesbaden—Vineyards—The River Maine—Railroads—Beautiful watering-place—Hotels and lodging-houses—Prices—Baths—The *Kur-Saal*—Cheap dinners—Residence of the Ducal family—The company—Curious shops—The gambling-rooms—German women—Smoking—American trees—Carp pond—Band of music—Balls—Soldiers—Carved stags' horns—Shop of Bohemian glass—The Boiling Springs—Roman remains—Votive Roman tablets—The Heidenmauer—Forts of the Catti—Worship of Mythras—The Duke's hunting-lodge—Reflections.

THE ride from Frankfort to this great watering-place is through a country well tilled, in which fruit-trees and great fields of poppies, the latter cultivated to make oil from their seeds, with the vineyards of Hochheim, figure largely; it presents features of habitations and close proximity of houses gratifying to the eye as evidences of comfort and independence. The river Maine is navigable for steamboats, which trade with the towns of the Rhine, and the railroad to Cassel



has brought it into still closer connexion with the latter. A branch railroad connects Cassel with Wiesbaden also, from which it is distant only a few miles. But meeting with agreeable company, I came over to this place in a carriage. No descriptions that I have read convey an adequate idea of this superb watering-place, whose attractions are surpassed by few, if any, in the habitable world.

Wiesbaden differs from its congener up the Rhine, in having more of a city air; the town is larger and much more regularly built; most of the well-constructed houses are hotels or lodging-houses, where the expense, compared with those of Saratoga, or the Virginia Springs, considering the elegance of the accommodations, is less than in America. At the lodging-houses, you may get a good bed-room for from two to four dollars a week; with breakfast, a dollar and a half more. The hot water is conveyed to many of these houses, so that you step from your bed-room to a luxurious bath, the charge for which is twenty cents. The great dining-place is at the *Kur-Saal*, answering to the Conversations Haus at Baden-Baden, but larger; here three or four hundred people dine daily with fifteen courses, consisting of all the delicacies of the season, ice included, for thirty-one cents, and wine extremely moderate. On Sundays, thousands of people flock here from Frankfort and Mayence, frequenting the promenades, shops, and gambling-rooms, the latter licensed for *all* the days of the week, by the Duke of Nassau. Wiesbaden is the capital of the Duchy, and the residence of the Ducal family, who, however, pay an annual visit to Schlangenbad, Ems, and perhaps occasionally to the other "Bubbles."

First impressions are the most lasting; nothing will ever, I think, make stronger ones, than a first tour along the principal street, lined with double rows of sycamores, to the *Kur-Saal* and the springs, on a fine day. Well-dressed ladies (better-looking and with a better carriage than you have yet seen in Germany), with moustached, dashing beaux,

are as plenty as blackberries. Turn to the right, near the end of the street, into the shops forming two sides of a hollow square; ascending a flight of steps, under a long portico, you will encounter a range of shops attended by Bohemian women in the dress of their country, ready to vend you the pipes, and carved bones, and other wares, novel to your eye, of their country. Pass through a motley throng to the buildings forming the end of the square, and enter the *rouge et noir* and other gambling-rooms, fitted up with great splendour, and full of company hard at work endeavouring to attract the piles of gold and silver from the bank to their own keeping, but with very poor general success. Outside, in the shade of the house, with a beautiful artificial lake with swans sporting about, or fed from gentle hands, are seated the fat *vrows* and their friends, knitting or sitting beside their smoking husbands with long pipe in mouth. Very beautiful shaded walks, interspersed with hydrangeas, a favourite plant, and evidently all under the care of a neat scientific gardener, who has a fancy for American trees and rhododendrons, conducts you to a carp pond, where enormous specimens of the finny tribe, kept and fed in the style with which the old monks were so familiar, and nourished in the warm water of the springs,—gay company, in promenade-dress, listening to the Duke's full band,—these are the appearances at the Kur-Saal, where pleasure seems to be spread wholesale, ready dished for its numerous votaries. In the evening, balls among lemon-trees and elegant flowers, concerts, and the *faro-table*, at which women play very high, close the day for precisely a similar one on the morrow.

Leaving this scene of outward gaiety—where there must be many a heart that knoweth its own bitterness—cross to the other side of the quadrangle, where you see numbers of the Duke's soldiers stationed to preserve order, and take a leisurely view of the curious shops. In one are porcelain pipes; each has a gem of a painting by an artist on its bulb; the price astonishes you, for you have not been accustomed

to pay twenty dollars or more for the privilege of smoking from a bowl with a houri in paradise depicted on it, or the Grand Sultan and his favourite wife, or still more beautiful faces. Next is a shop where they sell ware carved from stags' horns, inlaid with beautiful hunting-scenes in relief; you may purchase in this style any article of furniture, from a chair or picture-frame to a paper-cutter. One of the palaces of the Duke is furnished with such work throughout. Nothing could be more elegant, unless it be the wares in the shop at the end, where all the sides are enormous windows, crammed full to a great height with the most showy specimens of Bohemian glass; as the light shines through the red and various colours, the whole appearance is that of a fairy-palace. Purchase a piece in the form of an inkstand or tumbler, and the attentive shopman, who speaks half-a-dozen languages, will engrave your wife or lover's name on it in a trice, alongside of a picture of the Castle of Johannisberg, which is not far from Wiesbaden, the Kur-Saal, and other beautiful *lustre illustrations*.

A few hundred feet from hence is the Kochbrunnen or boiling spring, approached by an avenue of trees, where a number of women are ready to hand you a nice tumbler of the queer water;—said tumbler in my case broke in my hand from the heat. The spring has the appearance of a boiling cauldron in violent ebullition; it has in fact a temperature of 156° of Fahrenheit. This is the principal spring, but there are fourteen others, breaking out in various places, and all used for drinking and bathing. The taste is said by most to resemble chicken-broth; I can fully confirm the general impression; it is covered with a greasy scum—the chickens' fat as they say. Early in the morning, the drinkers repair to these spots, receive their portion of boiling broth, and glass in hand, as at Baden-Baden, chat and talk while it cools. At eight the coast is clear, all having resorted to the bath-rooms to merge their bodies in this cleansing and of course beautifying liquid. These springs were known to the Romans, and are noticed by

Pliny; a tradition declares that Nero had a palace here. "In addition to Roman urns, tiles, coins, lamps, bones, and such remains, with which the ground in and about the town teems, whenever the foundation of a house is dug, ancient baths have been discovered in several places; and votive tablets, bearing the thanks of some noble Roman to the gods for cures effected by the waters," are preserved at the Museum. Portions of the Heidenmauer (Heathens' Wall) are visible also; it was begun by Drusus to defend his conquest on the Rhine from the Germans, and was completed by Hadrian and Caracalla; commencing at Neuweid it is carried across the country over the Maine to the banks of the Danube. Some of the summits of the Taurus Mountain are crowned by forts or circular ramparts raised by the Catti. Wiesbaden was a favourite resort of Charlemagne, whose palace has disappeared. The worship of Mythras was introduced here from Persia by the Romans, and set up by the Pagan priesthood in opposition to Christianity; some ruins of the Temple of Mythras are preserved.

Walks to ruined towers, the Duke's hunting-lodge, where deer are assembled nightly by sound of horn to be fed, fine views from sequestered nooks on rocky heights, give one full employment; say, then, if I do wrong in recommending this place, especially as it has such celebrity for the cure of numerous maladies.

Yours, &c.

The first part of the history is a general account of the state of the world at the beginning of the world. It is divided into three parts: the first part is a general account of the world at the beginning of the world; the second part is a general account of the world at the beginning of the world; the third part is a general account of the world at the beginning of the world.

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M O O R E ' S

S E L E C T   L I B R A R Y .





SUMMER'S JAUNT  
ACROSS THE WATER.

INCLUDING

VISITS TO ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, FRANCE,  
SWITZERLAND, GERMANY, BELGIUM, ETC.

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VOL. II.

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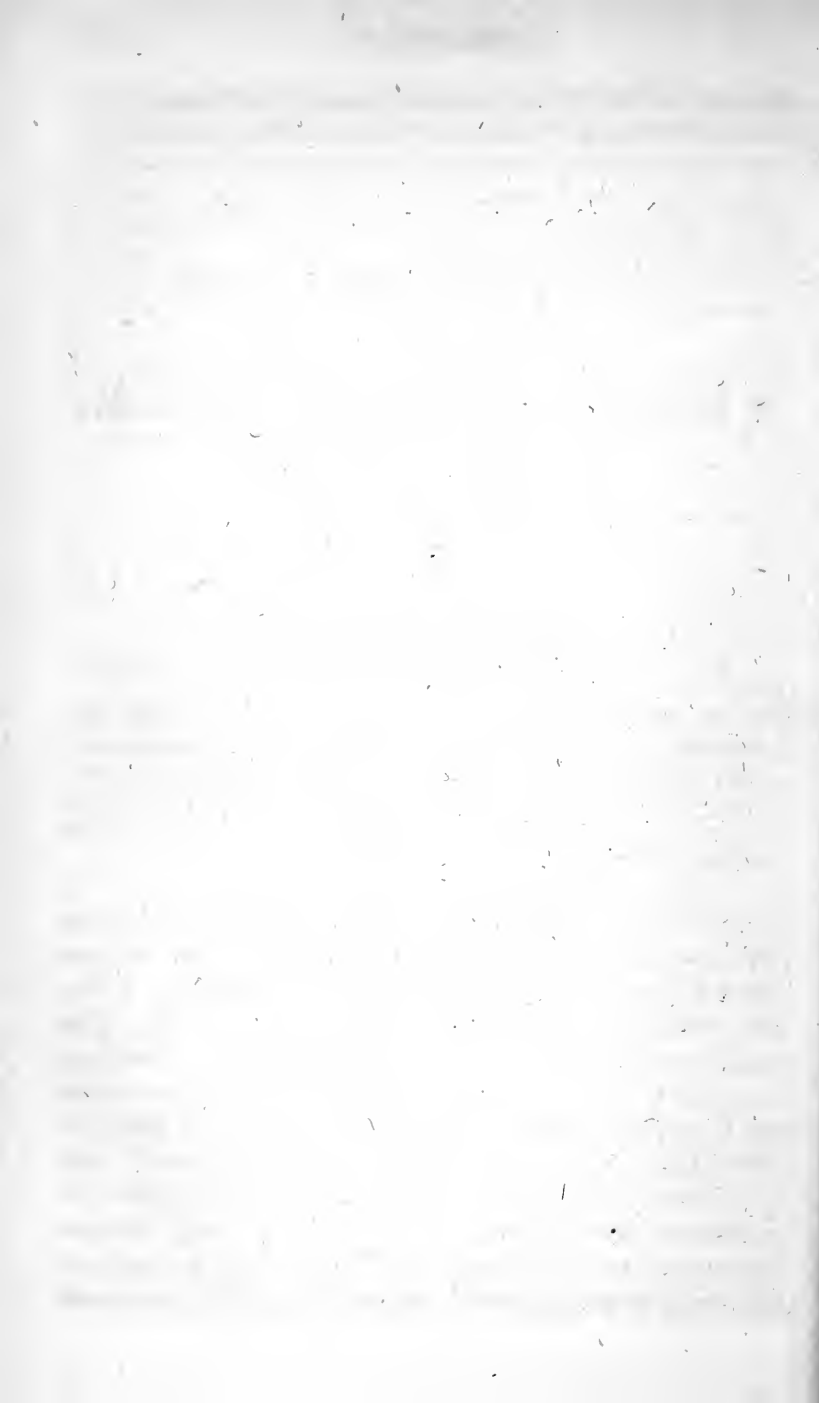
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GERMANY.



# A SUMMER'S JAUNT ACROSS THE WATER.

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## LETTER XLIX.

Cologne.

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How dare I, after so brief an acquaintance with this beautiful river, attempt to describe the Rhine scenery through which I have just passed? I will not even attempt it, but give you my impressions for just what they are worth. The scenery, in itself, is *not* superior to our own; it has often been compared to that of the North River; rest assured *this does not surpass* much that you and I have always admired on the Hudson. There *is*, however, so much of historical interest around and the features of decaying noble castles bequeathed to us to show that the world was governed by freebooters, who took toll on this highway of nations whenever they dared to do so,—every thing combines to interest and

keep one constantly on the look-out; so rapidly do you descend that you have scarcely got rid of one castle before another appears; a town perhaps intervening, at which you do not stop, for the people here are like some of our non-inquirers at home who seldom read—the Rhinelanders seem satisfied with their own country and rarely travel, just as your non-bookish people are quite content with what they already know.

A French lady and her daughter, the elder very voluble, bothered me considerably on the route. All intelligent travellers have a map of the river with the castles and towns carefully marked, so that by watching closely, and then reading a good guide-book, you get a smattering of knowledge as you go; but some wag had cut out the pictures and names on her map, and pasted them in wrong places; as the picture when in its right place, bore also a faint likeness to the castle, she was almost frantic at the difficulty of following the route, and applied to me constantly to set her right—no easy matter; but she placed implicit confidence in me and her map both, and was thus doubly puzzled. The worst of it was, she was taking notes of castles to be remembered and to read *up to*.

How odd it is to see a pleasure party in a steamboat, passing these poor old paralytic tower giants—defeated giants who can now raise neither an arm nor a voice in self-defence. These colossal landmarks left by the feudal sway, are like grave-stones often without inscription, for no one knows who erected many still standing. Mute witnesses of days of yore, they have been the scene of all sorts of events and histories for ten centuries past, having witnessed (the most ancient at least) the entrances and exits of mighty and formidable actors—Pepin, Charlemagne, Otho the Lion, Godfrey of Bouillon, Henry V., Richard Cœur de Lion, and a thousand other warriors. They also witnessed the passage, in litters drawn by mules, of the western bishops proceeding, in 1415, to the Council of Constance, to judge John Huss, and in 1519, to the

Diet of Worms, to interrogate Luther; of Charles V., of Wallenstein, Tilly, Gustavus Adolphus; and the anger of Napoleon;—all the fearful things which have caused old Europe to quake, have fallen like lightning upon these old and crumbling walls.

We enter below Mayence upon some of the best Rhine wine regions; opposite to Rheinstein the hills are so steep, that to grow the vine it becomes necessary to make terraces and place the plant in baskets filled with earth carried from below. In some places there are more than twenty terraces rising a thousand feet high. Manure too must be carried up on the shoulders of the peasants, male and female, who must scale the precipices, and hang as it were from the face of the rocks. Rich speculators reap the profits of the vintage, the poor vintner not having capital sufficient to wait for, or to find a market.

The castle of Rheinstein is one of the most beautiful and is among the first to be encountered below Mayence. It is also one of the two that have been thoroughly restored. Perched upon its several crags, nothing of the kind that I have ever seen gave me so much pleasure; it has all the air of *defence*, and yet it is cleaner and neater than you would expect it to have been in the days of chivalry. It is shown to visitors by its noble owners. At Caub a toll is paid to the Duke of Nassau by all vessels navigating the Rhine; he is the last chieftain remaining on the river who exercises this privilege; mark the change!—for nearly all the strongholds were erected as toll-houses, where might made right. At one, below Mayence, there was a *Jews' toll*, and dogs were trained to single out and seize the Hebrews from other passengers. But we must not pass the *Mouse Tower*, on a little island in the river, for Southey has written to our hands—

## THE TRADITION OF BISHOP HATTO.

The summer and autumn had been so wet,  
That in winter the corn was growing yet;  
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around  
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor  
Crowded around Bishop's Hatto's door,  
For he had a plentiful last-year's store;  
And all the neighbourhood could tell  
His granaries were furnished well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day  
To quiet the poor without delay;  
He bade them to his great barn repair,  
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced at such tidings good to hear,  
The poor folk flocked from far and near;  
The great barn was full as it could hold  
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then when he saw it could hold no more,  
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door;  
And while for mercy on Christ they call,  
He set fire to the barn and burnt them all.

"I' faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire!" quoth he,  
"And the country is greatly obliged to me,  
For ridding it, in these times forlorn,  
Of rats that only consume the corn."

So then to his palace returned he,  
And he sat down to supper merrily,



And he slept that night like an innocent man,  
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning, as he entered the hall  
Where his picture hung against the wall,  
A sweat like death all over him came,  
For the rats had eaten it out of its frame.

As he look'd, there came a man from his farm,  
He had a countenance white with alarm ;  
“ My lord, I open'd your granaries this morn,  
And the rats had eaten all your corn.”

Another came running presently,  
And he was pale as pale could be ;  
“ Fly! my lord bishop, fly !” quoth he,  
“ Ten thousand rats are coming this way ;  
The Lord forgive you for yesterday ?”

“ I'll go to my tower on the Rhine,” replied he,  
“ 'Tis the safest place in Germany ;  
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,  
And the stream is strong, and the water deep.”

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,  
And he cross'd the Rhine without delay,  
And he reach'd his tower, and barr'd with care  
All the windows, doors, and loopholes there.

He laid him down, and closed his eyes ;  
But soon a scream made him arise ;  
He started, and saw two eyes of flame  
On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

He listen'd and look'd ;—it was only the cat ;  
But the bishop he grew more fearful for that,

For she sat screaming, mad with fear  
At the army of rats that were drawing near.

For they have swam over the river so deep,  
And they have climbed the shores so steep,  
And now by thousands up they crawl  
To the holes and windows in the wall.

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

And in at the windows, and in at the door,  
And through the walls by thousands they pour,  
And down through 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 the flesh from every limb;  
For they were sent to do judgment on him.

It was from the heights above Caub that the view of the Rhine first burst upon the Prussians under Blucher, who crossed it here, and drew forth one simultaneous and exulting cry of triumph. At the precipice of Lurleiburg we were saluted in passing, by a man who lives in a grotto, and is employed by strangers to awaken echoes by means of firing a gun; some visitors had just feed him, and we had the benefit of the very remarkable echo of Lurlei. The German students amuse themselves by asking "Who is the burgomaster of Oberwesel?" a place opposite. Answer—*Esel* (the German for ass), a joke of which the burgomaster highly disapproves.

The chateau of Johannisberg, celebrated the world over for its wine, and the property of Prince Metternich, is a very conspicuous object on your right, at some distance from the river. Its produce of wine is said to be worth thirty thousand dollars per annum; the extent of the vineyard is about sixty-two acres. It would be very easy to fill a dozen letters with descriptions of the castles thickly strown all the way to Coblenz; not so easy is it to convey a correct idea of them by words. Some of the old ruins, indeed most of them, are worthless; one was not long since offered for sale without finding a purchaser, for fifty dollars; it is that of Stolzenfels, on a jutting rock, one of the finest on the Rhine; the town of Coblenz presented it to the present King of Prussia, by whom it was restored, not in the most tasteful manner.

Ehrenbreitstein (honour's broad stone) is a celebrated fortress connected with Coblenz by a bridge of boats; it is well termed the Gibraltar of the Rhine, as the following statistics will prove. It is capable of holding fourteen thousand men, while the magazines are large enough to contain provisions for eight thousand men for ten years. It is defended by four hundred pieces of cannon. The platform on the top of the rock, serving as a parade; covers vast arched cisterns, capable of holding a supply of water for three years; there is also a well sunk four hundred feet deep, communicating with the Rhine. The exterior view is very imposing.

Coblenz is a place of some importance in a business as well as military point of view. Our steamboat stopped here a short time, sufficiently long to take on board a number of passengers; among them again were several Americans, whom I had previously met, and to rejoin whom gave me great pleasure. Two gentlemen from New York I had found on board at Mannheim, who were returning from Rome, so that we had quite an agreeable *home* party. We took a hasty glance at the banks of the Moselle, and proceeded rapidly on our way down to Cologne, passing Bonn, the place

where Prince Albert received his education, and where great preparations are making for the Beethoven festival on the arrival of the Queen of England.

Very truly, &c.

## LETTER L.

Cologne.

Churches and fortifications—The town—Relic superstitions—The cathedral—Incomplete—Efforts to finish it—Tomb of the Three Kings—Wise men of the East—Relics—Enthusiasm—The tombs—Paintings—Church of the Eleven Thousand Virgins—The bones—The jug of the water turned into wine—Legend of the Virgins.

I HAVE made the tour of the churches and the fortifications of this city, and will detain you a moment with two or three remarkable points. The town has a heavy, dead-and-alive appearance, as will always be the case where the people are priest-ridden; soldiers and fortifications do not add to the intelligence of the inhabitants; the fourteen steamboats which pass up the Rhine, either touching at Cologne, or starting from it for Mannheim with travellers, have yet exercised only a portion of their destined influence on mind; we are painfully oppressed after visiting the churches, and conclude this is the result of finding the people under the influence of the superstitions of old Roman papacy, to a degree we had not yet encountered,—the real old RELIC superstitions of the last centuries linger here in all the strength with which Rome can bind them on. Let me tell you what I saw without further comment.

The cathedral is one of the grandest in its design in Europe, but though begun in 1248, it remains nearly as far from com-

pletion as it was two hundred years ago; huge briars and stone-crops are growing out of the "old-ruin-looking" walls at one end, while workmen are slowly piling block upon block upon another. Its vastness can only be understood by making its entire circuit. You are then convinced that if finished, it would deserve the name of the St. Peter's of the north. So long has this vast edifice been in progress that the name of the architect who designed it has been lost. Money from the pious continues to be procured by various processes for its completion; kings and popes contribute, and ladies in all parts of Germany employ their skill in making articles for fairs in aid of the work, but it still lingers. The following superstitious legend is given as the reason of the delay:

#### A LEGEND OF COLOGNE.

Some time in the thirteenth century, when Cologne was but a collection of rude dwellings clustered together upon the Rhine's left bank, the Archbishop Conrad determined to erect the nucleus of a grand city, in the form of a grand cathedral. He announced his intention, and from all parts of Europe architects travelled to the Rhine, and every architect contributed a plan, each more splendid than the other. But the archbishop was not so easily pleased. He picked holes in every design sent to him. None realized his *beau ideal* of a cathedral. The architects were *nonplussed*. Some of them, it is to be hoped, took heart of grace and went home again; but one poor fellow, who had passed months in dreaming of ogees and designing clock towers, was so utterly overcome by the criticism of the fastidious archbishop, that he resolved to put an end alike to his designs and his woes in the stream of the Rhine. And so he wandered disconsolately to the bank. Seated on a heap of shingle, he had made one last attempt. It was vain; and, dashing pencil and compass into the water, he rose in the act of following them.

A croaking laugh behind startled him. He turned round and saw a little man grinning.

"Much, indeed, to drown oneself for," sneered the little man. "Pshaw, 'tis so easy to plan a cathedral."

"I should like to see you do it," said the Pecksniff of the thirteenth century, in a sulky tone.

The little man laughed again, and traced with his stick a tower upon the sand. "Look there!" he said.

The architect looked and trembled. The design was perfect, marvellous, of unearthly beauty.

The little man laughed again.

"Put down your name to the parchment," quoth he. "You shall be mine, and the cathedral yours.

"Get thee behind me, Satan," quoth the young man.

Nevertheless, he looked with longing eyes upon the tower traced in the sand. The devil saw his chance.

"Truly, now," he argued, "what I offer is cheap at the price. You shall have an immortality of fame, and for one soul, a cathedral worth the soul of the archbishop and all his chapter put together, to say nothing at all of your own."

And as he spoke a glorious vision of the cathedral of Cologne rose by glamour before the artist's eyes.

He thought for a moment, *la femme que delibere est perdue*, and so in this instance was the architect.

"Give me the plan. If it be approved of by the archbishop, the cathedral is mine and my soul is yours. I shall meet you here to-morrow."

"So be it," quoth the emperor of darkness, adding, in a polite tone, "*La nuit porte conseil.*"

Off went the architect to the archbishop and told him the story. The archbishop had no objection to have the devil for the designer of his cathedral, but he thought that there could be no harm in tricking him if possible. To cheat, as an abstract position, was certainly wrong; but to cheat the devil was quite decorous, and, in fact, rather commendable than otherwise. So the archbishop convoked his chapter, and they

laid their heads solemnly together to concoct a scheme to swindle the prince of the powers of the air. The matter was soon arranged, and next morning the artist, armed with a most potent relic, betook himself to the rendezvous.

"Here is the deed," said the little man, holding it out in his claw; "it only wants your signature."

"Avaunt, Satan!" exclaimed the architect, dashing aside the unsigned deed, and clutching the plan which he was in the act of handing to his sable friend. But the little man was too quick for him: he clutched the plan too.

"Avaunt!" shouted the artist again poking the relic under his antagonist's nose.

There was a moment's struggle, but the odour of sanctity distilling from the amulet was too much for Satan. Tearing away the portion of the drawing which he had grasped, he exclaimed, in a terrible voice, his features darkening and his form dilating; "Thou hast won what remains to thee by a foul trick: never shall thy stolen cathedral be finished or thy name be known to posterity!"

And he melted into the earth. The artist, a little dismayed, ran off to the archbishop. Not more than half of the plan remained entire. What was drawn was built, but the art of man could never supply the last portions, and so the prophecy was fulfilled. The cathedral is unfinished, the name of the architect unknown, facts which, of course, prove the authenticity of the history.

So much for the legend of Cologne cathedral.

The choir alone is completed, and nothing can excel the elegance of its form, the lightness of its windows, and the high finishing of the sculptured ornaments; the light, too, admitted through the painted glass, has something sacred in its hue; yet the effect of all this is sadly diminished by gaudy and paltry ornaments, such as are considered indispensable in the celebration of divine worship in Catholic countries. Instead of richly carved stalls, the choir is hung with tapestry, beautiful, but sadly misplaced. I followed the sacristan to the

tomb of the "Three Kings" or the three wise men, who came, guided by a star, to worship the infant Saviour; even their names are recorded, written in rubies on a tablet in front of the shrine; a fee of a dollar opened the tomb situated near the wall, above ground; it contains the *skulls of the Three Kings* or wise men! richly studded with precious stones of every description, said to be worth two hundred thousand of our dollars. To prevent pilfering, these precious relics are enclosed within iron bars, and behind them is the silver shrine of St. Engelbert, like a model of a college or church, and declared to be worth, with its invaluable enclosed relics, *any price you please*. The tall keeper of these relics took his money in advance from all the party, went into the tomb and lighted up its confined space, and when we entered there was *such* a smell of lucifer matches, and oil smoke, that I was obliged soon to leave it. My companions thought the skulls of the wise men were not as large as those of the *unwise* who had paid for such a sight; they declared, moreover, that the precious stones were false, the veritable having been carried off by the French. I felt as if I cared little about them; the whole exhibition in its nature is the same, marking a debased religion. Can you now wonder at the belief prevalent in Germany, of the existence of the coat of our Saviour?

Leaving this celebrated shrine, I perambulated the church. A forest of various-sized columns, protected at their bases by wooden palisades, presented themselves. To the left there are four windows admitting a brilliant light, which reaches though the entire arch. The grave voices of the choristers and prebends, the beautiful Latin of the psalms floating through the church, the clouds of incense, the music of the organ, the kneeling worshippers—all this surrounded by work-benches, and hammers, and saws, gave evidences of Catholic piety such as I had witnessed in smaller buildings, but in this, the enthusiasm of numerous successive generations still seemed



beating with the pulse of life, endeavouring to complete a great undertaking.

The railing of the choir is an exquisite specimen of the iron-work of the fifteenth century; carved pulpits, Madonnas covered with spangles, poor-boxes with padlocks, chapels rich with noble sculpture, paintings of every period, tombs of every form, bishops in granite reposing in a fortress; others borne by a procession of weeping angels; bishops of brass, stretched upon the ground; bishops in boxwood, kneeling before an altar; generals leaning on their sepulchres; crusaders, each with his dog lying affectionately against his steel-clad heels; statues of the apostles in cloth of gold; confessionals in oak, with their twisted columns; nobly carved stalls; baptismal fonts; altar stones embellished with little Cupids; fragments of stained glass; tapestries after designs by Rubens; cabinets with painted doors and gilded shutters; and much of this in a neglected state bordering upon dirt, and many of the statues mutilated, with spiders' webs between their feet or hands. Have you now any idea of the cathedral of Cologne?

The banks of the Rhine below our hotel are strown with huge blocks of stone for the cathedral; some lazy fellows are hoisting others by the slow process of a hand-windlass from a boat; they look as if they would go to sleep between each effort; it is all in character—centuries may elapse and find trees growing in the south porch at which the architect is now labouring with similar sleepy activity; he estimates the cost of finishing the nave alone at three millions of dollars.

The church of St Ursula, or of the 11,000 virgins, next claimed our attention. We hardly knew what to expect, though "Murray" had informed us that the bones of these pious ladies met the eye, "above, below, around;" we were not prepared on entering to find most of the *walls hollow* and the spaces behind gratings filled with human bones; they are every where "above," and moreover, there are more of them buried under the pavement, and a select few were shown carefully deposited in glass cases under the fonts. Here are

found one of the stone vessels which held the water that was turned into wine! a link of St. Peter's chain which fell off when the angel summoned him from prison, &c.

As this church has made a deep impression on my mind, and as its history will exemplify the kind of improbabilities believed in by some people still alive in this world of ours, you will give me credit for hunting up the following legend, which is still the received one :

#### ST. URSULA AND THE ELEVEN THOUSAND VIRGINS.

In the year of Grace 220, Vionetus, and Daria his spouse, ruled over Britain. One thing alone was wanted to make them completely happy—they had no offspring. Early and late, morn, noon, and night, they put up their prayers to God, that the kingly stock of Vionetus might not be suffered to die with him. Years but added to their anxiety, in place of alleviating it. At length it pleased Providence to hear their prayer; but it was only, as it were, half conceded. Daria gave birth to a daughter. They named her Ursula. From her earliest youth upwards, to the maturity of womanhood, she walked in the ways of righteousness, and sought favour in the eyes of God; and she seemed to have found it abundantly. For she was beautiful beyond belief—far outshining all the virgins of her father's court; and her modesty, and all other maidenly virtues, were co-equal with her loveliness. So much, indeed, was she celebrated for them, that her fame extended itself, not only all over her father's realm, but also through the wide extent of Germany, as far as the Hercynian Forest, and induced Agrippinus, a powerful monarch of the Alemanni, to send ambassadors to Britain, with a proposal of marriage to her for his only son.

But the pious Ursula had given her heart to God; she, therefore, heard with unwillingness and much trouble the proffers of the prince; and when her father pressed her acquiescence in them, she mildly, but decidedly refused, on the ground that she had devoted herself solely to the service of her Maker,

and that any earthly engagement would be incompatible with the due performance of its duties. Vionetus was much grieved at this resolution of his daughter; but he did nothing to disturb it. On the contrary, he called together the ambassadors of Agrippinus, told them the result of his attempt, and prayed their master to excuse him of accepting the alliance tendered by them. The ambassadors, however, were unwilling to take this excuse, or to appear before their sovereign without accomplishing their object; and, under various pretences, they prolonged their stay at the court for a considerable period after they had received their formal dismissal. In that time the king, Vionetus, had a vision of the night. He dreamt that an angel of the Lord appeared unto him, and bade him, in the name of the Most High, tell his daughter of her dispensation.

“Say to her,” spake the celestial messenger, “that she is permitted to marry; for God wills not the child should be a cause of sorrow to the father. The Lord has said it.”

Vionetus awoke in raptures; and in due course communicated the heavenly command to his daughter. The omen was acquiesced in; and the fortunate, or far-seeing ambassadors, returned to their master, accompanied by the beautiful object of their mission. To make her train worthy of its greatness and power, her father selected eleven thousand of the loveliest and best-born virgins in Britain; and, on the day appointed, Ursula at their head, radiant in beauty, they embarked, hand in hand, from the harbour of Harwich, singing hymns in the praise of Him “who preserveth those that go down unto the great deep,” and followed by the prayers and blessings of the king and all his people.

There was no man on board either of the argosies in which were contained this fair and gentle cargo; nor were any of that sex trusted to navigate them. The power which protects innocence, and defends truth,—that power which “tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,” was with them, and stood in stead of nautical skill, and masculine strength, and

every ordinary requisite for a voyage over the wide ocean. The hand of God guided them through the untracked sea, and hushed the waves and stilled the storms: It is a glorious sight to imagine,—how much more so must it have been to see,—that splendid fleet, those thousands of maidens, pure as angels, fair as doves, standing on the decks, each vessel walking along the undulating waters, “like a thing of life,” the white sails swelled with the odorous airs of summer, and the vaults of heaven echoing to the melody of their sweet voices, which even the enraptured fishes flocked around to hear. Thus sped they on their way rejoicing for three days; on the fourth, still conducted by the invisible agency which piloted them safely over the pathless deep, they ascended the Rhine, and stopped before the city of Cologne.

At that time Cologne was governed, for the Emperor Maximin the Thracian, who reigned in Rome, by the Prætor Aquilinus. He was a Christian at heart, though his sovereign was a persecutor; and, on learning the quality and creed, and all the other circumstances of his visiters, he received them as beings sent by God. After they had refreshed themselves with all that this great city could afford, they proceeded up the river, passing the towns and cities on their way with blessings from the simple dwellers on the shores, until they arrived at Basel, or Bâle. At this city they were met by Pantulus, the Roman prætor of Helvetia, accompanied by a crowd of Christians, and received with all honour.

One of the conditions under which Ursula accepted the proposal of Agrippinus for his son was, that on the celebration of the marriage, she should make the pilgrimage to Rome; and, in accordance with that condition, she was then on her way thither. Pantulus was aware of her resolution, and he had made every requisite preparation to facilitate the object of her toilsome journey. But so struck was he with the sanctity of the maiden, the devotion of her virginal body-guard, and, perhaps, with her transcendent beauty, that he

determined on accompanying them himself. Collecting together a sufficient escort of the most sedate and sincere Christians in his legions, he preceded them in this extraordinary pilgrimage, clearing their road of all difficulties, and making their path over the rugged mountains as smooth as possible. In this guise they passed through Switzerland; and crossing the Mons Jovis, now known as the Great St. Bernard, after much toil, and many privations, they arrived safe in Rome. For this act the Prætor Pantulus was canonized on his death; and to this day he has an altar to his honour in the Church of St. Ursula at Cologne.

It need not be said that they were warmly welcomed by the Pope; or that they excited the wonder and curiosity of the Roman people. So much, indeed, were they incommoded by the latter, that, after the holy father, Pontianus, who then sat in St. Peter's chair, had rebaptized, or rather confirmed them, and they had seen all the sacred objects which the eternal city then contained, at his urgent entreaty, they left that scene of profligacy and corruption, and wended their way over the mountains back again to the Rhine. The old chronicle from which this tale is taken adds, that Pontianus himself, as a mark of honour and reverence to the maidens, and to the power which conducted them such a distance, deposited his spiritual dignity in the hands of his successor, and, accompanied by hundreds of the higher clergy, followed the virgin train afoot to the place of their re-embarkation, at Basle.

Once more these fair wanderers were on the waters of the Rhine; and once more the shores were made glad with their celestial melody. Thousands upon thousands of the inhabitants of both sides of the river followed them on foot, keeping pace with the stately barks which bore them slowly onward adown the glittering stream: that mighty river itself, in full flood, is the best similitude to which to liken the countless and still-increasing crowds which accompanied

their course. She landed in Mayence; and was there received by her ardent bridegroom, Conan.

Conan was a heathen: the light of Christianity had not then reached the depths of the Hercynian Forest, or penetrated to his father's kingdom; but he was also an ingenuous youth, of amiable disposition, and possessed of all the virtues of Paganism, together with a greatness of soul peculiar to those called barbarians at that period. A happy man was he to meet his young and beautiful bride, radiant with the light of heaven, and redolent of sanctity; and happy was he, too, to see her surrounded by such a train of youth, and loveliness, and virtue; but, when he saw the old Pope and his clergy, their silver locks floating adown their shoulders, the fervour of piety overcoming the helplessness of age, and decrepitude, and wasting toil, his noble heart was deeply touched. "Surely," thought he, "it must be a religion of truth, which has such votaries." He communicated his feelings to his bride; and in a few days became, as she was, a labourer in the propagation of Christianity. "It is probable," quoth the quaint old Chronicle from which this tale is taken, "that the self-same angel of the Lord, who appeared to Vionetus in his dream, had also prepared the heart of this young prince for the reception of the truth." After spending the honeymoon in the delicious neighbourhood of Mayence, they descended the river to Cologne.

At this time, the first movements of that terrific mass of Scandinavian barbarians, known by the name of Huns, were beginning to be felt at the extremities of the Roman empire. Cologne is said to have been treated by them with great severity. The Chronicle, whence this legend is derived, states, that shortly after the landing of Ursula, her spouse, and their train of virgins and ecclesiastics, the Huns made themselves masters of the city. Among the first to meet death at the hands of these ruthless monsters were the maiden-followers of Ursula. Life to them was nothing,

when compared with the loss of their honour ; and the barbarians, flushed with conquest and drunk with blood, were not men who willingly allowed any plea to bar their pleasures. Those hapless ladies, for resisting defilement, were martyred in all imaginable manner of ways—mutilated, crucified, slaughtered—without compunction and without mercy. Of all that crowd of beauty, and virtue, and grace, and devotion, there was not one left alive at the end of three days. The venerable Pope and his clergy were also despatched by these cruel savages. Ursula and her husband alone were left alive to the last, only that the scene of blood might be closed and crowned with their martyrdom. When all the others were disposed of, they too were slain. They suffered unheard-of torments ; but they defeated their brutal tormentors by the fortitude and even joy with which they welcomed their fearful fate.

A picture in the Church of St. Ursula represents the manner of their death. Conan is seen perforated with spears, and swords, and arrows ; his eyes are fixed on his beloved bride alone ; whether to find fortitude in her example, or to strengthen himself by her patient sufferings in his new faith, cannot be discovered ; but still they appear filled with more of love than of devotion ; which seems not unnatural, even in that awful moment, when it is considered in connexion with her superhuman beauty. She, more in love with heaven than with aught of this earth, expresses only the beatific hope of the future in her mild glances ; and looks more anxious to console her husband under his torments, and excite him, by word and deed, to bear up against his cruel fate, and die in the belief of Christ, than touched with any thing like human sympathy. It is a heart-thrilling composition ; yet it is a pleasing one withal.

In a chapel, near the choir, stands the tomb of St. Ursula. She lies extended, with her hands folded across her breast, on the black slab which covers it ; at her feet is a white

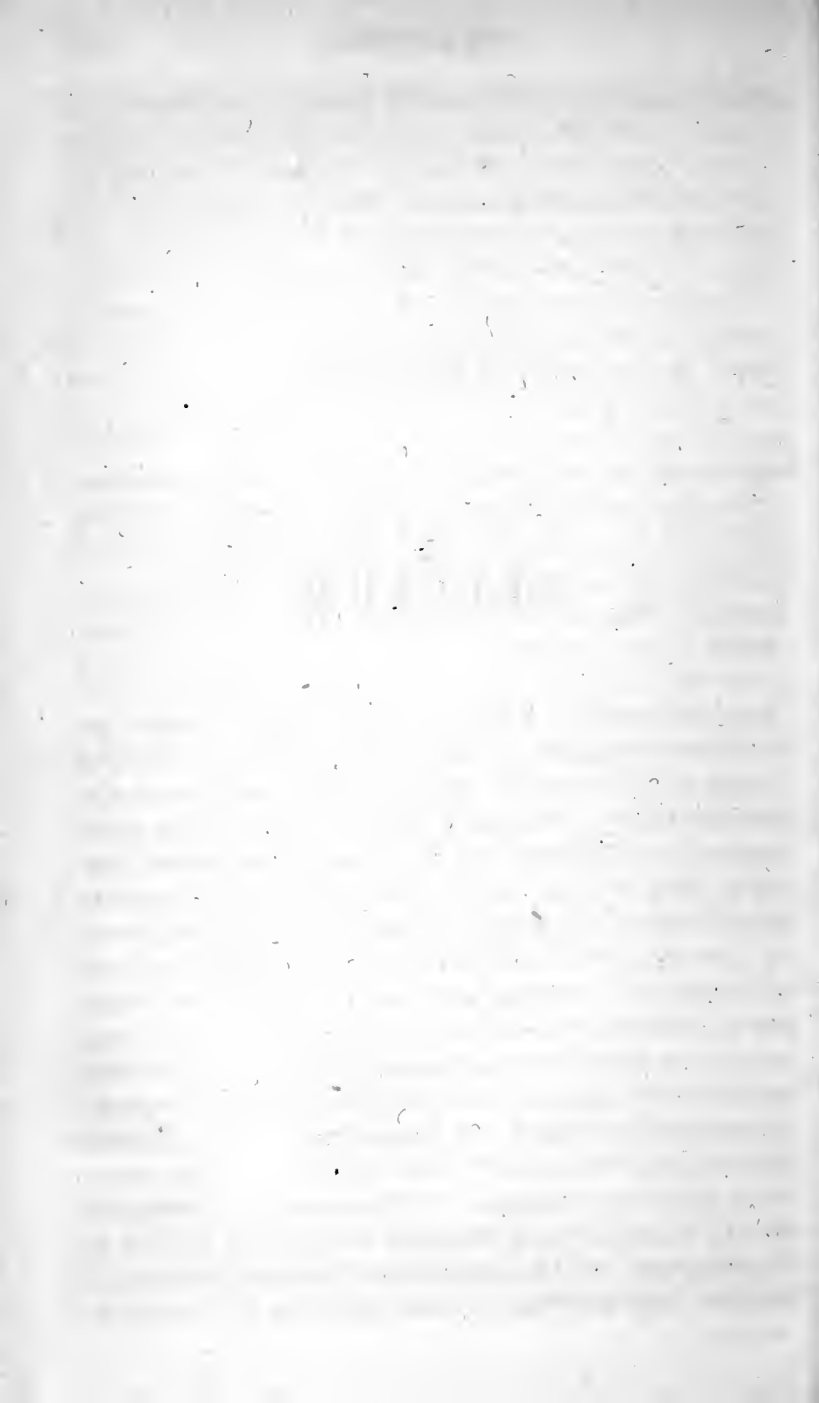
marble dove, the emblem of her own innocence and spotless purity. This dove is said to rest on the spot where her bones are interred.

To have seen all in this church was worth some trouble.

Yours, &c.



BELGIUM.



## LETTER LI.

Brussels.

Belgian railroads; their advantages; regulations—Liège—Women's work—Manufactures—Tunnels—Monks—Brussels—Hotel de Bellevue—Valet de Place—American minister, Mr. Clemson—American politics—Arrival of King Leopold; his family—Cathedral of St. Gudule—Fête of the Madonna—Plenary indulgences—Great preparations—Confusion—Carved pulpit—Monuments—Miraculous wafers.

