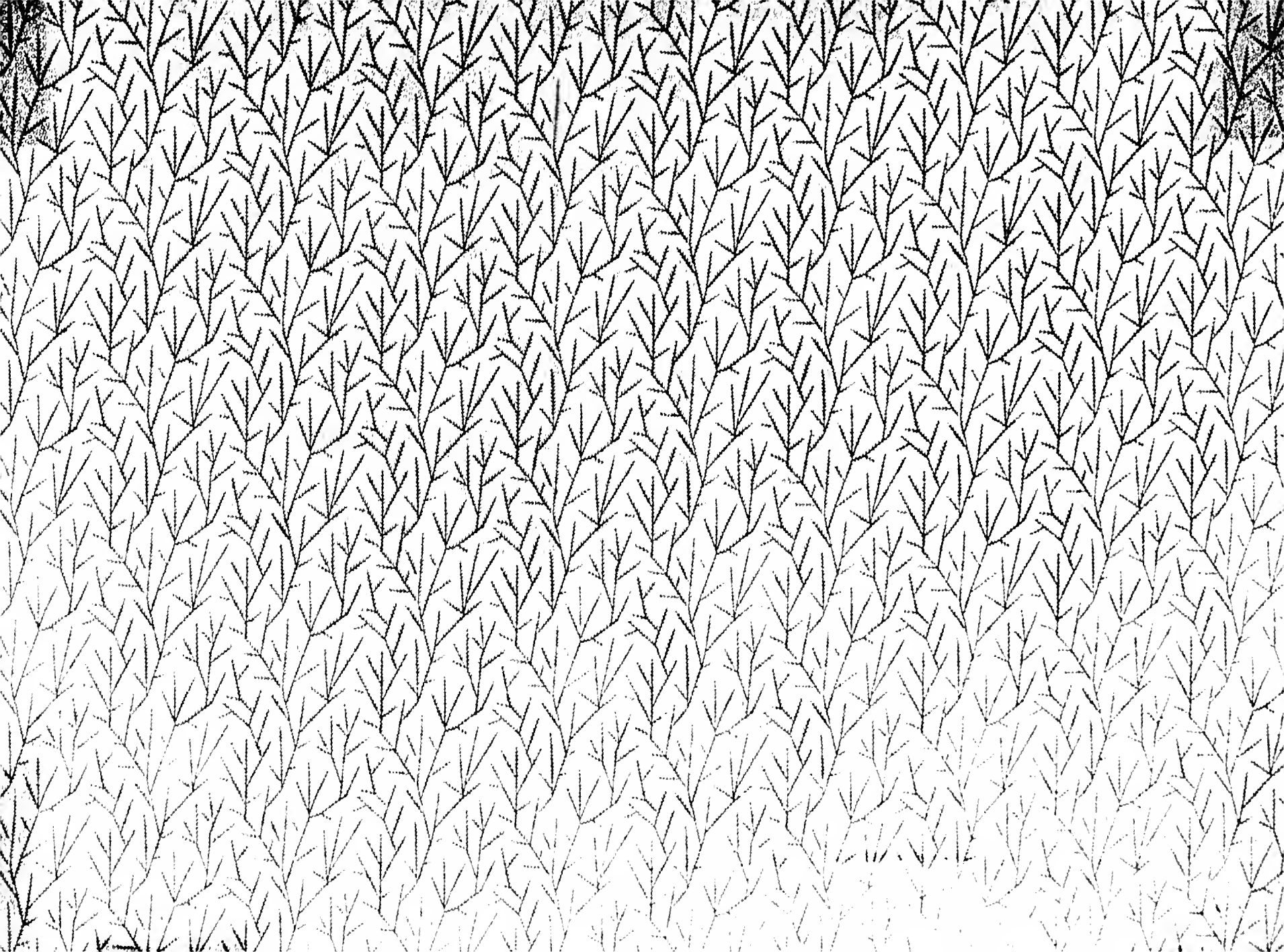

PAYNE'S UNIVERSUM,

OR

PICTORIAL WORLD:

BEING A COLLECTION OF

Engravings of Views in all Countries,

PORTRAITS OF GREAT MEN, AND SPECIMENS OF WORKS OF ART, OF ALL AGES AND OF EVERY CHARACTER.

EDITED BY CHARLES EDWARDS.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
BRAIN AND PAYNE, 12, PATERNOSTER ROW.

JOSEPH RICKERBY, PRINTER,
SHERBOURN LANE, KING WILLIAM STREET,
CITY.

PREFACE.

The first volume of the Universum, or Pictorial World, is now completed, and the Publishers beg to return their grateful thanks to the Public, for their kind and generous patronage. Strengthened by their favour, they will avail themselves of every opportunity to render each succeeding volume more worthy of approbation; and guided by a more enlarged experience, they flatter themselves that they shall be enabled to effect the great object they have in view, viz., to disseminate amongst the people a collection of truly beautiful Engravings, at a price which will bring the work within the reach of all classes. The novel idea of the Premiums,—the first of which, the Attack of the Lion, if sold separately, would exceed in price a whole year's subscription to the Universum, —will be continued; the greatest care will be used in the selection of interesting subjects, and they will be finished in the first style of Art. Thus a series of large Engravings, an ornament to any drawing-room, are actually given gratis to the Subscribers.

The Publishers beg to offer their respectful thanks for the liberality with which the Masterpieces of several splendid Galleries have been made available for the work. Artists and travellers in different countries have already forwarded materials, pictorial and literary, for the illustration of scenes in various parts of the world, which will form an interesting feature in the second volume. In conclusion, the Publishers are resolved to spare no expense or exertion, to

render the work still more worthy of the distinguished patronage with which it has been honoured.

It is with considerable diffidence that the Editor alludes to his own performance. The variety of the subjects illustrated renders it difficult, perhaps impossible, to execute all with equal success: but he trusts he will not have been found wanting in exertion, and that the text of the Universum contains a variety of interesting and valuable information, for which the reader would look in vain in more expensive works. The kind manner in which his labours have been noticed, will but stimulate him to co-operate the more zealously with the Publishers, in their endeavours to render the Universum a work of rational amusement and instruction.

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THE PICTORIAL WORLD.

THE WHALERS ATTACKED BY BEARS.

When we see the gallant vessel leaving port with a favourable wind, her white sails gracefully swelling, we are struck with her beauty, and naturally look with pride upon the majestic object which so nobly proclaims the intelligence of man. When we see the steam-boat forcing its way without sails against wind and tide, rendering one element subservient to man's victory over another, we feel still more proudly the wide sphere of action and command allowed to the human race. The elements seem subject to his power, and he indulges in a hope that the air, the only one that till now yields him but scanty aid in his victorious exertions over the face of inanimate nature, will likewise in time be explored by the insatiable curiosity and advancing science of man. It is right and just that we should rejoice in the noble part that has been allotted to *us*, the key-stone and pearl of the creation in this lower world, provided we rejoice in a proper spirit, as knowing that all these great gifts are but as so many talents lent unto us by God to forward his own objects. With the progress of science He has permitted to man a greater command over the elements, a more complete victory over the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, and the fishes of the sea. The leviathans of the ocean flee before him, and seek in other depths, unexplored by their inexorable foe, a place of refuge to rear their young, and rule undisturbed over their fellow-inhabitants of the ocean. Yet, although the victory is signal, the Almighty, as if to restrain the pride of man, proclaims aloud that it is but limited; our own coast, with its race of brave and sturdy pilots, witnesses yearly the loss of hundreds, the victims of the raging sea, which, occasionally rising in awful majesty, proclaims that God is great, and man, with all his boasted power, but little.

The improvements in navigation, and the use of fire-arms have rendered the conquest over the animal creation more complete, although in the jungles of Asia many a poor Hindoo falls a victim to the crafty and relentless tiger. Among the animals who, in the vicinity of the shore, in the inhospitable icy regions of the north, boldly

entered into a contest with man, are the white or polar bears, now an easy victim to the unerring marksman, but terrible antagonists to the unarmed fisherman; for in their imminent danger we can scarcely dignify with the name of weapon the knife which the poor youth so courageously uses in the plate before us. It is engraved from a picture kindly lent the publishers from his valuable gallery by Mr. Schletter, the Bavarian consul at Leipsic. The artist, the well-known French painter, M. Biard, accompanied the first scientific expedition sent out by the King of the French to Scandinavia and Iceland, and is therefore personally acquainted with the magnificent scenery of the North, which he has here pourtrayed with his usual talent. The vast icebergs, reflecting the tints of heaven in all the magic variety of colour, would be the theme of admiration to the calm spectator. But they only add to the terror of the poor fellows before us, for they have brought with them the powerful bears, who, little reeking the power of man, approach in shoals against the three miserable beings, who wage unequal war with them. What avail their struggles, but to protract their fate! On they come, their insatiable enemies, snuffing the air and thirsting for human blood. With their weak knives they strive to protect themselves: vain are all their efforts: one shaggy bear, indeed, falls lifeless—another is wounded—but still, while the life-blood is gushing, fiercely continues the attack, and others, who cannot reach their foes, wreak their indomitable rage upon the frail boat, and seize it with their teeth. A shoal of hungry associates, scenting blood and strife from afar, swim from their icy resting-place to swell the number of the assailants. But before they come the struggle will be over. A consciousness of their horrid fate already palsies their courage: the youth continues to strike, but the elder mariner shrinks from his foe in fearful agony. In a few moments the boat will float unguided by the hand of man, and, if not dashed to pieces against the mighty masses of ice, may serve to warn their companions in the distance of their miserable fate.

The animal that has here gained the victory over man is the white or polar bear, in the language of zoologists, *ursus maritimus*. It often grows to a vast size: the skins of some of them are thirteen feet long. It feeds on flesh, the icy regions which it inhabits producing no plants. It has been met with in the highest latitudes reached by navigators above 80°, nor does it seem ever to have been seen further south than Newfoundland. Its bounds in respect to longitude are very limited, it being unknown except on the shores of Hudson's Bay, Greenland, and Spitzbergen, on one side, and those of Nova Zembla on the other; for such as have appeared on other parts have been brought there involuntarily on floating islands of ice; so that the intermediate countries of Norway and Iceland are acquainted with them only by accident. During the summer the white bears are either resident on islands of ice, or passing from one to another. They swim admirably, and continue that

exercise six or seven leagues, and dive with great agility. They are often found in shoals; in a single voyage Scoresby's crew killed twenty, and took four alive. Owing to the want of opportunities of observing an animal residing in regions so little frequented by man, many of their more interesting habits have been but partially ascertained. The female brings forth two young at a time: many moving incidents of their parental affection are on record. The English frigate Carcase was frozen in by the ice, on a voyage of discovery. The men had laid pieces of whale's flesh on the fire to extract the oil, when suddenly a she-bear, with two cubs nearly as large as herself, came running across the ice. They took the flesh from the fire and greedily devoured it. The crew threw down large pieces of flesh from the ship, which the mother carried immediately to her young, retaining but little for herself. As she was carrying away the last piece some of the crew fired, and killed the two cubs, at the same time wounding the old one, but not mortally. The scene that ensued was so touching that even the rough sailors were moved. The wounded mother, hardly able to crawl, tore the flesh in pieces, and laid it before her young, as before; when she saw that they would not eat, she laid her paws first on one and then on the other, and tried to raise them, moaning all the while. When she found all her endeavours vain, she crawled away, but returned and licked their wounds. She did so a third time; but finding at last that they were dead, she raised her head towards the ship, and gave a fearful howl. The sailors fired again—nine balls took effect; she fell between her young, and died licking their wounds.

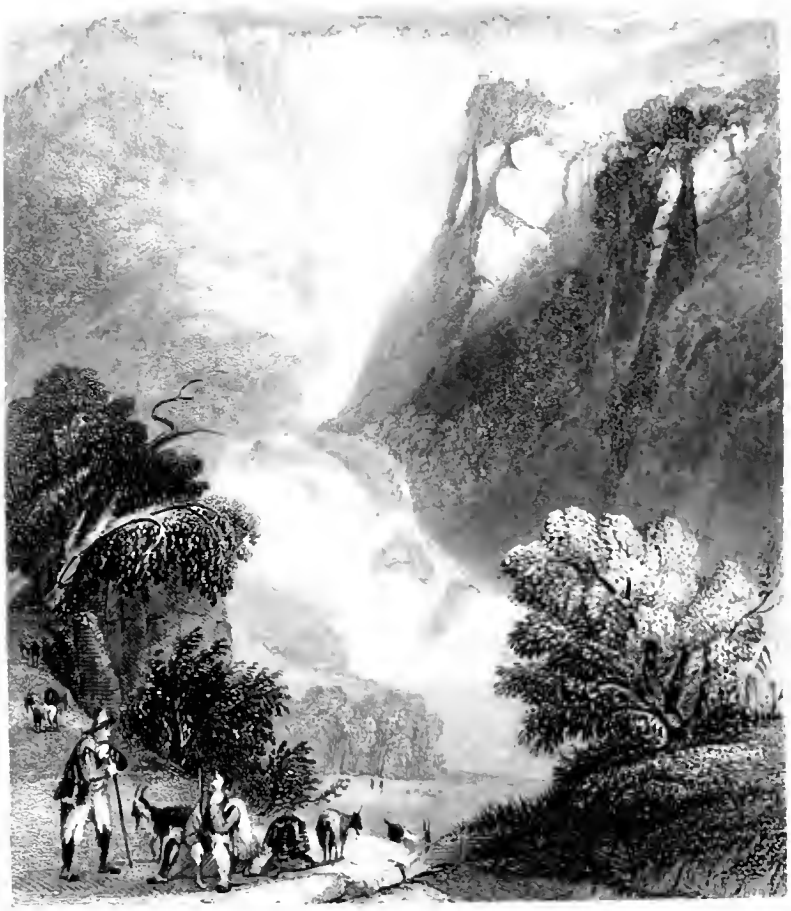
TERNI.