A GOOD system of railroads has been adopted by the government of Belgium; the route is completed from Cologne to Ostend, with branches from Mechlin, or Malines, as the natives call it, to Antwerp and Brussels; other routes are in progress of completion. By the present conveyances, passengers leave Cologne early in the morning and arrive in Ostend to sleep, and be in readiness to take the steam-vessel next morning to Dover. Till very lately, this route occupied three days. The facility thus given of *getting on*, tempts many to cross the Channel for the tour of the Rhine; Belgium by this road has secured most of the travellers from England to Germany and even to Switzerland, and probably will come in for much of the carrying-trade, which till now found its way round by Holland and up the Rhine by a tedious ascending navigation. The number of passengers was very great as far as Mechlin, where many stopped to take the trains for this miniature of Paris, or for Antwerp. This facility of travelling induces others, as it did me, to

omit stopping at Aix-la-Chapelle, Liège, &c., and will probably prevent me from visiting Ghent and Bruges.

The distance to Brussels by rail is two hundred and twenty miles, performed at a pace of about eighteen miles in the hour, with arrangements which appear to secure the passengers from any imminent danger. The whole road is under the control of government; this produces some difference in the management from any I have seen. A small charge is made for luggage, which is weighed before starting, a number placed on each package, and a receipt is given for its delivery; this charge, added to your own ticket, makes the whole much less than for similar distances in England, or with us; in the luxurious first-class carriages, with but six in a room, and a centre-table for your books, the charge is but two cents a mile. The military are employed on all parts of the line; soldiers are on duty at all the stations, and all the officials are in uniform. The guards and engineers wear green, and carry a horn, slung Robin Hood-fashion over the shoulder. The horn is musically sounded by the man at the head of the train, and is answered in the same notes, blown by his fellow in the rear—a much more agreeable intimation than a shrill whistle or a bell; it is always clearly and distinctly heard. The guard collects the tickets while the train is in motion, as he scrambles from one post-coach to another, risking his life where there is no step or contrivance for his support. One fell lately and was ground to atoms.

Liège, as we passed it, gave strong evidences of prosperous manufactures; rail-wagons full of coal were in the course of unloading; women shovelling the coal into carts with an air that showed it was their common occupation. Females were also employed in making bricks. The country through which we passed is well-cultivated; very fine crops of winter-grain were nearly ready for the sickle. The scenery was strikingly like that of America. A long period of peace has shown these people the way to put money in their pockets; their manufactories are so prosperous as to be looked at with

jealousy by the English, with whom they compete even in cutlery and woolen-cloths. Numerous and long tunnels through the hardest rock, are passed before arriving at Liége; the first-class coaches, as in England, are furnished with lamps ingeniously placed in a glass globe, in the centre of the top, so that the smoke escapes; the traveller is thus never left in the dark.

We had in our *coach* (I use this word because the old English post-coach has served for the model of the first-class rail-cars), a couple of monks from the Abbey of Park near Louvain, which place we passed. These men were dressed in an ancient costume, with silver buttons and cocked hats. When they left us, one of my neighbours informed me, they live as well as monks of old times; have large fish-ponds and other luxuries for which their residences were formerly so famous. One of them had a pampered look of obesity. I should have remarked, that another *visite* or examination of the luggage, took place at Verviers, where confusion again reigned supreme.

Arrived at Brussels, there was the usual bustle of procuring luggage; while getting conveyances at the station, detained us a long time; I am, however, at length established at the long-celebrated Hotel de Bellevue, near the Park and the Palace of the King. An excellent *valet de place*, speaking French and a few words of English, is ready to supply the deficiencies of the waiters of this extravagant hotel; they seem to think every attention unnecessary, and they are not civil withal. The American minister, Mr. Clemson, with whom I had the pleasure of an acquaintance, resides near at hand, and has been particularly kind and civil, pointing out the objects which should be visited, and visé-ing my passport for the Low Countries, should I determine to go to Amsterdam on my arrival at Antwerp. We had a good dish of American politics to talk over, a steamer having lately brought him despatches from Washington, which give him reason to believe the new President will retain him as ambassador—

while he learns that several chargés and ministers are recalled. Mr. Clemson is a fine, portly gentleman, and popular here in the first circles. While I am writing, the King has arrived from his recent visit to London, and has just passed my windows, surrounded and followed by his soldiers, and cheered with vivas: Leopold is now an elderly gentleman, contrasting strongly with my recollections of his youthful portrait, when he was the consort of the Princess Charlotte. He came very near occupying the position now held by Prince Albert; again married, to a daughter of Louis Philippe, he has a family of children to succeed him, should the Belgians choose to perpetuate his dynasty. This setting up of foreigners for kings and rulers would scarcely suit our American notions. He is a Protestant, reigning over a population the greater portion of whom are of the Catholic religion, as will be evident to you when I tell you what I have seen at the Cathedral of St. Gudule, an ancient Gothic church, in which the first chapter of the Order of the Golden Fleece was held by Philip the Good, of Burgundy, in 1435, and the eighteenth by the Emperor Charles V., in 1516.

Great preparations are in progress for the Fête of the Madonna, to-morrow (Sunday). A printed advertisement, just inside of the arched doorway, announces, that "plenary indulgences will be granted on this occasion of four hundred days to those who attend piously the Grand Mass;—four hundred to those who accompany the procession;—four hundred to those who assist at vespers;—two hundred to those who during eight days attend the Grand Mass;—seven years and two hundred and eighty days to those who during the year assist at the Grand Mass in honour of the Sacrament, to those who receive the benediction, and who make the tour of the procession." Here is indulgence enough to satisfy the most craving.

The church is in course of preparation for the grand fête; the Virgin Mary has on a new blue-silk gown trimmed with Brussels lace, new flowers and tinsel in her hands, ready to be carried in procession round the town to-morrow in presence

of thousands from Antwerp and other cities, as well as the collected mob of this town, of some hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. The church is cleaned, and set out with lemon and orange-trees in tubs; numerous candles, elegant blue and red flags, &c., &c., &c., while workmen are busily employed with hammers and nails, fixing up candle-stands, rostrums, paintings, and other paraphernalia. The noise is deafening, notwithstanding which, the priests are performing mass, and the chorus is chaunting—amidst these notes of preparation. An enormous lemon-tree was set down heavily at my feet, when the box broke open and distributed the dirt around; hammers soon brought it together again with a noise that reverberates through the nave and choir. This is a faint picture of the confusion which reigns around.

In this church is a fine specimen of a usual ornament of the house of prayer in these countries; an enormous pulpit of carved wood, the master-piece of Vanbruggen, stands out in the nave: the carvings are in bold relief, representing Adam and Eve, driven out of Paradise; peacocks strut at full length; monkeys are disporting among fig and other fruit-trees; while birds and animals of forms never seen in nature, are perched in every possible attitude, to witness the angel driving out our first parents\* with a besom. Overhead, the Virgin Mary holds the infant Saviour, whom she is assisting to thrust the extremity of the cross into the serpent's head!

The brass and marble monuments are numerous—to Dukes of Brabant—to bishops and sainted or wealthy individuals. A martyr of the Revolution of 1830, has a fine marble tomb with his statue at full length, dressed in the costume in which he was shot, wearing a *blouse* and holding a pistol. The artist has done the best he could with this novel statuary apparel;

\* Poor Eve holds an enormous apple in her hand, as if she was resolved, since she was to be turned out of Paradise, to have another good eat. A great boa-constrictor, as thick as the trunks upon which he is entwined, ostriches, eagles, and squirrels, fill up this curious specimen of the fine arts.

poor Count Merode may be gazed on by distant posterity who never heard of this tempest in a tea-pot—this modern revolution which gave the Prince of Orange his walking-ticket. The miraculous wafers here preserved, from which jets of blood are said to have burst forth when a sacrilegious Jew who had stolen them, stuck his knife into their fragile surfaces, I did not ask to see. The Virgin is to make a grand excursion through the town, but I leave you to suppose such a scene after the preparations I have described.

Yours, &c.

## LETTER LII.

Brussels.

Paris in miniature—Cleanly—Octroi-duty—The park—Wounded trees—Jardin des Plantes—Fine arts—Hotel de Ville—Grande Place—Maison du Roi—Duchess of Richmond's ball—The Alle Verte—Antwerp—The pet of Napoleon—Railroad routes—Duke of Alva—Revolution of 1830—The Exchange—Canes—Pictures—Rubens—Vandyck—House of Rubens—A humble picture dealer—Descent from the cross—Private gallery of Mademoiselle Herry—The silk manufacturers' gallery.

THIS is a very clean city; it is called Paris in miniature with truth, excepting in the article of filth; none of the disgusting scenes witnessed in the French capital are here met with; the upper portion of the town is much elevated above the old; it has boulevards, and cafés *a la Paris*, as well as an octroi duty at its iron gates; I have been repeatedly stopped and had my carriage-door civilly opened by soldiers to see if I was smuggling food or wine; you take no notice of this *visité*—the coachman stops as a matter of course, and the door



is opened and shut without interrupting conversation with a friend; coachee hears the door close and drives on.

I have been sauntering in the beautiful Park full of fine old trees and some good statuary; seats invite to lounge, but there is not a dense population, as in Paris, to give animation at all hours of the day to such scenes. The poor trees of some of the alleys suffered wofully in the revolutionary struggle; many are now splintered and bandaged with tar cataplasms spread on coarse canvass; others have recovered, but have scars left in their bark. Soldiers, and an old woman knitting while two dirty children played at her apron-string, were the only human beings to enjoy the dense shade of the old forest-like park. From here I took a walk down hill to the Jardin des Plantes, a place of considerable beauty, with a fine green-house and beautiful flowers; the garden is in a ravine formerly useless, where good effects have been produced by planting the American arbor vitæ on the steep slopes. The gardener is a great admirer of American plants, asking me many questions respecting our evergreens; the Rhododendron was growing luxuriantly in large beds under his care.

A taste for the fine arts seems to have been infused among the inhabitants, several of whom have private galleries; of these I visited that of Count D'Aremberg, where there is a small collection of good pictures, some statuary, numerous Etruscan curiosities, and a fine library, luxuriously furnished. His custode might exhibit himself as the Belgian giant.

The *Hotel de Ville*, one of those old municipal halls peculiar to the Netherlands, is among the most striking objects in Belgium. It stands on one side of a hollow square, in the *Grande Place*, with a tower of open gothic work three hundred and sixty-four feet high, with quaint successions of old stories in a style perfectly novel to my eye, but of great beauty.

This *Grande Place* is one of the most remarkable for its surrounding architecture I have yet encountered. The houses

were built by the Spaniards during their occupation of Brabant; porches, balconies, twisted pillars, fluted pilasters, balls, scrolls, and armorial shields, embellished every where by the gilders and carvers' cunning arts, uprear to an amazing height their fantastic forms. The whole family of gables in all their luxuriant branches flourish here; outvying each other in picturesque gaudiness and modern paint; they seem only to be unanimous in one object, that of rivalling the broad sedate magnificence of the ancient town hall; in the latter I visited the grand room in which Charles V. abdicated his throne in 1555; it is now undergoing repairs; the pictures are removed to be cleaned or repainted, and little that belongs to the original remains but the walls and ceiling.

Opposite the town hall is the *Maison du Roi*, once the residence of the cruel Alva, and equally remarkable as the scene of the Duchess of Richmond's ball before the battle of Waterloo, of which so much has been said and written. The *Place* is graced by an old fountain, and market women are sitting round their baskets vending fruit and vegetables, dressed in old and curious garments. No description can do justice to this very remarkable square.

With regard to the Duchess of Richmond's Ball let me refer you to the 101st number of the London Quarterly Review, where the particulars of this celebrated scene are given for the first time in correct detail.—

“It may well be, and we believe it, that no other man living could have retained the imperturbable coolness which the Duke exhibited during the 15th at Brussels, and still less could have put off to the last the moment of general alarm by going to a ball after having given his orders. Nothing was more likely at the moment to generate the idea of a surprise than the circumstance of this ball, from which so many dancers adjourned to that supper of Hamlet, not where men eat, but where they are eaten. The delusion, however, fades before the facts of the General Orders to be found in

Colonel Gurwood's volume, and is not now worth further notice for purposes of refutation. The details of the case, however, are but partially known, and they are worth recording. The late Duke of Richmond, an attached and intimate friend of the Commander-in-chief, was at Brussels. He was himself a general officer; had one son, the present Duke of Richmond, on the staff of the Prince of Orange, one on that of the Duke, and another in the Blues, and was at the battle of Waterloo, but not in any military capacity.\* The brother of the Duchess, the late (and last) Duke of Gordon, was colonel of the 92d or Gordon Highlanders, which, with the 42d and 79th Highland regiments, formed part of the reserve corps stationed at Brussels. The Duchess had issued invitations for a ball for the 15th. Among other preparations for the evening she had engaged the attendance of some of the non-commissioned officers and privates of her brother's regiment and the 42d, wishing to show her continental guests the real Highland dances in perfection. When the news of the French advance reached head-quarters, it became matter of discussion whether or not the ball should be allowed to proceed. The deliberate judgment of the Duke decided that it should. There were reasons good for this decision. It is sufficient on this head to say that the state of public feeling in the Netherlands generally, and in Brussels in particular, was more than questionable. It was a thing desirable in itself to postpone to the last the inevitable moment of alarm—to shorten so far as possible that critical interval which must occur between the acting of a dreadful thing and the first motion, between the public announcement of actual hostilities and their decision in the field. Every necessary order had been issued; and such

\* The Duke of Richmond was seen riding about the field, sometimes in situations of imminent danger, in plain clothes, with his groom behind him, exactly as if taking an airing in Hyde Park. His Grace's appearance at one remarkable moment is picturesquely enough described by Captain Siborne.

was that state of preparation and arrangement which wise men have since questioned and criticised, that this operation had been the work of minutes, and before the festal lamps were lighted the fiery cross was on its way through the cantonments. The general officers then in Brussels had their instructions to attend and to drop off singly and without *éclat* and join their divisions on the march. The Duke himself remained later, occupied the place of honour at the supper, and returned thanks for the toast to himself and the allied army, which was proposed by General Alava. At about eleven a despatch arrived from the Prince of Orange, shortly after reading which, the Duke retired, saluting the company graciously. On that countenance, cheerful and disengaged as usual, none could read the workings of the calm but busy mind beneath. The state of things, however, most awful to those who could least distinctly be informed of it, had partially transpired, and the fête had assumed that complexion which has been perpetuated on the canvass of Byron. The bugle had sounded before the orchestra had ceased. Before the evening of the following day some of the Duchess's kilted corps de ballet were stretched in the rye of Quatre Bras, never to dance again. Rough transitions these—moralists may sigh—poets may sing—but they are the Rembrandt lights and shadows of the existence of the soldier, whose philosophy must always be that of Wolfe's favourite song—

“ Why, soldiers, why,  
Should we be melancholy then,  
Whose trade it is to die ?”

In this instance they were results of a cool self-possession and control, for a parallel instance of which biography may be searched in vain.”

The lines of Byron referred to by the writer, are in *Childe Harold*, canto third ; though well known to many readers, I

cannot resist the temptation of quoting them to you from the spot:—

There was a sound of revelry by night,  
 And Belgium's capital had gather'd then  
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright  
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;  
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,  
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell;  
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising-knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,  
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;  
 On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;  
 No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet,  
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—  
 But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more  
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;  
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!  
 Arm! arm!—it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high wall  
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear  
 That sound the first amidst the festival,  
 And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear;  
 And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,  
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well  
 Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,  
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell,  
 He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago,  
 Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;

And there were sudden partings, such as press  
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
 Which ne'er might be repeated ; who could guess  
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise ?

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,  
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
 When pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;  
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;  
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum,  
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;  
 While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,  
 Or whispering, with white lips—" The foe ! They come !  
 they come !"

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,  
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,  
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas !  
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe,  
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
 Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,  
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,  
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day  
 Battle's magnificently-stern array !  
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,  
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,  
 Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,  
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent !

Several visits to the *Allée Verte*, a fashionable green drive somewhat like a long well-planted park, visits to other churches, &c., of no particular note, closed my sojourn in Brussels. A party for the field of Waterloo, of which I was to have been one, was spoiled by a heavy rain, much to my regret, and I left for my promised pilgrimage to Antwerp and its pictures.

#### Antwerp.

This formerly commercial city, the pet of Napoleon, who fortified it at an enormous outlay, is now reached by railroad in a couple of hours from Brussels; this route runs directly *across* the main Belgium road. A road is now in progress from Antwerp to Ostend; when the whole of the projected routes are completed, Belgium will have one of the best systems of rail-roads in Europe, and will enjoy much of the carrying trade of the continent.

In the days of Charles V., and in those of Napoleon, this old city enjoyed the greatest commercial prosperity. The cruel Alva, by establishing the Inquisition and other acts of wickedness, drove the Flemish artificers to England; they introduced the silk manufacture into Great Britain in the reign of Elizabeth, as the Liége refugees did the woollen at a later period. Sieges at several periods greatly injured its commercial prosperity; from its latter importance as a port it was rapidly recovering when the revolution of 1830 annihilated its most profitable commerce with the Dutch colonies, its richest merchants having emigrated to Amsterdam and Rotterdam. Having occasion to see a banker, I repaired at once to the Exchange, at change hour; there was a respectable show of merchants chattering and making bargains, in an old Moorish-looking quadrangle with a corridor all round, surmounted by an odd second story; a guard stood at the iron gate to keep improper persons out, to take the merchants' canes as they passed in, or to call any one required. Mr.

Meyer gave me my desired information, and while we were conversing, at a signal from a bell, the whole commercial representatives of Antwerp retired in good order.

This city enjoys considerable reputation for its pictures, several of the most celebrated productions of Rubens, Van-dyke, Teniers, &c., having remained behind after its commercial prosperity has deserted it. The house of Rubens is still shown, but has lately undergone such material alterations as almost to destroy its identity. His statue on the quay is colossal; his memory seems to be cherished by the inhabitants in a remarkable degree. Very many amateurs live in Antwerp; even my *valet de place* was a picture-dealer, and talked learnedly of the fine arts; he had a little shop of articles of virtù, and seemed to wonder how I could resist the purchase of a little "gem" by, or after Cuyp; his collection of coins and curiosities from Waterloo? for those who, like myself, did not visit the field, must prove lucrative; hanging about the hotels he picks up English tourists of no great knowledge of the fine arts, and makes it convenient in going to the cathedral to pass his little shop. His collection of old china would tempt some Americans you and I are acquainted with.

I have now seen so many Catholic cathedrals that I have learned what to expect; but here I was to see at Notre Dame the masterpiece of Rubens—the *Descent from the Cross*, and other celebrated paintings on which I was expected to expend a large amount of enthusiasm. This great picture is preserved under a pair of doors, which, on being opened by the church guide, display two other of Rubens's productions. The French carried the *Descent from the Cross* to Paris, and judiciously cleaned it, so that the criticisms of Sir Joshua Reynolds respecting its condition, must now be read with some allowance.

A very neat, small, but select private gallery, containing some pictures by the old masters, and many by Flemish artists, belonging to Mademoiselle Herry, is kindly exhibited to



respectable strangers, and well rewards a morning visit. A Scotch silk manufacturer, who married the daughter of his wealthy predecessor in the business, has also a clever picture-gallery, which he shows to his customers. He, or rather *she*, owns one picture by Rubens, for which five thousand pounds sterling has been refused. The canny Scot knows that these productions are rising in value faster than the interest would accumulate. Many of the best pictures still remaining in Antwerp, are at the museum, a visit to which must not be omitted.

Yours, &c.

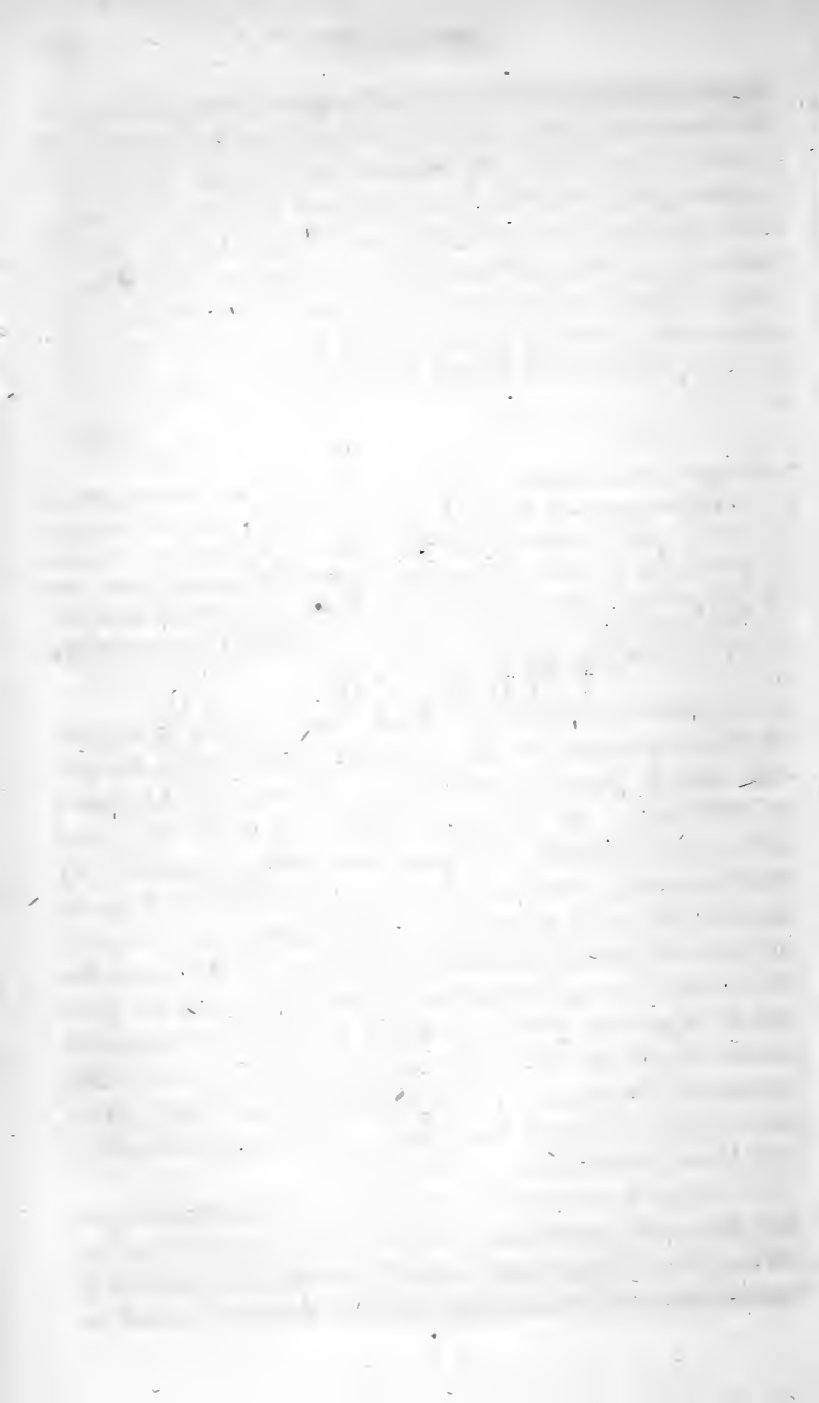
The first part of the report is devoted to a general  
 description of the country and its resources. It  
 is followed by a detailed account of the  
 various industries and occupations of the  
 population. The report concludes with a  
 summary of the principal results of the  
 investigation.

The second part of the report is devoted to a  
 description of the various industries and  
 occupations of the population. It is  
 followed by a detailed account of the  
 various industries and occupations of the  
 population. The report concludes with a  
 summary of the principal results of the  
 investigation.

The third part of the report is devoted to a  
 description of the various industries and  
 occupations of the population. It is  
 followed by a detailed account of the  
 various industries and occupations of the  
 population. The report concludes with a  
 summary of the principal results of the  
 investigation.

The fourth part of the report is devoted to a  
 description of the various industries and  
 occupations of the population. It is  
 followed by a detailed account of the  
 various industries and occupations of the  
 population. The report concludes with a  
 summary of the principal results of the  
 investigation.

ENGLAND.



## LETTER LIII.

Ostend.

Reasons for haste—Rubens—Depart for Ostend—Rail-road companions—The commerce of Antwerp—Contrast with Philadelphia—Bruges and Ghent not seen—Difficulty of procuring information—Annoyance—Ostend—The quay—Bathing time—Machines—A good sea bath—The bathers—Kneeling in the street—Government steamer—Old companions—Sea-sickness—Dover—Custom-house—Smuggling cameos—Rail to London.

It was with extreme reluctance I felt obliged, by limited time and by anxiety to receive letters from America, to omit an eighteen hours' steamboat trip to Rotterdam, and thence to the Hague, &c.; but one cannot see every thing, and several engagements in England were staring at me in my tablets, particularly one to be present at Eton College on election Monday. I therefore paid my fourth visit to the great picture of Rubens, took another half day for Mademoiselle Herry's and the museum picture-gallery, bade adieu to my colloquial friend the silk-dealer and picture-lover, and deposited myself for the last time in a luxurious continental rail-road post-coach, for Ostend. At Mechlin we changed, and joined the numerous Cologne passengers, most of whom were travelling in the second or third class cars.

At Bruges we were joined by a family of very respectable Belgians, who were going to Ostend to enjoy the bathing season; the husband smoked, as all husbands and brothers do here, to the very last moment, and then tumbled in and sat

down on his wife's work-basket, in which, direful to relate, was stowed her now lost—evaporated—veritable eau de Cologne. She treated it as a capital joke; their good humour, heightened by polish of manners and agreeable conversation, softened my regret at not having taken the time and trouble to see Bruges and Ghent. I had already omitted Aix-la-Chapelle, where is the tomb of Charlemagne and very curious relics; but in a tour such as I am making, one has to select *exemplars* of the novel objects he wishes to remember, and visit the best.

London.

The difficulty of ascertaining the proper mode of proceeding, which I encountered in England, is much enhanced on the Continent. I had used every endeavour, both in Antwerp and Brussels, to ascertain at what time steam vessels left Ostend for Dover, but nobody could tell me, except that on Wednesdays the Queen Mary, a fine vessel, ran with uniformity, and there was a general impression that a government vessel left every day *at eight o'clock*, so that passengers got comfortably to London the same night. This was fully confirmed by one of the advertisements of the "Mary," which positively asserted the eight o'clock hour. I therefore felt no doubt, but had it also confirmed by the lazy garçons at the poor best hotel at Ostend, ordered myself called at seven, breakfasted, and hurried on board. Though the hotel was within a stone's throw of the steam-vessel, nobody in the house knew the fact, that, owing to the state of the tide, she would not sail till ten! The hatches were not open, and the hands were gruff and sullen. Many other passengers were similarly annoyed. We swallowed our anger as well as we could, deposited our luggage under a tarpaulin, and set out for a couple of hours' saunter through Ostend; glad we were of the delay, for we stumbled upon the magnificent

quay and fortified breastwork, used as a promenade by the townspeople, and by the numerous English, French, and Belgians, who resort here during the bathing season. They live *en pension*, in various small houses, sheltered from storms behind the ramparts. It was just high bathing-time; a dozen fellows assailed us and quarrelled for our custom, before we knew what want of ours they wished so eagerly to supply; it turned out they were foragers for customers for the bathing machines, scattered plentifully on the sand; the tide served, the day was warm; after settling six disputes as to who was the first to catch me, I accepted the guidance of a good-looking sailor, who conducted me to a bathing-house on wheels. A woman of the broadest shoulders, nose, and feet, asked ten cents, cheated me out of twelve more in changing Belgian to English money, gave me pantaloons and two good towels, and I mounted a pair of steps to a clean room with a window on each side, seats, and a looking-glass. Immediately a horse was attached, the rider gave two smart raps on the door, which I took as an intimation to sit down or be overturned, and away we went. The horse and rider left me in the surf.

The bathers breakfast and lounge at a very good café on the walls, where fine views of the sea and sailing vessels induce them to pass their time much in the lazy fashion you are wont to indulge in at Cape May and the Branch. A little detour through the town brought us in contact with a crowd *kneeling in the street* in a long line extending from a church door; the building was full, and some Catholic ceremony was in progress, the meaning of which no one was sufficiently *on his feet* to inform us. Translate the word *bad* into *bathing*, and then you will understand the following advertisement, on the sea-ramparts, which ran thus: "Bad plaets vor de vrouwen."

Once more on board the government steamer, I found some companions I had left in Geneva, who were preparing for a turbulent passage and sea-sickness. The morning had been remarkably fine, but Boreas was assembling his Channel

clouds to head us, making London to-night almost out of the question. The vessel is staunch, a picked crew, though the captain is eighty years of age! We were soon in the trough of a heavy sea; all the passengers but myself were prostrated by sickness.

Dover was reached just in time and not a minute to spare, to get to the last railroad train for London. Beset by commissionnaires, and hurried through the custom-house, where every facility was given, we felt very fortunate in escaping the notorious exactions of the Ship Inn, though our continental curiosities were somewhat bruised. A gentleman from Rome, smuggling some beautiful shell cameos, dropped one in the struggle against time; it was trodden under foot and smashed, but escaped the duty! He paid four guineas on a roll of pictures, which were charged, as some people value such things, by the square foot. Again in London, I shall be able to be less egotistical, and to talk English to you.

Yours, &c.

## LETTER LIV.

London.

The Queen and her husband—Various opinions respecting their happiness—Is she deranged?—A crazy dynasty—Its result—No symptoms of insanity apparent—Natural wish to travel—The Queen the stronger lover of the two—She rules—Her temper—Her apron strings—Jonathan's opinion—Current stories—Anecdote at Teymouth Castle—The confounded white ponies—Prince Albert's position—His occupations, tastes, and amusements—Pheasants and dogs—Will not be king—The Queen patronises foreign artists—William and Mary Howitt—Their residence—How engaged—Party there.

ONE of the things much talked about here is the *state* of affairs between the Queen and her husband. I have often been amused with the answers of her subjects, when ques-



tioned as to the condition of the royal ménage. Some profess to believe the "royal consort" a happy and a lucky man; some think his duties and annoyances very heavy, and many envy him; while others, but they are few, have concluded that her frequent journeys on the continent and at home, indicate that the mental disease of George the Third has attacked her. This last, of course, is a most interesting question at home, and has its bearings abroad. If the Queen inherits insanity, then it follows that her children may be insane sooner or later; the next sequitur is, that England is to be governed by a *crazy race* for an indefinite period, the reigning sovereign liable to an attack at any moment, and being crazy not being incompatible with the station of queen or king, however it may, when time is afforded to prove it, prevent them from *reigning* during the period of attack: a crazy queen will bring Prince Albert forward to have a say in the government; he will be regent in case of the death of Victoria. Thus we *may* see Great Britain with a crazed head, and a foreigner with the veto power.

From all I could learn in the best educated circles, and from a few with whom I mingled, who have access to the court, I am inclined to think the *fear* of her insanity has been father to the thought, and that *no* symptoms to justify such a fear have yet become apparent to the closest observers. What more natural for a young woman than to wish to travel? Do not her subjects do so? If her subjects are fond of travelling, and do travel at a great expense on the continent, and come back and talk to her of places they have seen, is there any thing more likely to occur than that she should wish to see also, especially when she journeys with so much eclat? The *times* have changed;—this is a time for travelling, and why should not the Queen of England be in the *fashion*? She is, however, in this case, following, not leading it. I would not have you credit a paragraph that has got into the papers on the subject of her mental aberration,

though it must be confessed the subject has talkers here as well as with you.

As to the *love* of the Queen and the Prince! this, too, is talked over in a thousand ways by the gossipers, who have pretty generally come to the conclusion that they are as much together as other married people, if not a little more; that the lady loves a little the stronger of the two, or at least shows her love the most; that *she* rules; that she is sometimes *provoking*, and sometimes a little *sulky* and high-tempered, and somewhat jealous; the last showing itself by watchful movements to prevent his escape from her apron-string—if, indeed, queens wear aprons with strings;—if they do, as she is supposed to, the said strings are made of the same materials as those of other wives, and they seem to be tied a little tighter. This causes *some* to pity the Prince, while the majority unite with Brother Jonathan in thinking he has got a nice sit-*u*-ation enough. It is the custom in these modern days for the husband to be the head of the house;—when a husband surrenders this station, and virtually submits—if he did not do so with a good grace, he would be still more laughed at, and would, in this case, be still more uncomfortable than he is *said* to be in his position. At all events, stories are current of his being, at least, a *subject*. I believe I can vouch for the truth of the following anecdote. When the royal couple were entertained at Taymouth Castle in Scotland, so magnificently, by the Marquis of Breadalbane, a day of deer-stalking was to be among the occupations of the Prince, assisted by all the keepers to drive the game. More time than was expected elapsed before sport could be obtained, when, just as the deer were approaching, our hero took out his watch and said he *must go*. The keepers told him that in a few minutes he might shoot half-a-dozen bucks;—“No”—was his reply, “it is two o’clock, and I must go and drive those confounded white ponies!” said ponies being the Queen’s favourites. He missed his sport.

Other equally racy anecdotes are in circulation, but as I have not had them from equally good authority, I do not give currency to them in print. The royal consort, it must be admitted, has acted prudently since he was elevated to his present position—one which might have made an older and stronger head, giddy. He has not been known to interfere improperly in politics or to seek place for favourites; indeed, one of the complaints against him is, that he has not a single male personal friend among the young nobility; that his shooting excursions are solitary, or in company with keepers. I look upon this as a happy circumstance, for a bosom friend might influence him to interference on one side of the political stage, or another, and favouritism *might influence* the Queen, however strong her mind; we all know what control royal favourites have exercised, for evil, over kings of England and other countries. The Prince finds occupation and amusement enough. He is put forward as patron of various societies, and takes the chair on many public occasions; makes a little speech in broken English now and then at the presentation of a society's prize; he is a musician and a composer; cultivates and patronises concerts; he pretends to scientific practice in farming, and probably possesses some knowledge; much of his time is occupied in public attendance on the Queen, at drawing-rooms, and at the opera, theatres, &c.; then he is a great sportsman, as every man must be who wants to be a gentleman of the first water in England. His guns would occupy even more of his attention than they do, if he could find time for sporting. I shall tell you elsewhere, in my letters from the neighbourhood of Windsor, what royal preserves are—and how his pheasants and dogs are cared for.

The Queen takes every opportunity of showing her husband respect in public, sustaining thus his dignity as far as possible. Some attempts have been suggested to give him the title of king, but without success; public opinion being strongly against such a measure.

In state matters the Queen is, of course, influenced, nay, led, by Sir Robert Peel; investigate her position, and it appears more that of a puppet when near at hand, than it does at your distance from her. One of her faults, which gives serious offence to many, is her patronage of foreign artists, whether musicians or painters. For this the Prince comes in for his share of vituperation; it has been a complaint against the Brunswick family ever since the time of George the Second. Such a fact is hard to bear, especially by the artists themselves, and I do not wonder they complain. She is an excellent musician herself, very fond of the Italian opera, and visits it thrice to one evening devoted to Shakespeare or the English stage.

You say you want to know about *persons* as well as places, and ask me to write you about any of the authors whom I have met with or heard of. The "Pen and Ink Sketches," which you sent me in a Boston paper, are, you say, making a noise in the world. I have no doubt they are good, but the one before me is ancient in its information; it declares that William and Mary Howitt reside "at Heidelberg;" they certainly were not there last month, and they certainly were at Clapton yesterday, very comfortably settled at housekeeping, and surrounded by a family of as promising children as you would wish to see.

William Howitt is engaged in writing a work in the style of his successful *Visits to Remarkable Places*, to be called, "Visits to the Homes and Haunts of the Poets of England," and for the purpose of making it complete, he does visit all the spots that he writes about; he leaves Clapton to-morrow for Scotland. Mrs. Howitt continues to apply her knowledge of modern languages to translating, and has a work ready for publication, introducing a new candidate for public favour, from Denmark. She has also written one of the "Edinburgh Tales."

The Howitts are the centre of a pleasant circle; a portion of which circle I met there last evening, invited expressly to

talk over our respective Rhine adventures, for some of them have just returned from that land of legends and interest. Four miles to the London Bank, and four miles thence to Cavendish Square, after ten o'clock, is a bad preparation for a night of letter-writing from

Yours, &c.

## LETTER LV.

London.

Publishing—John Murray's store—Lady Hester Stanhope's Memoirs—Book business—Second-hand book-shops—Dealers in copper-plates—Vamped-up books—Hack-writers—Love Letters of Mrs. Piozzi—Their American history—Conway, the actor—His curious career in the United States—His suicide at Charleston—Fate of the Love Letters—Their lover-like character—Literature.

I BELIEVE I informed you, on my first visit to London, what a difficulty I was under regarding new books, and of the extreme exertion necessary to find out what is going on in the publishing world. Go to John Murray's for a book not published by him, and the spruce clerk in a mercantile counting-house will look as much astonished as if you asked for a copy of Hogarth at the Philadelphia Bank. He does not retail other people's publications, but is a merchant vending his own, wholesale. And so of the other great publishers. You do light upon a book-store now and then, where a small variety seems to be kept; but examine closely and the mass of the books are in quantities, most probably of some religious cast or sectarian character. I "shopped" for some hours the other day for the curious and wordy Memoirs of Lady Hester Stanhope, which I first heard of *from an American newspaper*; no shop among a dozen booksellers had it, but they all offered to send it to my lodgings.

In my perambulations I have fallen upon some of the second-hand book-shops, where an immense amount of *trashy* and a considerable quantity of good books may be picked up, at prices sometimes that are reasonable even to an American pocket. I stumbled the other day upon a dealer of considerable capital, who purchases every thing in a certain line which is ever sold *very cheap*. At his store you may be sure of completing your odd set of the Gentleman's Magazine, for he buys all the odd volumes of that more than a century old periodical. He carries on a trade with American auctioneers, to whom he consigns occasionally a mass of "old stuff" to get it out of his way, or to reduce his stock of particular books, mixing up some good works with the poor, to help the catalogue.

Then there is another class of dealers, who delight in second-hand copper-plates; they buy these in quantities as they are forced upon the market by death or assignment, and reprint them on inferior paper at a lower price, and often with reduced or new letter-press, vamping up a new title-page, and giving some known publisher an advantage for allowing his name to appear on the imprint. Great numbers of such works find their way to America *by the pound weight*, and pay a profit. Then another publisher, when he gets enough plates together of a certain kind and size, vamps up a work under a taking title, written by some hack in a garret, for there are *garretteers* of literature in plenty still remaining—often men of education who have not succeeded in life, and are willing to earn by their pens enough to produce a good coat and a dinner. They live by jobbing thus, and by producing guinea articles for the Magazines—most happy when one is accepted, and down upon the publisher for the remuneration on the publication-day.

At John Russel Smith's in Old Compton Street, Soho Square, where cheap publications of works whose copy-rights have expired, are issued in considerable numbers, I picked up the other day, a small octavo, bearing the following title: "Love-

Letters of Mrs. Piozzi, written when she was Eighty, to William Augustus Conway." You might be tempted to say with Shakespeare in Twelfth Night: "Too old, by heaven!" The adventitious celebrity of Mrs. Piozzi, given her by her friendship for Dr. Johnson, and the appearance of her name in so many contemporaneous books, induced me to purchase it. I found it possessed some further interest on account of the *American* portion of its secret history, all told without circumlocution in the preface. The letters were written so lately as 1820, the old loving lady dying in 1822, and Conway, who was an actor of great personal beauty, went to the United States in 1821, perfectly disgusted with the English, who would not receive him at his own estimate. He there met with no better success; the press was unfavourable to him, and persecuted him, says the preface, with gibes and sneers, which are worse to bear, by a person who has too high a conceit of himself, than sober, though severe criticism.

His mind, which appears to have been more like that of a sentimental lady, than a man, sank under the storm of paper pellets; from an actor he became a devotee, and applied himself to the study of theology, with a view to taking orders. His despondency, however, increased; and in a voyage from New York to Charleston, he threw himself overboard and was drowned, as probably many readers will recollect, just as he was crossing the bar of Charleston, and as the other passengers were sitting down to dinner, on the 24th of January, 1828. He had declined to dine, telling the captain that he "should never require dinner again." He had been silent and reserved during the passage; speaking to no one, but always acknowledging attentions or civilities with politeness and gratitude. Though the weather was exceedingly inclement at the time, his dress was thin summer clothing, as if he were insensible to the severity of the cold. The body was recovered; his gold watch and money were found in his pockets; and in his pocket-book was a bill of exchange endorsed to his mother.

His effects were brought back to New York by the captain of the packet (I am still quoting from the preface), where they were sold for the benefit of his relatives in England, and among other things sold were the originals of the letters now presented to the public; the letters were purchased by a lady of the name of Ellet, a native of Western New York, but at present residing in Virginia, and in her possession they still remain. They were shown to several persons, and were lent to a gentleman with permission to take copies, and use them as he might think fit. Of this permission he availed himself, and from his copies sent to England, this *editio princeps* of Mrs. Piozzi's Love Letters has been printed. An affidavit is given from Joseph Strong, Commissioner of Deeds, in New York, in 1842, to prove that the copies are exact.

Now you have the history of the love of the old lady of eighty, for a young man of twenty-six. I think you will agree with me, that the history is not without interest. That Mrs. Piozzi was in love, and that she wished to be loved again by the object of her affection, is beyond doubt, if her words have any meaning. She exhorts him to "exalt his love," significantly inviting him to bestow it on herself—typified as "the flower produced in colder climates, which is sought for in old age,"—in preference to the *young* "China rose, of no scent or flavour," for which he seems to have had a partiality. When she informs him that her heart was only twenty-six years old, and all his own, it can only be concluded that she wished him to believe that her feelings towards him were those of a loving woman of his own age. I give you a quotation; after speaking of the true end of human existence, she says:—

"This is preaching—but remember how the sermon is written at three, four, and five o'clock, by an octogenary pen—a heart (as Mrs. Lee says) twenty-six years old: and as H. L. P. feels it to be,—ALL YOUR OWN;—suffer your dear noble self to be in some measure benefited by the talents which are left *me*; your health to be restored by soothing



consolations while I *remain here*, and am able to bestow them.—All is not lost yet—you *have* a friend, and that friend is Piozzi.”

This curious history has excited considerable interest in circles calling themselves “literary,” though indeed, there are so many other absorbing topics of conversation here, that literature comes in for a small share in many houses where I visit; it is more difficult to keep the run of literary history while in London than in Philadelphia, where the regular reception of all the best foreign and domestic periodicals keeps you posted and thoroughly *au courant* respecting books: one’s eyes have to do double duty here in gazing on so much that is quite novel to them besides publications.

Yours, &c.

## LETTER LVI.

Near Windsor.

Visit to the neighbourhood of Windsor—Mr. Jesse—Reign of the Stuarts—Mrs. Houstoun—Eton—Public breakfast—Dr. Hawtrey—The examination—Boys in full dress—Speeches—Public dinner—Plate—Colonel Howard Vyse; his reputation; his mansion; a gardener; his drawings of the Pyramids—Wall-fruits—Grapes and pine-apples—Cedar of Lebanon—The Queen’s kitchen-garden; its cost—Forcing-houses—Strawberries—American present for the Queen—Canvass-back ducks.