"The roar of waters! from the headlong height
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice.
The fall of waters! rapid as the light,
The flashing mass foams, shaking the abyss.
. . . . . A matchless cataract,
Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn
An iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like hope upon a death-bed."

CHILDE HAROLD. *Canto* iv.

ITALY has but two great waterfalls, both of surpassing beauty, but both artificial—the Cascata delle Marmore, near Terni, which we now place before our readers, and the Fall at Tivoli, the only outlets by which the waters from the higher Apennines and the elevated table-land of the district burst into the plains and the Campagna di Roma, to swell the stream of the far-famed Tiber.

"I saw the Cascata del Marmore of Terni twice," says Lord Byron, "at different periods: once from the summit of the precipice, and again from the valley below. The lower view is far to be preferred, if the traveller has time for one only; but in any point of view, either from above or below, it is worth all the cascades and torrents of Switzerland put together: the Staubbach, Reichenbach, Pisse Vache, Fall of Arpenaz, &c., are rills in comparative appearance. Of the Fall of Schaffhausen I cannot speak, not yet having seen it." In this opinion we believe most travellers will be disposed to concur. The roaring Rhine does not fall from such a height as the Velino, but its breadth far exceeds it, and we have enjoyed the beauties of both, which are of such a different nature that a comparison would hardly do justice to either. As visitors generally start from Terni to view the waterfall, we shall make a few remarks on this city, (the birthplace of the celebrated historian, Tacitus, and of the emperor of the same name,) before we request our readers to follow with us the course of the river Velino. Terni, the Interamna of the ancients, so called from its lying between two arms of the river Nar or Nera, is situated in a beautiful valley of the Roman delegation of Spoleto, and is supposed to have been founded in the reign of Numa Pompilius. Several ancient ruins are



still visible—the remains of an amphitheatre in the garden of the bishop, of a temple of the sun in the church of St. Salvadore, and of Roman baths in the Villa Spada. In the cathedral we noticed the following inscription: "ARAM MAXIMAM IN QUA CHRISTI SANGUIS ADSERVATUR, &c. &c. POPULUS INTERAMNENSIS, &c. &c., ERAIT PERFECITQUE, ANNO SALUTIS MDCCLXII." (The people of Terni erected and completed the high altar, in which the blood of Jesus Christ is preserved, in the year of redemption 1762.)

The Velino and its affluents drain the central and by far the largest part of the western highlands of the Apennines, which project out of the central chain of the Abruzzo, and formed the country of the ancient Sabines. It rises in the central Apennines, and flowing southward through a narrow and deep glen for about fifteen miles, it reaches the romantic pass of Antrodoco. Not far from the city of Rieti it receives the waters of the Salto, which rises near Tagliacozzo, not far from Lake Fucino, to carry off whose waters the Romans cut the celebrated tunnel through the adjacent mountain; a gigantic work, which was restored by the Neapolitan government, until the subsiding waters of the lake rendered the completion of the work for the present unnecessary. The Salto flows through the interesting valley of Cicolano, the scene of the Cenci tragedy, dramatized by Shelley. The delightful plain of Rieti is watered by two clear streams, which unite about three miles below the city.

Near the place where the Lake Piè di Lupo, about ten miles in circumference, has an outlet into the Velino, the two mountain ridges which bound the plain of Rieti almost close, leaving only a narrow gorge, through which the Velino falls rapidly until it reaches the edge of the rocks, over which it dashes into the Nera below, forming the celebrated Cascata. Marcus Curius Dentatus, said by Pliny to have been born with teeth, and to have been named from this circumstance, conquered the Samnites and the Sabines. To this great man, whom the Samnites found cooking his own vegetables, when they sent ambassadors to bribe him, the conquered Sabines were indebted for the great work that drained the waters of the Velino and fertilized the plain of Rieti. There must have been an outlet before, but it was most probably not sufficient to prevent the country being inundated. The people of Terni, fearing the consequences of such an artificial increase of waters from the mountains, complained to the Roman senate. A consul and ten legates were sent to the spot to decide the question, on which occasion Cicero pleaded the cause of the people of Rieti. It would seem that this circumstance is not yet forgotten, for a peasant who conducted the writer through the city pointed out a mutilated statue in one of the streets as that of Cicero, adding, that he was a great lawyer. The Roman orator gained the cause for his clients. The dispute has been frequently resumed, both in ancient and modern times. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the inhabitants of the plain of Rieti, suffering occasionally

from inundations, the old channel was reopened, but the engineer having carried the cut at right angles with the valley of the Nar below, the rocks that were carried down the Velino fell into the Nar, and caused inundations below the falls. The angle was then altered, and the fears of the inhabitants of Terni removed.

The drive from Terni to the waterfalls is highly picturesque. The best time for viewing them is when the sun is sufficiently high for its rays to fall upon the ascending spray, which envelopes the spectator as he stands in his little hut on the eminence opposite to the sheet of water, which falls over the rocks to the depth of three hundred feet, (Brandolini gives the whole height at four hundred and fifty-five English feet,) when, meeting with rocks, it finds its way in many cataracts to the Nar. Lord Byron has described the scenes in words that render any further comment useless.

AVE MARIA.

"Ave Maria! blessed be the hour,
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower.
Or the faint, dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer."

DON JUAN, *Canto* III. *Stanza* CIII.

In our overcrowded cities, where the hum of thousands and of hundreds of thousands in their busy pursuits resounds long after the great luminary, the eye of day, has set but to enlighten another hemisphere, the vesper-bell would chime unheeded; yet, even in our northern climate and lengthened twilight, who has not often been moved by "those evening bells," when heard in the still beauty of a rural landscape? But it is in southern climates, where the passage from day to night is more distinctly marked, that the hour of sunset exercises its full force—its magic influence. The mountains glow with the parting tints, and the blue sea reflects every passing hue in mild but glorious colours. Then, as the short twilight rapidly advances, the Ave Maria, from church or cloister, peals upon the ear, and calls the mind to higher thoughts and silent devotion. The pious labourer, devoutly uncovered, ejaculates his evening prayer, and resumes with a contented mind the closing labours of the day.

It is highly probable that from a very remote period the setting of the sun was in most countries attended with prayers or religious ceremonies. In the service of the Romish church the worship of the Virgin Mary forms a very striking feature. Not only have the greatest painters vied with each other in multiplying her portraits, but in the streets and by the roadside the traveller meets with innumerable pictures of the Virgin, holding the infant Jesus in her arms; and at certain seasons of the year, particularly in the neighbourhood of Rome, the mountain pipers come into the city and play before her shrine. The first part of the prayer, known by the name of Ave Maria, or Angelus, in Catholic countries, consists of the salutation of the angel to Mary on her conception; (St. Luke, i. 28;) the second part is an entreaty to the Virgin to pray for the salvation of sinners, now and at the time of their death.

What circumstances caused this prayer to be selected for the vesper-bell we know not, except it be connected with the popular belief that angels preferred the evening for their communication with mortals; but in Italy the Ave Maria denotes the time, about half an hour after sunset, when the church-bells ring, and the pious ejaculate the prayer. In other parts of the Continent, too, the custom is generally observed, even in Protestant countries, although the name of Ave Maria is there frequently changed into vesper, or, simply, evening-bell. In England it is but partially, if at all retained.

Without entering into the disputed meanings of the curfew-bell, it is sufficient here to observe that the well-known line of Gray—

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day"—

proves that in his time it had become synonymous with the vesper-bell.

The Ave Maria, as a symptom of worship to the Virgin, however hallowed by the practice of ages, cannot but appear idolatrous in the eyes of Protestants. We wish not, however, to cavil at the faith of other men, but to draw a lesson for ourselves. Changes of manners and late hours may have deprived the hour of sunset of much of that solemn and religious feeling which it inspired in the minds of our more simple-mannered forefathers, who beheld in it the period of repose from their labours; but the soothing influence of daily devotion, the advice of the sacred writer to commune with our own hearts in our chamber and be still, to employ some few moments of meditation on the events of the past day, and to seek the pardon and the grace of God, are alike beneficial to all—to him whose lot is cast amid the stillness of rural occupations, and to him whose life is passed amid the hum of mighty cities, where the mind, unless relieved and purified by higher thoughts, is but too apt to be absorbed in the vortex of materialism.

Note.—The following translation of a letter, dated *Rome, September 9th*, 1843, which appeared in a recent number of a German journal, may not be unacceptable to our readers.

"Yesterday, as the birthday of the Virgin, the Pope left his summer residence in the Quirinal Palace for the church of Santa Maria del Popolo. . . . . The cannons of St. Angelo, whose only office it is to announce and accompany the church festivals, had the evening before introduced the holy day; a similar salute was repeated at daybreak, at noon, and at sunset. On the evening of the 7th and of yesterday the whole city (the most insignificant streets as well as the Corso) was splendidly illuminated, and a countless throng of carriages and pedestrians moved from the Venetian palace to the Piazza del Popolo, (the two ends of the Corso, or principal street of Rome,) to enjoy the magnificent spectacle in the cool of the evening. Such days give the clearest proof in what high estimation the worship of the Madonna is still held by the lower classes. The Holy, or Easter week, St. Peter and Paul (June 29) are celebrated with greater pomp by the government, as the illumination of the cupola of St. Peter's and the girandola (the celebrated firework at the Castle St. Angelo) only take place on those days, but the city is not generally illuminated. But on the feasts of the Ascension, of the Virgin, and of the birth of the Virgin, the smallest and poorest house has its lamp in the window, and the numerous altars, and the pictures of the Mother of God in the streets are richly decorated."

TELL SAVING BAUMGARTEN.

We cannot give a more appropriate explanation of the engraving before us than by attempting to translate part of Schiller's play of William Tell. For the imperfections of our version we must request the indulgence of our readers.

The scene (Act I. Scene 1) displays the magnificent rocky shores of the Lake of the Four Cantons, opposite to Schwytz. The songs of the fishermen and hunters are interrupted by indications of an approaching storm.

CONRAD BAUMGARTEN *rushes in, breathless.*

BAUM. For God's sake, ferryman! your boat! your boat!

RUODI. Well, well, but why such need of haste?

BAUM. Push off!
You rescue me from death. Take me across.

KUONI. Comrade, what ails you?

WERNI. Who pursues you, then?

BAUM. [*To the fisherman.*] Haste, haste, they are already at my heels!
The Landvogt's* riders follow fast behind me;
My death is certain if they do but seize me.

RUODI. Why do the Landvogt's riders thus pursue you?

BAUM. Oh! save me first, and then I'll tell you all.

WERNI. Your clothes are stain'd with blood; what can have pass'd?

BAUM. The Burgvogt* of the Emperor, at Rossberg—

KUONI. What! Wolfenschiessen? and does *he* pursue you?

BAUM. He will harm no one more: I've slain him. [*All start back, exclaiming.*
May God have mercy on you! What have you done?

BAUM. What every free man in my place had done!
I have but exercised my good houseright,†
Against the insulter of my wife and honour.

KUONI. What! did the Landvogt injure your good name?

* *Landvogt, Burgvogt*, imperial magistrates in the Cantons.

† *Hausrecht*, the right which every German has, in the absence of the police, to defend himself in his own house against violence.

BAUM. That he did not complete his evil lust
God and my own good axe alone prevented.
WERNI. And with your axe you split his head in twain?
KUONI. Oh, let us hear it all. You've time enough
Before the ferryman can launch his boat.
BAUM. I had been felling wood in the forest, when
My wife came running in the fear of death.
The Burgvogt was within my house, and had
Commanded her prepare for him a bath.
Thereon he had from her unseemly things
Desired: she had escaped to look for me.
Just as I was, I hurried quickly home,
And with my axe gave him a bath of blood.
WERNI. You acted well;—no man can blame you for it.
KUONI. The insolent! But he has his reward—
Has long deserv'd it from the Unterwalders.
BAUM. The deed was nois'd abroad: they follow me
E'en while we speak, oh, God! the moments pass. [*It begins to thunder.*
KUONI. Quick, ferryman—take the brave man over.
RUODI. I cannot. Look how with threatening clouds
The tempest gathers. You must wait.
BAUM. Great God!
I cannot wait. The least delay is death.
KUONI. [*To the fisherman.*] Push off,—with God! Our neighbours we
must help;
The same mishap may chance to each of us. [*The wind roars. Thunder.*
RUODI. The Foehn * is loose. You see how high the lake is.
I cannot steer against the storm and waves.
BAUM [*Embraces his knee.*] So help you God, as you take pity on me.
KUONI. He is a father, and has wife and children. [*Repeated thunderclaps.*
RUODI. What then? I also have a life to lose;
Have wife and child at home, like him.—Look there;
See how it foams and rages, eddying round,
And stirs up all the waters in the deep.
I willingly would save the good man's life,
But it's impossible, you see yourselves.
BAUM. [*Still on his knees.*] So must I fall into the enemy's hand—
The shore of rescue near—before my face.

* One of the winds which, more especially in times of more imperfect navigation, rendered the passage dangerous.

There lies it! I can reach it with my eyes;
Across my voice's sound can penetrate;
There is the boat would carry me across;
And I must lie here, helpless, and despond.

KUONI. See, who comes there?

WERNI. It is Tell, from Buerglen.

Enter TELL, *with his cross-bow.*

TELL. Who is the man that here for succour begs?