I HAVE been to Windsor under circumstances which insured me a tolerably thorough inspection of what I wished to see. An engagement made before going to the Continent to revisit Stoke Park;—to be present at Eton College on Election Monday;—to visit with Mr. Jesse, who is Surveyor of her

Majesty's Parks and Palaces, all the points which could interest me in the Forest and Windsor Park, has been fulfilled. By such facilities I have penetrated even to the Queen's Private Library and the Gold Room! for an introduction to which I had in vain employed my friends in London to procure a permit.

And first of Mr. Edward Jesse, of Upton Park, an author of much merit himself, particularly in the department of Natural History;—he is the father of the author of those excellent books, "Memoirs of the Court of England during the Reign of the Stuarts," "History of the Pretenders and their Adherents," &c. Mr. Jesse is, moreover, justly proud of a daughter, *Mrs. Houstoun*, whose yacht-voyage to Texas was lately published. She was at the Isle of Wight when I was at her father's at Upton Park, which is situated between Stoke and Windsor Castle, within an easy walk of each. With such literary tastes and scientific pursuits as Mr. Jesse has cultivated—with such command over the improvements of Windsor, and Kew, and Hampton Court, you may suppose that he is in the full enjoyment of happiness, especially as his children exhibit and cultivate tastes which minister to his own.

We first went to the public breakfast at the house of the Head Master of Eton, the Rev. Edward Craven Hawtrey, D.D., who resides in a most beautiful and comfortable ancient mansion, near Eton College; the elegant meal was set out in the reverend gentleman's library and an adjoining room, his study, one of those charming places, the very *feel* of which touches one's literary heart. On the table were very superb silver ornaments, candelabra, &c., with inscriptions complimentary to Dr. Hawtrey, from various successive classes of this celebrated school. At the table were many of the nobility and gentry who had come to be present at the ceremonies, from love to the institution,—to be with their sons, or in pursuance of a practice many of them have kept up since they were scholars here. One old gentleman assured

me, this was the fifty-fifth year he had attended the public breakfast and examination. The guests of the Head Master, a learned, amiable, and most efficient officer of the school, and on this occasion the great man of the day, came to the table without confusion, partook of the excellent repast, and made room for their successors. At ten o'clock, the public examination took place, when we had many schoolboy recitations in Latin, Greek, and English. Previous to the examination I joined the party of the Provost. The boys were in full dress, with small-clothes and silk stockings, but succeeded no better than boys do at any of our best American colleges. We saw the table set out with all the college plate; some of it of great antiquity.

The King of Prussia lately presented a volume to Eton College; it was exhibited on this occasion, previous to the grand banquet, and excited great interest. This curious work, which is in large folio, and beautifully printed on vellum, containing one hundred and fifty-five pages, is magnificently bound in purple velvet, inlaid with massive ornaments of solid gold, and of curious and elaborate workmanship. This royal present to the college authorities is described in the letter which accompanied it from his Excellency the Prussian Minister as being "one of the only two copies on vellum of the edition of the 'Niebelungen' in great folio, struck off as a monument of typography at the Centenary Festival of Gutenberg's Invention, in one hundred copies only. The two on vellum were struck off for the King and Queen of Prussia." The copy intended for the King of Prussia was presented by his Majesty to Eton College, and the other copy has been placed in the Royal Library at the palace at Berlin. The following is a translation of the German inscription on the first leaf of the book, in the handwriting of the Prussian Sovereign:—"To Eton School, the guardian of the hope of the rising generation, the promoter of all that is good and noble, the preserver of old Saxon intellect, this hero poem of the German people, and memorial of the jubilee of a German

invention, is presented, in memory of his visit, in January, 1842, and in gratitude for his affectionate reception—by Fredrick Wilhelm, King of Prussia. Berlin, June 18, 1844.”

The exercises over, we called, by invitation, on Colonel Howard Vyse, to lunch at two o'clock; this gentleman has employed his large fortune, and made himself eminent in his extensive explorations of the Egyptian Pyramids;—his quarto volumes on the subject have reached you; they were much quoted from by Mr. Gliddon, the lecturer on Egypt. Colonel Vyse occupies a large, ancient family mansion, where comfort, rather than show, presides; he is an enthusiastic gardener; keeps in his employ many educated horticulturists, and has altogether one of the most successful fruit-gardens on the island; pine-apples, grapes, huge strawberries, cherries, apricots, &c., are in the greatest abundance. His walls for fruits are very extensive. We found the Colonel in his comfortable study, where he explained his extensive plans, views of the Pyramids, and his operations, at instructive length. Colonel Vyse has experienced a slight paralytic attack; he is also still suffering from family bereavements, the loss of his wife, and the drowning of a little son in his own beautiful lake. A promenade around his grounds and great extent of walls for fruit, brought us to the pinery, where pine-apples are cultivated with remarkable success. This fruit will be found on the tables of most gentlemen of a certain fortune, along with melons, and a variety of forced productions, especially grapes; the latter are decidedly better for being raised under glass. I procured here some fine cones of the Cedar of Lebanon for your Philadelphia gardeners.

After lunch, we went to visit the Queen's new kitchen-garden, near Frogmore; Mr. Jesse's station admitted us where strangers cannot otherwise penetrate. *One hundred and sixty thousand dollars* have lately been expended on this new garden for royalty. The forcing-houses are extensive; the glasses move by machinery like clock-work. We paced the superb graperies, pineries, peach and nectarine forcing-

houses, and tasted fine specimens of the Queen's fruits; the Chasselas grapes and Prince Albert strawberries, were certainly never exceeded for excellence.

On my observing that Dr. Brincklé of Philadelphia, had solved that difficult problem in which European gardeners had failed, of hybridising the Alpine strawberry with the larger cultivated kinds, and thus producing a perpetual bearer, the head gardener, Mr. Ingram, expressed the strongest interest; said he had not succeeded in his various attempts, and begged that I would endeavour to forward him a few plants, in order that he might serve the *royal table* with this delicious fruit, at unseasonable periods. I have promised for my friend, Dr. B., that the Queen shall be gratified; she has already eaten canvass-back ducks from America with gusto, from a parcel sent over to the late Granville Penn, who forwarded a portion to his neighbour at Windsor. I little thought, when going to England, that I could suggest any novelty for the Queen's table! By the frequency with which the subject was mentioned, I was impressed with its importance, and have written to Dr. Brincklé to induce him to fulfil my promise made in his name.\* You shall be carried in my next to Windsor interior, and see the Gold!

Yours, &c.

\* The vines were sent out by a Boston steamer, and reached their destination.

## L E T T E R L V I I.

Near Windsor.

Extravagances of royalty—Windsor Castle—Pensioners—The kitchen—Its size—The housekeeper—Manager of the cuisine—The Queen's dining-room—Uncertainty of the royal family's presence—Emigrating pages—Queen's dining-room—George the Fourth's silver wine-cooler—Private apartments—Royal private library—Its appearance—Contents and furniture—Presentation copies—Often returned—Queen Anne's closet—View of the Gold Room—Twelve millions of dollars in plate—A king's advocacy of the slave trade—George the Fourth's snuff-boxes—Nell Gwynn's bellows—The golden peacock—Tippoo Saib's footstool—Golden candelabra—Gold plates, knives, forks, and spoons—The king of the Gold Room—Windsor the pride of the nation.

I HAVE several things to say respecting the extravagances of royalty, that cannot fail to strike the American ear with surprise; *here*, these things are matters of course, and excite scarcely a remark. I have been through Windsor Castle, even into the kitchen. As you have a good general idea of the exterior, enter with me the lower ward, and let me see if I can enumerate any thing that will be new to you. Around this ward or quadrangle are a great number of houses, each occupied by private families, royal pensioners, or privileged persons, who seek in the *air* of the Queen's greatest palace a freedom from *rent*; they have also some perquisites for performing services, or occupying sinecure stations; a kind of *leeches*, who have, by old customs, or old grants, these privileges assigned them. Walk now through a series of groined Saxon arches, on which the royal apartments are built, and

enter the spacious kitchen, while Mr. Jesse is good enough to pursue the intricate passages and call the female house-keeper. This nice *little* cooking establishment is seventy-five feet long and proportionately broad, with arrangements for a dozen fires, where roast, baked, and boiled, might be going on in sufficient quantity to accommodate hundreds of guests; but roast and boiled are apparently not now altogether the fashion, for the whole ceiling and sides of the kitchen are hung with stew-pans of bright copper, in alarming numbers, of exactly the construction used by the best Paris cooks, and there are numerous furnaces for their use, precisely like those of Louis Philippe, or the restaurants of the Palais Royal. I thought if the author of Don Quixote could see this room, he would have made his knight conjure up a host of enemies, to conquer whose metallic *casques* would have been one of his usual triumphs.

But here comes the complaisant housekeeper, with her bunch of keys, and dressed in "silk and satin." Mr. Jesse takes leave of the manager of the cuisine, who assures him that all the necessary apparatus, smoke-jacks, and stew-pans, and furnaces, and hydrants, are in perfect order, and need at present no more outlay. Penetrate a long set of entries, ascend a staircase or two, peep out of several oriel windows, and enter the queen's dining-room, stepping over on the route various tapestries, hangings, and pictures, in the dark corridors, for the palace is now in course of repair or cleaning, as it generally is when the royal family is absent; it is not to be occupied until their return from Germany,—that much is known, but nobody is aware of the period of its next being needed; this is the state of uncertainty that all connected with it live in much of the year. The pages and servants are on duty *in turn*—say a month at a time, and they migrate from one palace to another, wherever the fancy of the Queen may incline her to go—often on a sudden notice; their own family and private arrangements are, of course, constantly liable to this kind of interruption.

The dining-room is rich with gilding, in a rather heavy style of architecture, but adorned with costly looking-glasses; the doors of entrance are two, one behind the other, with mirrors in the panels so arranged that the Queen, from her seat at the table, can see who is coming in before they appear, as well as what dish is approaching; this is one of the arrangements of George the Fourth, who passed much of the latter portion of his reign in this truly magnificent castle. His celebrated silver wine-cooler, six feet high, so heavy as to require the strength of several men to lift it, is in this room on the left as you enter. As a specimen of the silversmith's art, it continues to be unrivalled; Bacchus,—vines filled with the most luxuriant bunches, and chasings of the richest kinds, cover its enormous surface; on the occasions of the birth of a royal child, this wine-cooler is used for punch; the contents could scarcely be less than a barrel. The Queen and the prince have each an appropriated regular seat: the table would hold probably twenty-five or thirty guests; the chairs were placed round the mahogany, as if just ready for the cloth to be laid; the carpets apparently were about to be removed.

Several other magnificent private apartments were hurried over, and interest was made and liberty refused, to see the Queen's private library. Mr. Jesse was not to be outdone, however; he penetrated to the sanctum of the librarian, who excused himself through a half-closed door, by saying he was unwell! Our excellent cicerone declared that he had an American on his arm, and *would* take him in; so in we went, past a liveried understrapper, who with forced respect bowed to Mr. J.'s *office*, and allowed us to enter. The library-room and the books are worthy their owner; not *very* numerous, the volumes have been culled with great taste and discrimination. Histories of England and other countries, superbly illustrated works in exquisite bindings, *royal* folios, poems, and works of light reading, from England's best authors, are ranged around on beautiful shelves. The furniture of the



library is strikingly *comfortable*; easy chairs, for use rather than show, but elegant, and solid tables with the best red morocco covered tops, for opening large volumes upon, and a few beautiful lounges, constitute nearly the whole. Books and pamphlets from titled personages or eminent authors, were lying about on the tables, lately offered to the Queen's acceptance, each with an autograph of the writer, "humbly" requesting the honour of the royal eye to light upon its pages.

It is a favour when the book is retained, a great portion being returned to the authors! a mortification they must submit to. In case they are kept, a letter of thanks is forwarded to the author, of the most gracious kind; sometimes, policy of state, or private feelings, induces a return of some valuable present, as in the case of a volume from foreigners of distinction, from writers of mark, or from noble authors; or the subject of the book may require it; as well as a peculiarly happy combination of author and dedication.

At one end of the room is Queen Anne's closet, left with her furniture in it: it is a small room in a tower, the windows of which command one of the finest views of the Windsor scenery. The old kitchen-garden, which was in view, has just been removed from this scene to Frogmore, at vast expense, merely because it was an eyesore. Forest and river, and villages—steeple and distant heights, as viewed from this great elevation, combine to form a picture such as would never fatigue an eye accustomed to appreciate the beauties of natural landscape.

From the library we went to the apartment called technically "the Gold Room." Though I surveyed it leisurely, I can give only an outline of its various treasures; I commenced taking notes from the mouth of the custode, who with his various assistants is every day of the year fully employed in cleaning the plate, but he said it was contrary to orders to allow any to be taken. What memoranda I did make, and what I remember accurately, I will state.

The whole collection is valued at *twelve millions* of dollars!

There are glass cases like a silversmith's shop, and behind the glass are the principal articles. Here is a dinner service of silver gilt of the most gorgeous kind, presented by the merchants of Liverpool, to the late William the Fourth, long before he was king, in reward for his advocacy of the slave trade! There is a salver of immense size, made from the gold snuff-boxes alone, of George the Fourth—the lids and inscriptions curiously preserved on the surface in a kind of mosaic of gold; its value fifty thousand dollars. Then you may see near it Nell Gwynn's bellows—the handles, nozzle, &c., of gold!—the golden peacock inlaid with diamonds and rubies from Delhi—not as large as a pheasant, but valued at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars;—the footstool of Tip-poo Saib, a solid gold lion with crystal eyes, the value of its gold seventy-five thousand dollars;—George the Fourth's celebrated golden candelabra for a dinner-table, valued at fifty thousand dollars, so heavy that two men are required to lift each. Piles upon piles of golden plates, sufficient to dine two hundred and fifty persons, with ample changes, were spread about or in the cleaner's hands.

If this enumeration does not satisfy your aching vision, we will ask the custode, who seems *extremely* anxious, in the midst of so much treasure, and would evidently be glad to get rid of us, to open a long series of dresser-looking drawers. Here are 140 dozen each of gold knives and forks of various patterns which he repeats the names of; as "oak," "stag," "George the Third," and so on. Another set of dressers!—what can they contain? only 140 dozen each of gold table and tea spoons, all arranged in the most perfect order. Take another walk up and down the room with glass cases on tables in the middle, filled with gorgeous gold, and try to impress some form of taste more elegant than another! It is vain—memory only carries away a confused idea of riches, such as must have cost poor underground labourers lives of toil, and sweat, and pain, to procure,—to do *no good*,—to be almost as useless as it was in the mine, for it is rarely pro-

duced, and requires a host of human beings merely to keep it bright.\*

A little conversation with this king of the Gold Room, informed us it was *a poor time* to see the plate, because *fifty chests* were removed to be used by the Queen at Buckingham Palace! He said it was an awful thing to have to get the plate out for a state dinner, *it was so heavy!* and the frequent changes made it a labour to the pages more onerous than the most overtasked worker in iron! Mr. Jesse asked him if the recently inserted iron bars in a certain window had relieved his mind from anxiety respecting robbers? He said it had; "but you know," he added, turning to me, "with so much plate one could hardly sleep, when we knew one of the guards outside might be bribed at any time, the wall mounted by means of ladders, and a great theft be committed." I could scarcely refrain from saying what I thought—that it would be a great blessing to many of the poor of England and Ireland, if the metal *was* put in circulation. *Here* they do not think its being otherwise used than as it is, would do any good. Even the radical Joseph Hume, does not *begrudge*, he says, Windsor and all its contents; the whole nation is proud of it—proud to have it shown to foreign royalty, and to boast that no other nation on the globe can make such an exhibition. Is it or is it not an empty boast?

Windsor, seen under such auspices, is not yet exhausted.

Yours, &c.

\* It is proper to remark that much of the plate here alluded to is of silver gilt; a considerable portion, however, is gold; the value, twelve millions, remains the same.

## LETTER LVIII.

Near Windsor.

Expense of royalty—Appointments to office—The land and deer of royalty—The quantity stated—The poor in contrast—Royal dogs—The cost of the royal stables—Royal carriages—Liveries—The Queen's sleigh—Prince of Wales and his sister—Goat team—Well-fed groom—Master of the Queen's buck-hounds—The doggery—Ride to Virginia Water—Prince Albert's pheasants; their feeders—Acres of coops—The greatest grape-vine—A fairy scene—Virginia Water—Frigate at anchor—George the Fourth's fish-house—Artificial ruins—The falls—Anecdote—English inn.

My enumeration of the "plate and things" in the "Gold Room" satisfied you, did it not? that royalty is maintained at some more expense than a President; that the Queen is not a more efficient member of the government than the successors of Washington, appears to be equally evident. She does *not* delight to change government officers every four years—to turn out good postmasters and mistresses to appoint new and untried politicians. Good officers die in their gears here, and they have time given to them to learn their trade; hence it is, that many things are better done in England than in America. But to proceed with my enumeration of what I saw at Windsor worth repeating.

The royal pair—Mrs. Victoria Regina and Mr. Albert Uxor, have *twelve thousand acres* of land appropriated to them and their deer—this is the quantity in the royal parks and grounds. They have *thirty thousand deer* ranging these grounds; land

is expensive, and there is not too much of it. It is true, that a *few* people are begging bread all about, but then thirty thousand deer are requisite for royal state. Many a poor old creature in Ireland would be glad of half that is expended upon one little dog at Windsor.

As dogs have been named, let us leave St. George's Hall and the pictures for the present, and take a snuff of the stables and kennels, and equestrian palaces.

An appropriation was recently made in Parliament of *three hundred thousand dollars* to rebuild these appurtenances, and accordingly they are luxuriously large, neat, and airy. The rows of gray ponies—there are *forty* when the Queen is here—look sleek and comfortable, as if they knew what royal horse-fare was. Among the horses is a Java nag, about the height of one's knee, presented to the Queen by some Eastern potentate. Several of the royal carriages are plain—such as you might drive at Philadelphia without exciting attention as ostentatious, unless you could induce some beggar to get his bread by wearing livery and hanging on to a gold tassel; none but a beggar would very much like to exhibit himself in America, as they do here, in livery;—and if he did he would get as bad a name as the hangman, and be teased out of his existence!

The Queen's sleigh, very much laughed at not long ago, because it was sent for from Brighton in a great hurry once when a few flakes fell, is very handsome. It has a kind of seat fastened *behind* for the driver to sit on, and stuffed shoes (a capital idea) for him to slip his feet into: a sleigh-driver behind his vehicle, would cut an odd figure in western New York. The sleigh looks like a fish out of water, where there is so little probability of snow for the pleasures of sleighing.

The young prince and princess are not forgotten in this establishment;—they have pony-phaetons prepared in case they should learn to drive; their pretty goat-carriage, for which they have well-trained white goats, is here. The well-fed groom who shows this menagerie, looks fat and com-

fortable, as if English roast-beef and plum-pudding were no strangers to him.

After admiring the handsome residence of the Master of the Queen's buck-hounds (a most fat salary is attached), it is worth while to glance at the lady's pet-dogs: first see their handsome portraits, painted by no less a personage than the celebrated Landseer, the first painter in his line in the world, as they are elegantly framed and suspended in the front-room of the lodge; then go with the portly keeper into the kennel. On opening the door, a number of fierce-looking dogs spring out as if about to make a meal on one; the voice and whip of their keeper soon quiets them, and we are free from the first emotions of terror, and can examine the great variety of breeds, from the fierce blood-hound and wolf-dog, to the curious little black-tongued dog from China, and the strange and wing-legged Dutch dogs. The keeper said, that the Queen, when at Windsor, often visits her pets at the kennel. She has here a pack of miniature beagles.

You have now an idea, but a very faint one, of royal magnificence. Let us take a ride to Virginia Water, through the "Long Walk," an avenue of many miles, and stop at what remains of George the Fourth's Cottage, in Windsor Park, to see a superb conservatory and dwelling, kept in elegant order as a resting-place for the Queen in her rides. Stop, too, at an old building, formerly a palace, but now converted to the use of *thirteen families*, who do nothing but wait upon Prince Albert's hunting-dogs, feed his pheasants, and take care of his preserves. Keepers and dogs are lolling about in the sun, fat and lazy; but five or six *are* busy! See yonder, are many acres occupied at intervals with capacious coops, where the hens are confined who have hatched a few thousand pheasants, for the Prince's *private shooting*!! Those men sowing grain broadcast, are only feeding the young ones—they are *not* sowing wheat for the Irish poor! No wonder that Punch gave a picture of Mr. Albert shooting game in a net, with men behind him to load his guns! The allusion

has so much truth in it, that it tells—cuts deeper, than we could understand when we first saw it in that veracious periodical.

A grape-vine, in an old grape-house near by, is the giant of the Black Hamburgh species; though the one at Hampton Court being more accessible and better known, carries off the reputation which this appears to me to be entitled to. The vine, at Cumberland Lodge, is one hundred and thirty-eight feet long; it completely covers this distance, and the branches cover that space for sixteen feet in width. This remarkable vine had on it two thousand immense bunches, all nearly ripe, and seventeen hundred had been removed to improve the remainder; there can be little doubt, that the entire produce exceeds considerably a ton and a half weight of the most delicious grapes, all *supposed* to go to the royal table.

Let us drive some miles further, through the superb park, encountering the most venerable oaks and beeches that you can imagine; stop at another elegant lodge, and inquire of a royal-liveried servant with a hat nearly all over gold, the best way to get a view of the celebrated beauties of Virginia Water. He—even the royal-liveries!—takes a large fee, as if accustomed to it—directs our carriage to drive round the premises which are on the extreme verge of the park—to meet us at a little inn,—unlocks a green gate,—and directs us to follow the meanderings of the artificial water to the “Falls.”

What a fairy scene! a lesson has been successfully taken of nature here; she has been humoured into displaying her natural beauties with a success that surpasses all you have ever seen. On your left are the crooked shores, to all appearance, of a perfect natural lake, every where as wide as the Schuylkill river at Philadelphia, and often double that size. The shores have a natural look, with pebbles on the strand. Yonder is a frigate riding at anchor—a miniature, it is true, but still a very sizeable ship; that is for the Queen to sail about in; she has real “*Salts*” to navigate it—for see there! a boat with five sailors, has just touched the strand;

the poor fellows have landed close to us on this "desolate coast" to get some prog, or to have a race on the uninhabited shore, which is as solitary as any in the middle of the ocean; not quite! for there is a party of three Londoners approaching—the ladies with little parasols to keep off a shower—they are sauntering along as if just shipwrecked in a savage land, looking for food. An officer of the navy commands this frigate, and has a nice time of leisure and solitude.

Opposite, is George the Fourth's fishing-house, more like a Japanese dwelling than was absolutely necessary to bait hooks in; on your left, are the ruins of a temple—a Grecian temple, with columns tumbling down, and briars growing "naturally!" in the architrave;—what a pity that you know they were planted there! for otherwise it would be a very respectable ruin, which indeed it is fast becoming in reality. Some towering pine trees overshadow it, and add much to its lonely air. An obelisk, and a Belvidere, too, adorn the scene.

Turn a sharpish promontory; here is an elegant mansion with more preserves around it, and you are cautioned by a board not to pry into the mysteries of the establishment; mysteries, if rumour speaks true, not altogether creditable to the "Head of the Church," George the Fourth. What are those retainers doing beyond? In a real pine forest—just such a one as people in Jersey go to for a whortleberry-frolic—natural even to the very dry sand under foot—and shaded by real "Jersey pines,"—a party are pitching quoits; they are probably at a loss for amusement on board another frigate just along the shore, and have come to play with the stable-boys of the inn! What a pity they were not reaping the grain sown to the Prince's pheasants, and carrying the produce to the poor!

Enter a thick wood, and see the artificial waterfall. All the water which runs into and fills this lake, except of course the evaporated portion, tumbles over some rocks in about as great quantity as the jets of two Philadelphia hydrants. On the left is a long arm of the lake, the termination hid artifi-



cially; it imitates the lake at Altorf, near Lucerne, though the great feature, that of mountains, is wanting.

George the Fourth had a great horror of being gazed at; many who could get no view otherwise, used to resort to Virginia Water, where a fellow with Yankee invention, made a good living by hiring out telescopes to peep at him, till found out, and his apparatus bought up!

Let us lunch at the neat little English inn, pay a good round sum for bread, cheese, and ale, fee the hostlers handsomely, and believe we have had a very agreeable day of recreation.

Yours, &c.

## LETTER LIX.

Near Windsor.

Remarkable trees in Windsor Park—Herne's oak—Prince Albert's popularity spoiled—Measurement of two trees—St. George's chapel—Order of the Garter—Royal dust—Vanity of ambition—Benjamin West—His fame on the wane—Disinterment of Charles the First—Henry the Eighth's coffin—Byron's sarcasm—Death of the Princess Charlotte—Her monument, &c.—Vandyck room—Queen's drawing-room—The king's—The king's closet—Throne-room—Waterloo chamber—Ball-room—Guard chamber—Nelson's ship—Marlboro' and Wellington.

It would never do to leave the grounds about Windsor without visiting its most remarkable trees, and especially Herne's oak. Mr. Jesse kindly accompanied me on these excursions, and proved an admirable assistant. He is an ardent admirer of nature, and familiar with all the most beautiful scenery of Windsor and Hampton Court, of both which he is the guardian. On the route, which proved a fatiguing one,

you may learn that Prince Albert has made himself unpopular in the Windsor neighbourhood by cutting down an ancient public walk through the park, where the neighbours have had a "right of way" for centuries; the road has been made a deep cut of, so as to prevent pedestrians from seeing into the park; his object was to obtain more privacy for the members of the family, who were overlooked sometimes when walking or driving. The people have resented this abridgment of their privileges, and talk of carrying the matter for decision to the courts; an unhappy little event which might as well have been avoided; it is a *sore place* in Windsor society, which it is best not to touch.

"Herne's oak" is now dead; it is enclosed by a fence to preserve it as long as possible. Immortalized by Shakspeare in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," this tree long retained the reputation of identity; but recent discussions have rendered this doubtful. Not a particle of vitality now remains in its old trunk, but ivy has begun to cling to it.

I shall not trouble you to recount my admiration for other individual trees of Windsor Park, except to mention the size of two, and to remark that England has as fine and as large trees, and many quite as beautiful, as the United States—not *so many* certainly, but in these old parks they have stood alone so long that plenty of time and room has been allowed them to take their natural shapes; they have not been *drawn up* by the sun so much as ours, and they look the better for it; their slow growth insures their stability. One beech tree measured at six feet from the ground, thirty-six feet round, and an oak at the same height thirty-eight feet; its enormous branches and gnarled and ragged appearance, and the great projecting roots which emanate from it, cannot fail to elicit admiration. Some of the beeches, I feel confident, cannot be rivalled for size; those that have undergone the operation of beheading (called pollarding), exceeded all my expectations for picturesque beauty and peculiarity of form.

Returning to the castle I should be pleased to give even a

faint idea of St. George's Chapel: it is one of the most imposing rooms in England, and is admitted by good judges of architecture to be nearly perfect in its details. Here the Order of the Garter is conferred; over the knights' stalls hang their casques and motionless banners; each stall has a brass plate with name and date of installation; the mantle, sword, and crest of the respective owners are also fully displayed. Here is indeed historic ground, for in this chapel every king of England from Edward the Third has worshipped; princes and nobles moulder beneath our feet; as Mr. Jesse remarked: "What an emblem have we before our eyes of the vanity of human ambition! a warrior or a statesman dies, his banner is lowered from the walls, and before it is replaced by that of another, he has become unlamented, and perhaps forgotten."

In this celebrated chapel, the window over the elegant altar was designed by Benjamin West, and executed by others on large squares of glass. The effect is not good; an attempt has been lately made to have it removed; Prince Albert, who is said to have little taste in these matters, being appealed to, he said he rather liked it, and so it remains. The Queen has a noble pew near the altar, which she enters by a private door.

I may tell my countrymen without offending them that our Benjamin West's fame as a painter has been on the wane ever since the death of his patron, George the Third; in a pecuniary view the English would not give half as much for his pictures as formerly. In this depreciation they have no feeling to the place of his birth; but the best judges have decided against his talent, and believe his execution deficient in variety, and too staid and stiff.

In this chapel Charles the First, it was at last discovered in 1813, was interred, and as it was determined to remove all doubts, the coffin was opened. I conversed with an old man who was present when the head was found nearly perfect, attached to the body by cere-cloth. Sir Henry Hallford's account says:—"When the head had been entirely disengaged from the attachments which confined it, it was found to be

loose, and without any difficulty was taken up and held to view." George the Fourth and a number of the nobility were present at this odd identification; they peeped into Henry the Eighth's coffin in the same vault; it contained nothing but the mere skeleton of "old Harry," with the exception of a small portion of the beard on the chin. Lord Byron wrote the following sarcasm on the subject:

"Famed for contemptuous breach of sacred ties,  
By headless Charles see heartless Henry lies:  
Between them stands another scepter'd thing—  
It moves, it reigns—in all but name a king;  
Charles to his people, Henry to his wife—  
In him the double tyrant starts to life:  
Justice and Death have mixed their dust in vain,  
Each royal vampire wakes to life again.  
Ah! what can tombs avail! since these disgorge  
The blood and dust of both—to make a George."

The profound impression made upon the public mind, even in America, on the death of the Princess Charlotte, cannot but be in the recollection of many; she was the nation's hope and pride; virtuous—she was to reform the manners and morals of the court injured by the conduct of her father, George the Fourth;—educated for a queen, she was all the nation wished;—the beloved and legitimate heir of the separated father and mother, she shared alike the loyal homage of noble and commoner. In one short hour all this was blasted by death; a nation's tears never fell more profusely than when the event was announced.

How to do honour to her memory became soon the question; a monument in this superb chapel was decided on; small contributions only were allowed, in order that the whole people might participate; an enormous sum was collected, a committee appointed to expend the amount, and the thing ended in *a job*, as is too often the case. A sculptor obtained the contract, had it executed by a sub-contractor, and pocketed the enormous balance for doing nothing. The result is a

cenotaph in a chapel forming part of St. George's; the criticism of Mr. Jesse on its execution is too just to be omitted :

“The cenotaph of the much-lamented Princess is by no means remarkable for its design or execution. On a bier, at each end of which is a weeping attendant, the corpse of the Princess is stretched, the chief points or outline of the figure, being distinguished through a light drapery. In the background, the immaterial part of her is represented as soaring from the tomb, while on each side of her is an angel, one of whom is bearing the infant whom the Princess died in giving birth to. These figures, as well as those of the attendants, are stiff and uninteresting; while the fact of a spirit being represented in any thing so substantial as marble is, to say the least, a very singular anomaly. This is by Wyatt, and is surmounted by a gilded canopy, completely out of character with the simplicity of this part of the fabric :

‘Of sackcloth was her wedding garment made.  
 Her bridal's fruit was ashes : in the dust  
 The fair-hair'd daughter of the Isles is laid,  
 The love of millions ! How we did intrust  
 Futurity to her !’—BYRON.

Other monuments, painted glass windows, repaired and added to by a London artist of the present day, who makes the beautiful substance as well as the old professors,—you can see *no difference*,—and a hundred objects too numerous to record, but each recalling the most interesting historical events, send you away from St. George's Chapel with a feeling of having lived over again centuries of England's eventful history.

I dare not extend my letters to a full description of Windsor Castle, else would I walk you through the Vandyck room, where are upwards of thirty paintings by that celebrated master;—the Queen's drawing-room with its emblazoned shields and pictures;—the King's closet with its crimson silk hangings;—the King's drawing-room with paintings by Rubens, pier glasses, and Mosaic cabinets;—but above all, the throne-room, and the Waterloo chamber; in the latter are

thirty-seven portraits of the sovereigns who reigned, the most celebrated commanders who fought, and the statesmen who were at the head of affairs, at the period of the battle of Waterloo, principally painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Nor will I describe the Gobelin tapestry on the walls of the ball-room with the history of Jason and the Golden Fleece woven in beautiful pictures on its surface.

You must pause for a brief paragraph, however, in the guard chamber, with its groined ceiling, and its specimens of ancient armour; view a moment the foremast of Nelson's ship the *Victory*, through which a cannon-ball passed at the battle of Trafalgar;—Chantrey's fine bust of the hero; busts of Marlborough and Wellington, *and* the paltry little flags, stuck above, by the presentation of which annually those heroes or their heirs, hold the tenure of Blenheim and Strathfieldsaye with which a nation rewarded the conquerors. A thousand other objects, pictures, and ornaments might well detain a visiter like myself not pressed by time by guides in a hurry, but free to remain as fancy dictated;—but they might be tedious in print, and I forbear further description. The world can produce but one Windsor Castle! say you if it is desirable there should be two?

Yours, &c.

## LETTER LX.

Near Windsor.

The tomb of Gray—Gray's Church—Two funerals in his churchyard—  
The service in the church—At the graves—Rev. Mr. Shaw—Tomb  
of genius—The churchyard—Tomb of Gray's aunt and mother—  
Touching inscription—Gray's tablet—Monument raised by John  
Penn—Lines on it.

I MUST not leave this beautiful neighbourhood without giving you an account of the tomb of the poet Gray. "Gray's Church," as it is called, is situated in Mr. Penn's noble park; the steeple is in full view from the principal drawing-room windows—the church itself hid by trees and shrubbery, old yews, box trees, and other beautiful plants. I worshipped in it twice yesterday, the last time under circumstances of peculiar solemnity; on the conclusion of the service, the sermon being on death, *two* funerals were seen to approach the graveyard (where Gray is buried), winding along through the park in solemn procession, the coffins covered with white, and carried by the neighbouring peasants; one of the deceased was an elderly man, the other a youth—each teaching a solemn lesson to the beholders; they were both of the lower class, as they say here, but the poetry of Burns declares that "A man's a man for a' that;"—the lines of Gray, brought forcibly to the mind by the place and the circumstances, rung through my memory:—

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;  
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

Often as I visited this exquisitely beautiful "Country Churchyard," and its gem of a country church, I never felt that I had seen enough of it, or had inhaled the true spirit of the scene sufficiently. The rector's manner was solemn, and his matter excellent; he prayed emphatically, as all of the established church do, for "Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, the Dowager Adelaide, and all the royal family," and for Parliament, &c., that God might see meet in his goodness to endow them with wisdom from above—that they might put under their feet all their enemies, &c.

After the service the two coffins were brought into the church; the two mourning families took possession of the surrounding pews, a short ceremony was performed, and they were slowly carried to their last resting-place, amid the silent tears and sobs of neighbours and friends. The manner of the clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Shaw, most solemn and impressive, seemed to carry with it something heavenly and soothing; I left the scene with feelings, which if oftener encouraged, would make us better men

The ancient church has undergone some important repairs lately, in the interior, while care has been taken to preserve the exterior as it has stood for a century or two. No rural sight in England or elsewhere has impressed me more forcibly than Stoke church. One likes this isolation of genius; you are not distracted from one poet by thinking of another, as in Westminster Abbey, but you study the character and works of Shakespeare at Stratford, or of Gray at Stoke, with more interest, because they have, as it were, the whole ground. Here all is so quiet—there is so much repose around; the churchyard is enclosed by trees growing and grown so naturally, that it is hard to think of a more appropriate place for a poet; there can be no more suitable spot for Gray, for this is the very ground alluded to in his *Elegy*.\*

\* Mr. Penn was the purchaser of the original autograph of the *Elegy* at a late sale for the sum of £100.



The tomb itself is of brick, surmounted by a plain blue marble slab, immediately in front of the chancel window. It was erected by the poet to his mother and his aunt. Perhaps no inscription was ever penned which carried so much force in a few lines, as that to his parent; I have copied the whole:—

“In the vault beneath are deposited, in the hope of a joyful resurrection, the remains of Mary Antrobus. She died unmarried, November 5, 1749, aged 66.

“In the same pious confidence, beside her friend and sister, here sleep the remains of Dorothea Gray, widow, the careful and tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her. She died March 11, 1753, aged 67.”

To my surprise, the poet's name does not appear on the slab, but a late vicar placed on the church wall, directly opposite the tomb, a white marble tablet, bearing the following suitable words:—

“Opposite to this stone, beneath the same tomb upon which he has so feelingly recorded his grief for the loss of a beloved parent, are deposited the remains of Thomas Gray, the author of the ‘Elegy written in a Country Churchyard,’ &c. He was buried August 6, 1771.”

Near the path traversed by the parishioners in their way to the church, the late John Penn erected a handsome monument in honour of Gray, “among the scenery celebrated by the great lyrical and elegiac poet.” It is railed in, and it also is in full view from the mansion-house. On one of the panels may still be read the following lines selected from the exquisitely beautiful ode of Gray on Eton College, whose classical haunts are within view:—

“Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,  
That crown the watery glade,  
Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!  
Ah, scenes beloved in vain!  
Where once my careless childhood strayed,  
A stranger yet to pain;

I feel the gales that from ye blow  
A momentary bliss bestow !”

I returned to the great library-room of Stoke mansion, with feelings of admiration for the scene, and of respect for the mind that planned and executed so appropriate, so chaste a tribute to the poet, and took from the well-filled shelves the various editions of Gray's works; the first opened at the Ode on Eton, and in view of the monument and of the distant spires of Eton College I read with a zest that I never experienced before in its perusal, one of the most finished and thoughtful poems ever penned.

No visiter to Windsor Castle should omit, before leaving the Slough station, to walk over to “Gray's Church;” there is no one to disturb his meditations;—no sixpence demanded or received, for the pilgrim meets no guide with set speech, to disturb his thoughts; the scene tells its own story, and it reads to every thinking mind a lesson not soon forgotten.

Yours, &c.

## L E T T E R L X I.

London.

Mr. Charles Dickens—His popularity—His income—His intimates—His home—His purposes—His American book—Mr. Willis—Sir E. L. Bulwer—His lady—The water-cure—Mr. James—Novels by threes and fours—His history—Novels dictated—Mrs. Gore—“Vathek” Beckford papers—Agathonia—A mystifier and the most voluminous female writer—A dasher—Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Hunt—Sir Percy Bysshe Shelley—His generosity—Mrs. Shelley.

You ask about *so many* people! your “lastly” shall come first in my letter—about Mr. Dickens; and you shall hear all I know and have been able to pick up. A “lastly” from

you, forsooth, for the writer who gets more ears and eyes, (and I will boldly say, *hearts*,) than all the tribe you inquire about put together! What is it you want to know about him? His income? Ask "Punch," the proprietors of which have made an arrangement to secure all his future productions—on terms which are "things to dream of, not to tell." His intimates? Let me refer you to Mr. Maclise, the brilliant Irish artist—or to Mr. Macready—or to Mr. Forster of the Examiner, the dramatic critic, and the historian of Cromwell's times, assuring you, however, on the united testimony of intimates and strangers, that never was any author so largely and suddenly courted, so utterly clear of the follies of lionism, or the worse than folly of leaving his old friends for new ones. His home? Ah that is too happy a composition of cheerful wife and happy children, by all testimony, to admit of description. His purposes? A book on Italy, as some had taken for granted; his letters thence are perhaps the most pictorial things he has done. Mind—in saying clever things of Mr. Dickens, I am not ranging myself on his side as an American traveller. His book on that great subject, so little understood in England, vexed all the thinking people here; and, like other vexatious things, is well forgotten at home, where they think the offence might a little lie with those who invited one so impressive by the ridiculous, to assume the office of censor, and one too impassionate in his enthusiasms to hold the scale as judge. It has always appeared to me that the London ladies were more answerable for our Mr. Willis's revelations than his own indiscretion "pre-pense."

The whereabouts of a round dozen of living authors is not to be discovered in a day; questioning people will not always produce the information you want. I was curious myself about Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer. His lady—the lady so passionately addressed in the latest chapters of the "Disowned"—has in those rabid and vulgar novels of hers, "Chevely," and "The Memoirs of a Muscovite," acquainted the world

with their disunion. Since the Baronet has come to his inheritance of Knebworth, a rich property with a stately old manor house, now in progress of very magnificent repairs, he has published nothing, save the "Life of Schiller," prefixed to the translations of the German's minor poems—retiring it seems into care for his health, which has been severely shattered, but is now, I hear, entirely renovated by the water-cure. The public may hope it will not prove that the sensitiveness to criticism which his prefaces display, has deprived readers of one of their most versatile authors. Just now he can be ill spared, whether as a novelist, or historian, or an essayist, in that mixed French and English style, which catches the light reader too often to his injury, but can also hold the deep thinker.

You would know about Mr. James? He still "holds the even tenor of his way"—if ever man did—producing his novels by threes and fours, and of a symmetry and completeness which is absolutely wonderful, the number and the regularity of their appearance considered. He has the reputation of being one of the most gentlemanly and best-natured of the fraternity; with a handsome fortune inherited from his father—the celebrated fever physician of George the Fourth's reign—James's fever powders we all know—and surrounded by an attached family, the incidents of his life, I take it, are to be found in this amazing romantic offspring. I am told by so many, that I believe it, they are dictated to a couple of amanuenses at once.

In fertility he has but one compeer, past or present—Mrs. Gore: and according to the fitness of things, the two, as Sir Hugh Tyrold says in Miss Burney's "Camilla"—ought to have "married together"—save that the gentleman is a safe and easy-going conservative, and the lady a brilliant radical. By the way, I may add, it has been whispered that she has come into possession of some of the late Mr. Beckford's (Vathek Beckford) note-books or papers; to which the little

novel of *Agathonia* is ascribed ; whether true or false, she is known to be a sufficiently consummate mistress of the easy art of mystification, to make one believe that the very report may have been countenanced, if not set on foot by herself, in order to give a spice of variety to productions, the number of which must make them interfere with each other ; she is in every sense of the word the most voluminous of all the present literary ladies ; has been, they all say, a great beauty, and is still what they call *a dasher*. The sauciest thing said of any given person in any given drawing-room, may, they tell you, nine times out of ten, claim Mrs. Gore for its mother, and she herself would be foremost to enjoy, where others might protest against such a character. "Better bitter wit," says Claribel in the farce, "than wit which is no wit at all."

And now, by way of replying to your general inquiries about living authors, it is a pleasure to mention a fact honourable and heart-warming. This is the liberal annuity settled upon Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Hunt, during their joint lives, by the present Sir Percy Shelley, son of the poet, who has recently succeeded to the family property and the title, by the death of his grandfather Sir Timothy—a property which the poet, alas, like so many heirs at law here, did not live to touch. The author of "*Rimini*," it will be recollected, has, during many of his strange confessions and reminiscences, wailed over the death of the author of "*Prometheus unbound*," as a calamity cutting short much pecuniary assistance which had been promised him. (It should be said, in passing, that no one has experienced the liberality of his literary brethren so long and so largely as Mr. Leigh Hunt.) The present Baronet then, is paying a noble tribute to his father's memory by working out this unfulfilled intention. Most pleasant is it to hear and know of the sunshine which this late-arrived prosperity has shed around Mrs. Shelley, whose health has long been delicate—and the difficulties of her widowhood, during which she was almost exclusively thrown upon her literary

resources for the education of her son—great and wasting they are said to have been,—but she is now at last repaid, and with a confidence and affectionate gratitude which it does the heart good even to hear of in this cold world of ours.