KUONI. A man of Alzell, who, to save his honour,
Has slain the Vogt of Rossberg, Wolfenschiessen.
He begs the ferryman to take him over,
But he will not, because he fears the storm.

RUODI. There's Tell, he plies the oar as well as I,
Will bear me witness if I dare attempt it.

[*Violent peals of thunder, with rushing of waters.*

What! rush into the very jaws of hell?
That none would do, unless beside himself.

TELL. The brave man is the last to think of self:
Put trust in God, and succour the distress'd.

RUODI. When safe in port 'tis easy to advise.
There is the boat, and there the lake. But try 't.

TELL. The sea hath mercy, but the Landvoght none.
Try 't, ferryman!

SHEPHERDS and HUNTERS. Save him! save him! save him!

RUODI. And were't my brother and my own lov'd child
It cannot be; 'tis Simon and Jude's day;
Then the lake roars, and will demand its victim.

TELL. No good effect can come of idle talk;
Time presses, and we must assist this man.
Speak, ferryman, will you put off?

RUODI. Not I.

TELL. In God's name be it, then! Come, bring the boat,
I will attempt it with my own weak powers.

KUONI. Ha! brave Tell!

WERNI. That's like the good, bold hunter.

BAUM. You are my saviour—my good angel, Tell.

TELL. I can deliver you from the Landvogt's power:
There is but One can rule the raging storm;
But better fall into the hands of God
Than into those of men.

[*To the shepherd.*] Comrade, console
My wife, if aught of human should befal me.*
I have but done what I could not but do.

KUONI. [*To the fisherman.*] You are a master-steersman, yet what Tell
Ventures to do, that you dare not attempt.

RUODI. Far better men than I must yield to Tell.
There are not two like *him* in all the mountains.

WERNI. [*Has climbed the rock.*] Now he puts off. God help thee, my brave swimmer!
See how the frail boat pitches on the waves.

KUONI. [*On the beach.*] The waves dash over it. I see't no more.
Yet, stop—there 'tis again. With powerful arm
The brave man works it through the foaming lake.

SEPPI. The Landvogt's riders come on galloping.

KUONI. My God! they're here! 'Twas help in time of need.

The riders rush in, enraged at the escape of their victim, and the biting remarks of the peasants: one of them exclaims—

You shall pay dearly for it. Kill their herds,
Pull down their huts, burn, slay, destroy them all!

They ride off, and the scene closes with the lamentations of the shepherds and fishermen.

* These words, which we have ventured to give literally, often occur in German authors, and express the weakness of man compared with the omnipotence of God.

LIZZY, YOU ARE NOT SPINNING!

How very fortunate we are—
Our girls can't sit in the open air,
The English climate is too cold;
And therefore all their lovers bold
Must visit the dear girls within,
If they would talk while these do spin,
Or, rather, sew, for spinning-jennies
Have spoil'd the trade, and none but nimnies
Would now (such words are truly shocking!)
Spin their own petticoat or stocking.
But 'tis not so in Germany,
That land of waltz and harmony;—
There, gentle reader, 'tis the fashion,
So strong, it may be called a passion,
For all the ladies to be knitting;
So hard at work are they, while sitting
In horse-shoe curve,* one might suppose
They thought of nought but home-spun hose.
This knitting fury I relate
Thus soon, my tale to illustrate,
Though, as I said at the beginning,
It properly refers to spinning;

* The writer was once at a large musical party in a certain city of Germany, which shall be nameless. In one of the drawing-rooms (that opened into each other with folding-doors) stood the gentlemen, in groups, on the other sat the ladies, in formidable horse-shoe fashion, knitting for their very lives, their fingers almost as active as their tongues; when, perceiving a chair, fortunately unoccupied, he availed himself of the opportunity to enjoy the conversation of a beautiful and talented young countrywoman. The lady of the house, (to whom he is under many obligations, which he cheerfully acknowledges,) albeit well-bred, could not refrain from twitting him with his effeminacy, by offering him a *strickstrumpf, Anglice*, knitting-needle, which, not possessing the skill of Voltaire, he respectfully declined.

For though the ladies knit in city.
(A recent mode, the maidens pretty,
In smaller towns or country village,
Where peasants mostly live by tillage,
By the old mode their garments win,
And, unlike lilies, toil and spin.
How oft we see a cheerful mind,
That precious gift, console the blind!—
They view not morning's rosy light,
Or sunset's beauties, varying bright,
The verdure carpet of the plain,
The mountain's form, the heaving main,
The wavy line of silver stream,
The atoms dancing in the beam,
The glorious full moon, shining forth
In splendour on this nether earth,
The spring in its young beauty glad,
Autumn in dying tinges clad:
The outward signs, in earth and skies,
Are hidden from their longing eyes.
Hardest of all, they cannot trace
The soul's best index in the face,
Or live again in childhood's smiles,
That oft the weary heart beguiles:
Yet, who shall say that these, bereft
Of vision, have no comfort left?
Kind Providence to them has given
Contentment—blessed gift of Heaven!
Oh! who can say what kindly powers,
Unseen of us, cheer their long hours?
Shut from the world without, they win
A world of happiness within.
Such have I known, and, knowing, lov'd,
Though long from earth to heaven remov'd.
Once on a time—we love the phrase
That thus recalls our youthful days,
For every tale, in prose or rhyme,
Began thus in the olden time—)
Once on a time, a widow, blind,

Gentle of heart, and very kind,
Liv'd in a place unknown to fame,
No matter where, nor what its name.
An only daughter bless'd her years,
The object of her hopes and fears:
Lizzy she hight, a buxom wench,
As you can judge, for on the bench
She spins,—at least she ought to do,—
But see, young Peter springs in view.
Now were I tempted to digress,
Describe her hair, her form, and dress,
But for the impatient printer's press.
So, reader, draw your own conjecture—
They're both before you in the picture.
Ah, thoughtless maid! by far 'twere meter
To mind your spinning-wheel than Peter.
For he would whisper in her ear
Such words as maidens love to hear:
Would swear that there was none so pretty
In village, borough, or in city—
Pour forth a torrent of such stuff,
Which yet the girls think sweet enough.
(But, lest you should suppose me cold,
To say the truth, I'm getting old.)
Lizzy, o'ercome by the rare battery
Of his incomparable flattery,
Her hand within her lover's laid—
The spinning-wheel, of course, was staid.
Pity it was! somehow or other,
The blind old dear—good, careful mother—
Who from her arm-chair seldom stirr'd,
The buzzing wheel no longer heard.
Out of the window thrust her head,
And to the wondering idler said,
Who look'd up at her accents mild—
"Lizzy, you are not spinning, child!"
Reader, if here you do not slumber,
I'll finish in a future number.

DRACHENFELS.

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

CHILDE HAROLD, *Canto* III.