Yours, &c.

## L E T T E R L X I I .

London.

The Duke of Wellington—Anecdote—The Italian opera—The Queen its patron—She is a musician—Duke and Duchess of Cambridge—The Duke of Wellington and the Marchioness of Douro—The chief of Waterloo a musical amateur—Sleeps at the opera—The Duke of Cambridge at church—Women of fashion gamble in railroad stocks—Lady Ailesbury—Mrs. Opie—Mrs. Ellis—Her success not warranted—Mrs. Napier's "Woman's rights"—A morning of deer-shooting—Battue—Murder of a buck—Keepers—Trophy.

As you probably know, the Duke of Wellington is by universal consent "*The Duke*," throughout all London. He is growing old, but is nevertheless still active—rides much on horseback, attends the House of Lords, and mounts his horse amid the crowd with energy. The other day he was on foot, and the driver of a cart going at a pace not allowed by law, came near running over him. The Duke prosecuted the man, as he declared, for example's sake, convicted him, and then paid the fine.

The Italian opera rejoices in royal patronage to an unprecedented degree. The Queen (who really, I am informed, sings well, all *prestige* laid by, and has taken lessons both of Lablache and Costa), never fails to be seen there once a week, and is fond of commanding operas; and otherwise marking the direct interest she takes in the establishment. Hard by

may be seen the Queen Dowager and the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge; these also, it is said, listen with understanding, and the sight of them is wonderfully attractive to the country ladies and gentlemen, who are squeezed of many an extra guinea for the privilege of overlooking the enjoyment of the great ones of the earth. Close by, underneath the Queen's box, is to be seen on many nights of every season, as fair a contrast of "crabbed age and youth," fame and beauty, as the world has to show, in the Duke of Wellington and his daughter-in-law, the Marchioness of Douro. The chief of Waterloo, too, is a distinguished musical amateur, of a musical family—though age and deafness have, alas, dulled the sense of pleasure, and he may be seen dreaming through the whole evening, they say, with drooped head, and eye so lack-lustre, that it requires an effort of faith or memory to couple him with victories which at once overset and tranquillized Europe.

As to the Duke of Cambridge; let me put in an anecdote before the whirl of London has driven it out of my memory. The Duke visits the opera probably more frequently than the church; he went to the latter the other day, and when the clergyman said, "Let us pray," the duke, who talks most loudly when listening the most attentively, enunciated, to the surprise of his neighbours, most audibly "*By all means!*"

No gambler like a woman of fashion; Lady Ailesbury is declared to have made thirty thousand pounds by buying and selling shares in railroads; the days are gone when peeresses were brought up before magistrates for keeping *faro* tables, but they still manage to bet at Newmarket and Ascot, and to lend protection to projectors to an amount little suspected by the million. I was witness to fourteen guineas being paid (at a bookstore, where these things are merchandise,) for opera tickets to a box to hold four persons,—and it is a trait of the times, that the clerk, as he was marking off the tickets in his book, said aside to the shop-boy—"For some of these railroad people!" Since, wot ye, London has never been so crammed

with money and with company as in 1845—save, perhaps, in the coronation year; owing to the sudden and immense extension of the railway speculation.

As I have by chance “tapped” the question about the ladies, I will continue my epistle by satisfying you as far as I am able about two—the one a *ci-devant* celebrity—(for who has not heard of the “Father and Daughter” of Mrs. Opie?)—the other a contemporary author, now more popular and on far smaller means—Mrs. Ellis; there is a sort of Irish link between the two in the fact that the first joined the Society of Friends some years ago, and that the latter when she laid by her maiden name of Sarah Stickney, left that same respectable body.

Mrs. Opie is occasionally seen in London, and has not with her new faith, learned to distrust her old playfellows, which (especially in the lifetime of her husband, the Royal Academician) were painters, poets, and the like.

It is asserted in conversation, that Mrs. Opie’s genial face and smart satin gowns, have given the impression to persons not belonging to the Society of Friends, that she is a little less consistent than formerly in her appearance; but I am assured by those who know her well, that this is an error. If she converses about this artist’s picture, or the other lady’s diamonds, it must be remembered, her education has been somewhat different from that of her new associates.

She is accused, too, of having begun to issue a collected edition of her early novels; the fact will probably turn out to be, that the copyright having expired, some publisher has taken it upon himself to do so; an act of *piracy*, as they term it in England when speaking of our reprints in America, which numerous publishers are ready enough to perform, as soon as the law will allow.

A far different personage is Mrs. Ellis—she is in the full possession of that prodigious resolution to do good and to get on, which never fail to prove their own fulfilment. She is a person of great energy. Self-educated, (as she has some-



where told us,) and the daughter of a Yorkshire farmer, she nevertheless, I am assured, managed to make herself a most notable amateur artist long ere the pen was thought of; and to model, and etch, and paint miniatures, and knit black silk stockings; and was in those days, they say, an earnest, enthusiastic, interesting woman—handsome too,—a handsome likeness, says one of my friends who knew them both, of poor Miss Jewsbury.

In these female handiworks, I am indolent enough to think, lay her real talents. But the world of dissenters seems to imagine otherwise, and her “Wives and Mothers” and “Daughters,” and “Women of England” go through edition after edition, while Mrs. Napier’s “Woman’s Rights and Duties”—a really distinguished book,—circulates with a slowness which would be painful did one not recollect, that one thought disseminated among half a dozen thinkers, is worth millions of words set a rolling by people who can do nothing better, and know not what they do.

And now, having treated you to some gossip, let me amuse you with a morning of deer-shooting in a gentleman’s five hundred acre park. Tame though it be, it has novelty, at all events, to recommend it. By appointment of my host over night, the keepers were informed that sport was required; we rose at six, took our guns, and sallied forth on a fine morning, when the sun deigned to show his face for a few hours; the keepers were in attendance, one on horseback, one on foot, and a third to drive a farm-cart about the park, to the presence of which the deer being accustomed, they are less likely to fly from, than from a man openly displaying a gun. We selected a five year old buck, which was fat and had lived *long enough*; he was in company with about twenty others, and the difficulty of the chase consisted in getting him to show his head in such a position as to avoid the danger of wounding the others of the herd.

We frequently succeeded in getting sufficiently near to have accomplished our deadly errand, but our selected mark

baffled, by his mode of mixing in with the others, several attempts at a good range; one or two shots were expended in vain, and the deer became alarmed; we followed them thus for hours, till at length they stood near one of the park palings; going behind these, where we were not observed, the head keeper and myself stealthily got within a proper distance; the old buck demeaned himself properly, and the death-dealing blow was sent through his neck; he instantly fell; the keeper on horseback rode up and cut his poor throat from ear to ear; the cart received his warm carcass, and all was over. I confess it seemed very like *murder* in the first degree, but it was a novelty and to be once done, as an example of the manner of conducting the *battue*, for which Prince Albert is rather uncomfortably celebrated just now.

When fresh portions of the poor buck made their appearance on the table next day, I confess to too great tender-heartedness to be able to eat my victim. The saddle was sent as the tribute of the lord of the manor, to Eton College, for the dignitaries at the public dinner, while my portion, the head and horns carefully preserved together, are kindly forwarded to Liverpool, to be shipped to America, as a trophy and a specimen of the fine antlers of a noble fallow deer. Pleasant living this! says

Yours, &c.

## LETTER LXIII.

London.

British and Foreign Aid Society—Merle D'Aubigné; his speech; his persecution by the Pope; his manner and appearance—The Pope and railroads—Railroad mania in England; its great height—Reports of directors—Increase of travel and traffic—Reduction of prices and consequent increase of profit—Frequent trains—First-class coaches—Gepps's Folly—Queen Elizabeth—Nuns.

I OMITTED to mention in its proper place, the meeting of the "British and Foreign Aid Society," for the assistance of poor Protestants at home and on the Continent. From the Report it appeared that many Roman Catholics in Europe had of late embraced Protestant principles, and the hope was held out that a great work was begun. The reading of copies of the Scriptures, distributed by the Bible Society, and the preaching of Protestant ministers, had convinced many, and numbers, it was said, have openly deserted Romanism. The assistance of English Protestants in the great contest between Papacy and a reformed faith, was urged.

A deputation of Protestant ministers from the Continent attended, among whom was *J. Merle D'Aubigné*, who addressed the meeting in somewhat broken English, but eloquently—giving an interesting account of some late Italian and Spanish converts to Protestant principles; and recounting Geneva's former noble call in the time of Calvin, and the increasing Roman power since Napoleon's time, when districts were added to it, so as to make it probable that there will ere long be a majority of Roman Catholics;—he had wept over his city as this took place, at the time when he

was a young student, but now he hoped for a brighter day in the revival of pure religion. He said that the Pope had distinguished him by prohibiting his History, in a late publication against the circulation of the Bible; notwithstanding which, a translation of it into Italian would shortly be completed. He urged that his hearers should put their trust in God, and not in man, in the struggle against Papacy. His manner and matter were impressive, and his appearance dignified and interesting;—one could easily believe, that the great historian of the Reformation, the author, and the Protestant minister of Geneva, stood before us, even had we not expected to see him face to face.

As another evidence of the disposition of Rome to keep knowledge and improvement from the people, it is true that the Pope has refused all overtures for allowing railroads to enter his dominions; knowledge might make them too wise for the present mode of government.

The railroad mania is at its height here; in a densely populated country like England, most of the roads pay good dividends; consequently routes and new companies are urged upon Parliament, with a pertinacity and force of interest that is alarming to every body who has valuable land to be cut up; gambling in shares is carried on to infatuation; sudden riches have visited thousands; ladies of rank have turned speculators, as in the time of Law's Mississippi Scheme. There is some foundation for the story (and the fun made of it) by Punch, of a liveried servant having pocketed some hundreds of thousands of pounds by speculating in his master's name and on his credit. While all this is in progress, the Grand Junction Railway Company state in their half-yearly report, that the number of passengers has increased by ninety thousand five hundred, and the goods by twenty-two thousand tons; and that the principal increase has been in the local traffic. The money increase has been sixty thousand dollars in the passenger department, and ninety thousand in the goods. On the Grand Junction, the fares

have been twice reduced within a few months, and additional accommodation afforded. The Liverpool and Manchester directors testify to the same facts, and state that the passenger traffic has largely increased, and that the introduction of third class and cheap excursion trains has added considerably to the gross receipts. The North Union, Chester, Midland, Grand Junction, and Liverpool and Manchester, all state their intentions to provide further accommodation; all this is prompted by the working of practical experience. The London and Brighton have been moving to the same ends. The Grand Junction's new reduction of fares, brings them to the following rates:—Select and express trains,  $2\frac{1}{4}d.$  per mile; second class,  $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ ; third class,  $1d.$  The Eastern Counties have also made large reductions, as well as the Southeastern from London to Dover. Day tickets are also to be issued, and season tickets.

All this should teach a lesson to many of our railroad managers, who seem perfectly contented if they can collect the fares of people who are *forced* by business or other necessity to travel, offering no kind of inducements, such as a little civility and attention to the comfort of their customers; these might be doubled and trebled if proper attention was paid, and a little thought given to the practical working of matters in which human feelings are as much to be considered as the price of locomotives or coal. An American company with a charter and a monopoly, demeans itself, through its agents sometimes, as if all that was done, was a favour.

By running trains more frequently than is thought of in America, additional facilities are gained without any crowd; and additional inducements, it is seen above, are offered. On many lines of importance, there are trains leaving all day, as often as three or four times in every hour. That the profit of the New York and Philadelphia lines would be increased if they offered comfort and convenience of hours, and kept their prices to those agreed upon in the original charter, no one can doubt. The sick and the "very par-

ticular" would gladly pay an additional sum for the certainty of civility and the comfort of the absence of a crowd; first class conveyances would be patronised and prove profitable in America.

My letters are growing "heterogeneously miscellaneous," as a member of the Ohio legislature remarked of a brother's speech; "so let it be," was the reply: "a man who confines himself to one set of ideas, is not fit to legislate for an American community." Let me copy then a *mem.* made on a little excursion in Essex.

There is to be seen at Chelmsford, the county town of Essex, a row of comfortable houses bearing the inscription, "Gepps's Folly." Their history is curious, as connected with the great Establishment Question. Some years since, as may be familiar to many of my readers, a Dissenter, named Thorogood, having declined the payment of the customary Church of England demands, was brought before the Ecclesiastical Court—and this case was made the trial of strength between the Establishment and its opposers. Thorogood was supported by the Dissenters, considered as their champion, and encouraged to persevere in resisting the demands. After an imprisonment of about two years, he was set free; and as his small business had of course suffered from his absence, he was presented on his release with a generous subscription: with this he built a row of houses—retaliating in an unchristian manner upon his prosecutor Gepps, by inscribing on them "Gepps's Folly."

In this county, so thronged with interesting associations, is the "New Hall," one of the royal residences of Henry VIII., and for some time the home of his daughter, the Princess Mary. It was confiscated from George Buckingham, and was said to have been purchased of the Parliament by Cromwell for five shillings, when it was valued at £1300. General Monk resided here. In front are Queen Elizabeth's arms, with the inscription (translated):

“On earth, the pious, wise Queen—  
 In heaven, the shining star of piety;  
 A virgin, noble, learned, divine—  
 Witty, chaste, and beauteous.”

How could royalty in the profane, homely Queen, blind to so glaring a falsehood?

A community of nuns, of the order of the “Holy Sepulchre,” who were driven from Liége, during the disastrous occurrences of the French Revolution, sought here a peaceful retreat; and beside their religious occupations, are usefully engaged in superintending the education of a limited number of young ladies.

Yours, &c.

## LETTER LXIV.

London.

Life insurance—Its importance—Much practised—Hailstorm Insurance Company—Patronage of the fine arts—Parliamentary appropriations—Death of Earl Grey—Other noblemen—Farming in England—Crops—Stock—Sales—Tenant farmers—A specimen—His dwelling and establishment—Rural England—Degradation of the working class—Razor-strop farmer—Theoretical agriculture expensive.

No people on the face of the earth are so provident for the future as the English; I allude particularly to their system, generally adopted, of life insurance, which is almost as commonly in practice as insurance against fire. Nearly all classes protect themselves by this provident foresight against the some time certain loss of the individual member of the family upon whose life they are dependent for support; his or her death thus makes little difference in their income or mode of life. They build for perpetuity, well knowing that

others are to come after them, and they have seen too many of the advantages resulting from life insurance, and too much distress caused by its omission, to neglect this first of duties for their families. London seems full of the various societies chartered to shower blessings on the bereaved; it has companies for particular classes,—the clergy—the army and navy, &c., and even the Society of Friends, the lives of whose members are said with truth to be “better” than an average, have their own insurance company.

Apropos of insurance:—several great storms of hail of late years having destroyed the hopes of the farmers in some counties, there is actually a “Hailstorm Insurance Company,” whose sign I often encounter in the “city;” its charter embraces also life risks. The subject of life insurance is scarcely sufficiently understood in America to make the practice as common as it ought to be and will be, as we grow wiser and more numerous.

Though complaints have been made from time to time of a want of patronage of the fine arts, it must be confessed that, contrasted with our own, the British government is the least to be abused on this topic. The House of Commons has just voted two hundred and sixty thousand dollars for additional rooms to the already enormous British Museum, and thirty-five thousand for the purchase of certain collections; eight thousand have been voted for the National Gallery, and fifty thousand for a geological survey; thirty thousand for magnetic observations at home and abroad; eight thousand for monuments to Lord de Saumarez and Sir Sidney Smith; ninety thousand for harbours of refuge from storms, and ten thousand dollars towards the expenses of the statues of Hampden and the Earl of Clarendon. These are incidental matters of no great amount, but they will serve to show you what kind of objects are included in the policy of the government.

Death has been at work among the great since I arrived; Earl Grey has died at the age of 82;—he was the premier who carried the Reform Bill; Viscount Canterbury, too, has



paid the debt of nature ; Lady Blessington is the sister of his wife ; Lord Bateman is a third in the peerage ; both the latter had attained the ages of sixty-six—both died of apoplexy, with which they were suddenly seized whilst rapidly travelling by railroad cars. It is stated on high medical authority, that this rapid giddy motion is dangerous where a disposition to the attack previously exists.

Farming in England is very different from farming in the United States. The same amount of capital which in America enables a man to live independently, enjoying with some certainty the fruits of his labour upon his own property, in England only places him in the situation of a tenant-farmer, dependent upon the landlord for a continuance of his home. For each acre that he rents he is expected to have from seven to ten pounds to invest in labour, implements, and manure, so that a farmer of a few thousand pounds capital, in place of purchasing land, which is high-priced and rarely sold, prefers investing it in cultivating several hundred acres ; for landed property returns but about three per cent. to its landlord, while the practical tenant-farmer may realize ten per cent. on his capital invested.

The crops that would strike an American farmer as new, are the fields of peas and beans for the winter food of the stock, and the luxuriant Lucerne grass, as yet not fully introduced at home. Barley is often sown after a fallow of fifteen months ; the crop is gathered after an outlay of ten pounds an acre, including the rents and tithes since the last harvest on the ground, and the cost of the labour expended in the repeated ploughing and harrowing. The stock is beautiful and very productive. The value of three thousand pounds sterling, sold off a farm of 400 acres in one year, seems a large sum—it would purchase many a rich acre in our Great West. The farmer in this thickly settled country is much like a merchant ; he has more of the refinements of city life about him than our agricultural friends ; his numerous labourers live at their own homes, and his kitchen family is perhaps

composed of his house-servants only, with a boy to help them, and to harness his small pony chaise, which, by the way, often has his name and residence painted upon it, in order to avoid the tax on vehicles not so marked.

As a characteristic specimen of the class, I might mention one whose kind hospitality my son experienced. Bluff, and even rough in manner, he atoned by his sincerity for an unprepossessing address. He resides with English *comfort* in a large house, partly surrounded by a moat, now filled with water, which was anciently a part of the fortifications of a bishop's palace on this spot; it has been his home for twenty-three years; possessed of a good property, he rents the farm of four hundred acres. Go with him over it, and see the evidences of a great *business* in the three sets of farm buildings in different parts, the vast quantities of grain, and the great green crops, the number of plough horses, and their immense size, the sleek fatted cattle, the fine flocks of sheep, and the number of labourers, among whom were some women in the field—and return with him to his pleasant family to see the fruits of such farming in the comfortable home and opportunities of beneficence and mental cultivation which it affords them! Ride with him through the narrow-winding lanes, lined with well-trimmed hedges, the richly-cultivated country, and enjoy the perfection of rural England, with uncut crops, and growing in the luxuriant verdure of a rainy summer.

But there is another side to the picture, in sad contrast to the beautiful scenery, the rich landlord, and the comfortable tenant. The labouring class are, many of them, in a state of degradation difficult to conceive in a country where there is such an amount of refinement, cultivation, and active philanthropy. But I would willingly draw the curtain over such a picture; its harrowing details have been described by an abler pen.

A London razor-strop and fancy merchant, named Mechi, has lately purchased an estate in the country, and has undertaken from books to teach his Essex neighbours how to farm.

He rides his hobby with energy, laying out large sums in new manures and experiments. Rarely visiting it, he farms by theory from London, sending down his orders to a foreman, who perseveringly tries the new-fangled instruments, the manures that ought to make fine crops, and the new plans for electrifying vegetation by wires passing around the field; in showing which the old foreman shrewdly remarks that he knows what nourishes *him*,—good ale and hearty meals; but he does not see how naked wires feed the plants much. Mechi publishes much about his model farm and agricultural experiments, but farming from a smoky counting-house is not the thing, and he has the laugh or jealousy of the practical plodding ones—the common fate too of those in advance of their age. Whether Mechi is in advance I am not practical enough to decide—his farming is very expensive, at least.

Yours, &c.

## LETTER LXV.

London.

Madame Tussaud's exhibition; its attractions—Zoological Gardens; as a garden—The donkey employed; his usefulness—Should be introduced into America—Distances in London—The Glaciarium not to be found—Polytechnic institution—Its nature—National Gallery—Hampton Court—Pictures—Fountains in Trafalgar Square—Nelson memorial—Walking advertisements—"Down's hat-guards."

AMONG the regular round of *lions* visited by strangers, in the great Babel London, is Madame Tussaud's exhibition of human figures. You appear to enter a room of gentlemen and ladies. One sits at a desk, near the door, as if to take your names; near him, a beautiful lady apparently reclines asleep, with all the appearance of breathing regularly;—her chest heaves as naturally as you could desire; a gentleman

on the bench where the visitors sit, seems to be interested in looking at the rest, for he moves his head and eyes; around are groups, as if in conversation—and at one's elbow stands a lady, in an old black bonnet. What is your surprise, in finding that all these figures, which are so natural that one is almost ready to accost them, are artificial!—the work of the lady of whom the figure in the black bonnet is a likeness. It is difficult sometimes to know which are living and which artificial. A perplexed friend of ours, accosted one with the request to tell him whether she was alive or not! A man sat still for a long time and passed himself off for wax, and although his breathing and winking could be seen, yet it was thought to be another admirable imitation.

Round the room are many wax representations of individuals distinguished in history or literature; among them, the commanding figure of Washington, Swedenborg's singularly earnest countenance, and many of the leading public characters of the present century—including the late sovereigns, Prince Albert, &c., &c. There is one group particularly worthy of admiration; that of John Knox reproving Mary Queen of Scots. The sternness of the Reformer, and the meek patience of the beautiful Queen, were very finely expressed. It was probably meant for the scene of the interview which the Calvinists feared so much for their leader, but in which he so boldly inveighed against her marriage with the papist Earl of Darnley.

A coronation robe is among the objects here exhibited; and in adjoining rooms are Napoleon's chair, camp-bed, a stain of his blood upon a sheet, and his worn travelling-carriage; into which last, like other people great and small, you enter and seat yourselves; are shown his comfortable arrangements for resting by opening a sort of closet in front, and connecting it by a shelf with the back-seat so as to form a pretty comfortable couch, long enough for one of the Emperor's size;—you get out again with the feeling of having come somewhat into contact with the Conqueror. Without having any great fond-

ness for wax-works, which in America have been degraded by inferior representations, it must be admitted that a good thing of the kind, like Madame Tussaud's, should receive a passing visit from a stranger in London. She has been very successful, and is constantly producing novelties; her last, is a capital likeness of the young Prince of Wales, which is now placarded every where in the London streets.

Of the Zoological Gardens I had formed too exalted an idea; perhaps, too, the sight of noble animals in confinement, is naturally painful; as a garden, the place is well enough, and much is done to make the prisoners comfortable. The bears get plenty of cake for climbing up a long pole; the monkeys chatter and frolic as much as one could wish—while the elephants bathe in a miniature lake and look sulky, and the cameleopards have a high-roofed stable; but notwithstanding the efforts of the projectors to imitate their natural haunts, the garden is to me a dull place. One hint obtained here may be useful in America: the donkey is employed to drag the rollers over the gravel-walks; he is too light to make more impression on the gravel, than the roller will obliterate. This useful little animal is employed in Europe in various ways to great advantage; his introduction with us is one of the things we have yet to learn; his appetite is easily satisfied, requiring less than a large dog; his labour, even as a burden-carrier, would well repay his importation; he pulls well in a small cart, and in this is most useful in cities to carry marketing; he would take the whole produce of a small kitchen-garden, as well as a horse, while his cost and maintenance would be a very trifle. To the poor man he would prove in America an admirable *help*, not dainty as to the quantity or the quality of his food.

In Philadelphia, your good citizens talk of "squares" when they speak of distances; in London it is *miles*; they tell you such a place is four miles from "the Bank;" another favourite mode is to measure by minutes—as ten minutes' walk, which means many of your "squares." At night one is puzzled to

wind one's way to a given place three or four miles off; if an omnibus is not running in the direction, a cab must be resorted to, for the people, though very civil in imparting information as far as they can, are totally ignorant of changes which may have occurred in a distant neighbourhood, though that change may have been of long standing.

An instance in point :—Last evening some of us Americans, who had heard much of the Glaciarium, or artificial skating pond, determined to hunt it up; several Englishmen, in their own opinion, thoroughly acquainted with London, gave us the direction; away we sallied, and after many, many inquiries, we pounced upon the place; it was a livery stable, and had been so employed for nearly two years! the Glaciarium was long since defunct, but London was not aware of it.

We lost nearly the whole evening, having only time to peep in at the Polytechnic Institution in Regent Street, see a lady descend in the diving bell with a parasol over her head, and come up with a little deafness, but perfectly dry. Here lectures on mechanics are regularly delivered, models of machinery explained, and various information imparted. The atmospheric railway is also shown in a working model; ladies wonder, children gape, some are entertained, and I dare say many learn a little. Various commodities are sold in the building; you may buy a vegetable ivory-nut, or a magnifying glass half the size of a sixpence, so powerful as to exhibit the insensible perspiration of the body like small rivers; and mites in cheese, or the animals on a fig of the size of rabbits. The place is made attractive, and even amusement is sought for. The Adelaide Gallery is something of the same kind.

The National Gallery in Trafalgar Square is an attempt of the government to impart to the people a knowledge of the fine arts without fee. It is one of the few places in England where there is no charge for entrance. There are some fine pictures, either presented to the Gallery or purchased. Some few rich people have, from their abundance, consigned very respectable productions to it, or bequeathed them by will;

many gems by the old masters prove very attractive. As a place of study I found it most useful, taking gradual lessons which will render future descriptions of pictures less tedious than in books I have generally heretofore found them. A visit to Italy, which I now "hanker after," must be accomplished before my *course* is nearly completed.

In all the countries of Europe, a collection of paintings, more or less free to public inspection, has long been considered essential to national honour. But until the year 1826, the English alone had no opportunity of comparing the claims of different schools, and of measuring the progress of taste and intellect. This want was calculated to perpetuate indifference in matters of taste among the people, ignorance and conceit among the artists, and presumption in amateurs; the whole community was stigmatized by foreigners as the most tasteless in Europe. The establishment of this gallery has done much to remedy these complaints, though it is still a very inferior thing compared with galleries in many other countries. As a collection of the comparative claims of genius, it is quite useless. The arrangement is also complained of; historical pieces, landscapes and portraits, English, Flemish, and Italian, being commingled without order or system. This want of arrangement and a further confusion in numbering, destroy all system. With a limited space and a very limited number of specimens, from the old masters, it is, no doubt, a difficult task to place them satisfactorily, but some principle, leading to a systematic display, should have been adopted.

With all its faults, the National Gallery has done much more good than harm, for it has infused into the middle classes some taste. I hold it to be impossible to visit such collections without an improvement in this particular. If the public feel thankful to Lord Liverpool for having formed a National Gallery, and allowed the people free access to pictures bought with their own money, they have still more reason to be grateful to those munificent individuals who have given or bequeathed valuable pictures to this national exhibition. Among

them, Sir George Beaumont has bequeathed enough to remind every artist of one of the most generous and amiable men that ever patronised talent; his collection shows him to have been a man of fine taste. Lord Farnborough, Lord Vernon, and Lord Francis Egerton, deserve to have their names handed down to posterity, and even across the Atlantic, for their noble donations to the cause; I look upon them as national benefactors, for they have thrown one of the means of education within the grasp of the ignorant. A crisis in matters of art has occurred in the island; it is universally acknowledged that they are no longer to be considered as the exclusive enjoyment of a few; that the whole population of the kingdom is interested in their prosperity. As education has become a necessity to every class of the community, before the ignorant can take their proper station as integrals of the mass entitled to happiness, so must the fine arts be made subservient to general education, to the moral and intellectual instruction and recreation of the people.

In the vestibule, the great Waterloo vase claims attention more for its size than its beauty. Its history is curious: it is composed of three blocks of marble, originally selected by Napoleon to celebrate his own victories, and was to have been placed in the palace of the King of Rome, then in the course of erection in the French capital. On the abdication of the Emperor, these blocks were presented to the Prince Regent, at the instance of Lord Burghersh, ambassador at the court of Florence; and the Prince, taking up the original idea, resolved to dedicate them as a memorial of the victory of the allies at Waterloo.

Westmacott, with national grasping, has confined the design to a representation of the British hero attended by his staff, and issuing his orders for a charge of cavalry on that memorable day. Besides this principal design, an allegory was adopted, representing the British Monarch seated on the throne, to which Europe has retired for protection. Peace, with her attendant genii, bearing her appropriate symbols,



presents as a trophy of triumph, the palm branch to the enthroned sovereign. The vase is a failure as regards effect, and this is heightened by its being badly placed. The subscription statue of Sir David Wilkie is much more striking, as it meets you in a good light at the foot of the first flight of stairs.

In the National Gallery, I first gazed upon a landscape by Claude Lorraine; the collection embraces many. Corregio, Michael Angelo, Titian, Guido Reni, Murillo, Tintoretto, Guercino, Paul Veronese, Caracci, Poussin, Rubens, Rembrandt, Domenicheno, Vandyck, &c., &c., have each their productions frequently brought before your admiring gaze; it was something to do this for the inhabitants of cold England. One step more, and we shall be prepared to give the nation the full credit of the change. Let the fine pictures, now in the palaces unseen, be brought out and presented to the public gaze. There is something preposterous to our American eyes in furnishing palaces with such treasures of art to be seen by the Queen or King exclusively. Why should not these glorious works be brought out for the use of the people who own them, and the Queen *too* might come and see them? Gradually a little light is breaking in upon the enslaved people; a step at a time is taken now and then, such as opening Hampton Court, where many gems and wonders of the pencil were long locked up in the antique rooms which the royal family never inhabited. The good conduct of the public, now as freely admitted there as the French are to Versailles, is a good augury of future favours.

We have been exceedingly delighted with Hampton Court, the grounds and pictures especially. The trees are planted in the old-fashioned formal style, but nothing can exceed the beauty of the long vistas and the greenness of the grass. Many of the poorer nobility have apartments at this old-fashioned palace, which you are made aware of as you saunter about, by a door-plate here and there in the long galleries, of

Lady Somebody, to whose kitchen a leg of mutton has just rung for admittance.

In the fountain basins are some of the most enormous old family gold fishes I have ever seen; they would make a respectable appearance at a regular dinner.

The fountains in Trafalgar Square are justly ridiculed even by the Londoners, though they are the best they have; the water tumbles lazily over like a jet from a beer-bottle. The Nelson memorial is the redeeming feature of this much-frequented neighbourhood.

We have placarded boards advertising shops or theatres in some of our American cities; but it was reserved for this overgrown metropolis to do the work wholesale. We meet in every part of London, not a single board perambulating, but a whole string of men encased fore and aft with these "advertises;" long gangs of at least a dozen, are organized by different tradesmen, museum-owners, &c., who march just outside of the curb-stones, keeping step as they go; the grotesqueness of the exhibition of the line, bearing in large letters, "Buy Down's Hats," on boards down to their feet, when they are driven to a run by a cab or omnibus, never fails to create a good laugh from the spectators. It is quite a relief to laugh in London, where there is much to perplex, I assure you; and I feel consequently most grateful to Mr. Down for the amusement his regiments have often afforded me. They have got the name of "Down's hat guards."

The Chinese Museum has been fitted up in London with considerable beauty; a band of music performs nightly; the omnibuses to Hyde Park Corner are labelled "Chinese Museum," and they receive considerable patronage from this source.

Yours, &c.

## LETTER LXVI.

London.

Politics in England—Causes of the interest taken in them—Will there be a revolution?—Rise of the Whig and Tory parties—Meaning of the terms—Long Whig tenure of office—Long Tory tenure of office—Catholic emancipation—Tories obliged to resign in 1830—Reform Bill—Rejected by the Lords—Fearful state of the country—Final passage of the bill—Subsequent movements of parties—Position of the present ministry—Future prospects.

ONE of the most absorbing topics of conversation in England, is politics. Here, where the struggle is still going on between the aristocratic and democratic principles, it is not wonderful that so much interest is attached to the proceedings of Parliament. In America there is a class of educated men who take no thought for the state, because they believe there is no danger to their liberties; they will take the trouble to vote only when urged by a sufficient motive. It is different in England. The landholder, whether he be Whig or Tory, is directly interested in preserving the laws of primogeniture and entail, the system of modified feudality to which he owes his influence, and by which his family pride is sustained. On the other hand, the manufacturers, the merchants, the labourers and artisans, long for a new Reform Bill, which will relieve them from the enormous taxes now placed upon imports, and transfer the burdens of the state to the landowners. The ground upon which these two interests now

contend, is the question of the abolition of the Corn Laws, of which more in my next.

The connexion of church and state in Great Britain and Ireland, forms another fruitful source of party violence. The Dissenters, including the Roman Catholics of Ireland, will never rest satisfied until they are not only tolerated, but placed upon an equal footing with the established church. At this moment the rumours of a state provision for the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland, by Sir Robert Peel's government, agitate the breasts of millions whose conscientious opinions, or whose pecuniary interests are involved in the proposed change. These, and many other points, lend an importance to every speech in Parliament, every movement of the government, and every demonstration of the popular will. Many, both here and in America, predict a bloody revolution, which will put a period to the English aristocracy, and bring in a republican form of government. But, without asserting, as some do, and as many of the English sincerely believe, that there is more wisdom in this little island, than all the rest of the world put together, I must confess I see no symptoms of any such event, at least for a long time to come. The constitution of England, by a happy combination of the three orders of King, Lords, and Commons, contains provisions for its own reformation; and whenever any evils become sufficiently glaring to demand a remedy, the influence in Parliament of the parties aggrieved, or the fear of the consequences which an earnest study of history produces, is sufficient to throw off the disease, and restore the state to a healthy action. Add to this that the two great parties which, since the Revolution, have alternately ruled the state, have always been a check upon each other's extravagances, and have eagerly grasped at any pretext of mal-administration of the dominant power to make political capital for themselves. It has been two centuries since there has been a civil war in England, and I see no reason why it should not be two centuries more.

The enormous national debt of England, which is thought

by some on our side of the water, to be the surest sign of an approaching crisis in the affairs of Great Britain, is understood here to be one of the strongest guarantees of the permanency of the existing state of things. There is hardly a householder in the three kingdoms who is not more or less personally interested in seeing the interest of the national debt punctually paid. Neither Whig nor Tory politicians would find favour with their constituents by advocating any thing like repudiation, and as to the ability of this rich people to sustain the burden, no one who sees the evidences of prodigious wealth which encounter the eye of the traveller in London alone, can doubt that, as there is the will, so there is the way. There are said to be in private hands, jewels and plate, sufficient of themselves to discharge, not only the interest, but the principal of this vast incumbrance. But although the 3 per cent. consols have tended to consolidate as well the nation as the funds, there have never been wanting, since the Great Rebellion, causes of party strife.

The latter part of the reign of Charles II. is an epoch whence may be dated not only the rise of the Whig and Tory parties, but also the origin of the principles which they severally profess. The last great distinction which had divided the nation was the warring factions of the Roundheads and Cavaliers, and the convulsion which then took place, wrought a change in the national sentiment that has never since been effaced. Since that time there has never been a republican *party* in England.

Charles II. was received with tumultuous loyalty, but his project, proved beyond a doubt by modern researches, to introduce again the Roman Catholic religion, gave rise to an opposition to the government, the promoters of which soon acquired the name of Whigs; this term is said to have been applied originally to the Covenanters, on account of their sour dispositions, the word whig being used by the Scotch for the curd into which milk was reduced previous to its being converted into cheese. They retorted upon their adversaries

of the high-church and ultra-monarchical party, by the epithet Tory, a name applied, according to Roger North, to a set of ruffians among the wild Irish, a part being taken for the whole, as a nation of Roman Catholics. The two parties were in continual rivalry during the reigns of Charles II., James II., William and Mary, and Anne, neither getting permanently and decidedly the upper hand. On the death of the latter in 1714, the Whigs came into power with the Hanoverian dynasty, in the person of George I., and they kept the reins of government uninterruptedly for forty-eight years, when they were turned out of office in 1762, through the personal predilections of the new king, George III., for the Earl of Bute.

The Tories kept possession of office for the remarkably long period of sixty-eight years, when they were supplanted by the Whigs in 1830. In 1829, the bill for Catholic emancipation was carried by the consent of the leaders of the Tory party, but contrary to their often declared principles. This concession did not save them, and on the 15th November, 1830, the administration being left in a minority, the Duke of Wellington resigned.

The new Whig ministry, under Earl Grey, immediately brought in the celebrated Reform Bill, which, after another general election, passed the House of Commons by the large majority of 136—367 for, 231 against. The question then was, Will the House of Lords venture, in the agitated state of the country, to reject it? They did reject it by a majority of 41. "The House of Commons immediately passed a vote of confidence in ministers. The king interposed a short prorogation, expressly for the purpose that the bill might be again introduced. Every method was adopted which could palliate the news of the rejection of the bill, and avert the thunder-storm which threatened. The Whigs were, in a great measure, successful; the lightning did not strike the lofty towers of royalty, nor strip off the Gothic fretwork of the House of Peers; but strange sights were seen throughout

the nation ; and a voice was gone forth which told that the end was not yet. In London, tens of thousands of men marching in close array, and crowding all the avenues to the palace ; the houses of the Tory peers in a constant state of siege ; the peers themselves venturing abroad at the danger of their life ; in the metropolis of a generous people, the Duke of Wellington, whose reputation is his country's glory, unable to appear without insult and danger ; in the metropolis of a people remarkable for their respect to the laws, Lord Londonderry struck senseless from his horse by a flight of stones ; in the country, Nottingham Castle, the ancient possession of the Dukes of Newcastle, given to the flames ; Derby in the power of a mob, the jail destroyed, the houses of known Tories demolished ; the city of Bristol on fire, and Sir Charles Wetherell fleeing in disguise by the light of the conflagration—men of all grades banded together in unions, pledged, at any cost, to obtain parliamentary reform ; a hundred and fifty thousand men assembled at Birmingham, and threatening to march upon London ;—these were the signs of the times, varied by public meetings all over the country, comprehending nearly the whole mass of the middle classes, and a large portion of the aristocracy, who joined in the expression of indignant surprise, that a whisper of a faction should be allowed to render abortive the expressed desire of a nation. Well was the national sentiment expressed and sustained by the press. Morning and evening did these batteries of reform pour forth their incessant fire, and the noise reverberated through the kingdom. A very large majority of the journals were in the interest of the Whigs and the people ; but the combined power of all the rest of these sinks into insignificance when compared with that of the leader of them, a paper which, in the pride of conscious power, had styled itself the leading journal of Europe. Never was there so tremendous a party engine as the 'Times' at the period of which we are now treating, presented. The receptacle of talent sufficient to form three brilliant reputations, backed by the admiration

the applause, the obedience of a nation, it is impossible to look upon its career without strong excitement." The above was written by a Whig, but the thunders of the Times, as you well know, were afterwards turned, by a change of proprietorship, against the party whose favourite bill it advocated in 1830.

The opposition of the aristocracy was in vain against the voice of the people, and on the 4th of June, 1832, the great Reform Bill passed the House of Lords, most of the Tories absenting themselves. This bill, by the disfranchisement of many "rotten boroughs" and the extension of the right of suffrage to all householders paying a rent of £10 a year, changed so materially the constitution of the House of Commons, that Blackwood's Magazine, a high-Tory periodical, does not hesitate to call it a revolution. Having gained "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill," the people of England seem to have been satisfied with Parliamentary Reform. The Tories, with Sir Robert Peel as prime minister, again returned to place for a short time, from December 1834, to May 1835, but, being left in a minority in the House of Commons, they resigned, and Lord Melbourne became First Lord of the Treasury. In 1837, her present "most gracious Majesty" ascended the throne. Both William IV. and Victoria were Whigs, so far as it is consistent for royalty in England to countenance faction.

But the era of long domination by either of the great parties seems to have passed away, and Sir Robert Peel, as you well know, was summoned to form a Cabinet in August 1841. The Tories entered upon office this time with a large "working majority" in Parliament, which has been sustained, rather by the weight of the Premier's personal character, than by a consistent carrying out of Tory principles on the part of the present government. The High-Church party have never forgiven Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington for yielding to the cry for Catholic emancipation in 1829, and they have recently, as all the world knows, encountered a



violent opposition from many of their old supporters, by the increase of the Government grant to Maynooth College. The consequence is, that the old distinctions of Tory and Whig are, in a great measure, lost in the politics of the day, and Peel commands votes from both sides of the House. The general confidence in his practical wisdom, and the belief that he is the best man in England to encounter the peculiar difficulties of government at the present day, will, I think insure him a long tenure of office.

But I am exceeding the limits of a letter, and perhaps only repeating facts which are as familiar to Americans, such is the intercourse between this country and our own, as to myself. Still, I hope the sketch I have given above will convey valuable information to some, and stimulate all who read it to take an interest in British legislation. I forget who it is that says the study of politics, next to the study of theology, is the most ennobling pursuit of man, but certain it is, that a more interesting one than that of the present movements of parties (including *the movement party*, a large one,) in England, does not exist. To look beneath the eddies of temporary change, and see the great current of the English mind, as represented in Parliament, moving towards an enfranchisement of the lower classes, an equality of state favour towards different religions, and free trade, is surely a fascinating employment. The change is slow, but sure.

Yours, &c.

## L E T T E R   L X V I I.

London. 1

British Museum—Rosetta Stone, &c.—Colosseum—The ruins—The cave—Swiss scenery—The ascending room—The Panorama of London—The Taylors of Norwich—Mrs. Austin—Lady Duff Gordon—Miss Kirby—Historical associations.

I WOULD wish that for once in your life you could walk through the British Museum; you would then have an idea of extent in such an institution, and would believe in numbers of visitors who crowd it at this season to such a degree as to make the expedition extremely fatiguing. It contains immense suites of apartments, filled with collections of natural history, fossils, shells, coins, &c., all well and distinctly labelled, chemical specimens, vast Egyptian sarcophagi, statues, and marbles; indeed, so great is the number of Egyptian mummies and Etruscan vases, that more are probably to be seen by the traveller here than in Egypt itself. We stopped with much interest before the Rosetta Stone.

If I have not fatigued you with London sight-seeing, you will not object to a word about the Colosseum, the most imposing exhibition we have visited. In the "ruins," strewn artificially about in puzzling positions, no one can be deceived or much interested, though they are occasionally natural, except for a label requesting visitors not to "injure the ruins." A large cave with huge artificial stalactites glittering in gas light, carries on the illusion very well; a Swiss cottage and a waterfall, with Alpine scenery excellently imitated, not excepting a glacier and snow-capped mountains in the distance, are extremely well displayed consi-

dering the small space it has been accomplished in. The interior basement is a circular room filled with statuary of middling merit, often of plaster, but a very showy place. In the centre is the *ascending room*, in which our seated party was hoisted by a steam engine to the great Panorama of the City of London; a superb deception, indeed, so admirably carried out in its details that it was difficult not to believe ourselves on St. Paul's Church and looking down on an evening scene in the city. The streets and shops were lighted with lamps, figures were in the streets, the stars twinkling (a little too naturally), the moon so bright and natural that I saw a man with his hat off and gazing at it apparently with some *emotion!* its reflection on the water of the Thames sparkling and varying in the ripples was a little the best piece of acting we have witnessed; the clouds flying past the moon, the boats on the Thames, and the immense distance we seemed to be above the town, made it the most admirable, complete deception of the kind in the world, but still a deception. The charge is a dollar and a quarter for the whole, with an additional fee for a hoist in the Elizabethan moving room, the motion of which made some of us feel sea-sick! It would be preferable to walk up the stairs on a warm night.

This exhibition, though so well patronised, is, like all London things of the kind, attended with such vast expenses of advertising, &c., as to be unprofitable.

A literary friend, to whom I am indebted for attentions not soon to be forgotten, has furnished me with the following curious and interesting particulars respecting a family, the individuals of which fill a large space in the public eye at home. Of the Taylors of Norwich, he writes:

“These are in no wise connected with the William Taylor of Norwich, whose translations from the German, published in the days when Miss Seward was the muse of Lichfield, and Sir Walter Scott (her correspondent) was ‘gathering honey’ from the old wives and Dandie Dinmonts of the Border, and

Mrs. Barbauld read aloud for the amusement of the literary circles of Edinburgh, were among the first invitations which we English received, to study a young literature, as rich and individual, as it was strange. I notice the mistake especially, because it is one perpetually made. I believe that *the Taylor*, who was head of the family I allude to, was a small merchant or shop-keeper (the class is now extinct), the simplicity of whose habits, and the modesty of whose fortunes, did not prevent his house being sought eagerly by all the intellectual persons whom chance or professional occupation called into the eastern counties. The magnet of attraction must have been his wife: one of the most eminent and excellent women ever created, in whom the perpetual demand of household cares, answered with a religious industry, had been unable to destroy a mind, original, noble, unceasing in its thirst for instruction and knowledge. So rare a mixture was Mrs. Taylor of the practical with the poetical, that, alarmed by signs of convulsion which attended the French Revolution, she caused each of her sons to learn some handicraft trade, by way of providing for his maintainance in the dark days which might be coming. You will find few memoirs of our distinguished men of liberal principles, who flourished during the last fifty years, in which there is not a cordial and respectful mention of Mrs. Taylor's tea-table!

“The ‘sons and daughters’ of this admirable woman (one is driven into the scriptural phrases descriptive of a patriarchal household, when speaking of such a family) have not been unworthy a training in every respect so enlightened. The eldest, Mr. John Taylor, Secretary to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, is esteemed throughout England as the first authority in mining matters; as a skilful geologist, and a most adroit mechanician: an invention of his, by which a combination of lathes is made to execute the finest work, hitherto only conceived possible to the hand of a most sensitive carver, has been just brought to bear in preparing the elaborate and florid decorations for our Houses of Parlia-

ment. Mr. Richard Taylor, another brother, well known in our city politics as a thorn in the side of every *established abuse-monger*, is one of the most distinguished printers we have: a third son is notorious as an antiquarian: a fourth manages the government and steam-conveyances of the southern French ports, being at the head of an important engineering establishment at Marseilles: a fifth, Mr. Edward Taylor, having been unfortunate in mercantile business, turned, when past middle life, a very fine voice and strong musical talent to account, and after singing for some years, with fair success in the orchestra, was promoted to the Gresham Professorship of Music, in which capacity he has been singularly successful as a lecturer. It is to his son that we owe these translated fairy tales, and also an earlier and more profound little book, 'Michael Angelo as a Poet,' full of ancient Italian scholarship. His daughter, too, Miss Catherine Taylor, published some few years ago her 'Letters from Italy to a Younger Sister,' a valuable and reliable work, full of accurate information with regard to the arts and monuments, and tempered with that graceful enthusiasm, lacking which all conversation with the young becomes a repulsive lecture.

"The youngest of 'the Taylors of Norwich' is the best known among you, Mrs. Austin, the collector of *ana* touching Goethe, the translatress of Prince Puckler Muskau, Von Raumer, and Ranke, and whose every word about Germany is worth treasuring up and collecting, not only from the singular opportunities which she has enjoyed of studying all classes of society, from the king down to the poor, during the residence of half a life, but because of the exquisitely clear and nervous English in which her facts and experience are conveyed. She is mother to Lady Duff Gordon, whose versions of 'The Amber Witch,' and the 'Criminal Cases of Feuerbach' are remarkable for the admirable vigour and the close acquaintance with the two languages they display. Here, by the way, were I disposed to play the *Willis* for your edification, I might begin to talk about personal beauty, brilliant wit,

and so forth. Further, were I to *divaricate* into connexions by marriage, the parenthesis would be half as long as the letter, since the Austins are not reputations to be packed away in a corner. Cousin to Lady Duff Gordon, and son to the eldest of Mrs. Taylor's daughters, is Mr. Henry Reeve, the translator of De Tocqueville, and of M. Guizot's 'Washington,' on sundry others of whose literary and political essays could I also descant, as highly-finished efforts of one sure to rise to a high position, were I not bound not to abuse my anonymous character, by violating confidence. I should never be done, were I to step out of the immediate circle of this family, since the tribe of cousins furnishes its quota to our literature and art. There is on one side, for instance, Captain Meadows Taylor, the Nizam's right-hand man, whose 'Confessions of a Thug' are doubtless known to you. On the other, Miss Kirby, the brilliant and beautiful authoress of 'Letters from the Baltic,' more eminent almost as an amateur artist, than as a writer; even though she be (let me whisper *sub rosâ*) the one living Britomart, who has ever maintained her place among the sharp-sworded and high-vested ranks of the Quarterly Reviewers."

As an instance of the interesting religious, literary, and historical associations that so frequently meet one in England, I might mention that an invalid friend escaping the smoke of London, to take lodgings in the agreeable suburbs of Stoke Newington, to his surprise, found himself located in the fine old mansion of General Fleetwood, the son-in-law of Cromwell, where the Protector is said to have passed much of his time. His window overlooked Abney Park, in a corner of which Cromwell's disinterred bones are said to rest; the proprietor of it was a friend of Watts, who, once paying him a visit, the poet was induced to stay thirty-five years. On the other side of the street lived De Foe, the saddler, and renowned author of Robinson Crusoe; near him, the writer of Sandford and Merton, that treasure of boyhood; beyond, Lucy Aikin and her father, Howard, the truly great; and near by, Letitia

Barbault, of "Early Lessons" memory ; while further on was located one of Queen Elizabeth's palaces.

In the hall of the old mansion stood a sedan chair, once kept for the purpose of conveying the members of the "Blue Stocking Society" to their meetings in bad weather. How often may the pleasant Lucy Aikin, or the gifted Barbault, have been assisted by it to the gatherings where the works that were to improve and delight England were perhaps first read and admired.

There is much too that is very interesting as marking the use of non-conformity connected with Stoke Newington ; that great struggle, which has ever since agitated the world, which has found its completion in our own happy country, and, I believe, will never cease till it finds it in England also.

Yours, &c.

## LETTER LXVIII.

London.

Anastatic printing—Learn the art—English patentees—Presses at work—Particular adaptation to plans, &c.—Rapidly of reproduction—Maps—Illustrated works—Holmes's old Map of the Province of Pennsylvania, republished in Philadelphia; but few copies printed—London on cemeteries in preparation—Mr. Faraday's lecture—Chambers's article, Phonography.

MY attention was early called by one of my friends after my arrival in London, to the investigation of the new art of Anastatic Printing; and, being requested to control the patent for America, my son, as well as myself, passed as much time as we could spare in acquiring a knowledge of the manipulations necessary to teach the art. It is one of great importance to the United States, as by it copies of wood-cuts, and even of copper and steel engravings, are readily taken; it has not yet arrived at its destined perfection, nor has the steam-press been entirely adapted to the work of printing from the zinc plates rapidly; the English patentees have no doubt of ultimate success, and, in the mean time, are employing several presses at work requiring few copies of each transfer, to great pecuniary advantage; particularly just now they have abundance of work to do for the railway companies, whose plans of roads, bridges, elevations, termini, &c., are reproduced with a magic rapidity,



which saves months of the time of the copiers; it is only necessary that any plan should be drawn in lithographic ink, brought to the anastatic office, and, in a few moments, fac similes are handed to the artist.

Of course the art has a thousand adaptations; I will here mention a few only. An architect, we will say, wishes to compete with others for the contract of a public building, church, monument, or for a bridge; any thing in short of which more than one copy is required, either for the different members of a committee or legislature; instead of laboriously making copies, he uses the anastatic process, and saves two-thirds of his time. A purchaser of real estate, say a square of ground, proposes to cut it up for building lots in a certain way; he draws his plan in the suitable ink, walks into the anastatic office, and, while he is reading a short paragraph in a morning paper, the printer hands him enough copies for his purpose at a cost not near equal to drawing the same plan on stone for the lithographic press. So with a map; the owner of coal lands or farms wishes to bring their advantages before the public, and in no way can he do this better than by plans showing their situations and advantages of access to market; he has copies struck off, and attains his object. By this art, copies of drawings are taken without the cost of cutting in wood, and whole books, with the engravings in them, will be reproduced as soon as the application of steam gives rapidity to the process. The London Illustrated News, Punch, and such works, with costly wood-cuts, may be republished in America at a small price. Anatomical works, outlines of all kinds, will be produced with great facility.

Since the foregoing was written, the author brought with him to Philadelphia the necessary apparatus and information to pursue the business sufficiently to offer patents for the different States for sale, and a variety of work has been executed at the anastatic office in Philadelphia, to the great satisfaction of artists, architects, surveyors, and draughtsmen. An interesting application was made at the suggestion of a

number of gentlemen, the result of which is now for sale. The oldest map of the Province of Pennsylvania, begun in 1681 and completed under Penn, known as Holmes's Map, had become so extremely scarce as to make its production in courts, or reference to it by lawyers and scriveners, extremely difficult. Under these circumstances an experienced draughtsman carefully traced and copied his tracings in lithographic ink. It was printed off in sections, coloured, and mounted, and, being a perfect fac simile of the original, met with a rapid sale. To make the matter a little curious, as the first anastatic map ever issued, but two hundred copies were printed and the plates were destroyed. It is as large as the usual maps of the United States, hung upon rollers, and is a curiosity and a rarity.

As another adaptation of the art, the author has been requested to publish a volume on the Laying Out and Ornamenting of Public Cemeteries, with copious illustrations, on the basis of Loudon's admirable work, but adapted to this country. The drawings are now in a forward state, and attention has been paid to the selection of the best models for monuments, &c.; it is probable the work in large octavo will be issued in a few weeks after the Summer's Jaunt reaches the hands of the public.

Mr. Faraday delivered a lecture on Anastatic printing, which was reported in the Polytechnic Review; he went through all the processes before the audience, and produced some fine impressions. The topic made a great talk in every circle, and the booksellers became alarmed respecting their large capital invested in stereotype plates. Chambers's Journal has the following article, which, as the subject interests my countrymen, I copy:—

Speaking of this new wonder, Chambers says:—

“In contemplating the effect of these astonishing inventions, it is impossible to foresee their results upon the ordinary transactions of life. If any deed, negotiable security, or other legal instrument, can be so imitated that the writer of,

and subscriber to it, cannot distinguish his own handwriting from that which is forged, new legislative enactments must be made, and new modes of representing money, and securing property by documentary record, must be resorted to. A paper currency and copyhold securities will be utterly useless, because they will no longer fulfil the objects for which they, and instruments of a like nature, are employed. Again, the law of copyright as respects literary property will have to be thoroughly revised. Let us, for an instant, view the case in reference to 'The Times' newspaper. Suppose an early copy of that powerful journal to be some morning procured, and anastatyped in a quarter of an hour. The pirated pages may hereafter be subjected to printing machinery, and worked off at the rate of 4000 copies in each succeeding hour, and sold to the public, to the ruinous injury of the proprietors. The government newspaper stamp would be no protection, for of course that could be imitated as unerringly as the rest. This, too, is an extreme case against the imitators; for a newspaper would have to be done in a great hurry. Books, maps, prints, and music, could be pirated wholesale, and at leisure.

"The new process produces all the effects of stereotyping, with the advantage of taking the duplicate from a printed *impression*, instead of from the metal types themselves. So far, however, as we can ascertain, one disadvantage attaches to the new process, which is, that in working off impressions from the zinc plates, a kind of press must be used different from that employed for types—one partaking somewhat of the nature of a lithographic press. Till, therefore, the inventors proceed with their improvements so far as to cause the acid to corrode the interstices of the letters sufficiently deep into the plate, as to make them stand in relief of equal height with types, we do not anticipate that, as a substitute for stereotyping, it will be so extensively used as they anticipate. It may also be remarked that the economy of this invention will chiefly be seen in works of limited sale. In

such as the present, the typographical arrangements sink into a bagatelle beside the enormous outlay for paper, an abolition of the duty on which would be of more use to such works than an invention doing away with every other expense whatsoever.

“ In another department of relief printing, there is no question that the anastatic process will cause a complete revolution, and that very speedily ; namely, in illustrative and ornamental printing. Wood-engraving will be entirely superseded, for no intermediate process will now be necessary between the draughtsman and the printing of his design. It is generally known that at present the artist draws in pencil his design on the box-wood, and that the engraver, with sharp instruments, cuts away all the white parts or interstices, so as to cause the objects previously figured to stand in relief, that they only may receive the ink passed over them in printing. Unfortunately, many wood-engravers, from want of skill in drawing, do not render the intentions of the designer with fidelity. Now, however, all the draughtsman will have to do will be to make his drawing on paper, and *that*, line for line, will be transferred to the zinc, and produce, when printed, exactly the same effect as his original draught. A pen is recommended for this purpose, which may be used ‘ on any paper free from hairs or filaments, and well sized. The requisite ink is a preparation made for the purpose, and may be mixed to any degree of thickness in pure distilled water, and should be used fresh and slightly warm when fine effect is to be given. In making or copying a design, pencil may be used, but the marks must be left on the paper, and by no means rubbed with India-rubber or bread. The paper should be kept quite clean, and free from rubbing, and should not be touched by the fingers, inasmuch as it will retain marks of very slight touches.’ A drawing thus produced can be readily transferred to the zinc in the manner above described for typography.

“ Two pages of the Art-Union are printed upon the new plan.

Besides the letterpress, from which we derive our present information, are five printed drawings and an illuminated letter. 'The letterpress,' says the editor, 'was first set in type by the ordinary printer of the Art-Union, leaving spaces for the drawn or engraved illustrations, which having been set into their respective places on a proof of the letterpress, the whole was cast on to a zinc plate, and so printed off.' Neither is it to printing of recent date only that the invention is applicable; transfers from books a century old have already been made. 'Rare editions' and 'unique copies' will in a few years vanish from the counter of the book-sale and the shelves of the bibliomaniac. Now it is ascertained how exactly they may be counterfeited, not even Doctor Dibdin himself will be able to venture to pronounce upon a 'genuine black-letter.' "

The first application of the art which we witnessed was at Ipswich, where some enthusiastic followers of the Phonographic method of writing issued a periodical in Phonographic characters from the Anastatic hand-press, thus combining two novelties. Phonography having made some small progress in America, the following observations upon it may interest my readers:—

#### PHONOGRAPHY.

There is a new mode of writing, much practised in England, and which has excited some attention in our own country—Phonography, or "talking on paper." Sheridan said that Egyptian hieroglyphics were not better calculated to conceal the secrets of knowledge, than English spelling to make a secret of English pronunciation. It is remarked that there is not a word in our language that might not be written in various ways, and that there is but one in a thousand pronounced in accordance with the names of the letters. We might instance the word *cause*, *cause*. Would not a child or foreigner, very naturally pronouncing from the names of the letters, call it *say you see*, which is in accordance with

the spelling? He must be told that the *c* is here pronounced like *k*, and the *au* sounded like *awe*; when it makes *kaw se*. He must again be tutored that the *s* is *z*, and the *e* mute—and the word pronounced like *k a w s*!

Phonography is an attempt to remedy these defects of our orthography, by expressing in a few signs all the sounds of English and other languages. By combinations of these few signs, and assisted by simple abbreviations, sentences are very shortly and clearly expressed, according to their pronunciation. Thus: the word *though* is commonly written with six letters to express two sounds, while the Phonographer writes it with two strokes of his pen; and an ordinary proficient of the science, it is said, expresses as much in fifteen minutes as by the long (very *long*) hand can be written in an hour.

Were the system well carried out and made to supersede the present mode of writing, there are many advantages that would probably more than counterbalance the inconvenience of a change.

Instead of its requiring years for a child to learn to read with tolerable accuracy, one "seven or eight years old will be able to read in a week." There is little difficulty in spelling a word properly pronounced, and a word written in this way can be rightly enunciated with certainty; thus the difficulty of giving the names of new places would be remedied. Foreigners will not be led into errors of pronunciation by our orthography; our language, too, which is said to be the simplest in its grammar and construction of any in the world, will be rendered accessible to the rest of civilized mankind. It is hoped that it will be a great aid to the spread of the Gospel, as missionaries will be able easily to reduce new languages to a written form. No tongue need be unwritten, and all the numerous existing languages may be merged into one convenient and excellent standard of pronunciation. If the poor and the young were taught in a Bible written in an alphabet with as many letters as sounds in the language, how

large a proportion of the difficulties of learning to read would be dispensed with.

There is a natural presumption against the claims of a new art that professes so much; but it would be well to examine into this before rejecting it, as it has made a great impression in England. Thousands of letters, written in these characters, it is said, pass the post-office monthly. There are three Phonographic Journals, and at a large school near York, the art is taught. There is a list of Phonographic publications in their fifth edition; there are a number of teachers and lecturers, through whose formation of classes, and the efforts of the members of the corresponding society, offering as proficient to assist any new learners, it may ere long *supersede our present mode of writing*. In addition, *Phonography is quite the fashion*. As soon as the symbols, which represent the sounds of language, are acquired, the alphabet is fixed, and the pupil is able to pronounce accurately any word in any language that is written in it.

Yours, &c.

## LETTER LIX.

London, July, 1845.

The League Bazaars—Cause of the movement—Lord John Russell's resolutions—State of the poor—Prospects of a repeal of the Corn Laws—Influence of free trade upon international peace—Contributions to the bazaars—Bearing of free trade upon American interests.

It would have been very difficult to describe to you when I first arrived in London in May, the excitement that prevailed here regarding the Anti-Monopoly Association Bazaar; the "Anti-Corn-Law League," is the term generally applied to the associated band who are moving every nerve to pull down what they consider the impediment to the greatness of England—the cancer which starves the people and fosters the aristocracy in luxury and idleness. "Let us have cheap bread," is their cry morning by morning; it is their evening prayer, and the dream of its fulfilment haunts their midnight vigils. They are men who *will not* be disappointed, if peaceful means, overpowering exertion, talent, and industry united to numbers, can accomplish their grand object, *free trade*.

Lord John Russell announced recently, his intention of bringing under the deliberate consideration of the Legislature the condition of the labouring classes of the United Kingdom; a grave, a great, a vast subject. All thinkers, for the last thirty years, have pointed to the great fact, in spite of England's extraordinary progress in material improvement, that "wealth accumulates and men decay," not in numbers, but in social standing and individual happiness. With capital



accumulating enormously,—with landed property continually advancing in value,—with a people multiplying rapidly,—the toiling millions, say the anti-monopolists, are more and more circumscribed and hemmed in; their individual value lessening; their power over their own position crippling daily; and masses of wretchedness perpetually confronting the wealth, the resources, and the greatness of England, like mud hovels surrounding marble palaces.

It is this, the “condition of England question,” which called into existence the Anti-Corn-Law League; an engine of immense power for good or evil, gaining increased strength by every accelerated movement, and *determined* to prevail. This is the instrument which is to work, if it succeeds, the gradual downfall of the aristocracy. Lord John Russell’s resolutions were as follow:—

“1. That the present state of political tranquillity, and the recent revival of trade, afford to this House a favourable opportunity to consider of such measures as may tend permanently to improve the condition of the labouring classes.

“2. That those laws which impose duties, usually called protective, tend to impair the efficiency of labour, to restrict the free interchange of commodities, and to impose on the people unnecessary taxation.

“3. That the present Corn Law tends to check improvements in agriculture, produces uncertainty in all farming speculations, and holds out to the owners and occupiers of land prospects of special advantage which it fails to secure.

“4. That this House will take the said laws into consideration, with a view to such cautious and deliberate arrangements as may be most beneficial to all classes of her Majesty’s subjects.

“5. That the freedom of industry would be promoted by a careful revision of the law of parochial settlement which now prevails in England and Wales.

“6. That a systematic plan of colonization would partially relieve those districts of the country where the deficiency of

employment has been most injurious to the labourers in husbandry.

“7. That the improvements made of late years in the education of the people, as well as its more general diffusion, have been seen with satisfaction by this House.

“8. That this House will be ready to give its support to measures, founded on liberal and comprehensive principles, which may be conducive to the further extension of religious and moral instruction.

“9. That an humble address be presented to her Majesty, to lay the foregoing resolutions before her Majesty.”

These resolutions cover the whole ground in dispute; facts will prove that an amount of suffering exists among the poor in England the moment any depression takes place, which every Christian country might blush to own. At this moment, when all is prosperous, accounts of the most awful destitution of the labourers of Dorchester and the surrounding counties are well attested and widely circulated: one person has certified that he went with a friend into twelve different cottages, and that “he would not give more than ten dollars for all the goods found in the twelve houses occupied by able-bodied men;” the grown men, the women, and the children, were huddling together like pigs; they were in want of every thing;—the Bazaar managers actually made up five hundred beds and distributed them to the agricultural labourers of this district.

It strikes a mere looker-on at the struggle, that the time is not yet come when the law-makers can be induced to enact statutes which shall ruin themselves; but the crying of millions for untaxed bread, will—must be heard; it will not do for the hereditary landlords to fold their arms and say,—“This is our land, we will do with it as we please; *we* never invited this redundant population of paupers; what claim have they on *us*?” These paupers have acquired friends; a race of intelligent merchants and manufacturers have convinced themselves that the great bar to their prosperity and

consequently to the prosperity of the middle and particularly the lower classes, is the enormous tax upon food and imports; they have already made Sir Robert Peel tremble in his position; he has been *forced*, they say, into many admissions of the justice of their cause; he perfectly understands it, as he has proved by his studied and reiterated declarations at the hustings, and by his having already abolished some onerous taxes; but in the House of Commons he takes refuge in "intricacy," "conflict of authorities," "different opinions," and "much controversy." He has successfully evaded the main question so far;\* but it is confidently believed that at no distant day he must respond to the call of the country; for in England public opinion, when it is ascertained beyond a doubt, is as powerful as in any country of the world, and in no country of the world do the owners of land bear so small a share of the public burdens as in Great Britain; none where land-holders have laboured, with a tithe of the industry or success, to shuffle off their fiscal responsibilities on other people's shoulders.

The last report of the League is full of hope and promise of success; the number of members has very greatly increased; after a heavy expenditure the funds are ample, and the confidence in their object and movements is daily augmenting. The fallacies, they say, which a selfish policy had endeavoured to impress on the public mind is in process of refutation. The experience that has been had proves that the revenue, which had declined in years of scarcity, has flourished in years of abundance. It is proved beyond controversy, that the interest of the agricultural labourer in agricultural protection is comprised within six shillings or seven shillings per week, while capable of labour, and the reversion of the parish work-house in his old age. Why sacrifice the commercial and manufacturing interests whose expansive power furnish the means of subsistence to the

\* Since this was penned Sir Robert has avowed himself conquered.

increase of British population, to the agricultural interest, whose means of employment are constantly declining?—Again,—the whole number of the population engaged in commerce and manufactures is more than two to one to the agricultural; British shipping is first made the dearest in the world, by heavy taxes on ship-building timber, and then forbidden to earn good freights when offered, by the monopolies on corn, provisions, sugar, and coffee.

As a powerful incentive to peace, free trade is urged for adoption with arguments that are entirely convincing. The aspect of European affairs is now decidedly encouraging. If we look back with a shudder at the exterminating wars which thirty years of peace have almost obliterated, save from the page of history—we look forward with hope that the relations which free intercourse would have, will render their recurrence impossible. National jealousies will be extirpated, interests created utterly incompatible with war, and hostile nations, as we already see, knit together into one wide brotherhood of humanity. There is a growing conviction too, among intelligent thinkers, that the productive classes must be better fed, better clothed, better housed, and above all, their social and intellectual wants more amply supplied.

Society is stirred to its very depths by the discussion, and every scheme and every failure are but the waves that mark the heaving of the mighty struggle; free trade is the one—the universal panacea in the minds of its advocates, which is to alleviate all evils, cure all political sores;—which is to drag the poor, ill-clad, agricultural labourer from his misery, and to feed the poor manufacturer with better bread. Their arguments, as above stated, are plausible—nay, they have the additional inducements of humanity; their opponents have their own interests to consult;—they are the law-makers, as I remarked before, and reform in this particular, looked upon as it is as vital, must appear to you, as it really is, an herculean task to accomplish.

An immense amount of time, labour, and expense was

lavishly bestowed upon the League Bazaar; contributions were sent from all parts of the country to an incredible amount; London, during its continuance, was evidently more full than has been known for years; the advocates of the cause flocked to Covent Garden Theatre, where it was held, in hundreds of thousands, rendering access to its doors almost a risk of life; the display within startled every beholder by its extent and beauty, and an enormous fund was added to the treasure, accumulating by hundreds of thousands of dollars, to pay the expenses of a perfect registration of voters, as well as to discharge the debts incurred in awakening the minds of the people to the importance of the cause.

I have alluded to this subject in order to give a slight idea of the momentous importance attached to the movement by thousands of the British nation, believing that the result will be watched on our side of the Atlantic with reference not only to the interests of suffering humanity, but also in regard to its bearings upon the admission of one of our great staples into English ports.

Yours, &c.

## LETTER LXX.

The wet weather; its probable influence on the Corn Laws—Leave London—Leamington Spa—A dull season—The shooting parties—Sportsmen—Price of shooting privileges—Kenilworth Castle; its present state—Warwick Castle; an exemplar of baronial grandeur—The Grevilles and Brookes—Countess of Warwick—Approach to the Castle—Meeting an American—Cæsar's Tower—General view—Warwick Vase—The Great Hall—The Cicerone—The pictures—Queen Anne's bed—Beauchamp Chapel.

THIS season has been remarkably wet and cold throughout

Great Britain; so much so, that fires have been very necessary in our chambers during the month of August; the crops are likely to be materially injured. One of the results predicted by the members of the League is, that the ministry will be compelled sooner than they anticipated, to legislate for the admission of corn free of duty. This annoying weather would have considerably abridged the pleasure of moving about, but that we had now become somewhat accustomed to the humid atmosphere, and had prepared ourselves with water-proof hats and coats to brave its inconveniences. Without attempting descriptions of a thousand sights, or naming the individuals who continued to render our residence in London and its vicinity both instructive and agreeable; even omitting the oft-described Tower of London, and the other attractions, by which we have been so constantly surrounded, I will proceed with my route.

A single day's excursion by railroad, brings the traveller to Leamington Spa, not far from Birmingham, a good point from which to visit Warwick and Kenilworth Castles. The shooting-season in the moors of Scotland is just approaching, Parliament is on the eve of closing its session, the Queen will evaporate in a few days for Germany, and the London season will be at an end. The number of passengers, therefore, for the route northward is immense; sportsmen with their guns and dogs, and whole families with their horses and carriages, were attached to our train to-day, making it the longest and heaviest for passengers, I have ever seen. A party of three London gentlemen, formed an agreeable circle in our department of the coach; they are bound for the moors, each apparently with a gun; they have paid the Marquis of Breadalbane two thousand dollars for the privilege of shooting with two guns over a certain specified district, for six weeks; the third gentleman, though he has a gun-case, has no gun; he belongs, he says, to the class that approves of a division of labour; his friends are to shoot the grouse, and he is to eat them; but as it would never do to travel unarmed just pre-

vious to the 12th of August, when the shooting-season begins, he has borrowed a gun-case and filled it with books, to amuse himself, while his companions are in the moors! Thus he obtains credit for being a sportsman without the fatigue. His humour will certainly repay his friends for his absence from the field.

We stopped at Coventry, and took a branch rail to Leamington, where the George Inn affords every luxury; but the dampness has given this watering-place a dull air—very few visitors have arrived, and no wonder; for it continues to rain every hour of every day. I visited the pump-room early in the morning; what a different scene from Baden, or Wiesbaden! Four musicians were grinding off the regular allowance on violins and hautboys, in a long empty room; the noise reverberated along the ceilings in the most melancholy manner—rain and mud without, and solitude within. At last an old, gouty gentleman was seen approaching in a hand-cart, to take a bath, attended by his wife with flannels. I felt so distressed at the solitude, that rather than be utterly ennuyéd, I hired a red-coated postilion and comfortable carriage, and drove merrily off after breakfast, to Kenilworth and Warwick.

All the accounts of Kenilworth (and there are so many I shall not attempt to add much to them), convey an idea that there is less of the building left standing than you find to be the case. Compared with what it was when perfect, there may be little remaining, but there is still an immense amount of walls; you adopt at once the plan prescribed by the poet:

“ Here let us pause awhile,  
To read the melancholy tale of pomp  
Laid low in dust.”

An inglorious death, indeed, has Kenilworth Castle died, torn piecemeal by sordid hands which had only in view the value of the materials. Cromwell comes in for his full share of malediction, for he dismantled the towers; the present

owner is careful to preserve it as far as possible. On arriving, you find that it is locked; a wall surrounds it, partly of the most durable ancient construction, and where necessary, repairs have made access without the guide and fee, impossible. On our approach, a dozen blowsy girls, without shoes, ran a foot-race to the carriage to sell a shilling guide-book. We stopped before a portion of the old building, the warder's chamber with the arms of Dudley, which has been repaired for the dwelling of the farmer who tills the plaisance (the lake's former site), and the park! What a contrast! His pigs are running about his court-yard, knee-deep in mud, where Leicester and the Queen's courtiers were wont to tread! where Sir Walter peopled the scene with the gigantic warder's secret ally Flibbertigibbet, or Dickie Sludge. The lake is dry; no floating pageants, formed to represent sea-horses, on which sat Tritons, Nereids, and other fabulous deities of the seas and rivers, can now be seen, except in imagination; all that was the work of man is reduced to a state of ruin; the earth forms a striking contrast; distorted by art and part of it covered by water, nature again predominates; a capital farm has succeeded to the olden fashions of the place.

The rear of Kenilworth Castle was to me its most remarkable feature. The farmer gave me liberty to walk around it on the former site of the lake, whence the strength and solidity of the whole are most striking. The old walls are covered with thick ivy, the vines are almost trees in size, and they have grown on tower and battlement of such enormous strength that the old dead limbs, stretching their arms above the pinnacles, seem to tell a tale of their own; a tale modern to the scene, and yet itself ancient. The rear-walls of the old castle support a cow-shed!

Mrs. Sigourney says, "I always longed for ruins;" Kenilworth will satisfy the greatest admirer of such sights, and will fill his memory with thoughts and recollections. It is



unquestionably the most interesting ruin I have yet encountered :

“ Change hath swept  
With wave on wave the feudal times away,  
And from their mightiest fabrics plucked the pride.”

Or, as is expressed by another poet :

“ But regal state,  
And sprightly mirth, beneath the festive roof  
Are now no more.”

Kenilworth formerly included within its walled court, seven acres ; scattered fragments are now strewed around ; you traverse the Inner and Grand Court, and pause before Cæsar’s Tower ; though the most ancient, it is the strongest and most perfect part of the Castle now in existence ; it was the keep and citadel : three sides are still standing, some portions of it sixteen feet thick ; ashlings and alders overtop every relic of this once magnificent abode of princes, and occupy the position where once the standard of rebellion—the ensigns of mighty chieftains—and the royal banners of England during the successive reigns of the Plantagenets and Tudors—have proudly floated in the breeze.

I might easily fill my sheet with either description or with historical reminiscences. Leicester’s buildings, stables, tilt-yard, gallery, tower, and kitchens, with numerous other points of interest, arrest the eye at every turn of the great ruin—but I will forbear :

“ The ivy clusters o’er thy walls, their only arras now,  
And draperies each broken arch with folds of verdant flow !”

Warwick Castle, as an exemplar of baronial grandeur, has no superior in Europe ; it remains a specimen of feudal times unrivalled in its beauty, being still occupied and in fine keeping ; no American who goes to England should omit a visit

to it. Antiquarians who trace its history, declare that a fortification existed here A. D. 50. After the destruction of the town by the Danes, it was rebuilt and protected by Ethelfleda, the spirited daughter of Alfred the Great; she laid the foundation of the castle in 915; she married Etheldred, Earl of Mercia. The Danes under Canute in 1016, nearly demolished the fortifications and the town, which, however, were soon resuscitated.

The property has belonged to several successive families; the present title is in Henry Richard Greville, Earl Brooke, and Earl of Warwick; his only son is George Grey, Lord Brooke. Fulk Greville, the first of his family ennobled by the title of Lord Brooke, was born in 1554, and received his juvenile education with his cousin, the great Sir Philip Sidney. The curious history of the family, however, is not for me to write; suffice it to say, that the present countess is endeared to all who know her, for excellence and many virtues, not the least of which is her habitual charity to the distressed;—a noble substitute for feudal pomp.

The approach to the castle is grand in the extreme; you pass an embattled gateway, where is the porter's lodge, and enter a fine broad winding road, deeply cut through solid rock; the sides studded with evergreens, coppices, and ivy creeping in the greatest luxuriance. After about five minutes' walk, a turn in this road brings you to the outer court, where the stupendous line of fortified walls and towers breaks upon your sight. On the right appears a fine polygon tower, having walls ten feet in thickness, a base of thirty feet in diameter, rising to the height of one hundred and twenty-eight feet.

I ascended this alone, its guardian lover of fees being occupied in showing its wonders to a gentleman who had preceded me. On arriving at the top, I soon discovered he was waiting on an American; we recognised each other as countrymen in two minutes' conversation. We took leisurely surveys of the beautiful scenery, examined the old

rooms fitted up for soldiers' sleeping apartments in ancient times, where the windows were constructed for archers, and descended to view the still higher Cæsar's Tower and the inner court.

Cæsar's Tower, thought to be coeval with the Norman conquest, is one hundred and forty-seven feet in height; it is connected with the others by means of a strong embattled wall of considerable length, in the centre of which is the ponderous arched gateway and towers. The spacious area of the inner court is covered with the greenest grass; on the left is the grand irregular castellated mansion of the feudal barons of Warwick, a residence such as you may not now look upon in any other part of the world. Uninjured by time, unaltered in appearance by modern improvements, it frowns upon the spectator in solemn grandeur; other walls and towers on the right and in front complete the enclosure, the former pierced by a gateway leading to the pleasure-grounds and green-houses of the most costly kind, where old trees, new plants, and perfect cultivation, attest the taste and the expense lavished by the noble owner. In the greenhouse is the celebrated Warwick Vase.

We now entered the Great Hall, under escort of the fourth person who had expected a fee, the first being the porter, the second Guy's tower-guide, the third the gardener; our present cicerone was a specimen of his class; without education, he was gentlemanly enough in his manners, but utterly unable to communicate the slightest information beyond a certain routine of description learned by rote. The Great Hall, sixty-two feet by forty, and thirty-four in height, has been renovated with a new tessellated floor of Italian marble, and a new ceiling or gothic roof of extraordinary beauty. The walls are wainscoted with old oak, that looks as if it might be coeval with the date of the castle; this is hung with ancient armour and the antlers of the rein and moose deer; there is a rich and complete suit of steel armour, and over it is suspended the helmet, studded with brass, usually

worn by Cromwell. There are several old but curious chests, that look as if intended as the depositories of family plate and papers;—a valuable Grecian sarcophagus, and several curious chairs, with other ancient furniture. The view from the great recessed windows down upon the gentle Avon laving the walls one hundred feet below, and the great and highly cultivated park beyond, is perfectly enchanting.

You are now conducted to the suite of apartments beyond, and have pointed out the several respective pictures of the greatest value belonging to the Earl; among them you are most struck by Vandyck's unique portrait of Charles I. in armour;—Da Vinci's Joanna of Naples, the most admirable picture for a female portrait I have ever seen;—Rubens's Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel;—Spinola, by the same;—Paul Veronese's Margaret Duchess of Parma;—Vandyck's Marquis of Montrose;—a Circe, by Guido Reni;—Rubens's Ignatius Loyola; and finally, Holbein's Henry the Eighth, in Lady Warwick's boudoir; other beautiful productions are also conspicuous; but I have enumerated sufficient to show you that Warwick Castle possesses treasures of art such as few can ever hope again to collect.

There is also some fine statuary, Egyptian marble tables, bronzes, and a thousand articles of beauty, rarity, and elegance. In the state bed-room, the furniture of which is of rich crimson velvet, is the bed which formerly belonged to Queen Anne; the walls are hung with old tapestry in fine preservation, executed at Brussels in 1604. The prospects from Lady Warwick's boudoir are incomparably fine, and in addition you look down upon noble cedars of Lebanon, growing out of the rocks below, and showing their beautiful heavy branches in great perfection.

The country around is very interesting. I rode to St. Mary's church, a venerable and remarkable one, where is the celebrated Beauchamp chapel, one of the most costly in England; like so many I have seen it was undergoing repair; but I had an opportunity of inspecting the tombs of

Queen Elizabeth's favourite, Dudley, Earl of Leicester, whose doings at Kenilworth are better known through Sir Walter's novel than many deeds of greater historical interest which have occurred in this neighbourhood. The monument to Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, is considered the most splendid in the kingdom, with the exception of that of Henry the Seventh, in Westminster Abbey. The town is small. Adopting Mrs. Sigourney's lines, I must bid adieu to this interesting vicinity :—

“ With traveller's glance  
We turned from Warwick's castellated dome,  
Wrapt in its cloud of rich remembrances,  
And took our pilgrim way. There many a trait  
Of rural life we gathered up to fill  
The outline of our picture, shaded strong  
By the dark pencil of old feudal times.”

Taking the main stem of the midland counties' railroad for the north, after changing baggage from the branches, I stopped at Derby to see the Arboretum planted by the celebrated writer on gardening, Mr. Loudon.

Yours, &c.

## LETTER LXXI.

Derby.

Fashion—Sportsmen—Derby—The Arboretum founded by Mr. Strutt—How laid out—How the trees and shrubs are labelled—Regulations—Lodges for parties—A place for study—Books on botany gratis—Opposed by the clergy—The question divides society into parties—Gentlemen's band—The Anniversary—Crowd—Caught in the rain—A scene—Apology for the weather.

As many people, carriages, horses, and dogs, as could be conveyed by a powerful locomotive were again encountered, all travelling north; but certainly, if they consulted their comfort, they would have gone in the opposite direction, for the weather is miserably cold and raw: the twelfth of August however, is close at hand; fashion declares it the season for emigration, shooting-time approaches; people who would be in the *ton* must obey the call; sportsmen and dogs predominated among the passengers.

The ancient town of Derby, celebrated for its silk, cotton, and fine worsted manufactories, is situated on the river Derwent; you are now approaching the scene of the Derbyshire Spar manufactories, specimens of which beautiful material may be purchased here, but in greater variety at Matlock. Richardson, the author of *Sir Charles Grandison*, was a native of Derby. Prince Charles Stuart advanced so far on his march into England; they still show the house in which he slept.

The attraction to Derby was the public garden planted as an Arboretum, where it is proposed to grow a specimen of every species of tree and shrub that will bear the climate.

It was planned by Joseph Strutt, Esq., a wealthy silk manufacturer, and a member of Parliament, as a gift to his townsmen; it is one of the noblest donations, for its beauty and utility, ever made by an individual for the benefit of a community in perpetuity. There are eleven acres, laid out in such a manner as to give an idea of much greater extent; the walks being excavated, and the earth thus obtained being carried up gradually sloping ridges well planted, the adjoining path is not visible; you may thus be within twenty feet of a large party without being aware of their presence. The circuit is thus much extended compared with what it would have been had not this device been adopted; the boundaries are hidden by shrubbery, and the best modern hints on landscape gardening have all been adopted by Mr. Loudon. When the trees, which are now small, have had time to grow, the Derby Arboretum will contain such a variety as to be one of the most attractive spots to the botanist in Europe. They are never to be allowed to attain great height or size, the object of the institution being to assemble as great a variety as possible for the purpose of instruction. To this end every tree and shrub is labelled with its appropriate botanical and common name in the following manner:

A cast-iron rod with a square top indented so as to receive a glass covering, is inserted in the ground at the foot of each plant, the names are conspicuously painted, and the glass glazed in: thus those who run may read. The benevolent founder, whose bequest amounted to fifty thousand dollars, land, buildings, and improvements included, intended it as a place of recreation for all classes, including the working population, who are admitted gratuitously five days in the week including Sunday after church service; on the other two days the fee of admission is sixpence, for the purpose of keeping the place in order, for repairs, &c. The beautiful lodges at two entrances are so arranged that comfortable rooms for visitors are attached, where pic-nic parties may bring their food, and obtain the use of plates, knives, and forks

for the smallest fee; tea, coffee, and cakes are sold at prices barely covering the cost.

So far the whole affair has worked well for the pleasure and improvement of the middle and poorer classes, who enjoy the recreation afforded, and have proved themselves worthy of the trust reposed in them; many have taken to the study of Arboriculture; books for reference, such as those invaluable ones of Loudon's, are kept for the use of visitors without any charge or fee whatever. There is one little drawback I must mention, which has divided the town into strong parties, and in some cases has even gone so far as to break the friendships of families—alas! for poor human nature! the clergy and their followers have taken it into their wise heads, that people who toil all the week should not recreate themselves among the beauties of nature on the Sabbath, *even after church service*. They would have them confine themselves at home *instead of walking in a garden!* The consequence has been, that scarcely any clergyman ever enters the Derby Arboretum; they discountenance it in every way. I hope it may be long before the clergy of any denomination ever obtain the power in any country which shall deprive the poor penned-up work-people of a Sunday's walk in a garden!

Mr. Strutt's arrangements contemplated a little further recreation on week days; handsome tents are provided for such visitors as desire to have a rural *fête champêtre*; to these, under proper regulations of the trustees, who are perpetually a committee of the town councils, a party may resort to dance, bringing a band, or to enjoy music. This is another objectionable step in the eyes of the opposition, but public favour is decidedly on the side of the Arboretum arrangements; a company of respectable gentlemen of the town have just organized themselves into a musical band, and they design to perform in the Arboretum on moonlight nights, and on the anniversaries of the opening of the grounds.