To those who, like the writer, have wandered by the Rhine from its mountain-sources,—have beheld it in the Via Mala, cleaving its way with mighty force through awful precipes,—have enjoyed the solemn roar of its celebrated waterfall,—have sailed down its broad stream, meandering through the Rhinegau, and winding its way through a succession of apparently inland lakes, vieing with each other in beauty, bounded by picturesque mountains, although the same form of outline occurs somewhat too frequently, their bases fringed with the white towns and villages whose names are identified with the produce of their vines, their summits crowned with numberless castles, inhabited formerly by barons bold, whose ruins now but enhance the beauty of the scene,—to such the noble river becomes invested with all the charms of a dear companion, and the traveller needs hardly be a poet to exclaim with Lord Byron—

"Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long, delighted,
The stranger fain would linger in his way."

And there, to the right, as the vessel glides down the river to the city of Bonn, rise the Seven Mountains, of which the Drachenfels, although not, as Lord Byron says, the highest, is certainly the most celebrated, as if to invite the lingering traveller to ascend and take one parting view of the beautiful scenery which he will no more behold. Leaving our favourite river to wind its way through mazy arms and the lowlands of Holland to the ocean, we willingly avail ourselves of the opportunity, and beg our readers to accompany us on a short tour to the Seven Mountains.

Opposite to Koenigswinter, which, since the establishment of steam-boats on the Rhine, has risen to some importance as the harbour of this part of the country, lies Mehlem, the scene of the following story. In former times, a young man was accused of having murdered his betrothed in the Kottenforst, and was immediately hanged for the crime. Before his death he made his will, in which he ordered that if his supposed victim should ever return, and his innocence be thereby established, a mass should be said for his soul once a year for ever, to be paid for out of his own property; that the bells should ring three times as a signal, and that the ringers should be feasted on bread and wine. The rest of his property he bequeathed to his betrothed. After his execution it was proved that his accuser was the son of one of the magistrates who condemned him, and was moved to the crime by jealousy. The young man had accompanied his betrothed through the forest, on her way to the house of her parents, to ask a blessing on their union, but did not know the address. The bride returned, and was informed of the fate of her lover. To this day, every year, on the anniversary of the event, Shrove Tuesday, the bells are rung three times, mass is said for the soul of the deceased; nor do the ringers forget the promised meal.

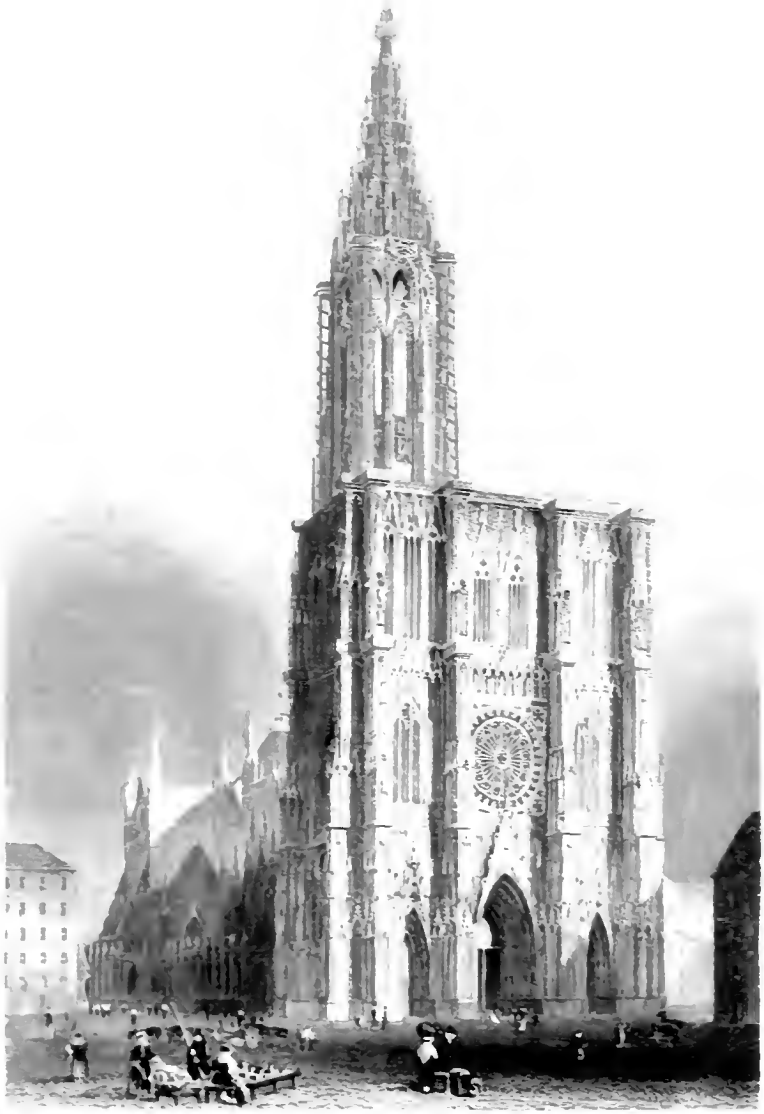
The Drachenfels and Godesberg, which lies opposite to it, may be considered as forming a picturesque gate or frame to the beautiful picture afforded by the Rhine. The name Godesberg, formerly Godenesberg or Wodenesberg, naturally recals the name of Wodan, in heathen times the German god of war and victory. Tradition affirms, and the most distinguished German antiquaries support the assertion, that in ancient times this mountain was sacred to the god, and Wednesday, (Wodin's, or Odin's day,) which in other parts of Germany is called Mittwoch, or the middle of the week, is still called here Godestag, or Godesday. In Christian times the Archbishop Theodoric removed the chapel of St. Michael lower down, to build a fortress in its place. The people considered this a great crime, which would seem to indicate a superior sanctity attached to the mountain in popular opinion. He had extorted the money for this purpose from a captive Jew. The archangel, according to the legend, was angry at the change, and flew over the Rhine, to the Petersberg, or Peter's Mountain.

The Auelsberg is steep, and, owing to the want of beaten paths, difficult of ascent; but once arrived at the top, the traveller enjoys a magnificent view, which extends to the Taunus Mountains, and even to the Donnersberg. Here, at the highest point of the country, the ancient Germans held their public assemblies in the open air.

The Drachenfels, although one of the lowest of the Seven Mountains, is that which is most visited by strangers, and was, even before its beauties were sung by Lord Byron, the place of pilgrimage for all travellers up the Rhine; and deservedly

so, for although the panorama which it presents is not so extensive as that from the Auseberg, its very restrictedness increases its picturesqueness. Its proximity to the Rhine is a great advantage. The charming islands which it includes, and the many windings in which the river escapes the eye in the blooming plain between Bonn and Cologne, the steam-boats and sailing-vessels, the little boats, all diminished from the height from which they are viewed, give this view a peculiar beauty. But it must not be seen at sunrise, for the eastern mountains, which are higher, then obstruct the view. The traveller may likewise view the Dombruch, or Cathedral Quarry, so called because the stones used for building the cathedral at Cologne were cut here, and the extinct crater of the Roederberg, and, beyond it, the heights of the Eifel and Mayfield.