An anniversary, the third or fourth, has just passed. On this occasion the Derby people were determined to be gene-



rous to the inhabitants of the neighbouring towns who had not the same advantages. Invitations were issued to the inhabitants of Birmingham, Nottingham, and other manufacturing places, to be present, and enjoy themselves. Railroad facilities were offered by managers of the different lines, and a long afternoon of pleasure was anticipated. What was the alarm of the Derbyites as each successive train arrived longer and fuller than its predecessor; the town literally swarmed with holiday visitors bent on a day of pleasure, some bringing baskets of provisions, but the most of them arrived hungry, expecting they were asked to a feast! Dire was the disappointment! No feast was provided. The garden, at four o'clock, presented a scene that might have cheered the heart of the founder had he been alive; nine thousand persons were present; three large bands of music were heard approaching, when a most furious burst of rain came on without warning. Such a scampering! Such duckings! and drenchings! and cries for food were never before heard in old Derby. The inhabitants, hospitable as far as their provisions went, and anxious lest the character of their favourite Arboretum should suffer in the minds of the deluged, exerted every nerve to remedy the misfortune. They assured their visitors that it always cleared up in Derby, and persuaded them to stay a little and a little longer; but this day the Derby weather was inexorable; it would not clear up, but the rain continued to fall faster and faster till the shades of evening set in; and then all made for the railroad station to get home, hungry, wet, and disappointed, to the complimented towns they had left.

Such numbers repaired to the station that another scene of scramble and vexation ensued which beggared description; they were not all disposed of till one o'clock at night. Thus ended the first invitation to the neighbours to celebrate the anniversary. The Derby newspaper, published the day of my arrival, apologized for the weather in a column article of great sorrow and regret; said how fine the celebration would have

been, but for, &c., &c. ; and then it goes into an argument to prove that there is no kind of danger of a recurrence of such rain next year ; says they will have better music, and scouts the idea of even thinking of changing the period for the amusements so unhappily interrupted. It will be long before this Derby day ceases to be a prominent topic of conversation among the celebraters of its disastrous events.

Yours, &c.

## LETTER LXXII.

Matlock—The spar factories—Haddon Hall ; a good exemplar of a baronial castle as it was—Kitchen &c., &c.—The family cradle—Queen Elizabeth's state bed—Goblins—Garden—Duke of Rutland—The farmer—Antiques.

TAKING the rail once more, I proceeded to Ambergate, which is the best place to debark for those who design to visit Chatsworth, the magnificent seat of the Duke of Devonshire, and Haddon Hall, the decayed castle residence of the Dukes of Rutland. An omnibus conveyed me with others to Matlock, a curious old watering place, not as much frequented as formerly. The master of the Royal Hotel is quite too much of a gentleman to attend to his guests ; he leaves them to the tender mercies of boots and a few females who know nothing beyond their noses ; mine host hires conveyances to strangers who wish to visit the neighbourhood ; but like the Persian lady who had her pulse examined through a hole in the door, he expected you should negotiate through the waiters. Not feeling disposed to pay ten dollars for "a one-horse shay" for less than a day, I sent for him, but the reply was that he was engaged !

I sallied out therefore to see the exhibition-rooms of the

spar factories, for which Derbyshire is celebrated and Matlock especially noted, and to look for a coach that was less costly; the latter I procured for half the "Royal" charges, and bargained for it on the assurance of the owner that a guinea was to be *the whole charge*. I mention this now, and will relate the result, to show how these things are managed, for the edification of Americans in future. I had already been provoked several times, to find the postilion was to be paid by me, and I bargained this time with the express understanding that the coach-owner was to pay him and all expenses except the tolls.

Matlockdale, in which the village of Matlock-Bath stands, is surrounded on each side by steep rocks, rising sometimes three hundred feet in height, and somewhat picturesque. Mineral springs abound; the water is brought into some of the lodging-houses, which are singularly grouped in the sides of the hills; caverns, and lead mines, petrifying wells, and scenery, afford numerous excursions of considerable interest to the idlers, who delight in collecting the various specimens of fluor spar that abound. The mineralogist may find occupation and instruction here.

The museums or exhibition-rooms of spar ornaments, are the richest-looking shops I have ever seen. The semi-transparent and various-coloured substance is cut by artists into a variety of exquisite forms; among others into correct but greatly reduced representations of Egyptian obelisks, having the hieroglyphic characters accurately delineated on the sides, for a guinea each; even whole tables are neatly and firmly wrought from it; tables with chess-boards, the squares of white and blue spar, are very handsome, the cost from fifty to eighty dollars. Here is another demand upon the purse difficult to resist.

Haddon Hall, eight miles distant, cannot fail greatly to interest the tourist; it was formerly inhabited by the Dukes of Rutland, but is now in course of extremely slow decay, the family taking pains to prevent its total demolition by occa-

sional repairs. It continues to afford a complete picture of an ancient baronial residence without a single modern thing about it, nothing being of a later date than the sixteenth century: the gallery was erected in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; all the principal rooms are hung with a kind of tapestry or loose arras, which still remains swinging loosely from the walls, and concealing the doors of the rudest fashion—"the iron-hasped and loosely-bolted doors." The fashion of many of the rooms marks the vast improvement which has been made in modern dwellings, and warrants the assertion that our mechanics in America live in more comfortable houses, better sealed, lighted, and warmed, and ventilated, than the barons of Queen Elizabeth, or indeed than the Queen herself. One of the chimney-places has the old fire-dogs in them, marking the period before the introduction of coal. Some ancient mouldy pictures still hang on the walls: the old kitchen and pastry-cook's room remain in a state of extreme rudeness; the seats around of stone; a half door into the great kitchen was always shut to keep the servants elsewhere employed from intruding; the meats were handed over this; the very meat-blocks used three hundred years since are in their places, and the great stone salt-box; the lobby for the poor to wait in, and the door through which they received the bounty of bread and ale dispensed to all who applied, are still perfect.

The change to the present luxurious accommodations, though even here there is evidence of gradual improvements, is indeed immense, and in nothing is this more striking than in the quantity of light admitted to the rooms; the windows are small, ceilings low, architecture every where rude; the little furniture that still hangs together is of the same character, except a cradle of some centuries old, which is neat and graceful and in tolerable preservation. Some old boots preserved with care would by their weight and solidity astonish a Parisian dandy with their broad high heels. A very thick buckskin shirt, such as was universally worn under armour, similar to one hanging in Warwick Castle, and other relics of

the domestic times of past centuries, are among the odds and ends shown by the dame in silk, who makes a handsome fortune by the great number of visitors.

In one of the arras chambers is the state-bed in which Queen Bess slept when she visited the Hall; it has some of the old quilts under which her majesty reclined; the visitor is kept from relic stealing by a railing. I asked an intelligent little boy, who had been deputed to accompany me while his mother waited on a new party just arrived, if there were no *goblins* here, to ascertain in what light he viewed the old ruin: "Oh—yees—a plenty—this is all *gobelin*," he replied, as he seized a piece of the old tapestry.

The old garden is not of great extent, but has terraces one above another, each with a stone carved balustrade. The old yews and other trees have been left to take their own shapes, and look as wild and out of trim as any original forest trees. The tower was undergoing repair; it had arrived at a state when demolition or reparation was indispensable.\*

The Duke comes here occasionally, from his newer Belvoir Castle, and has a shooting box in the neighbourhood. The farmer has a fancy for antique furniture, and is proud to exhibit his acquisitions. An old carved bedstead he has converted, by using the best portions, into a highly varnished and certainly very curious mantel-piece; old repaired chairs, and sofas, and sideboards, have an odd spruced-up air, which

\*" William the Norman, who was liberal in parcelling out the good things of the conquered realm among his relatives and adherents, gave this spot to his natural son Peveril. Thence, by marriage, it descended to the Vernons, and again, in the same manner, to the house of Manners, who now hold the Dukedom of Rutland \* \* \* The various improvements made by the Vernons and Mannenses may be plainly traced, the first of which obtained possession of this baronial mansion in the time of Henry the Sixth, and the latter during the reign of Elizabeth. So liberal was the housekeeping of Haddon, that one hundred and forty servants were retained and employed here, by the first Duke of Rutland, in the time of Queen Anne. Now all is silence and loneliness within its bounds."

gives them a look of being quite out of their element. Next to Chatsworth.

Yours, &c.

### L E T T E R L X X I I I.

Interesting neighbourhood—Newstead Abbey, &c.—Chatsworth; the mode of showing it—Fees—Princely establishment—Pictures and statues—Conservatory—Green-house—The great fountain—The Duke—Earl of Burlington—Cricket—Secret history of the Duke of Devonshire—The rock-work—Visit of the Queen—Extortion attempted.

You are now in a most interesting neighbourhood. From Matlock, excursions are made to Newstead Abbey, the seat of the Byrons, occupied by Colonel Wildman;—to Dove Dale, one of the most celebrated places for scenery in England, besides a great number of private grounds; Sir Richard Arkwright's property is in the vicinity, and the Druidical remains at Arbor Law, as well as other attractions, which frequently detain visitors for weeks. I was, however, pressed for time, and pushed on for Chatsworth, in order to gain the Chesterfield station sufficiently early to lodge in Sheffield.

Chatsworth, too, was one of the domains given by William the Conqueror to Peveril; it was purchased in the reign of Elizabeth, by Sir W. Cavendish, who commenced a house which was finished by his widow, the famous Duchess of Shrewsbury. The magnificent building was erected in 1702, by the first Duke of Devonshire; the present possessor, now growing old, has embellished it with many grand improvements. On driving up to the principal entrance, a lackey, in silk stockings and laced hat, conducts you through an arcade-

kind of passage to the house-keeper, and expects a fee: the house-keeper shows the very curious chapel, and looks for a larger piece of money; she hands you over to a maid-servant, who exhibits the pictures and statuary, holds out her open palm for a *douceur*, and hands you over to a gardener, who shows the green-house and grounds, and looks hard for his wages; so that before an American has got over his provocation and humiliation at being placed in such positions, he is squeezed out of a sum, which, as every successive party pays as largely, seems as if it must either enrich the Duke! or save him from paying much in wages;—but it really goes to the house-keeper, who is extremely wealthy.

It is proper, in a foreign country, to make allowances for difference of customs and education; but I never could reconcile it with my ideas of correct thinking, that a man with a princely income should consent to such a mode of exhibition. An American, with a place worthy of being shown, would feel himself humiliated by allowing such fees to be taken, and still more by the sordid imputation; he would either close his house and grounds, or let it be seen without fee; the Duke of Devonshire does not lose caste by his own countrymen saying, every where and to every body, that he saves the wages of his attendants by his winking at their exactions; these amount to half a guinea for a single visiter, and more for a party. The only answer I can give is, to return my very humble thanks to the Duke for liberty to see his establishment on any terms;—for truly it is worth the annoyance encountered, and it is worth in addition what you have to pay. The price is well known, and if you go, you must pay just as at any exhibition advertised for a price.

For the establishment of a person not a king, Chatsworth will strike you as every way magnificent; paintings of rare excellence adorn the walls and corridors; the rooms are princely in extent and furniture, and the statue-gallery remarkable for its size and the beauty of its contents; the library extensive, and remarkably well filled with the choicest

works of taste and art. Canova, Thorwaldsen, Chantrey, Westmacott, and other sculptors of great merit, have laboured to produce sentiment in marble for the gallery, and have eminently succeeded. The conservatory in the house is the most elegant thing of its kind you can possibly imagine.

But if we admire the conservatory within, how admirable must the great green-house, covering an entire acre, appear? It is so large as to admit the Duke's coach and four to drive through the centre, each side of the road being occupied by Eastern plants, such as palms; the drive is thus in a warm climate and among tropical productions. We may next hear of some gentleman hunting the tiger in his own glass-jungle! The glass of this green-house is on the "ridge and furrow" system, which gives greater strength than by the old plan of glazing, but it does not admit of sliding-tops; to obviate this difficulty, a system of ventilation has been adopted which answers tolerably well; air is fanned in at the base of the house, and it passes out at openings in the top; water is employed for heating. The plants appeared to be in excellent condition and of great variety; I had a thousand questions to ask here, but the uncommunicative cicerone I was unfortunate to procure in his turn, seemed to think I was getting enough by the eye alone.

The great fountain commenced playing while I was in the green-house, to nearly the height of two hundred and seventy feet; as a single jet it is the greatest in the world, as the following comparison will show:

The Emperor, at Chatsworth, height of jet,	-	267 feet.
Wilhelm Fountain, in Hesse Cassel,	-	190 "
Fountain, St. Cloud,	- - - -	160 "
Peterhoof, Russia,	- - - -	120 "
The old Chatsworth,	- - - -	94 "
Versailles,	- - - -	90 "

The Emperor is indeed a magnificent fountain, it seems



to be forced up by some giant power, occasionally surpassing its own usual flow by a powerful effort to mount to the sky. Its spray is forced by a high wind to so great a distance, as to oblige the proprietor to close the exhibition, except in calms.

The Duke was at home, and the next heir to the estate, the Earl of Burlington, was here on a visit with his large family. The gentlemen were all engaged, with some of the gardeners, in a game of cricket in the park; the number of gardeners and men employed on the grounds near the house is one hundred and thirty, so that a game can always be commanded.

I am not aware that the following particulars have ever appeared in print in America, nor am I quite certain that it will be considered proper to print them; but as the story is constantly alluded to in English society of respectability, and is generally believed, I can see no reason why I should not relate it, as an anecdote to illustrate the position of a fellow-being who appears to the eye to be possessed of every thing the world can give. The wealthy Duke of Devonshire is said not to be the real Duke, but a changeling. Long ago, an ancient lady is said to have been in possession of facts, which would prove beyond a doubt that there was foul play, and that the rightful heir was made way with by collusion in the sick-room!

A suit was to be brought, an unpleasant popularity at all events was to be obtained, and possibly the person in possession might be dispossessed. Under such circumstances, a treaty with the Burlington family was completed, by which the present Duke stipulated if he were left in quiet, he would spend the principal part of his income on the estates, *and never marry*, so that at all events, the title and property would at his death descend to the Earl of Burlington. He has kept his agreement and is still a bachelor, and on good terms with the next comers; he has also expended his great income so as to benefit his successors, making Chatsworth one of the most superb private residences in Europe.

The house is situated in a valley, quite too low for our ideas of beauty ; shelter and warmth have thus been obtained, as well as the command of a most remarkable water-power for ornamental purposes, from a lake on the heights behind the house. It descends a long range of steps, somewhat like the water at St. Cloud, and bubbles up in various jets ; in the great hall of the mansion, it murmurs from the marble-mouths of lions into exquisite basins, with a sound reminding you of the poetical descriptions of the Moorish Alhambra. The artificial rock-work, beneath the mountain, exceeds in cost and extent any thing of the kind in Europe, but it is, after all, artificial ; when the shrubbery planted about and on it has had time to mature, the scene may look more like nature ; at present it seems a waste of treasure. Queen Victoria was entertained here magnificently some years since, when she planted a tree to commemorate her visit, which will probably outlive her great-great-grandchildren : I picked you a leaf from its principal limb.

At the Chesterfield station, my postilion insisted upon having a fee half as great as the charge for the conveyance, and threatened me with the law when I assured him I had bargained and paid for him and his horse ; this he denied, and *a scene* was rapidly growing, when the rail-cars whisked me out of the power of his attempted extortion.

As ever, &c.

## LETTER LXXIV.

Sheffield—Luggage—Nobility—Lackeys—Rogers' cutlery—Grinding and polishing—Unhealthy occupation—Silver plating—Rail to York—Walls invaded—Birthplace of Constantine—History—The Cathedral—Castle of William I.—Clifford's Tower—Ruins of St. Mary's Abbey—Newcastle on Tyne—Cold reception—English hotels—Start for Melrose through the moors—Jedburg.

FROM Chesterfield to Sheffield requires another change of rail and consequently baggage, and another to a cab to get to the hotel. I had unfortunately brought all my trunks, and was consequently not a little annoyed with the care of them; travellers making a tour to Scotland, before leaving Europe for America, which is a common thing to do, should despatch their trunks to their agent in Liverpool, and take nothing but a carpet-bag, both on account of the economy and the convenience. Nabobs with whole families still filled every successive train, emigrating to their estates in the north; they do not now travel with the simplicity of the patriarchal ages, but seem to have quite as many attendants. In one of the third class coaches was a whole bevy of lackeys in their distinguishing dress, taking great liberties with a bottle of wine, the fumes of which made them very merry. Their master caught them tippling and dashed the bottle on the rail. The "harem" servants had separate rooms; the dogs were deposited every where.

Sheffield continues to prosper in the cutlery line, but appears to be a sadly dull town; I missed the object of my visit to it by being a day too late to meet a friend known in

America,—very soon despatched a tour of Rogers' celebrated manufactories and show-rooms, where temptations in the shape of silver and cutlery are difficult to resist,—passed an hour or two in the grinding and polishing rooms among a set of artisans, not one in a hundred of whom live to the age of forty-five, owing to the unhealthiness of their employment,—visited the silver plating manufactories, and in the morning pursued my route to York.

The railroad has impudently pushed its modern nose through the old walls of this ancient city, said to have been founded a thousand years before the birth of Christ; the walls are three miles in circumference, having a delightful promenade on the top of them, from whence numerous parties of ladies and gentlemen leisurely surveyed our turmoil of procuring baggage and conveyances.

York is two hundred miles from London, and an equal distance from Edinburgh; the birthplace of Constantine, the successive inhabitants have witnessed a series of historical events and reverses, in which the annals of Agricola, Adrian, Severus, the wars of the Roses, Prince Rupert, Prince Arthur, Henry the Third, and Edward the Second;—Scot, Pict, Dane, Roman, Saxon, and Norman, mingle in the memory of a long series of world struggles; sieges and rapacity have ended beneath its walls; iron cannon pointed against its noble Minster are now succeeded by iron roads, marking the age of utilitarianism and peace instead of war and rapine. The celebrated Insane Asylum of York, so well conducted under the auspices of a Tuke, would be the proper receptacle of the first blood-thirsty warrior who should attempt to disturb the healthful repose that now reigns where William the Conqueror planted his armies for six months, until famine compelled the inhabitants to submission.

The cathedral is called the finest Gothic building of the kind in Europe, but Catholic cathedrals devoted to the service of the Church of England, have lost the characteristics for which cathedrals are distinguished, in the worship for which

they were erected, and they have a cold, unoccupied air, which is not in keeping with their architecture. Eminently thus is it with that of York; it has the grandeur of construction and proportions, but it wants the "expression of purpose" which those on the Continent possess; the *heart* seems to have evaporated, leaving the skeleton behind; as a building, it is so impressive, however, as to give one the idea of a grand cathedral as well as any one I have seen on the Continent, and may satisfy those travellers who have gone no farther. It is clean compared with the German or French places of worship; it has much painted glass, is again in good repair after its disasters from fire, but it is deficient in the number and variety of ancient monuments and altars which distinguish the buildings of the kind on the Continent. You search in vain for the names of distinguished princes, emperors, kings, statesmen, poets, and warriors, who have made the rivers of history ring with their deeds.

The cold cathedral worship twice in each day, with indifferent choristers and priest chaunting their business-like, misnamed devotions, is to me little less solemn than the Catholic ritual; the number of people who attend on week-days would be very small, but for the presence of travellers and tourists, who all seem to stop at York for the view of the cathedral, and the antiquities around.

The most interesting of the latter are the castle originally built by William I., and now better employed as a jail;—the ruins of Clifford's Tower, said to have been raised by the Romans;—but above all the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, standing in meek submission to the fate which the tooth of time inevitably works, but still in melancholy, beautiful preservation. It is within the bounds of the Yorkshire museum grounds, a place very creditable to the town, the population of which is less than thirty thousand. There are many excursions of interest made in the neighbourhood, and altogether, York, with its many excellent citizens, its quaint old houses, and its well-managed public institutions, much like our own in

Philadelphia, with every modern improvement, is a place to detain a seeker after truth.

The railroad is completed towards Edinburgh as far as Newcastle upon Tyne, where I arrived about ten o'clock at night, and came very near being compelled to sleep in an omnibus, for all the hotels were filled; in the first place the number of passengers for the moors had been so great all day that the trains had ceased to be punctual to their time-tables, and we were an hour beyond the usual period of arrival; no "jarveys" of any kind greeted us with invitations to ride—not even an omnibus appeared to rescue us in the rain; so that after hiring boys to run to stables, exhausting our patience by sitting on trunks for an hour and listening to anathemas loud and long from suffering people, who, had this occurred in America, would have deemed it an evidence of want of civilization, we got an omnibus or two to take pity on our forlorn state, and drag us round the town to be regularly refused at all but one poor hotel.

These English hotels are generally on a small scale, of contents sufficient only to receive twenty or thirty guests; this great railroad has brought down more people than ever was known or anticipated. They cannot go further, except by coach, and coaches are not expansible. The inquiries of those anxious to get forward in the morning, were answered—that the seats in the Chevy Chase, and the Quicksilver, and the Tally-ho, were all engaged, and here we were likely to be detained. A fee, however, secured me a seat on the Melrose coach, the best one for those to take who would visit Abbotsford.

The ride was an agreeable one, so far as rain would permit, occasionally through the moors, where not a single tree exists, and where man himself seems to be proscribed; heather, fit for little but preserves for pheasants, or the browsing of sheep, covers the hills and desolate low grounds; though the eighth of August, I was glad to add to my three coats the comforts of a Tweed shawl, the universal fixture of Scot-

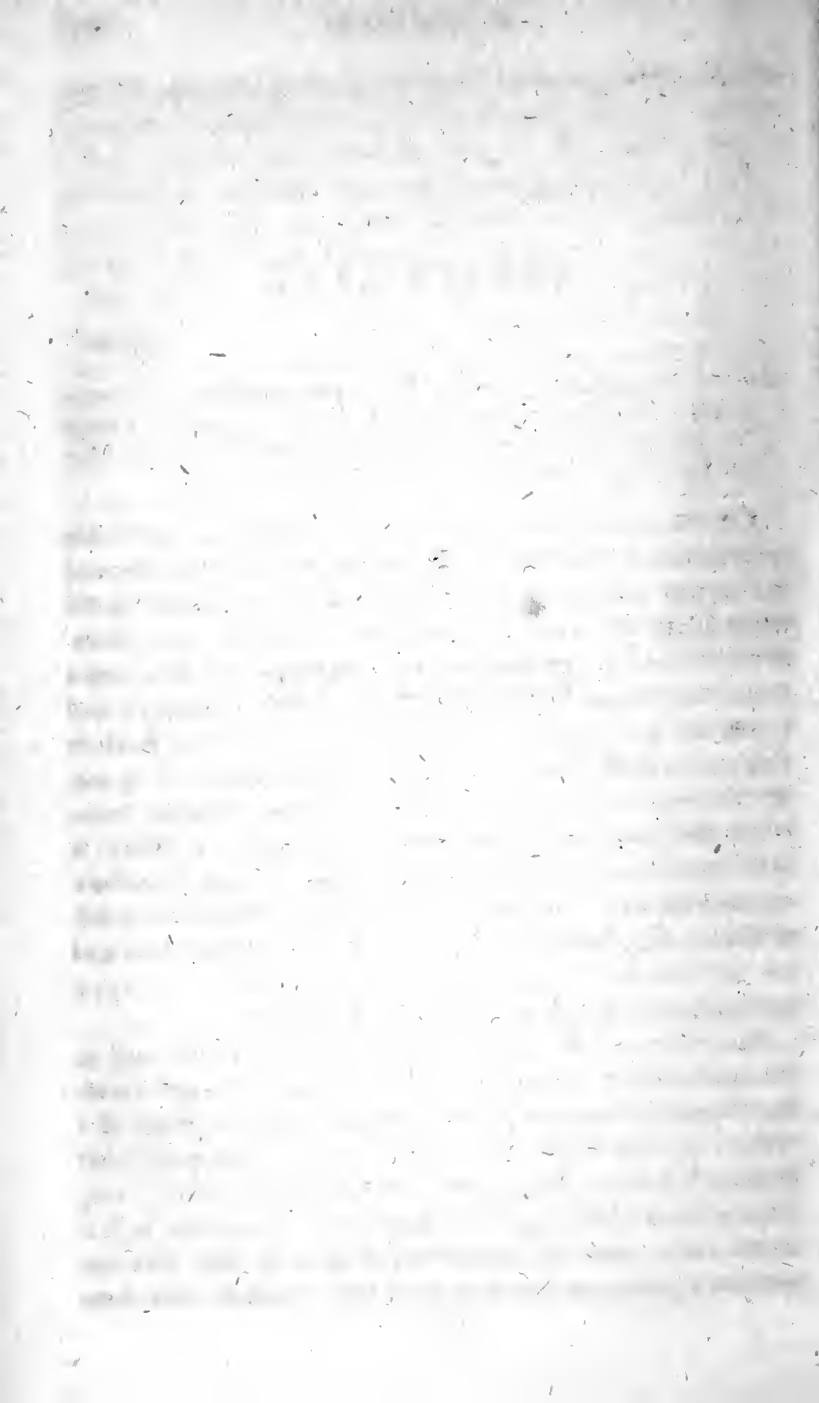
tish travellers, and worn frequently by labourers. When fairly in Scotland, with the Cheviot Hills on the right, the language announcing our proximity to a new people, I began to warm with feelings of pleasing anticipation at the prospect of a pilgrimage to Dryburgh Abbey, Melrose, and Abbotsford, the latter especially one of the principal objects of my journey to the North. I was anxious to see the study of the poet, novelist, and historian, who had whiled away so many of my hours, and who has left the impress of his mind upon the generation of which I am an integral member. We passed the old town and ruin of Jedburg, but had little time to inspect it.

Yours, &c.





SCOTLAND.



## LETTER LXXV.

Melrose.

Melrose—My companion—Walter Scott, clothier—Melrose Abbey—Annoyance—Village in commotion—A caravan of animals—Female Van Amburgh—Sir Walter's advice to Lockhart—His death scene—The funeral—Dryburgh Abbey—Scott's grave.

FORTUNATE has been my stay at Melrose; an agreeable gentleman on the coach, who hailed from London, informed me he was bound on a similar pilgrimage with myself to the home in which Sir Walter so much delighted; that, moreover, he had an introduction to the house-keeper, who has a reputation for crustiness, being the bearer of a despatch and a present from one of her friends, a clerk in the Bank of England; all his facilities he kindly offered to share with me. We drove into the village of Melrose, an old, but neat town, when the very first name we saw on a sign, was Scott; a little further, and "Walter Scott, clothier," in gold letters, sounded familiar if it did not look poetical; the town is full of Scotts, some of them no doubt proud to claim a kith and kin with the most eminent of the clan, and others who know not what a world's reputation he made himself.

Packed away in closets of the little Melrose inn, so thronged with company that we are thankful to get standing-room, I commenced writing on my knees for want of a table, but sallied out before dinner to get a peep of "fair Melrose" Abbey. Its approach is through a narrow lane, filled with children and old women, and the access to it is barred by a gate of considerable height, so that fees are necessary here, as every where that celebrity has been

earned. An outside view, followed by a long tarry within, a moonlight ramble in sight of it, and Sir Walter's description, connd and now more readily understood, have been a gratification, such as I had long promised myself, but which I was now *almost* in the full fruition of. Shall I spoil the poetry of my visit to Melrose ?

No sooner had I ensconced myself in possession of my eight by ten room, and got a good coal-fire to warm my benumbed frame (August weather !), than from my cranny of a window, I observed the village was in commotion. The rabble was all in the street, hatless and shoeless ; music, of a wild kind, came upon the breeze ; I thought of Prince Charlie's entry into Glasgow, the Queen's visit to Scotland, William the Conqueror, Roman legions, all in a moment ; but alas for the different occasion that now presented itself !\* From my window I am provoked to see a huge caravan of animals deploying so as to fix up their exhibition "for this night only," just where earshot of drums will most annoy us pilgrims to the land of "Scott." We have no remedy and must submit. I can read the flaming handbill from where I sit ; a "Female Van Amburgh—the greatest woman lion-tamer that ever existed," is to enter the cages of wild beasts at eight o'clock, and then dance a hornpipe on a slack rope ! I have not Sir Walter's good nature so much developed as to enjoy the happiness of the blowsy Scotch boys, who are in raptures with the flags and the red paint ; it is a curious

\* It might have recalled also the account of Scott's visit to Melrose in company with Wordsworth, thus chronicled by Lockhart : "Scott was thus far on his way to the circuit court, at Jedburgh, in the capacity of sheriff, and there his new friends again joined him ; but he begged that they would not enter the court, 'for,' said he, 'I really would not like you to see the sort of figure I cut there !' They did see him casually, however, in his cocked hat and sword, marching in the Judge's procession, to the sound of one cracked trumpet ; and were then not surprised, that he should have been a little ashamed of the whole ceremonial."

*contre-temp* to a pilgrimage to old Melrose, to be thus hemmed in and be-musicked!

“O that some minstrel’s harp was near,  
 To utter tones of gladness,  
 And chase this turmoil from the air,  
 That fills my heart with sadness.”

Early in the morning, my companion with great difficulty roused a sleepy postilion, who had been all night engaged with the vile exhibition of beasts, and we set off on a pilgrimage to Dryburgh Abbey, on the estate of the Earl of Buchan, some six miles from Melrose, on the opposite side of the Tweed.

And now as I travelled the road of the funeral of Sir Walter, I began to feel that I was in the country he had illustrated to my youthful fancy:—as if I were near him—enjoying in a less degree than in his works, *but in addition*, a further communion with his bright intellect. How forcibly was every scene of that death-bed and funeral recalled, as described by the pen of Lockhart:—“I found him entirely himself, though in the last extreme of feebleness. His eye was clear and calm—every trace of the wild fire of delirium extinguished. ‘Lockhart,’ he said, ‘I may have but a few minutes to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you comfort when you come to lie here.’” \* \* \* “About half past one, P. M., on the 21st of September (1832), Sir Walter breathed his last in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm that every window was open—and so perfectly still, that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around his bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.”

And then the funeral:—“The train of carriages extended, I understood, over more than a mile—the yeomanry followed in great numbers on horseback—and it was late in the day

ere we reached Dryburgh. Some accident, it was observed, had caused the hearse to halt for several minutes on the summit of the hill at Bemerside—exactly where a prospect of remarkable richness opens, and where Sir Walter always had been accustomed to rein up his horse. The day was dark and lowering, and the wind high.” On just such a day was my humble pilgrimage made to Dryburgh. Fitful gleams of sunshine struck through the clouds as we crossed the Tweed in a poor ferry-boat, for the bridge has been lately carried away; and when we arrived at the Abbey, in charge of a young woman, a daughter of the Earl of Buchan’s gardener, who shows the place, rain and wind must have made the weather such as on the day of the melancholy funeral. “The wide enclosure of the Abbey of Dryburgh,” says Lockhart, “was thronged with old and young; and when the coffin was taken from the hearse, and again laid on the shoulders of the afflicted serving-men, one deep sob burst from a thousand lips. Mr. Archdeacon Williams read the burial-service of the Church of England; and thus, about half past five o’clock in the evening of Wednesday the 26th of September, the remains of Sir Walter Scott were laid by the side of his wife, in the sepulchre of his ancestors.”

I had often sighed over these passages, and longed to see the spot where reposed one of my dearest friends—one of the dearest friends of all humanity;—who has cheered more drooping hearts, and beguiled more sombre minds, than any mere author that ever lived; I was now gazing upon his grave;—that unadorned, uninscribed grave “beside his wife;”—the gratification of such a moment repaid me for all my toil, should even every other gratification of my journeyings be obliterated from memory. All that touches the heart of a wanderer at the grave of genius is here, and the scene is more impressive than if it were marked by a costly mausoleum;—his true monument is in the admiration—in the hearts of his millions of admirers.

Dryburgh Abbey is within the garden-grounds of the Earl

of Buchan ; it is carefully preserved as the repository of such a treasure deserves to be. Sir Walter and his wife repose in St. Mary's Aisle, or crypt, from which the mouldering stones have detached themselves successively till there is no connexion with the rest of the Abbey ; but these walls and arches look now firm and durable as if they would continue for ages. A neat iron railing prevents the spectator from desecrating the two graves, which are without mark or stone ; eglantine and ivy mount above our heads, glittering with diamonds in the little gleam of sunshine ; it was a pleasing scene for a wanderer from the far-off land of America ;—it was a melancholy one, knowing, as we know, that we gaze upon the grave of a good, but a disappointed man ; not disappointed in the world's admiration, but so eminently in his great ambition of founding a family.

Yours, &c.

## LETTER LXXVI.

Grounds of Dryburgh—Abbotsford—Situation—Reception—American visitors the most numerous except Scotch—Hall of entrance—Rob Roy's gun, &c. — Chantrey's bust — The dining-room — Library—Scott's study—Clothes—Dogs gone—The French flag—Trees of Sir Walter's planting—The Tweed—Invited to lodge at Abbotsford—Letter from the present Sir Walter from India—Indifferent to the literary fame of his father—A great nephew of Sir Walter's a steam-boat captain.

THE grounds of Dryburgh, where the Earl of Buchan has a summer residence, are a combination of park, garden, and orchard scenery ; the dwelling is not large, but every thing connected with the exterior marks the gentleman proprietor ;

the Abbey, which is a most valuable addition to the demesne, if it were only considered in a picturesque light, is well cared for; repair has prevented the further ravages of time; long may it continue to gratify the minds of pilgrims to its shrine.

The after part of the day was devoted to Abbotsford. The scenery about Melrose is eminently peaceful, with no very striking natural beauties, except those which well-cultivated fields and comfortable dwellings impart; the hills are not very commanding, and the Tweed is but, to our eyes, a creek. Abbotsford—shall I say it—somewhat disappointed me as a building; its situation, as you approach from the road, appears low, and it really is so; you look down upon it towards the Tweed, into a valley which seems formerly to have been invaded by the water; indeed this has been the case, for the stables, at some little distance, have been not unfrequently so much flooded as to make it necessary to remove the horses.

We were kindly received by the housekeeper, and my companion's letter and packet delivered, we were made quite at home. The lady, who has obtained some undesirable celebrity on account of her hasty manner, and whom the Scotch do not like to see in possession because she is an Englishwoman, seemed glad of the opportunity of displaying her charge; it was some surprise to find in the book for visitors' names, and by her own assertion, that more Americans visit Abbotsford than English; the Scots are the most numerous, and Americans and French rank next. How is this? I am under the full conviction that he has more readers in America than in England; but considering the smallness of the number of our countrymen who travel to Scotland, it is astonishing that we should outnumber in this particular the whole English people.

The hall of entrance is small, but full of objects of interest, such as coats of mail, and armorial insignia; the armory with Rob Roy's gun, and a thousand things which Sir Walter's tastes had brought together, many of them presents from far-off



countries, remains just as he arranged it. America contributed her share of Indian battle-axes, moccasins, &c.

The marble bust of the poet by Chantrey is a superb work of art; the vase presented by Lord Byron, from which some visiter stole the autograph note of the donor, was a gift worthy of its author. It was a beautiful evidence of the attachment felt by his fellow-men for the novelist, that so many great as well as humble individuals felt compelled to forward their several tributes; far more valuable are such evidences when they come to genius, than tributes to power which may reward the gift.

The dining-room furnished in part with the ebony escri-toire and chairs presented by George the Fourth, and the library, well filled with books and a few pictures, detained us as long as we thought it right to keep our attentive cicerone in waiting. The books are in the same order as when the proprietor occupied it; they are carefully taken down once a year, by a bibliopole from Edinburgh, dusted, and replaced. The whole house has an air of desertion; it is but too evident that the master spirit has departed, and the heart is sickened with the thought; this feeling is increased to melancholy when you come to Sir Walter's snug little study, surrounded by books, with his writing table and chair, and in a little closet the clothes he last wore; they have been carefully brushed and ironed, and placed in a glass case; his walking-sticks are hung above. I inquired if there were any descendants of Maida, or any of his favourite dogs; they too are all gone. The descriptions of the interior are numerous and too fresh upon your memory, to make additions desirable.

D'Arlincourt's account of the flag taken at Waterloo is disingenuous and erroneous; he states that *he* discovered the error in the French inscription, which proves it to have been manufactured by the English. This error is so apparent that it never could have escaped the poorest French scholar; the words *cent cinquième*,—one hundred and fifth—in figures ought to have been written thus: 105ème, the little letters

*ème* being indispensable. The two last letters of the word *fifth* are there instead of the three last of the word *cinquième*. Sir Walter never pretended that it was taken at the battle of Waterloo, but said it was given to him; no doubt it was a "clean copy" presented to him to accompany his other curiosities that *were* taken at that famous battle. A Frenchman does not like to hear that there ever was a battle of Waterloo.

The husband of the housekeeper accompanied us round the garden and grounds; the trees are all of Sir Walter's planting, and may be said to have attained about half their natural size; his son allows no one to cut down a single sapling in his absence, and the consequence is that there are too many; they are growing as thick together as in an American forest, and would be improved by judicious thinning. The weather came on to rain while we were wandering on the banks of the Tweed, or sitting in Sir Walter's favourite arbour, around which rank weeds have almost obtained the mastery; another evidence, if evidence were wanting, of the absence of the master; we were obliged to leave this scene of Sir Walter's own formation, and take shelter in the mansion; approaching it from the river, the house looks much better, because there is greater elevation; here it quite realizes the usual picture; on the exterior there is much iron work, and sundry of those odds and ends from old buildings—the Tolbooth door, &c.

Re-entering the formerly hospitable mansion, the lady invited us to stay all night and lodge under Sir Walter's own roof!!—an honour we were obliged to decline, or to miss our stage for Edinburgh in the morning. While we were chatting, she informed us that for a long time she had not heard from the present Sir Walter, who is with his regiment in India, but that the mail of to-day had just brought her a packet from him with injunctions and directions respecting Abbotsford; she has heard an intimation that on his return, which might be soon, he proposes making the place his home.

All the poet's children are gone, save the present baronet,

now a middle-aged man, and he is childless! There are people who tell you he is indifferent to the name he bears, even to the point of disliking any allusion to the literary honours of his father. If this be so, there would seem almost a fitness that the name should not be kept alive on the land the poet purchased so dearly by his toil. To all appearance, Mr. Lockhart's son will ultimately become the master of Abbotsford.

As I am talking of the poet's relatives, I may mention the fact related in Mrs. Ashton Yates's "Letters from Switzerland." There the lady fell in with a great nephew of Sir Walter Scott, a grandson she says of John, but it must have been Thomas;—be this as it may, the youth, it appears, had received the education of an engineer, and the fortunes of his family having fallen, owing to long and vexatious law-suits, was, in 1841, commanding a little steamer on the lake of Brienz;—having not, up to that moment, the lady further tells us, fallen in with Lockhart's biography—if even aware of its existence! Fame again! but how unaccountable!

Yours, &c.

## LETTER LXXVII.

Lockhart; his appearance; his daughter;—Rumour—The Quarterly Review; its contributors—Croker—Mr. Milman—Mr. Hayward—Mr. Kinglake, author of *Eöthen*—Lord Strangford—Hon. Mr. Smythe—“Young England”—Miss Rigby—Mrs. Austin—Sir Walter’s influence; his guests—Laidlaw—Melancholy reflections—Melrose Abbey—The clock—Reflections among the ruins—Duke of Buccleugh—Scotch boy—Thomas, the Rhymer—The poet Thomson.

ABBOTSFORD is, rather than London, the place to talk of Lockhart, in whose biography of his father-in-law, there is so much just appreciation of his character, and so true a portraiture of its internal life and spirit. He is a very handsome, middle-aged man, tall, thin, dark—and his finely-cut features wearing a pensive, sarcastic air. He appears in the beau monde but seldom; with a very lovely and patrician girl on his arm—hovering on the skirt rather than forming the centre of some group of literary or distinguished people; he is not approached very nearly by many—probably I might say by any—save, perhaps, some old Scottish friends. It was said for some eighteen months or more (a long time for a rumour to run in London), that he was about to carry off the great fortune of Miss Burdett Coutts;—but that rumour has blown over:—perhaps began to do so from the moment when it was seen that he was “bringing out” an elegant daughter.

Mr. Lockhart, you know, continues to edit the Quarterly Review, respecting the writers in which you have expressed some curiosity; if not in ability, at least in attractive matter,

it continues to take the lead, and when that is the case men are anxious to know about the contributors. Mr. Croker used to write the bitter political articles—on Irish affairs, or French revolutionary history, for example; or whenever, with true Tory chivalry, it was thought necessary to massacre and maltreat a woman; but he is now getting old,—possibly good-natured (though that were hard to credit)! At all events, his star is no longer in the ascendant, and his influence no longer so apparent as formerly. The temper of the Review has not changed, but the taste of the times has, in some degree, and one must conform—venom is less marketable than formerly; so that Iago's occupation is in some small measure gone. I presume that the Rev. Mr. Milman is a far steadier contributor to the Quarterly, chiefly on subjects of history and belles-lettres. Mr. Hayward, the prose-translator of Faust, was for a long time known (thanks to his own efforts to spread the fact) as the writer of the light, saucy, sarcastic articles which so long relieved "the dead weight" of the Review; but he has not long since transferred his budget of small wit to the Edinburgh—and his loss may be said to be supplied, with infinite gain to the periodical, by Mr. Kinglake, the brilliant author of "Eöthen." Every now and then, it is asserted by those who know, that Lord Strangford contributes a historical article; especially if the subject give scope to his diplomatic reminiscences—and of late, Lord Strangford's son, the Hon. Mr. Smythe, member for Canterbury, a far better speaker, my literary friends say, than he is a writer; he is one of the anomalous party, calling itself "Young England:" his "Historic Fancies," a collection of flimsy and tumid sketches in prose and verse, have excited more surprise than pleasure; then (a strange apparition in such a company of woman-haters as the Quarterly Reviewers are considered), there is Miss Rigby, the accomplished authoress of the "Letters from the Baltic," one of the tallest and handsomest of the sisterhood; and whose powers as an amateur artist are remarkable even in these days of amateur art: she

has written on Russia—on books for children, and, it is suspected, the article on “Lady Travellers.” I believe she is the only *Reviewer-ess* on their staff—shall we say pendant, or antagonist, to the more profoundly learned and serious Mrs. Austin, whose articles on German literature, society, and education, have excited so much attention in the rival—or Edinburgh Review.