The people of the Lowlands consider the Seven Mountains as a kind of purgatory, where the souls of those who may expect no mercy at the day of judgment are banished. A usurer of Cologne is said to wander about in these dreary holes, in leaden shoes and a leaden cloak. A minister of Bonn expiates his crimes as a man of fire; but he is now no longer dreaded, and a peasant of Koenigswinter even boasted that he had lighted his pipe at him. When misty clouds rise from the recesses of the mountains, and move slowly round their summits, superstition still looks upon them as numerous hordes of imprisoned souls, longing for their deliverance.



STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

STRASBURG (the ancient Argentoratum, which was destroyed by the Alemanni in the beginning of the fifth century) was formerly a free city of the German empire, but surrendered to Louis the Fourteenth in 1681. It is the capital of the French department, Lower Rhine, and one of the strongest fortified cities in France. Although it has been so long under the dominion of the French, it still bears evident marks of its German origin. A few years ago, and possibly at present, the German names of the streets were still legible at the corners, and the common people still speak in the German dialect. We have even read, in cases that have come before the tribunals, of recruits that were totally ignorant of the French language. It adopted, at an early period, the principles of the Reformation, but since the year 1687, when there were hardly two Catholic families in the city, the number of Protestants has not increased in proportion to the increase of population, for in the year 1811 the proportion of the Catholics to the Protestants was as twenty-two to nineteen. The former possess six parish-churches, including the cathedral; the Lutherans seven. Strasburg lays claim to the honour of the invention of printing, by John Guttenberg, in 1436. At the recent celebration of the jubilee in his honour, the name of Luther had been inscribed on the base of his statue, but the Catholics were inexorable, and the Protestants were finally obliged to erase the name of the great Reformer.

The population is estimated at 50,000, most probably exclusive of the garrison, which amounts to 6,000 men. The streets, about two hundred in number, are very irregular: the houses, 4,400, are mostly old-fashioned, nor can the city boast of many fine buildings.

The cathedral, or minster, is one of the noblest specimens of Gothic architecture in existence. The traveller who approaches Strasburg from the German frontier can form some idea of its great height, as it towers above the adjacent plain, and is visible from a considerable distance; but to the visitor, the admirable proportion of its parts, and the united solidity and delicacy of the tower give such an idea of unity, that its altitude—although, with the exception of the greater Egyptian pyramid, its façade is the highest building in the world—does not at first strike the observer.

The length of the nave and choir is three hundred and fifty-five English feet; of the nave alone, two hundred and forty-four feet; the height of the nave is only seventy-two feet.

In the year 504 a church was erected by the Frankish king, Clovis: the nave of the present edifice was begun, in 1015, by Bishop Werner, of Habsburg, and was continued by the pious contributions of the whole country. Two hundred and sixty years were occupied in the building, before the new tower was begun, in 1277, by the architect, Erwin, and continued after his death, in 1318, by his son John, assisted by his sister Sabina, who executed some of the most beautiful parts of the ornaments and statues of the southern wing. He likewise died before the completion of this great work, and with his parents is buried in the cathedral. Nor was it until the year 1365 that the minster was completed, by John Hiltzen of Cologne. The ascent to the top of the spire, by means of seven hundred and twenty-five steps, commands an extensive view of the surrounding country, but its chief interest consists in the opportunity which it gives of admiring the delicacy of the stone fret-work of this stupendous building.

THE FOUNTAIN AT WILHELMSHÖHE, NEAR CASSEL.

THE Princes of Hesse Cassel (since 1803 the title of Landgrave has been exchanged for that of Elector,) belong to the richest in Europe: a great part of their wealth has been drawn from foreign countries, in payment for the Hessian troops in their service. Thus England paid the Landgrave in the American war, from 1776 to 1784, no less than three million pounds sterling, an immense sum for Germany, at that period. The money thus obtained was devoted to a liberal patronage of the arts and sciences, and to beautifying the capital, Cassel, and the summer palace of the Elector, Wilhelmshöhe. The beautiful gardens and grounds of Wilhelmshöhe, (which during the usurpation of the mighty conqueror, was called Napoleonshöhe, or Napoleon's-height,) with the incomparable fountain, which, springing to a height of two hundred feet, descends like a moving silver veil, touching the earth with feathery spray, are the admiration of all Europe. The other waterfalls and cascades, many of which are likewise very beautiful, lose part of their effect by the vast and grotesque monsters, which meet the eye in every direction, rising up in immense proportions, the wonder of the last century.

The present race of travellers will not view these expensive creations, without regret at the sums which were spent in their erection, and which were so great, that the accounts have been burnt, to secure them against the reproaches of future ages. We can, however, form some idea of the total cost, from the circumstance that two thousand men were employed for fourteen years on the works. These vast works have already begun to exhibit symptoms of decay; and as any repair of them must be considered as hopeless, this circumstance may, perhaps, render some parts of the following description, at the present moment, inexact. At the back of the pond, from which the great fountain rises, is the great waterfall, or aqueduct, built in imitation of the Roman style, over fourteen arches, through which the water is driven, with a fall of one hundred and four feet. Among the other curiosities must be mentioned the Devil's Bridge, Steinhöfer's Waterfall, and the Löwenburg, in imitation of a knight's castle in the middle ages, containing a curious armoury, the windows of which command an extensive and delightful prospect. Karlsberg and

its cascades are somewhat out of repair. They consist of a triple cascade, nine hundred feet long, and forty feet broad: at intervals of one hundred and fifty feet, there are basins from which the water descends. Before the grotto of Neptune is a round basin, two hundred and twenty feet in diameter. On each side is a convenient staircase of eight hundred and forty-two steps, which leads to the vast building called the Octagon. From one of the basins rise the head and shoulders of the giant Enceladus. The mouth of this colossus is seven feet long, and used to throw up a jet of water fifty-five feet high. Behind a smaller basin is the grotto of Polyphemus: the one-eyed monster sits in the back-ground, playing seven different tunes on seven pipes. Before the grotto is the basin of the Artichoke; a plant of vast size in stone, from the leaves of which spring twelve fountains in arches, of which the centre one rises to a height of forty feet. On a platform is erected the pyramid, which occupied a whole year in its erection: it is square, and ninety-six feet high. On this stands a pedestal, eleven feet high, bearing the colossal copper statue of the Hercules Farnese, thirty-one feet in height. The pedestal and statue are hollow, and some idea of the immense size of the latter may be formed, when we read that the club can hold twelve persons. In the club there is a door, through which the view extends as far as the Inselsberg, near Gotha and the Brocken.

These are some of the wonders of Wilhelmshöhe: they may not be all to the taste of the visitor, but enough remains to gratify the most fastidious critic, and to render a trip to the summer residence of the Elector of Cassel one of the most delightful souvenirs of the continental traveller.