But why prate of Lockhart in the neighbourhood of the residence of the author of my favourite of all Scott's works, the *Antiquary*? Himself an admirer of the olden times, he did much to promote the restoration and preservation of old abbeys; it is owing to his pen, I have no doubt, that the visiter sees many castles on the Continent so far repaired as to preserve them from further dilapidation; it was Sir Walter's advice that brought about the repairs of Melrose Abbey. Had the scenes of his birth-place and fancy been laid among the old castles of the Rhine, he would have had a much more romantic world to have brought to light; though this neighbourhood has been the abode of abbots and warriors, and there are evidences of their residence left, it required the invention and genius of a true poet to invest with so much romance a region that looks so common-place, and is filled with such common-place people. Scott, however, was not dependent upon any one spot for his mental companions any more than his personal; he assembled the eminent people of former generations, to converse with and amuse his readers in all the veritude of reality; for his personal friends he commanded the best spirits of the day, literary, forensic, intellectual. Those were “days of giants,” when Abbotsford could command the society, as Lockhart declares, of all and every class, nay, was run down with titled or renowned visitors. What a feast to have been an unobserved guest here, as visiter after visiter of renown passed in review. Do you remember the account so graphically given of the hospitalities of this now deserted mansion? If you do not, turn, as I have been doing this evening, to Lockhart's biography;

read at page 194 of volume second, the hints at the quality—the qualities—of the various persons who sought the roof of the author. After you have read of the titled and great, and the passage—“I turned over Mr. Lodge’s Compendium of the British Peerage, and on summing up the titles which suggested to *myself* some reminiscence of this kind, I found them nearly as one out of six—I fancy it is not beyond the mark to add, that of the eminent foreigners who visited England, a moiety crossed the Channel mainly in consequence of the interest with which his writings had invested Scotland—and that the hope of beholding the man under his own roof, was the crowning hope of half that moiety;”—I say, after sitting down in your study, to endeavour to think of any distinguished cotemporary who did not seek his society, and render his house almost an over-crowded hotel—read the concluding paragraph, as follows:—“To complete the *olla podrida*, we must remember that no old acquaintance, or family connexions, however remote their actual station or style of manners from his own, were forgotten or lost sight of. He had some, even near relations, who, except when they visited him, rarely, if ever, found admittance to what the haughty dialect of the upper world is pleased to designate exclusively as *society*. These were welcome guests, let who might be under that roof; and it was the same with many a worthy citizen of Edinburgh, habitually moving in the obscurest of circles, who had been in the same class with Scott at the High School, or his fellow-apprentice when he was proud of earning three-pence a page by his pen.”

The attachment which all felt for Scott, was the finest personal tribute ever paid to genius; all loved him, and he appears to have had equally the art of charming with his tongue as with his pen,—a rare accomplishment; even domestic animals—dogs of course loved him,—but that even a hen, a pig, and his daughter’s donkeys, “Hannah More and Lady Morgan, as Anne Scott had wickedly christened them,” should have loved Sir Walter as they did—at whatever point we

view him, there is the same *bonhomie*, the same lovable traits. Read these things, and say how lovely a world this might be if there were more who endeavoured to imitate the virtues he so eminently possessed.

Read this delightful biography, and regret that you could not enjoy any of its scenes during the seven years of Sir Walter's greatest prosperity: would you not like to have been present when he and Sir Humphry Davy had their habitual table-talk—on that evening when Lockhart records, "I remember William Laidlaw whispering to me, one night, when their 'wrapt talk' had kept the circle round the fire until long after the usual bedtime at Abbotsford—'Gude preserve us! this is a very superior occasion! Eh, sirs!' he added, cocking his eye like a bird, 'I wonder if Shakespeare and Bacon ever met to screw ilk other up?'" Would you not give up a year or two of hum-drum to even remember such an evening?"

But these things have passed away, as we too must pass; it has cheered, at the same time that it has sorrowed my path, to have visited the scene at Abbotsford. Melancholy feelings take possession of you there, and you are not a true disciple of literature if your eye is not moistened by a tear as you tread the scene you had so long wished to visit,—for it is now tenantless; the first and last worldly ambition of Scott to found a distinct branch of an honourable family, to plant a lasting root, seems to be blasted; his son-in-law says: "And when he had reached the summit of universal and unrivalled honour, he clung to this first love with the faith of a Paladin." If the present Sir Walter is succeeded by Lockhart's son, let us hope he will at least reside at this classical spot. Long may it continue to gratify the American pilgrim; long may his "romance in stone and lime," every outline copied from some baronial edifice in Scotland, every roof and window blazoned with clan bearings, or the lion rampant gules,—or the heads of the ancient Stuart kings, be accessible to the admirers of the poet.



The ruins of the church of Melrose Abbey remain the finest specimen of Gothic architecture and Gothic sculpture ever reared in Scotland; the stone retains perfect sharpness, the chiselled ornaments as antique as when new. The other buildings being completely destroyed, these ruins alone are left to attest the ancient magnificence of this celebrated monastery. In the south wall of the nave are eight beautiful windows, each sixteen feet in height and eighth in breadth, having upright mullions of stone with rich tracery; no two are alike; they light eight small square chapels of uniform dimensions, which run along the south side of the nave and are separated from each other by thin partitions of wall or stone. The west end of the nave, and five of the chapels included in it, are now roofless; but they continue to be the burial-places of the old families of the neighbourhood, who exercise their ancient *rights* in this particular with a pertinacity that we should scarcely understand, considering the ruinous nature that things have already assumed, and what they are tending to. One family, which had long disused its privilege of interment here, has lately proved its identity, and placed a new stone in one of the chapels. The other monuments and inscriptions are time-worn and often defaced, and sheep are feeding thoughtlessly on the thick grass around.

In 1618 a roof was thrown over the middle aisle for the purpose of making it into a parish church; this has injured the internal appearance, the repairs having made it lopsided. At the time it was used for this modern purpose, a bell was placed in one of the towers; we ascended this tower in order to get upon the roof; while silently gazing around upon the weeds and flowers which have taken complete possession, we heard a gentle ticking, as if something possessed of life still animated the old ribs of the chapel; on examining the bell, we found a clock attached; it is of rude construction; long since, its iron tongue ceased to ring out from its heights the substitute for the muezzin's call to prayer, but a patriotic feeling in some clock-maker or town baillie, has set the old machine in

motion, and it now sounds the passing hour to the inhabitants of Melrose below, with great accuracy,—failing no doubt, as all familiar things are apt to do, to remind the hearer how time is fleeting. It served, however, to read a lesson to me on the brevity of life, and was a memento to remind me how many generations pass away in a period when stone walls made with men's hands hold their admired proportions to continued successors; successors on whose habits of thought and action such remarkable travesties are wrought. Below us are the remains of a church where kail leaves\* are one of the monkish ornaments of the columns; abbots lie buried below the slowly decaying roof; warriors too, and many a venerable priest. The heart of Bruce is supposed to have been deposited here, after Douglas had made an unsuccessful attempt to carry it to the Holy Land; and it interested me to know that one of my ancestors had been killed in that expedition during a foray with a Saracen. William Douglas, “the dark knight of Lid-disdale,” with escutcheon tarnished by the barbarous murder of his companion Sir Alexander Ramsay, and James, second Earl of Douglas, lie here interred. Many of Scotland's proudest names occur on the tombstones; but alderbushes, sheep, and birds which have built in the higher recesses, have added nothing to the cleanliness within.

The Earl of Buccleugh acquired, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, the abbey lands included in the lordship of Melrose, which still form part of the extensive possessions of that noble family, who suffer no further depredations to be made upon it; formerly it was any body's privilege to hew out the stone for building houses; much of the village has been thus erected; it is only wonderful that any

\* The monks of Melrose made gude kail  
 On Fridays, when they fasted,  
 Nor wanted they good beef and ale,  
 As lang's their neighbour's lasted.

OLD BALLAD.

thing remains. The present head of the family of Buccleugh has repaired the walls round the old graveyard, and he contracts with the person who has the fees for showing the ruins to keep it free from nuisances; I cannot say he does his duty.\* His son, a fine intelligent lad, who has made some progress in Latin, which he speaks with the broadest Scotch accent, replied to my question whether many Americans came to Melrose, with an emphatic "yes;" he added gratuitously, that he could always tell Americans—because they always wanted to carry away a flower or a stone from the interior;—he knew them too, he declared, by their *accent*. My companion, a Londoner, said one of us was from that far-off land, and demanded to know which; the boy had not the wit of Thomas the Rhymer, in whom, as in the mighty men of old

" The honour'd name  
Of prophet and of poet was the same,

for he gave my cockney friend the credit of being a republican.

The remains of the Rhymer's Tower are still pointed out on the road to Dryburgh, and on a rising ground near the broken wire bridge, is a circular temple dedicated to the muses, surmounted by a bust of Thomson, the author of the "Seasons." On a height above, on a rocky eminence, is a colossal statue of the Scottish patriot Wallace. But I must leave this interesting neighbourhood.

Yours, &c.

\* Melrose was closed some weeks last summer in consequence of depredations by visiters, but is again open under better regulations than in 1845.

## LETTER LXXVIII.

Edinburgh.

Abbotsford — Reflections — Galashiels — Tweed manufacture — Ganders-cleugh — Hogg the poet — Moors — Approach to Edinburgh — Scotch hospitality — Sir Walter's monument — History of the architect, Kemp — Holyrood — The castle — Nuisance — The regalia — Story of the taking of the castle — Printing office of Robert Chambers — The proprietor — Descendants of the Stuarts — John Sobieski Stuart — Charles Edward — Botanic and horticultural garden.

I PARTED from Melrose and its neighbourhood, so hallowed by genius, with sorrow and regret; I felt as if I had come *too late*—as if all the spirit of the scene had evaporated with the chief actor; and yet that it was wrong to regret the latter career of the poet and novelist, when he had accomplished so great distinction; had produced so much that had elevated the taste and softened the heart of the world. Every scene at Abbotsford, every room recurred to memory as we coursed the cold desolate moors on our route to Edinburgh, and especially did I think of the hours of midnight toil passed by Sir Walter in his study; when the visitors of the day believed he was asleep, he descended from his bed-room by a small private staircase to his desk, where the man of apparent leisure, produced, before his guests were astir, or after they were asleep, his twelve volumes a year to delight every civilized nation.

Not far from Abbotsford we passed the town of Galashiels,

so recently as in Sir Walter's time a poor village of handloom weavers, but at present as smart and busy a town as any modern manufacturing village in America. Mill upon mill has exhausted the water-power, and now they have abundance of machinery moved by steam; nearly all this prosperity is the result of the successful manufacture of the article called Tweed; some piece of clothing, either a shawl, pantaloons, or waistcoat, made of this material, is upon every man, woman, and child you meet; the beggar, most probably, who accosts you, has a Tweed shawl round his neck, and the richest traveller is also in the fashion; the ladies never ride without one, to throw round their feet, or to turn the rain. A most useful and agreeable article is the Tweed.

The weavers of Galashiels were proud to think that Sir Walter meant their town in his account of the imaginary "Ganders-cleugh," and they adopted the name. Their poet-laureate Thomson was in the habit of inviting his "brother bard" of Abbotsford to the annual festival of the weavers, where, with Hogg, he was a regular attendant; the latter used to come down the night before, and accompany Sir Walter in the only carriage that graced the march; many of Hogg's best ballads were produced for the first time amidst the cheers of the men of Ganders-cleugh.

The weather of August still continued cold and wet; the moors through which the road carried us, struck a winter feel through us whenever we passed them; hills without any trees, enclosure, or cultivation, mark much of the route; a very scanty population and a poor one inhabit these desolate portions of Scotland, where a privileged individual delights in his right to shoot pheasants over hill and dale. "*Who shoots here?*" is the frequent question of the English passengers on the top of the coach to the coachman.

The approach to Edinburgh is without the poor and dirty suburbs usually encountered—you drive at once into a good town; the dirt is in the centre, or old town. Established at the "Royal" in Princes' Street, I designed to make an ex-

ploration of this celebrated place, but one of those storms, so detestable to a traveller, set in and continued almost without intermission for three days; one of these days I passed in the delightful family of one of Scotia's most intellectual sons, in the full enjoyment of Scotch hospitality; the rain poured without—but a good fire blazed within. The next day, and the next, were little better; hurried visits to the castle, to Holyrood Palace, the Advocates' Library, Herriott's Hospital, and other public institutions,—a good dinner with social and kindred spirits, uttering broad Scotch, but with hearts warm to America, left me a little more leisure than usual to seclude myself and devote my pen to home.

My window looks out upon the great Gothic monument erected to Sir Walter Scott, which is now finished with the exception of his statue; this is in progress, and will occupy the centre. You know the prints of the monument; if there is any exception to be taken to it, it is that the four legs or basements of the structure are too much expanded for the height; the space thus acquired will hold the statue, and when that is placed the objection may possibly vanish.

The history of the architect of this monument, as told me by one of the committee, is an interesting one, and characteristic of the country I am in. Kemp was a poor boy, without patron, but received the education which every child in Scotland is entitled to. Apprenticed to a builder, he became enamoured of the study of architecture; when his apprenticeship was over, he set off to travel, in order to examine personally the greatest Gothic buildings of Europe. He worked at his trade in each place just long enough to earn sufficient to proceed, studying as he progressed, and drinking in the beauties of his route. In this way he made the tour of Europe; returned to Edinburgh, he married and pursued his avocation, passing his evenings in drawing and study. When an advertisement for proposals for a monument to Scott was issued, Kemp drew a plan and forwarded it under a fictitious name to the committee. Where patronage was supposed to

be important, and where so many great architects competed for the prize, Kemp had no idea of succeeding, and thought little about his venture:—so little that he never inquired respecting it; one evening his wife read a paragraph in Chambers's Journal, stating that the prize had been awarded to the fictitious name Kemp had employed, and sent with his plan, but that nobody knew or could find the successful candidate! Mrs. Kemp wondered, too, who it *could* be.

Her husband kept his own counsel; next day he claimed and received his reward. And now came the trying part of the affair. The committee decided that an unknown man, without capital or friends, should not have the workmanship; the kind-hearted Duke of Buccleugh heard of this, called another meeting, and had sufficient influence to reverse the decision. Kemp obtained the contract, and immortalized himself; another chapter in the history of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties was ready to be written. Kemp now acquired friends; his story was an interesting one, and he became quite the pet of the good people of Edina; an honourable career was opened to his view, but alas! for human hopes! poor Kemp was found lately, just as his work was done, drowned near a little bridge which he was crossing late at night, as is feared but not satisfactorily proved, either destroyed by jealous rivals, or, from the effects of a carouse with a few boon-companions. Had his life been lengthened, his genius and skill, it is thought, would have elevated him to the highest honours of his art.

Holyrood Palace, at the foot of Salisbury Crag, is still kept in order after a fashion; but it is a desolate, cold, uninhabited relic. The rooms are large, ceilings low, furniture not as good as your own grandfather's, and the air of the whole conveys the idea of any thing but a palace. The brisk Scotch lassies who show it, are dressed in the tip of the mode, and go through the regular routine with uninterested gravity; "this is the grave of Rizzio"—"these are the bones of the Kings of Scotland"—and the uncovered bones, to the reproach

of Scotland, you look upon through a grate; while the girl yawns and looks another way. "This is Queen Mary's work-box," she says, as she peeps at her face in a metallic mirror to see how her curls are getting on.

The private apartments of Mary would be deemed uninhabitable by any modern lady of fashion; there is an air of desolation about, that is positively oppressive; and the relics still preserved—the embroidered double chair, or throne, on which Mary and Darnley sat after their marriage,—the state-bed in tatters—her dressing-case—and the basket, in which was laid the baby-linen for her only child—the closet, and the stains of blood—the portraits, all alike, of the one hundred and six Kings of Scotland in the gloomy state dinner-room—all this, it is quite as well to read of in the writings of all travellers who have been there, as it is to see. The glory of the place, and even its nicety, have departed; a visit will only bring to the mind melancholy recollections.

The same may be said of the old castle, one of those which by the articles of union are to be kept up and garrisoned. The present occupants are a lazy-looking regiment in Highland costume, with bare knees, showing generally an unseemly display of red hairs on them, who lounge about the town when off duty, and follow the drum and fife about the quadrangle, for a subsistence. The neighbourhood and access to the castle is beleaguered by a collection of vile females, whose public promenade it would be creditable to the authorities of England, a nation that boasts its superiority to France in manners and morals,—it would be creditable to the female head of the nation, to have banished; their impertinence and leering drunkenness would disgrace the kingdom of Queen Pomare; missionaries would write books upon the wickedness of the Sandwich Islanders, if scenes such as are daily witnessed near this royal castle, were enacted in barbarous countries. Strange is it how the vision of some philanthropists sees through the dead walls of its own country, to spy



the distant evils of nations less benighted than their own. Louis Philippe, the King of the French, so often belied in England, has set a good example even to London.

The Scottish regalia is shown by lamp-light in a confined smoky little room, where it was so long hidden and lost, and whence the researches of Sir Walter Scott dragged it to light; the room where Queen Mary gave birth to James VI., in whom the crowns of England and Scotland were united—Mons Meg, the enormous cannon cast at Mons in Flanders, restored to Scotland by George the Fourth at the request of the author of Waverley, and the fine view from the top of the castle, must interest the visiter not yet fatigued with seeing sights. Instead of tiring you with descriptions of these things, let me copy a thrilling story of the taking of the castle under most singular circumstances of peril, as it is told by my friend Robert Chambers :

In 1296, during the contest for the crown between Bruce and Baliol, it was besieged and taken by the English. It still remained in their possession in 1313, at which time it was strongly garrisoned and commanded by Piers Leland, a Lombard. This governor, having fallen under the suspicion of the garrison, was thrown into a dungeon, and another appointed to the command, in whose fidelity they had complete confidence. It has frequently been remarked, that in capturing fortresses, those attacks are generally most successful which are made upon points where the attempt appears the most desperate. Such was the case in the example now to be narrated. Randolph, Earl of Moray, was one day surveying the gigantic rock, and probably contemplating the possibility of a successful assault upon the fortress, when he was accosted by one of his men-at-arms with the question, "Do you think it impracticable, my lord?" Randolph turned his eyes upon the querist, a man a little past the prime of life, but of a firm, well-knit figure, and bearing in his bright eye, and bold and open brow, indications of an intrepidity

which had already made him remarkable in the Scottish army.

“Do you mean the rock, Francis?” said the earl; “perhaps not, if we could borrow the wings of our gallant hawks.”

“There are wings,” replied Francis, with a thoughtful smile, “as strong, as buoyant, and as daring. My father was keeper of yonder fortress.”

“What of that? you speak in riddles.”

“I was then young, reckless, high-hearted; I was mewed up in that convent-like castle; my mistress was in the plain below—”

“Well, what then?”

“’Sdeath, my lord, can you not imagine that I speak of the wings of love? Every night I descended that steep at the witching hour, and every morning before the dawn I crept back to my barracks. I constructed a light twelve-foot ladder, by means of which I was able to pass the places that are perpendicular; and so well, at length, did I become acquainted with the route, that in the darkest and stormiest night, I found my way as easily as when the moonlight enabled me to see my love in the distance, waiting for me at her cottage-door.”

“You are a daring, desperate, noble fellow, Francis! However, your motive is now gone; your mistress—”

“She is dead: say no more; but another has taken her place.”

“Ay, ay, it’s the soldier’s way. Women will die, or even grow old; and what are we to do? Come, who is your mistress now?”

“MY COUNTRY! What I have done for love, I can do again for honour; and what *I* can accomplish, you, noble Randolph, and many of our comrades, can do far better. Give me thirty picked men, and a twelve-foot ladder, and the fortress is our own!”

The Earl of Moray, whatever his real thoughts of the enterprise might have been, was not the man to refuse such a challenge. A ladder was provided, and thirty men chosen

from the troops; and in the middle of a dark night, the party, commanded by Randolph himself, and guided by William Francis, set forth on their desperate enterprise.

By catching at crag after crag, and digging their fingers into the interstices of the rocks, they succeeded in mounting a considerable way; but the weather was now so thick, they could receive but little assistance from their eyes; and thus they continued to climb, almost in utter darkness, like men struggling up a precipice in the nightmare. They at length reached a shelving table of the cliff, above which the ascent, for ten or twelve feet, was perpendicular; and having fixed their ladder, the whole party lay down to recover breath.

From this place they could hear the tread and voices of the "check-watches" or patrol above; and surrounded by the perils of such a moment, it is not wonderful that some illusions may have mingled with their thoughts. They even imagined that they were seen from the battlements; although, being themselves unable to see the warders, this was highly improbable. It became evident, notwithstanding, from the words they caught here and there, in the pauses of the night-wind, that the conversation of the English soldiers above related to a surprise of the castle; and, at length, these appalling words broke like thunder on their ears: "Stand! I see you well!" A fragment of the rock was hurled down at the same instant; and, as rushing from crag to crag, it bounded over their heads, Randolph and his brave followers, in this wild, helpless, and extraordinary situation, felt the damp of mortal terror gathering upon their brow, as they clung with a death-grip to the precipice.

The startled echoes of the rock were at length silent, and so were the voices above. The adventurers paused, listening breathless; no sound was heard but the sighing of the wind, and the measured tread of the sentinel, who had resumed his walk. The men thought they were in a dream, and no wonder; for the incident just mentioned, which is related by Barbour, was one of the most singular coinci-

dences that ever occurred. The shout of the sentinel, and the missile he had thrown, were merely a boyish freak; and while listening to the echoes of the rock, he had not the smallest idea that the sounds which gave pleasure to him, carried terror, and almost despair, into the hearts of the enemy.

The adventurers, half uncertain whether they were not the victims of some illusion, determined that it was as safe to go on as to turn back; and pursuing their laborious and dangerous path, they at length reached the bottom of the wall. This last barrier they scaled by means of their ladder; and leaping down among the astonished check-watchers, they cried their war-cry, and, in the midst of answering shouts of "treason! treason!" notwithstanding the desperate resistance of the garrison, captured the Castle of Edinburgh.

One of the lions of Edinburgh is the printing office of Robert Chambers and brother, from which issues so much that is useful and informing to the common as well as the educated mind. The establishment has often been described; eight large power-presses are employed; and the whole business of stereotyping, printing, folding, stitching, and binding, is carried on with a regularity and industry that is considered quite remarkable; but I confess, apart from the literary and estimable character of the proprietors, there are many larger and equally well-conducted establishments in America. I found Robert Chambers at his desk, but polite enough to say he could well afford to leave it to chat with an old correspondent; he has an intellectual countenance, fine forehead, surmounted by a great crop of vigorous hair, and a sturdy frame, that seem as if, united, they could accomplish any thing he attempted.

His Edinburgh Journal, with a circulation now exceeding one hundred thousand copies, has been altered from a folio to an octavo; it continues to be very popular and useful. Mr. Chambers also is an extensive publisher of other matters,

small books generally, but adapted to the wants of the useful classes. With all this extensive business, carried on for a great number of years, he informed me that their house had not met with losses altogether amounting to two thousand dollars. They require monthly accounts from all their agents, and cash payments, much on the plan pursued in the American post-office. Contrast this amount with the business losses of some of your publishers during the last ten years.

It was the Viscount D'Arlincourt, who first interested us I believe in the descendants of the Stuarts;—two brothers he met in Edinburgh and visited at their country residence, whom he declares to be grandchildren of Prince Charlie! I made inquiry respecting these gentlemen, whose likeness to the Pretender is so great, together with other corroborative circumstances, as to warrant the impression that they are descendants, but not necessarily therefore having any claim to the throne, for their ancestor was illegitimate. The Catholics take some pride in pointing them out as Stuarts—hence the enthusiasm of the Viscount. The elder brother, John Sobieski Stuart, is rather a favourite in society; he comes to balls and parties in full Highland costume; is tall, rather handsome, and an accomplished musician. He has married a lady with some real estate somewhere in the hills, but never has introduced her to society in the city; the brothers are looked upon as idlers without prospects, and have the reputation of tavern loungers. Their recognised existence as descendants of the unsuccessful Prince, is, however, interesting; it is not surprising that among the people who hand down every circumstance of the '45 struggle for a kingdom, these individuals should be somewhat of lions; indeed it is wonderful that they are not more so. Sobieski is said to bear a striking resemblance to Vandyke's portrait of Charles the First, but is handsomer; his brother Charles Edward Stuart is the living image of the Pretender. It is said they have in their possession the orders of Charles Edward, his clothes, watch, jewels, hair, flags, arms, and portrait. Napo-

leon attached them to his interest by employing them in his army, and the young Scots fought beneath his colours; Sobieski even received a cross from the Emperor.\*

If the climate of England had been unpropitious, what am I to think of that of Scotland? It is now the eleventh of August, when Philadelphians are studying every means of keeping cool, or bathing in the sea; here the rain pours down in one unceasing torrent, and a large fire is in every drawing and dining-room where I visit; at the hotel I am obliged to keep another, or writing would be out of the question. Thick overcoats and plaid shawls in addition, are very acceptable. The prospects for the crops are gloomy in the extreme; at many points of our route since I left Sheffield, the little rivers have overflowed their boundaries, carrying away or submerging hundreds of acres of mown grass; the farmers were in despair.

Every body you converse with says it is uncommonly wet and cold, but Scotland is famous for its showers even compared with England. The guide-book says, "The average number of days in which either rain or snow falls in parts situated on the west coast is about 200, on the east coast about 145." The answer of the Scotch boy conveys some further information—"I say, laddie, does it always rain here?"—Answer—"Na, it sometimes snaws!"

This incessant shower prevents me from fully enjoying Edinburgh and its beauties. During an interval of sunshine of half an hour, I drove out to the Royal Botanical Garden in the suburbs, one of the finest in Europe, but was soon glad to find shelter in the conservatories from a pelting rain. These green-houses are extensive and full of rare and exquisitely beautiful plants, all cultivated with skill and taste; another garden near by, belonging to a private company of gentlemen, is devoted to propagating the best fruits for the

\* The reader who wishes for more information on this subject may turn to "The Three Kingdoms, England, Ireland, and Scotland, by the Viscount D'Arincourt."

planting of the members, and for sale; it is in fine order, most useful to the neighbourhood, and should be imitated in America.

As ever, yours, &c.

## LETTER LXXIX.

Appearance of Edinburgh—Fish-women—Their pride—John Knox's house—Scottish secession—Its estranging influence—Dirty churches—Leave Edinburgh—Perth—Birnam Wood—Dunkeld—Duke of Athol's grounds—The larches—The present Duke a hopeless idiot—Lord Glenlyon—Posting—Killiecrankie—Blair Athol—Highlands—Castle of Blair—Return to Dunkeld.

THE whole appearance of Edinburgh has a look foreign from other places; its architecture and people, two important ingredients, it must be confessed, in a city, do not resemble those of any other; the building stone used is superior, and the style is peculiar; so are the clothes worn, and the shops; there are no great merchants here, but a great body of shopkeepers; advocates, and retired persons of fortune, or pensioners of government, are numerous. The new town is still and quiet, but the old, swarms with women, and at least every second woman and girl has a baby in her arms; the fish-women constitute a distinct body; their ancestors came from Holland three hundred years since; they have preserved their family blood almost untainted to this day, intermarrying with the Scots very rarely, considering it a species of degradation to unite their fortunes with shopkeepers; in short they have as much pride as a Highlander. With their brawny arms, huge dimensions, and peculiar antique Flanders dress, they form quite a feature in the town landscape; especially so in the neighbourhood of the Tolbooth and John

Knox's old house. The latter, at the head of the Natherbow, is a little, low, two-storied building, occupied on the ground-floor as a toy shop, and above by a barber. The inscription is now partly hidden by the signboards, but runs thus:—

LIFE. GOD. ABOVE. AL. AND. YOUR. NICHBOUR. AS. YOUR. SELF.

The rude little effigy of the reformer, stuck upon the corner of the house in the attitude of addressing the passers-by, is taken especial care of by the barber tenant, who paints it annually, and no doubt finds it a useful sign, as it is sought after by all strangers. The height of the houses hereabouts, and the dirty *closes* full of squalid abodes, realize all the descriptions from Smollett to Scott.

Much excitement prevails respecting the Scottish secession from the established church. The impression here is, that nearly one-half have gone off from the establishment; the seceders are extremely enthusiastic, and thus far united. Like other religious differences, this has divided not only congregations, but families, to a lamentable extent; father and son, brother and brother, go to different churches, and become in some instances sadly estranged. From what I observed in Edinburgh, I should endorse the opinion of former visitors, that the interiors of the churches of the establishment are less clean than would be seemly.

As it may be acceptable to some of my readers, I have taken some pains to collect information on the history of these difficulties, which I will condense as much as possible.

In 1567, seven years after the Reformation in Scotland, under the direction of the celebrated John Knox, had dispossessed the Catholic clergy of their livings, the Presbyterian form of worship was established in that kingdom; by the act of Parliament of the same year, confirmed by another of 1592, the presentation to livings was declared to belong to the "just and ancient patronis," subject to a veto only by the General Assembly of the Kirk.



After the union of England and Scotland under James I., in the early part of the following century, Scotland was obliged to succumb to Episcopacy, as by law established; but in Cromwell's time, the Presbyterians coming into power, reinstated their favourite kirk. In 1649, the appointment of ministers—patronage being temporarily laid aside—was vested in the Kirk Session, or by lay elders, of each parish. In the reign of Queen Anne, (1711,) however, this act was voided by another, which is the present law of the land, and which replaced the patrons in all their former rights, according to the acts of Parliament of 1567 and 1592. By the law and usage, therefore, the people have no voice whatever in the choice of their ministers, the presentation to the living being a prerogative of the lord of the manor, or whoever else may be the patron, and the ordination and institution the office of the presbytery of the district in which the parish is situated. A presbytery consists of the ministers of several contiguous parishes, who are members *ex officio*, with the addition of an *elder*, a layman, elected at stated periods from each *kirk-session*, or vestry, within the district.

There has always, however, since the act of 1711, been a party in the kirk, which has contended for popular election in the settlement of ministers, or at least that the heads of families should have a veto, for reasons properly shown, upon the presentee of the heritor (or land proprietor). This party, reinforced by the introduction in 1833 and 1834, of about a hundred extra-parochial ministers into the General Assembly of the Kirk, obtained the passage of an "overture" to the following effect: that if a majority of the male heads of families in any vacant parish should disapprove of a presented minister, it should be the duty of the presbytery to reject him. This "overture" being sent down, according to custom, to the different presbyteries for approval, it was found in the next Assembly of 1835, that a majority confirmed it; and a motion, carried by a majority of forty or fifty, declared that the measure should be held and acted upon as a standing law of the

Kirk. Thus was passed the VETO act, which afterwards brought the Kirk into such unhappy collision with the state.

The question of the legality or illegality of the veto act was soon tested. The Earl of Kinnoul, in whose gift was the parish of Auchterarder, presented a Mr. Robert Young, when 287 heads of families out of 330, objected, and the presbytery accordingly rejected him. Mr. Young instituted a civil suit against the presbytery, and the court pronounced they had acted illegally. The defendants appealed to the House of Lords, who unanimously affirmed the decision. The Auchterarder case became therefore a precedent, according to which all subsequent suits have been decided.

In the mean time all Scotland was in excitement, and disgraceful scenes were enacted in the very kirk-yards between the parties of the intrusionists and the non-intrusionists, as they were called. The veto party were not inclined to yield the point, and at the General assembly of the Kirk in 1843, matters came to a crisis. At the opening of that convention on the 18th of May, Dr. Welsh read a protest on behalf of himself and the rest of the non-intrusionist party, against the decision of the civil courts. When he had finished, the seceders rose, left the Assembly in procession, and proceeded to organize a General Assembly of their own. About one-third of the clergy of the Kirk thus found themselves deprived of that state support on which they had previously depended for themselves and their families. The number of the seceders was as follows :

214 Parish ministers.

144 *Quoad Sacra* ministers, or ministers of chapels of ease, &c.

37 Professors, &c.

Of those who were left behind, and who proceeded to carry on the business of the General Assembly, there were—

733 Parish ministers.

102 ministers of chapels of ease, &c.

After enjoying the hospitality which is sure to be extended to strangers by the Scots, I pursued my way in the rain towards the Highlands, through moors,

“ A wide domain—  
And rich the soil had purple heath been grain,”—

—to Perth, omitting the sentimental excursion to the graves of Bessy Bell and Mary Gray, and only obtaining a glimpse of Scone Palace, the seat of the Earl of Mansfield, who does not allow the interior to be shown. The traveller is next interested by hearing that he is crossing the former site of Birnam Wood, and the hill called by the people *Dun-sin-an*, so famous in the history of Macbeth. No old trees greet you, however, nor did we see any symptoms of “ woods” till near Dunkeld, where the larch plantations of the late Duke of Athol begin to be conspicuous on the sides of the mountains. The grounds of the Duke are really magnificent, especially a long walk on the banks of the Tay; the extent of the walks is fifty miles, and of the rides thirty. The two original larches introduced into Great Britain in 1737, in flower-pots, now rear their giant trunks; these trees are one hundred feet high, and at three feet from the ground measure fifteen feet in circumference. They are the fruitful parents of twenty-seven millions of trees, planted by the late Duke of Athol over an extent of 11,000 acres, changing entirely the aspect of many of his bleak hills; now that the trees are in great request for making railroads, the mania having extended to Perth, the profits on this planting will be immense. The Duke had the singular happiness to live to see a ship launched, which was built of trees of his own planting.

The late Duke of Athol projected, and partly erected, a magnificent mansion at his seat at Dunkeld, estimated to cost a million of dollars; when he died, the work was discontinued, and it looks already something like a ruin. The estates are in the hands of trustees, in consequence of the

imbecility of the heir and only child. At fourteen years of age he lost his mind from some cause, and he has been a hopeless idiot for fifty years. He is well cared for near London, where he has an establishment devoted to him, and a physician always in attendance, but it is understood that his chief pleasure consists in catching flies and burying them in pill-boxes in the garden! What a melancholy privation of intellect, where there was so much to enjoy, and so many opportunities to do good. Lord Glenlyon, the nephew and next heir, resides on the estate in a neat cottage, near the curious old ruined cathedral, the mansion of the late Duke having been destroyed by fire. Lord G. has gone to Blair Athol in the Highlands, to shoot, so that a good opportunity was afforded of inspecting the various beautiful scenery, and the truly superb shrubberies of a hundred years' growth, where probably there are more specimens of some foreign hardy evergreens than can be found in all the United States together; the old and rare trees, too, are extremely interesting. The provoking fee system is here carried to perfection; the tree *valet* dare not enter the cathedral, nor the clerical guide point to the larches, though they are so near to each other as to cast their shadows respectively on each. The silly Duke catches flies, said a visiter to-day, and his servants are equally expert in taking *gudgeons*!

A bridal party about to post to Blair Athol to set their feet fairly in the Highlands, and view the celebrated pass of Killiecrankie, invited me to join in the excursion. The ride was an agreeable one, the scenery fine, and exhibiting traces all the way of successful larch and other planting.

The pass of Killiecrankie almost resembles American scenery in wildness. The hills on both sides approach very near, and descend in rugged precipices to the deep channel of the little river Garry. This pass is the well-known scene of the battle, fought in 1689, between the Highland clans, under Viscount Dundee, and the troops of King William,

commanded by General Mackay; you will recall the following and other stanzas of Sir Walter's:—

“Come, fill up my cup, come, fill up my can,  
Come, saddle my horses, and call up my men;  
Come, open the West Port, and let me gae free,  
And it's room for the bonnets of bonny Dundee,” &c.

At Blair Athol you are fairly in the Highlands; of this we were admonished by the cold weather, which was insupportable without fire, by the cold reception at the inn, which was full, and the inhospitable manners of all concerned in the premises. We had no remedy but to retrace our steps, after a hasty inspection of the old castle of Blair, which is not worth a visit; it is one of the show places in consequence of the great quantity of deer in the park, and of the residence of the Queen there in 1844; she remained three weeks, and the Prince had a fine opportunity for slaughter among the game. With some ladies I visited the little falls, as we should call them, of Bruar, celebrated by Burns and other poets, who never saw Niagara. You are now in the vicinity of the terrific “Morayshire floods,” respecting which a large octavo book was written, full of dreadful disasters.

Opposite my hotel in Dunkeld, I have the name of Adam Ferguson, a saddler; Robertsons, and names with which Scotland's history is so full, meet your eye every where; the members of each clan have all the same name, and those are familiar as old acquaintances. A book upon the clans of Scotland, by John Sobieski Stuart, remarkable for its costly engravings, was lent me by a gentleman of Dunkeld, to while away a dull rainy evening in a poor hotel. It is one of the most beautiful volumes on costume ever published.

Yours, &c.

## LETTER LXXX.

Dunkeld to Kenmore—Aberfeldy—Taymouth Castle—Visit of the Queen—A ranger killed—Extent of Breadalbane's possessions—A managing lady and daughters—A cockney—Callandar—More Americans—Commercial travellers—Fees—Loch Katrine—Row on the lake—Steamboat sunk—Gaelic—Lóch Lomond—Glenfalloch—Ben Lomond—Scotch sign—Dumbarton Castle—Glasgow—Refuge for houseless poor—The Kirk—Sir Walter's monument.

THE road from Dunkeld to Kenmore passes Aberfeldy, where English summer tourists stop to visit the Falls of Moness. The "Birks of Aberfeldy" have been celebrated by Burns and others, but it was almost certain if I stopped to examine them, that the next stage would be full; at Kenmore, a beautiful village at the head of Loch Tay, near Taymouth Castle, a dozen travellers were thus disappointed, some of whom had tried in vain to procure seats for several days; this admonished me to proceed with only a hasty glance at the magnificent seat of the Marquis of Breadalbane. Taymouth Castle is the most celebrated show-place in Scotland, and yet visitors are only allowed to inspect the entrance-hall and stairway. The grounds are truly magnificent; it was here that the Queen and Prince Albert were so magnificently entertained; sixty thousand party-coloured lamps were brought from London to illuminate the park, where the royal party were treated to Highland dances by the natives in their national costumes.

This morning, an old ranger of the park was found dead

in the grounds, having been attacked and killed by one of the buffaloes belonging to the Marquis, who is very fond of introducing wild animals; he possesses fine specimens of the wild Caledonian ox, and other peculiar breeds. The present Marquis is childless; his possessions already extend nearly over a space of a hundred miles—and this vast extent will be greatly increased, the next heir being the hereditary possessor of adjoining lands, also of immense size.

We had with us to-day, a managing lady and her two daughters, whose mode of travelling and habits of thought were new to me. They were picked up at Dunkeld, at a tailor's door, and soon by their garrulousness disclosed their economical plan of travelling. They had been abroad for six weeks, and had never once set foot in a hotel. Their plan was to write in advance to a place they intended to visit, and take humble lodgings at a very cheap rate, get a fair opportunity to see all that was to be seen, and proceed as before. The elderly mamma said, that in every village or neighbourhood there were such accommodations to be had by inquiry, and that by this process she *got along* with her daughters for far less than the cost usually incurred by a single traveller. On the present occasion, she had taken the outside of the coach to see every thing, and she halloed down to her daughters in the interior whenever any thing of note was in view. At the sound of "Rob Roy's grave, girls," the young ladies put their heads out and gazed in raptures; and this was repeated every half hour. The sun becoming warm, "Maria" was coaxed by her mamma to mount the top, but she shuddered at the formidable ascent of the ladder, and her mamma sighed to me—"Maria is so particular."

A more curious study than these ladies, who, however, amused me exceedingly, was a London cockney, who had never been so far from home before; he said he had read somewhere, that a traveller was never so independent as when he carried *no* luggage; he had therefore set out with

only a razor in his pocket, and wondered much to find the world so large! He delighted to tell of an excursion he had once made to Brighton, declaring that with steam it was "nothingk to travel"—that at Brighton the "orses were not alf so good as the ouses," and sundry scraps of cockneyisms that were amazingly novel. He complained, that at Kenmore, the tavern people, finding him without baggage, had placed him for the night in the garret, and begged me to spare him something from my superabundance to carry to the hotel at Callandar, lest he would be again treated as a servant. The poor fellow was a rich specimen of a large class of ignorant London tradesmen.

At Callandar we were poorly accommodated; an American clergyman from Boston, who had preached the day before at the Free Church, built by the Marquis of Breadalbane at Kenmore, and who was travelling with his son, was grossly insulted by the head-waiter, for not carving a piece of roast-beef in a square fashion; so great was the insult we could not but notice it; calling in the landlord, we demanded that the offender should not appear again in our presence; a slight apology and compliance with our demand satisfied us. This Presbyterian preacher had been travelling all over Europe, including Italy; as an American, he took part with the Free Church, had been great friends with the Marquis, and after his sermon had dined and passed the day at Taymouth Castle; on hearing this the landlord was most obsequious and accommodating. I fell in here with two "commercial travellers," who were going to see the lakes, and we agreed to proceed in the morning together.

From Callandar, the route to Loch Katrine passes over "Coilantogle Ford," the scene of the combat between Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu, and the tourist soon enters the pass called the Trosachs (*Troschen*, bristled country). On the left is Benvenue, 2800 feet in height, and on the right Benan:



“ High on the south, huge Benvenue  
 Down in the lake its masses threw—  
 Crag, knolls, and mounds confusedly hurl'd  
 The fragments of an earlier world ;  
 A wildering forest, feather'd o'er  
 His ruin'd sides and summits hoar.”

We had the *Lady of the Lake* to verify every scene of the delightful poem, every descriptive line of which is so highly characteristic ; even—

“ Foxglove and nightshade side by side,  
 Emblems of punishment and pride,”

grew in full bloom before us, while the truth of the following lines was impressively felt :

“ The wanderer's eye could barely view  
 The summer heaven's delicious hue ;  
 So wondrous wild, the whole might seem  
 The scenery of a fairy dream.”

Entering a boat at the end of Loch Katrine, we were soon joined by four stout rowers, who started off in fine style, singing with tolerable melody the well-known boat-song, and “ Hail to the Chief.”

The lake is ten miles in length, with scenery not to be compared with that of Lake George, but deeply interesting from the hallowing influence of poetry and story. The island, described as the residence of Douglas, had, till lately, a summer-house upon it, erected by Lady Willoughby D'Eresby, but it was burnt down by the carelessness of some smokers. The attempt to establish a steamboat on Loch Katrine, in 1843, frustrated by the boatmen's sinking it, to prevent interference with their trade, is about to be renewed ; but the rowers seemed to think the effort would be attended with like success. We have heard Gaelic spoken by many of the inhabitants since reaching the Highlands ; some of the boat-

men spoke it among themselves to-day. They pointed out the birthplace of Helen Macgregor, Rob Roy's wife.

At the termination of Loch Katrine, about five miles of walking, over the most desolate moor I ever saw, brings you to the steep banks of Loch Lomond. After an hour's delay, a steamboat took us on board and steamed to the upper end of the valley of Glenfalloch, passing numerous islands, and scenery, as Scott has said in Rob Roy, "surprising, beautiful, and sublime," but not to be named in the same breath with many lake scenes in America. Ben Lomond is but 3210 feet above the level of the lake; after gazing upon Mont Blanc, 15,000 feet in height, the sublimity was entirely wanting.

The boat waits here for an hour to meet a splendid line of stages from the Highlands. While viewing the scene of the city passengers from Glasgow, who make this a day's excursion, tumbling about like children among the new-mown hay, one of my commercial friends drew my attention to a sign-board, which, had it been observed by any English traveller in America, would have created a paragraph and a sneer; it ran thus—

"No allowance whatever for standing on the Paddle Boxes."

The last island is a long narrow one, named Inch Murrin, finely clothed in wood, employed by the Duke of Montrose as a deer park. You now pass the ruins of Lennox Castle, amid unclothed hills, but still amid scenery of great beauty, and land at Balloch, where you take coach for Dumbarton, at the junction of the Severn and Clyde. The old town is flanked by the rock of Dumbarton, which rises 560 feet, measuring a mile in circumference, and terminating in two sharp points, with batteries on the tops. Wallace was confined here by the infamous Sir John Monteith, who betrayed him. "Wallace's Tower" is still shown, with his two-handed sword. Up the Clyde, to Glasgow, passengers are conveyed by a powerful steamboat, superior in strength to any I have seen in Europe.

Glasgow is a wonderful city: it is the third in wealth, population, and manufacturing and commercial importance in the United Kingdom, having reached this state with strides almost as rapid, of late, as the progress of any American city; its population, in 1651, was 14,000; in 1831, 200,000; the census of 1841 gives 258,000, and now there is supposed to be very nearly 300,000. Glasgow consumes an immense quantity of American cotton. There are said to be in motion 1,000,000 spindles, and sixteen to seventeen thousand steam-looms are set in motion by Glasgow capital, producing 336,000 yards daily, valued at twelve or fourteen millions of dollars; and this is within forty years of the introduction of the manufacture. Silk, and chemical works, steam engine manufactories, and other branches of industry, besides an extensive commerce carried on from the more accessible port of Greenock, nearer the sea, have brought a large accession of capital to this city. Splendid private residences, almost equal in architecture to those of Edinburgh, terraces, crescents in the new town, attest the wealth of the inhabitants, whose charitable institutions are on a scale of liberality extremely creditable to the people. Both here and at Edinburgh, I visited the "Nightly Refuge for the houseless poor," establishments supported by private charity, where every person, not otherwise provided for, is sure of finding a good, clean bed, if they do not come too frequently, and show themselves incorrigible vagrants, in which case they are taken to less desirable quarters.

I received the most hospitable attentions here from several gentlemen deeply interested in public institutions.

Glasgow is just now especially unhappy regarding the differences in the Kirk; the new school are building extensive churches, and subscribing liberally to a college. Two churches have been just run up in close proximity to each other, for want of better sites. One of the difficulties experienced in Scotland is to get land to build them on; the owners being of the established church, generally, will not

allow the seceders to use their property for the purpose. In some places this has obliged the people to meet on the seashore, without shelter, or in tents. How bitter are the disputes of people calling themselves followers of a meek and lowly Jesus. The Marquis of Breadalbane has given fifty thousand dollars to the new cause, for churches and a college, in addition to building kirks in several parts of his large domains.

Tardy justice is done in Europe to genius of the first grade, in whatever department it may have exhibited itself, the misfortune being that the individual who earned the distinction is beyond the reach of the benefit. I am writing from a room in Glasgow, from which I see, towering in the air, the monument—and a fine one it is—to Sir Walter Scott—the second in Scotland to the memory of this great genius, who died, worn out in the cause of his creditors. I will, however, not pursue his case, for, after all—barring the shame I always feel at the recollection that he derived no compensation whatever for his works from his American publishers—the world, the whole literary world, has done nobly by Sir Walter's memory. My recollections of other striking instances of the neglect of the living, have been quickened by just now reading in a Glasgow paper, that, a few days since, Colonel and Major Burns, the sons of the poet, were complimented at Inverness, at a public dinner, by being presented with the freedom of the town, in presence of eighty of the principal inhabitants.

## LETTER LXXXI.

Glasgow—Steamer Thetis—Intercourse with Ireland—Beggars—Cemetery—Passage to Liverpool—Cattle—Liverpool—Embark in the Great Western—The parting scene—Punctuality.

I VISITED yesterday the model of Glasgow steamers, the Thetis, to ply from Greenock to Belfast; she has just returned from her experimental trip, having performed seventeen miles an hour against a head wind. When the Dublin and Belfast junction railway is completed, travellers may go from Dublin to Edinburgh, a distance of 280 miles, in thirteen and a half hours. The voyage from Greenock to Belfast was made in a little over six hours. The constant intercourse between the two coasts introduces the people to each other in a way that must materially tend to bind them together. A great portion of the provisions and marketing of all kinds, is brought to Glasgow from the more genial clime and soil of Ireland; vegetables and fruit especially.

I find more beggars in Scotland than I expected; their appeals are of the most touching kind. One boy of fourteen followed me many squares this evening for a penny, and offered to wait an hour at the door of the hotel, if I had not a copper "just handy." His tones sunk to my heart and opened my purse. In Rob Roy's country, and between lakes Katrine and Lomond, we encountered many shivering poor, who had put themselves in the route of the pleasure parties. Gipsies were among the number. In Glasgow the beggars are not

so numerous as across the Channel, but they are too much so to leave a favourable impression, especially as the community is so wealthy and prosperous.

The public charities of Glasgow are highly creditable to its inhabitants. A residence of several days amidst hospitalities that cannot easily be forgotten, must long leave an agreeable impression. The Cemetery here is decidedly the handsomest I have seen in Europe. A fine statue of John Knox graces its summit.

A most comfortless passage from Glasgow to Liverpool, in a crowded steamboat, the deck covered over with cattle and sheep,\* so that it was requisite to place a pathway of boards over their heads in order to move at all, in the midst of rain and a heavy blow, and this after a promise made, when I secured a berth, that there should be *no cattle*, has left me under the necessity of complaining of the route. The animals were taken on board at Greenock, when we were asleep. The steward took snuff from a spoon, and smelled so horribly of it as to perfume all the food and the whole cabin. This cramming the nose from a pocket spoon, I had seen before in Scotland, but never had I been in such close proximity before with Scotch snuffing, and I never will be again, with my own consent. Mrs. Clavers, is it? who says, "If Providence had intended my nose for a dust-hole, he would have turned it the other side up."

Instead of arriving at Liverpool, as promised, at five in the afternoon, it was eleven at night before we touched the wharf. Every hotel was full. By twelve I was hospitably received at a poor inn, from which I was glad next day to escape to the house of my friends, where I had engaged to pass a few days before sailing for home in the Great Western steam-

\* There was room aft for six hundred pairs of grouse, in little boxes of two and four brace, each box ticketed with some name in the west end of London. The moors had been well gone over already. These few days of shooting serve the cockneys for a whole year of talking, and no doubt every brace of birds brought an invitation to a dinner.

ship. Altogether, though I have enjoyed such a variety of novel sensations, and seen such an extent of country, the greatest pleasure is to come—that of arriving *at home*—a sensation which thousands have felt the full force of.

Liverpool, after what I have seen, offers little to interest me beyond its people, who are so deeply engaged in business as to leave them too little time for social intercourse. I visited Chester, so often described, and Eton Hall, where the grounds are not at all inferior to those of Chatsworth, and the house truly magnificent. But I have wearied of sight-seeing, and, of course, of describing. Suffice it, then, to say, that my son joined me in time to embark in the Great Western, on the 23d of August. The day—as every day but three has been since I have had the honour of being a guest in Ireland, England, or Scotland—was wet and comfortless. We found ourselves among our own countrymen, with a sprinkling of English, and were able at a glance almost to designate who were Americans, by a certain indescribable air and manner. It gave a feeling of home to find a great number of coloured waiters, and a coloured steward—the latter a saucy fellow; but his black assistants more handy and much less venial than the waiters at English and Scotch hotels, in none of which have I been as comfortable as at the best in America, while the charges are double, at least.

The parting scene was one of great interest to many on board and on shore. A thousand interested persons thronged the wharf, some parting for life with sons or daughters, brothers, or intimate friends. Many a white handkerchief received the falling tear. One group on shore was too much overcome to look, and wept silently, with averted eyes. It was very striking to find ourselves afloat, and steam up, within a few minutes of the advertised hour, though the ship had been in port but four days, during which she had coaled, and made all her preparations for the largest number of passengers she had ever carried.

Yours, &c.

Received of the Treasurer of the State of New York  
the sum of One Hundred Dollars

for the purchase of a certain quantity of  
goods to be used in the service of the State

and in witness whereof the Treasurer of the State  
has hereunto set his hand and the seal of the State

at Albany this 1st day of January 1870

John A. King  
Treasurer of the State

1870



VOYAGE HOME.



## LETTER LXXXII.

Steaming across the Atlantic—Over-crowded vessel—Motle passengers—Consuls—The Captain—Imposition—English and American—Tempest—The Great Western a fine ship—A night scene—Want of cleanliness.

AND now commenced my first passage across the Atlantic by steam. I am less than fifty years of age, but have a perfect recollection when we had no steamboats on any of our rivers; a vivid one of the discomforts consequent upon travelling in sailing packets on the Delaware and North River, as well as some experience of the poling and warping system on the western waters. To live through all the intermediate stages of the use of steam, and to find myself at last in a floating palace, (though a very dirty one,) starting punctually too for a voyage across the Atlantic, brought with it novel and highly interesting associations, not unmixed with hopes that future progress may still more forcibly unite the nations of the earth, and promote the cause of charity and peace.

At our outset it was evident to all that we were in an over-crowded ship; the Great Western is calculated for comfortably conveying about one hundred, and at the most one hundred and twenty passengers; we had on board one hundred and sixty, a number purposely decreased in the statement on arrival to one hundred and fifty-three. Every body that wished to go was admitted, and sometimes receipts were given twice for the same berths, so that confusion prevailed; the officers, and even the youthful doctor of the ship, were

turned out of their berths, and the overworked servants slept on the bare deck; the attendance was insufficient; there were not seats for all at the table, and in short, so great was the number, and the settees were so crowded with sleepers, that we had a most comfortless passage; as it turned out too, it was a most boisterous one.

The passengers were of motley descriptions; and it was not a little curious to note the various professions, professors, and callings of those who were making their hurried way from Europe, to teach something or other to us Americans,—or to reap a little harvest from our credulity,—or to see how democracy works among us,—or to shoot buffaloes. We had ministers of the Gospel, and ministers from John Tyler whose missions were over,—preachers and players,—painters and physicians,—artists and amateurs,—mechanics and musicians,—merchants and merry-andrews,—singers and sewers,—patentees and plaster-venders,—booksellers and basket-makers,—picture-dealers and portrait painters,—barbers and bakers,—Irish, Italians, Germans, Swiss, French, English, and Scotch,—young newly married people and newly married old people,—men older than their wives and wives older than their husbands, and rather remarkably so,—women who would neither walk nor talk, and women who did too much at both,—ladies and gentlemen, and people who were neither,—and not to be tedious, we had a smart sprinkling of British consuls, one of whom was by far the most consequential and least-considered person on board, if we except a very noisy parrot, whose quarters were shifted each morning as successive complaints were made of her disturbance. One of these consequential persons declined all intercourse with Americans because of their country, and was overheard saying, “I wish these Americans would not talk to me!” Was this good or bad policy in a man going to reside in a new country? It was a lesson to us savages to see how consequential some of the islanders could be. Then, to crown our catalogue, we had

a real member of Parliament coming out to take a peep at Brother Jonathan, and see his small country in six weeks!

Nine out of ten of the passengers were more or less sea-sick, but seven out of ten recovered very soon, taking "a spell at pumping" only when the weather was very rough. For a day or two, we who were perfectly well, had abundance of room and attendance at our meals, but when the invalids got over their distress and were able to take their places, the dinners especially were confused and insufficient; and yet how it would have astonished the navigators of only thirty years ago, to say nothing of hundreds of years, to see one hundred and sixty persons in a palace in the middle of the Atlantic, pushing our way through every storm and head wind, and dining off of fresh provisions and even grouse, with fresh bread, puddings and pies, and ripe plums daily. There were quite too many passengers admitted on board, but considering the number and their variety of pursuits and characters, it was surprising how well they amalgamated. The present Captain of the Great Western does not give as entire satisfaction as did Captain Hosken; indeed very serious complaints were made both respecting him and the steward; the latter is independent of the former, and does as he pleases. The whole matter is so well summed up in the annexed extract of a letter written on board by an estimable gentleman and most agreeable travelling companion, an American, who has so ably served his country abroad for more than thirty-two years—Mr. Christopher Hughes, late Chargé d'Affaires at the Hague,—that I must be allowed to insert it. This distinguished diplomatist has won golden opinions from all on board, except the officer above alluded to, by his kind-hearted, courteous, and cheerful carriage, as well as by the esprit and variety of his conversation, and his inexhaustible fund of apt and entertaining anecdote. He is writing (to announce his arrival at home) to his old chief at Ghent, and friend, Henry Clay; he says:

“ 28th August, 1845.

“ This is the fifth day from Liverpool—a slow struggling—very crowded ship, but a very solid and safe one—160 passengers, and accommodations for about 80! This and the whole administration of this enormous floating hotel are really scandalous; but *avarice* dominates in the English heart and habits to a degree unknown as yet in our young country, notwithstanding the sneers and imputations of the hunger for ‘*dollars*’ cast upon Jonathan by his sire John. Our table is fair, barring three important articles, butter, tea, and potatoes, which are *abominable*; however, we are nearing home, and hope to make the passage in sixteen or eighteen days, but the *motive* with the English, to which I have referred, induced the owners of this ship to make a change in her boilers;—contracting thus the space required for the engine and enlarging that for freight. This change has ruined the noble vessel in and for her great end—*speed*; she has lost in this respect at least one-third. \* \* \* It is quite striking how much better our American sailing packets called ‘liners’ are managed, conducted, and administered, in *all* points and respects. But in none is it more remarkable than in the manners, carriage, and conduct of the officers, and especially of the commanders. This is the second time that I have made a passage in an English vessel! I would willingly pay 33 per cent. *more* to go in an American ship; our people are more mild, courteous, considerate, and kind! gentle in manners, manly, vigilant, and cautious in the *management* of their ships! on this point I am not competent to decide which (English or American) is best. But let us admit *equality*, yet *I will* say, that in every point, touching the comfort, ease, and satisfaction of the passengers, we beat John Bull vastly, as regards our captains! The English constantly provoke the recollection, that they are mere *wages* agents—*servants* of their *owners*! In an American ship the

captain's whole carriage and manners give you the idea that he is *owner* himself; and not a mere *hired* navigator, at so much a month; I may liken the case to a *drive* with a friend, an amateur in horses, who holds the reins and '*tools the tits*' and handles the '*ribbons*' himself—or to a drive with a common *hired coachman* on the box. The honest-hearted and independent Yankee makes no difference in his attentions and deportment to his passengers. He considers them as his *guests*, and even as something more, for they are more dependent on him, and their *lives* are confided to his skill and care, as well as their *comfort*. He is equally courteous, careful, and anxious about *all* his passengers. The Bull deals out his cold *civilities* with a view to what he considers the relative *rank* of individuals! To some, he is careless, rude, and even insolent. All this is the fruit of *institutions*. The Yankee never thinks of *rank*—*all* of proper conduct are equal in *his* eyes! He feels himself to be the *equal* of all—superior to none. This is his birthright—he neither claims nor yields superiority. In a word, we surpass immeasurably our English cousins in courtesy and justice, and I believe that every American on board this ship (even to the coloured servants), and we form three-fourths of the passengers,—think as I do; nothing but *necessity* induces Americans to use these English steamers. And we generally feel humiliated at the fact, that this *monopoly* has been allowed to fall into English hands. The fact has lowered us in the opinions of foreign nations, as a nautical and enterprising people. *We ought to build steamers.*"

An extremely severe tempest struck us when about two-thirds across the Atlantic, which lasted during an entire night. Most of the passengers who were not tossed out of their berths or from their sofas, remained in their state-rooms, and were quietly awaiting the result of the heaviest blow this fine ship has yet experienced; during the worst period, I left my room to examine the state of affairs; every officer of the

vessel was on duty the whole night; descending to the engine room, I was perfectly astonished to see the accuracy with which the machinery operated under such unfavourable circumstances. At one moment the starboard wheel was nearly submerged; at the next the larboard, and yet the engine worked with the regularity of a clock. There was no confusion among the crew; every man stood at his post without uttering unnecessary words; one had a hammer in his hand to adjust any bolt that might get out of position; and these hardy, picked men, were an example of disciplined attention which might be imitated to advantage. A French crew under similar circumstances would have exhibited a vociferous confusion that would have increased our danger.

This scene, in the depths of the enormous ship, amid the powerful, the gigantic machinery, was one which I never can forget; had a valve or a crank given out, the vessel would have been at the mercy of winds and waves; most probably none of us would have reached land; the boats provided in case of shipwreck, were of such construction as made it out of the question that they could survive in such a sea; and, moreover, they were not of sufficient capacity to hold more than half the number of passengers and crew, there being about two hundred and forty in all.

After this severe storm had been left behind, one of the officers assured me that he had tried the pumps, and concluded it was necessary to let in some water to swell the planks; the ship had not imbibed sufficient for the purpose!

If the Company who own this fine vessel would pay more attention to its cleanliness, and strictly prevent its being overcrowded, there cannot be a more agreeable or safer mode of conveyance. But she is infested with abominable vermin. One of my friends was awoke in the middle of the night, by a rat running over his face. Vociferation brought one of the night-watch, when, on turning up his pillow, a large rat-hole was discovered. Others were *pitted* as by small-pox by smaller troublesome unmentionables. This is too bad, and



would scarcely be tolerated in an American steam-ship. Head winds prevailed during the passage, so that there was but one day during which it was possible to carry all our sails. This, with the want of power in the boilers to generate sufficient steam, kept us on board seventeen days, and left the ship but four or five in port to prepare for a return; consequently there could have been little improvement in the cleanliness for the passengers going back.

A card, of which the following is a copy, was signed by the American foreign ministers on board, and a few others who felt aggrieved at the conduct of the owners; I republish it now, in order to do a service to the public, by placing passengers on their guard; they have no guarantee against similar impositions for the future. In the fall of the year the majority of tourists return, and thus crowd each other; it was manifest that the owners thought, the more the merrier, for they took no measures to prevent any one from coming that chose to risk the want of a berth.

#### THE CARD.

The undersigned, passengers in the Great Western, upon her voyage from Liverpool to New York, cannot separate without expressing publicly their dissatisfaction with the owners of the Great Western, and particularly the agents, for the unwarrantable manner in which they allowed the boat to be over-crowded with passengers. It was not enough that every berth in the vessel should be let (in some cases let twice over), and that the officers of the ship should be turned out of their proper berths, but even the saloons were crowded with dormitories,—the air vitiated,—passengers incommoded,—meals crowded, cold, and unsatisfactory, and the service insufficient. But, for the undersigned, whatever may have been the discomforts of the voyage, they are now over, and to the public, as the party most interested, they

appeal, to apply a corrective to the growing practice of ocean steamers taking more passengers than they can rightly accommodate upon a smooth passage, or save, if an accident should make it necessary to take to the boats, which, upon the present voyage, they think would have been found inadequate to the safety of so many.

In-closing, to the owners and agents we will say, and we use the language deliberately, that to those of us who had taken their passages regularly, and paid for them in advance, their conduct was practically (however intended) a gross injustice.

On board the Great Western, entering New York,  
9th September, 1845.

The captain became nettled when he heard of our card, and got a number of his countrymen to procure signatures to another, which was also published, in which not a word is said of the over crowd, further than to remark, that the stewards acted with promptness and alacrity, notwithstanding "the almost unprecedented number of passengers." Not a word was said in favour of the captain, as it was found on experiment that no one, or but a select few, would sign any thing of the kind; nor does the second card attempt to insinuate that we were not grossly imposed upon by the over crowd.

To me, this matter is now little more than a reminiscence, and yet I should deem myself derelict of duty did I not enforce what has been well said by Mr. Hughes in his letter to Henry Clay, adding my own testimony to the great superiority of American packet arrangements—civility, elegance, and comfort—over the foreign.

I should have mentioned that there were on board half a dozen English gentlemen, including the member of Parliament, whose sole object in visiting America was to learn something of our institutions, and to view our great country. I have since met them all in Philadelphia, and have been

gratified to find the scales of prejudice, cherished so carefully at home by many of their countrymen, have fallen from their eyes; they have been highly gratified with their several tours, via Niagara to the great West, and they have returned wiser and less prejudiced men. It is by such interchange of visitors that we are to become known, and that we are to know Europe; asperities of feeling will be removed, and the inhabitants of both the old and the new world generally discover that both have something to learn; fifty Americans visit Europe for the pleasure of travel, to one Englishman who does the same in the United States; I cannot but wish, for the promotion of kindness and brotherly feeling, that the number from both countries may increase. I have shown in my hasty notes, how easily a tour may be accomplished; forty-eight hours were all I had for preparation for the entire journey; five months and ten days was all the time of absence. I must leave my readers to say whether this period, which comprised but one hundred and eighteen days in Europe, was well or ill employed.

Yours, &c.

## LETTER LXXIII.

Conclusion—Cost of such a tour ; its advantages—Now a good time to travel—Facilities—Proper books—False economy—A little well, or a great deal hastily—Pleasures of travelling—Advice—First greeting in America—New York—*Home*.

PERHAPS it will be acceptable to some of my readers to know the cost of such a tour as I have imperfectly sketched. The summer may thus be employed, say even six or seven months of pretty constant travel, for the sum of ten or twelve hundred dollars for each person ; and this shall include the cost of passages, and living in the best manner on shore, travelling in the most comfortable conveyances, and lodging at the best hotels. Of course the amount of expense will depend on the taste and habits of the individual, and will be increased or lessened by the extent of his purchases of clothes, pictures, or articles of any kind. One of my companions out and home, informs me that he visited Rome, Naples, and Venice, Switzerland, &c., and descended the Rhine, for less than one thousand dollars, all told. Surely there are great numbers in the United States who would gladly embrace the summer season for such a jaunt, did they know how readily and how economically it can be accomplished. My own experience convinces me, that by so doing, they may accumulate a store of wholesome reminiscences, a treasure of lively thoughts of men and things, a positive amount of enjoyment in the recollection, to be purchased in no other

way so easily and so cheaply. Every one who has thus travelled, will enjoy books as well as society much more for the exertion he has made. In our own case, both my son and myself have derived benefit to health; this alone we consider compensation.

There has never been a period of the world's history when foreign travel could be accomplished with so few difficulties, for Europe is at peace with itself; there never were so many facilities as *now*: these facilities are increasing every month; railroads have penetrated most of the countries of Europe, almost annihilating the distances between the principal cities; Germany is full of them; you may go from London to Hamburgh, Dresden, Vienna, Berlin, &c., &c., not to mention Paris and Brussels, by steam; you may see twice as much for the same time and money as was the case even five or six years ago, and next season even more than now. Ways of communication are opening constantly; the annoyances respecting passports and *visées* in Germany are decreasing, and nowhere is this so unpalatable as formerly; the servant of a hotel for a shilling or two attends to the whole affair. Examinations of baggage are generally conducted with civility; travellers' money has become an important item of the income of every country, and facilities are given heretofore unknown; Italy is the only exception: to visit that country, an American should leave home at the latest early in April, and go directly by the way of the Rhine or Paris to it, before the heat becomes too oppressive; he should get from the department at Washington, or an American minister at London or Paris, a passport for every country he may hope to visit—and he should lose no opportunity of making himself acquainted by inquiry, or from books, with the most modern method of getting about. The changes are now so rapid, that between the period of the publication of even the best guide-books, improvements or facilities have been increased of which he should be aware. Much is to be learned by conversation with those who have been before

him. Memoranda from these should be sought and studied ; a guide-book should be read in advance of an arrival at any given point, and then reperused on the spot.

Some Americans whom I met on the continent were travelling without Murray's hand-books, because they were so numerous and occupied a little too much space ; they employed a condensed work, which embraces the whole of the routes in one volume. I am justified in saying this is an error of the worst kind, and a very false economy. They had not seen many of the most interesting sights, nor had they the best advice regarding hotels, and such like important additions to comfort and equanimity of temper.

The question with many when they set out will be whether to see a little *well*, or a great deal *hastily* ; I preferred the latter, as it would enable me to read with more pleasure for the remainder of life : a hasty glance of the eye at many things is sufficient to fix them indelibly on the mind ; government, systems of education, politics, theories, can be studied on your return ; the most hasty tour will aid and assist the inquirer. Antiquities were to me the most surprising and interesting studies, because they were the *newest* to an American eye. Great enjoyment is derived from *contrast* ; the first is the contrast of Europe with America, the next is in contrasting the different countries, buildings, customs, habits, and surfaces of its respective nations with each other ; *change*—sometimes from one language to another in a day or an hour ; the gentle undulations of character and language, or *habits* on the borders of countries ; pictures and fine buildings ; *characters*—as developed in individuals with whom contact induces some sympathy ; a thousand novelties and scenes, are at hand constantly to interest, amuse, or instruct. It rubs off the *mould* from the minds of people chained to one regular oar—to one set of companions or ideas, to travel even rapidly as they must do if they are limited for time ; a man must be an ignorant and unobserving one, if he does not bring home to America, a greater love of his own country, and a greater

opposition to kingly or priestly control; thus there is no impropriety in recommending all who can spare the time, to make the attempt. Having explained to several of my friends the facilities and inducements, a few of them will avail themselves of the hint for a "Summer's Jaunt across the Water" next year; possibly some readers of my notes may also be induced to think of the voyage; they should go out in a sailing ship, and return in a steamer; take with them money, a few letters, and a stock of patience and perseverance: if they visit only a few of the prominent objects in England alone, they will be fully repaid for their outlay.

We sat ourselves down on the deck of the Great Western, as she touched the New York wharf, to hear the first words of greeting of relatives and friends who crowded the deck. The *very first* uttered were from a Yorker to his father—"How do you do—I *calculated* you would be in yesterday." We felt at home at once!

On walking about Broadway, it was striking enough to see the burnt district still smoking in one part, and the remainder already well built up! evidences, if any were wanting, of a strong contrast between our countrymen and many people we have been to see.

Persons returning home from Europe must be prepared to be asked by their acquaintances how they are, as if they saw them but yesterday; a fact ably painted in the life of Cicero, who, from the zeal he had shown in executing his official duties, the high reputation he had acquired throughout Sicily during his government of that island, and the great benefit his exertions had conferred upon the people of Rome, by supplying their necessities in a time of general apprehension of want, might well flatter himself that his absence from home had at least been heard of. How was he disappointed on meeting some fashionables of that day, on his arrival at Puteoli, to be asked how long since he had left Rome, and what was the latest news in the metropolis? He indignantly replied, that so far from having visited Rome, he was but just

returned from his province. "True; from Africa, I believe," said one: another observed, "How is it possible that you can be ignorant that our friend was prætor of Syracuse!" After enjoying yourself in Europe, dear reader, be prepared to meet with a similar rebuff; learn, as others have before, how little you were missed, and with all humility, repeat Napoleon's maxim, that "no man is indispensable."

I have thus admitted my readers to a confidential intercourse from the moment of departure till my return; I must now draw the curtain over pleasures and satisfactions, in rejoining family and friends, which far exceeded anticipated reality abroad.

Yours, &c.



## APPENDIX.

The following graphic account of an ascent of the Rhigi, which feat I was unable to accomplish, has been kindly furnished by a friend and fellow-traveller, my state-room companion on board the Saranak, whom I had the pleasure of again meeting both in London and Paris.

Communicated by a fellow-traveller.

### THE ASCENT OF THE RHIGI.

Philadelphia Oct. 13, 1845.

My dear Sir:—

You ask me to fill a blank in your European tour by writing *my* recollections of the Rhigi and one or two other points of interest from which accident diverted your attention. I do so with a distrustful sort of pleasure, very well assured that your readers, accustomed to a fresh record of daily observation, will be apt to turn from the faint memories of what I saw, though not more than three months ago. It is, I believe, Gray, in one of the brilliant letters written on his continental tour (one hundred and five years ago) who says: "Half a word on or near the spot is worth a cart-load of recollections!" Perhaps the poet is right, and yet perhaps (so I flatter myself) his condemnation of fresh recollections is a little unjust. Be this as it may, I will, in accordance with your request,

make the hazardous experiment of writing my mere recollections of a bright day of Swiss travelling,—and this, too, without even the aid of the clumsy diary that I kept, and which at the moment when I am writing is accidentally out of my reach. It is but fair to myself to make this prefatory apology, lest, perhaps, a matter-of-fact reader may detect some flagrant inaccuracy of detail, and convict me of a miscount in the altitude of some Alpine peak, or the depth of some Swiss lake. I do not, to this hour, know how high the Rhigi is; all I know is, that I was on the top of it, and thence under the best circumstances, bright sunset and brighter sunrise, witnessed what I am very sure neither written prose nor poetry can do justice to.

We reached Lucerne on the evening of the 29th of June, after a long day's ride from Basle, finding ourselves about sunset driving close to the banks of the Reuss, which forming the outlet of the lake, rushes by like a torrent. If the waters of the Rhone at Geneva be "arrowy," those of the Reuss just at this point fly still faster than the arrow. They are of a deep green colour, and no American traveller sees them without remembering the tint of the Niagara below the cataract when viewed from the cliffs round "the Devil's Hole." I recollect all this the more distinctly as it was impressed on my mind when startled from a long sleep, the fruit of fatigue and an easy coach, as we drove into the quaint old town of Lucerne.

The next morning looked gloomily on us. Our accommodations over night had been bad, and heavy mists, occasionally ripening into rain, hung over the Rhigi, whither our hopes were directed, as well as on Mount Pilatus, the great opposition peak of the neighbourhood on the other side of the lake. The forenoon, however, gradually brightened, and by ten o'clock our chances of fair weather and a tolerable prospect had increased. Soon after, being anxious to be ahead of the crowd of passengers which at noon takes the steamboat, we hired a small row-boat, and with luggage sufficient for one

night's absence, set out on our Rhigi adventure. Now, to those who have made Oberland journeys, who have crossed the Gemmi, or committed any of these wanton extravagances that some people indulge in, the ascent of the Rhigi may seem a very small affair indeed. But to a traveller accustomed to Chestnut Hill and the Ridge Road, and who never saw any thing higher than the Catskill or the Cove Mountain, over which a stage-coach comfortably travels, this muleback pilgrimage to the *Rhigi culm*, with its mysterious accompaniments of guides and iron-pointed staffs (Alpenstocks), was a great event. Our sail along the shore of the lake was very placid, our course being close to the land, which as we advanced grew gradually bolder, but still not bold enough to meet the expectation which guide-book descriptions had raised. We were still unanimous in our loyalty to Lake George and the Highlands. We reached Weggis in about an hour and a half. It is a little town on the edge of the lake, consisting of a church, a few straggling houses, and a bad inn, against whose seductions in the shape of a promised dinner I warn the inexperienced traveller.

This penalty paid, we were ready to set out, and horses at the door, we were soon on the mountain road. Our party consisted of two American young ladies, full of spirit and gay adventure, three American gentlemen, and two Irish travellers. Our mounted appearance was grotesque enough; but there was no one to laugh at us, and if there had been, it would have made little difference. Three of our companions preferred walking, and trudged manfully along in the burning sun for the three hours of our painful ascent. At first the path winds through a dense wood, from which, however it soon emerged, and we began literally to scale the side of the mountain. So for more than an hour, perhaps for two, did it continue, and though without absolute danger, still with sufficient apparent risk at intervals to make one who is nervous draw back from the edge of precipices down which it was enough to know horse and rider *might* fall to destruction.

Nor was I aware of the height to which we were rising till my eye rested on the gulf-like appearance of the surrounding mountains, and the lake below shrunk to the narrowest limits at their base. The steamboat crossing to Fluelen looked like a speck. At length, changing our course and crossing a comparatively level place, over which Swiss boys were driving their straggling cows and singing wild melodies, we came to the Kaltesbad, or lower hotel. Pausing here for a few moments to let our foot companions "blow," we were very soon made sensible of its elevation by the change of temperature. It began to be quite cold, and occasionally wreaths of mist enveloped us and gave us a chilling welcome to their home of cloud. From this point or a little above, the view back towards the lake, now sunk almost out of sight, is very striking. But beautiful as it is, it was in a few moments forgotten in the enthusiasm, almost amounting to a sickening feeling of pleasurable amazement, produced by the great panorama which, on crossing the edge of the mountain, burst on us to the north. And remembering it as I now do with all the freshness of a sight of yesterday, I feel most painfully the inadequacy of written or spoken words to do justice in its most meagre form to what I saw or felt. It was difficult—nay, it was impossible (scoff not, unimaginitive reader) to restrain a cry of admiration and astonishment. Before us lay what one of my companions used to describe as "forty thousand miles" of cultivated lands, with the lakes of Zurich, Zug, Lucerne, and Sempach at our feet. The northern limit of the view was the Black Forest and the ridges of the Vosges hiding the course of the Rhine, whilst the Reuss like a bright riband of light lay at our feet. Pilatus was close on the left, his craggy peak cleared of all cloud and mist, looking down on the spot where we stood. Towns, too, Lucerne, Kusnacht, and Gersau, were in view; but in such a magnificent panorama of gigantic nature, towns and houses seemed to be creeping into crevices of the hills and trying to get out of sight. Never, if I were to live for centuries, so it seems to me now,

will I or any one of those who saw and felt as I did, forget the prospect of the moment as we crossed to the edge of the northern side of the Rhigi, and to which in these few sentences I have done so poor justice. Many years ago, more than I care to confess, when quite a boy, I saw the plain of Mexico from the summit of its surrounding hills, and from the point, or nearly so, whence Cortez first saw it. And bright and beautiful as it was, with its rich and romantic associations, it made far less impression on my boy fancy than this first glimpse of the Rhigi panorama did upon an imagination a little (I trust not much) chilled and hardened by the lapse of time.

We did not pause long, and hoping for something still more magnificent, hurried on, and in about three hours from leaving Weggis, after passing several very ugly corners, down which one could fall at least four thousand feet without a chance of rescue, reached the solitary tavern on the summit of the mountain. Securing ourselves good rooms, one of them facing to that quarter where the Alps should be seen, we wandered to the point whence the great Rhigi prospect is best commanded. Near the edge is built a wooden lookout, some twenty feet high; but though as a matter of course I scrambled up and down again, it seemed then, and seems now, as absurd, as it would have been to stand on the top of a chair or table to enlarge the circle of the vision on such a summit. From this point is the great panoramic view for which the Rhigi is so celebrated. I have said so much of the impression made upon me by the first glimpse of a portion of this scene, that nothing is left for admiration at the more complete view here commanded. All that we first saw is here comprised, and farther to the right and towards the rear, as you stand looking to the north, is the ghastly site, the wreck looking as fresh as if it were the work of yesterday, of the Rossberg, where, in 1806, the side of a mountain sank down on the plain below, overwhelming the village of Goldau, and carrying wholesale ruin and desolation in its track. Nearly five hun-

dred persons perished in this terrible catastrophe. Further to the right are the peaks of the Mitres and the village of Schwyts, and still farther are the mountain gorges, amongst which, in 1799, Massena and Suwarrow manœuvred armies, where, (so say the guide-books,) only chamois and their hunters ventured before. This is not the place for a notice of these wonderful military operations, the most wonderful, in view of surrounding difficulties, of those days of great military prowess. The recent associations almost banished from my thoughts the recollection of Tell and his antique fame, and yet directly under our feet was Kunsnacht, the spot where the patriot shot the Austrian despot.

As sunset drew near the crowd of visitors began to assemble. And let me say, a crowd of curiosity-hunters, or any crowd at such a time, is a great annoyance. One neither wants to talk nor to be talked to. The feeling I had, and it seemed to grow every moment I watched, was that I was neither on the earth nor of it, but hung above in a balloon or on the promontory of some near planet, looking upon a different land. The atmosphere grew brighter as the sun went down, and just at this moment, my attention was called by one of my fair American friends, to the dark shadow of the mountain, on which we stood, rising on the eastern hills, as if the spectre of the Rhigi was coming from some cavern of the hills, to snatch from us the bright prospect on which we gazed. Very soon after, night set in, the sunset view having been complete, with the exception of the dense clouds that rested on the southern range of the Alps, and wholly hid them from us. A stroll, not solitary, in the cold star-light, to the edge of the precipice, completed our evening. We were all glad, a comfortable dinner being despatched, to cluster round the big stoves, and soon to take refuge on a welcome bed.

One of our American companions had been on the Rhigi before, and felt great solicitude that we, who were new to it, should see every thing to the best advantage. The sunset

had been eminently successful, but who could say what would be to-morrow! A good sunrise as well as a good sunset was more than we had a right to expect. There are some guide-book verses that every traveller knows by rote, which are believed to embody the experience of nine-tenths of visitors here. They run thus,

Seven weary up-hill leagues we sped,  
 The setting sun to see;  
 Sullen and grim he went to bed,  
 Sullen and grim went we.  
 Nine sleepless hours of night we passed,  
 The rising sun to see;  
 Sullen and grim he rose again,  
 Sullen and grim rose we.

How any one but a poet could find "nine" hours of night to pass, and how any one who had walked or ridden up the Rhigi, could find them "sleepless," I am at a loss to conceive. We had but about four hours, and were sound asleep when the cheering voice of our experienced friend was heard calling out in tones of exultation, as if the Alps were his children of whom he was proud, who had been sulky yesterday, but were now bright and cheerful, "Oh —, look at the glaciers now!"—and to be sure, glaciers being a sort of mysterious novelty to the rest of us, we were soon out of bed and dressed, and from the entry window gazed on the long line of the Alps to the southward, without a cloud or even a shadow of mist to obscure them.

In a few minutes the sound of the huge wooden horn, so familiar to Rhigi visitors, was heard, and in every little chamber of the hotel, travellers were bustling about anxious lest the sun should be up before them. Our party was on the ridge first, and soon the company of pilgrims began to assemble. It was very cold, and each one, wrapped in coat and cloak, as he or she struggled up the hill, looked more cheerless than his predecessor. A less picturesque group can hardly be

imagined. What the garb of some travellers sometimes is, may be inferred from the notice posted on the chamber doors at the hotel: "On avertit MM. les étrangers que ceux qui prennent les couvertures de lit pour sortir au sommet, paieront dix batz."—(Strangers are informed that those who use the counterpanes of the beds to visit the summit, will be charged ten batz, about 30 cents.) This penalty seemed to have its due influence, for I saw no coverlets in use this morning.

The view differed only from that of the night before in this, that heavy banks of fog rested over and entirely hid the lakes and portions of the level country to the north, that the angle of light was very different, and the whole range of the Bernese and Unterwalden Alps were in distinct view, presenting one unbroken ridge of peaks and glaciers, over a portion of which in one direction runs the Great St. Gothard pass. The sun soon rose in all its clear majesty, and in the west the conical shadow of the Rhigi was again discernible, sinking vanquished before the power of morning light. My impression is, however, that on the whole the evening view in its general effect excelled that of the morning. And here, having done it very poor justice indeed, I must close this record of my Swiss experience.

Breakfast over at a few minutes after six, we began the descent of the mountain on foot, and in about two hours were at Weggis, whence we took the lake steamboat, and before noon had reached our quarters at Lucerne. We were so little fatigued that in the afternoon we were ready again to embark, and visited every part of this magnificent sheet of water, going as far as Fluellen and Altorf, stopping at the latter just long enough to see the spot where tradition says that Tell shot the apple from his son's head, and where a commemorative column and fountain are erected. But I spare you this. From the morning's dawn at the mountain-top, to the evening reflection of the Alpine peaks in the still waters of the lake, my day has been filled to overflowing



with objects of beauty and feelings of deep and singular intensity, the very allusion to which, I am aware, may be the object of deserved ridicule. Still, you asked me for my genuine recollections, and here you have them.

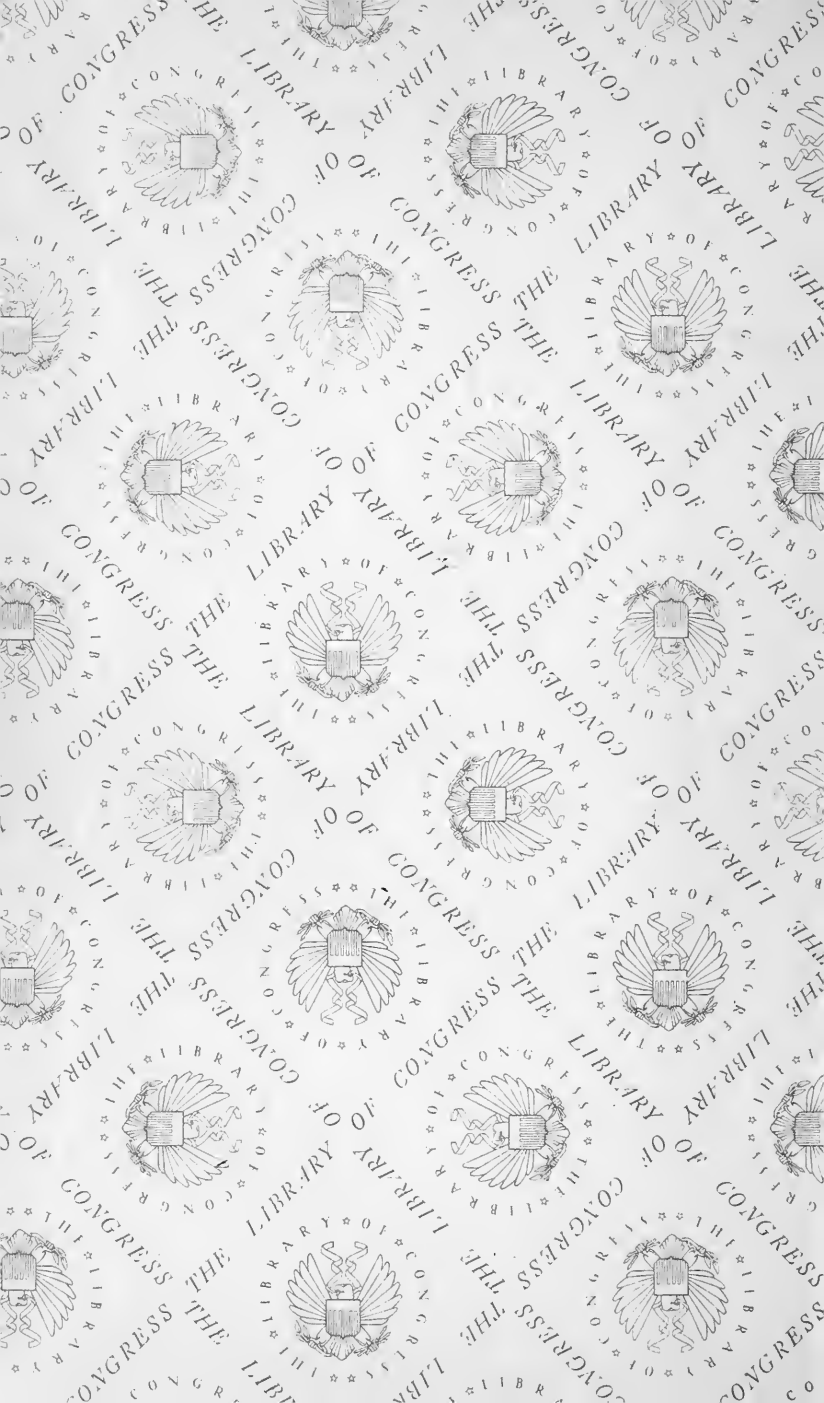
THE END.

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