ABBEVILLE.

"ABBEVILLE," says the author of a curious little work on France, during the reign of Louis XIV., "is a modern city, divided by the river Somme. It is the capital of the county of Ponthieu, which owes its name to the great number of bridges, *(ponts)* in this country full of water, ponds, and marshes, which discharge themselves into the sea near St. Valery, a very ancient monastery, and the port from which William the Conqueror sailed for England. It is seated in a pleasant valley in the department of Somme, and late province of Picardy."

The good Frenchman, whose book is more amusing from the national vanity of its author, than valuable for the correctness of his information, is most probably not more successful in his etymologies, than in the modern date which he assigns to Abbeville. Sanson, who enjoyed no inconsiderable reputation as a geographer about the middle of the seventeenth century, has, on the other hand, advanced the most ridiculous pretensions to excesive antiquity on behalf of his native city. He asserts that it was anciently called Britannia, and was one of the most flourishing cities of Gaul, long before the birth of Jesus Christ. Contenting ourselves with the more sober analogies of historical probability, we may presume that, as its name implies, (*Abba Villa*, or *Abbatis Villa*, the Villa of the Abbot,) it owes its origin to its having been selected for a country-seat by one of the superiors of the neighbouring Abbey of Centule, according to tradition, the pious St. Riquier, or one of his successors. "Centule," says Father Labbe, in his attack upon Sanson, the eulogistic antiquarian of Abbeville, "contained, under Louis the Debonair, 815, two thousand five hundred houses, many mechanics, a great number of streets, &c., and Abbeville is among the boroughs and villages that are under its jurisdiction. According to a verse much in vogue in the country,

Turribus à centum Centula nomen habet,
Centule's name springs from its hundred towers.

The name of Centule was afterwards changed to St. Riquier, under which name the town and monastery is often mentioned in the wars in Picardy between the English and the French. In process of time, the Villa of Abbeville was strengthened by a

castle, and a priory, dependent on the parent abbey, was annexed. Hugh Capet, wishing to make it a fortified place, in order to repel the incursions from the barbarians of Belgium, took it from the monks, and conferred it upon his son-in-law, surnamed l'Avoué, because the church of St. Riquier was placed under his protection. Abbeville rose by degrees to be a place of great importance. The river Somme here branches off into several arms, and its commerce must have been considerable, as the ships could unload their cargoes in the town, exchanging their merchandize for stuffs, cloths, woollen goods, and other commodities. "It is so large," says an old writer, "that there are hardly ten or twelve cities in all France that exceed it, or even equal it, in extent. It contains thirty-five, or forty thousand inhabitants." If this account be correct, it must have lost much of its former importance, as about twenty years ago its population was not estimated at more than twenty thousand.

It is singular that both Moreri and Bayle assert, that in their time Abbeville was still called *La Pucelle*, or the Maiden Fortress, as having never submitted to the conqueror. It is possible, that since Normandy and Picardy ceased to be in possession of the English, it may have deserved this appellation; but in the frequent wars between the two nations, and especially in the time of Edward the Black Prince, Picardy suffered terribly from the incursions of the English; and the following extract from Froissart (Book I. c. cclii. *Johnes's translation*) is decisive.

"In this council the King (of England) was advised to send directly reinforcements to Ponthieu, to guard that country, more particularly to Abbeville, which ran much risk of being taken. The king approved of this, and ordered the Lord Percy, the Lord Carbestone, and Sir William Windsor, on this business, with three hundred men at arms, and one thousand archers.

"While these lords were making their preparations, and were already as far advanced as Dover, other news was brought, which did not please them much. For as soon as the Earl Guy de St. Pol and Sir Hugh de Châtillon, who was at that time master of the cross-bows of France, could suppose that the King of England had received the defiance which the King of France had insultingly sent by a valet, they advanced towards Ponthieu . . . . so that their whole force amounted to not less than a hundred and twenty lances, with which they appeared before Abbeville. The gates were immediately opened, as had before been privately concerted, and these men entered the town without doing any harm to the inhabitants . . . . The French made this day many a good and rich prisoner, for the English lost everything they had in the town . . . . In short, the whole territory and country of Ponthieu were freed from the English, so that none remained who could any way do mischief."

Near Abbeville is the plain of Crecy, (Cressy,) so famous for the victory gained by the English under the Black Prince, then a boy of sixteen. (Aug. 26, 1346.)

It was in the city of Abbeville that the French King, on Friday, the day before the battle, entertained at supper all the princes and chief lords; and the next morning, after hearing mass in the monastery of St. Peter's, he advanced to his disastrous defeat. All the roads between Abbeville and Crecy were crowded with common people, who, when they were come within three leagues, drew their swords, crying out, "Kill, kill," a fate which they themselves were soon glad to escape by a precipitous flight. The details of this great battle do not belong to our present subject, and are familiar to all readers of history.

It is not known when the cathedral was built, or who was the founder. It was most probably erected in the thirteenth century, and dedicated to St. Wulfrain, or Wulfrid.

THE LAND'S END.

At the south-western extremity of the triangle formed by the county of Cornwall, is the Land's End, the uttermost point of England. Beyond it lies that remarkable group, the Scilly Islands, which have been the object of much discussion among antiquarians. According to a local tradition, Cornwall, in former times, extended further towards the west than at present; and Camden relates, that a large tract of land, called Lionesse, said to have contained one hundred and forty parish churches, and supposed to have connected these islands with the main land, was swept away by the sea. It is, however, highly probable that this was but the continuation, and in Christian times, the adaptation of the tradition of an event, which, if it ever occurred, occurred long before the introduction of churches. Strabo mentions ten as the number of islands in his time. Judging from the present action of the sea, and the gradual disappearance of part of the land, such a natural convulsion, as here described, is by no means improbable; and Dr. Paris is of opinion, that St. Mary's, by far the largest of the group, containing more than one-fourth of the superficial area of all the Scilly Islands, will, at no great distance of time, be divided by the sea. The climate of the south-west of Great Britain is less variable, and more mild than most of the other parts of the island; the month of January being, according to Mr. M'Culloch, about five degrees warmer than the same month in London.

The Land's End, and the adjacent coasts, have acquired, more particularly in former times, a melancholy celebrity, from the great number of shipwrecks, one of the most memorable of which was that in which the gallant Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel lost his life. On the 22nd of October, 1707, he had ninety fathom water in the soundings, and brought the fleet to, and lay by from twelve till about six in the afternoon, the weather being hazy, but then the wind coming up fresh at south south-west, he made the signal for sailing. The fleet steered east by north, supposing they had the channel open, when some of the ships were upon the rocks to the west of Scilly, before they were aware of it, about eight clock in the evening, and made a signal of distress. The Association, in which the admiral was, struck upon the rocks called the Bishop and his Clerks, and was lost, with all the men in her, as were also the Eagle and the Romney. The Firebrand was likewise dashed

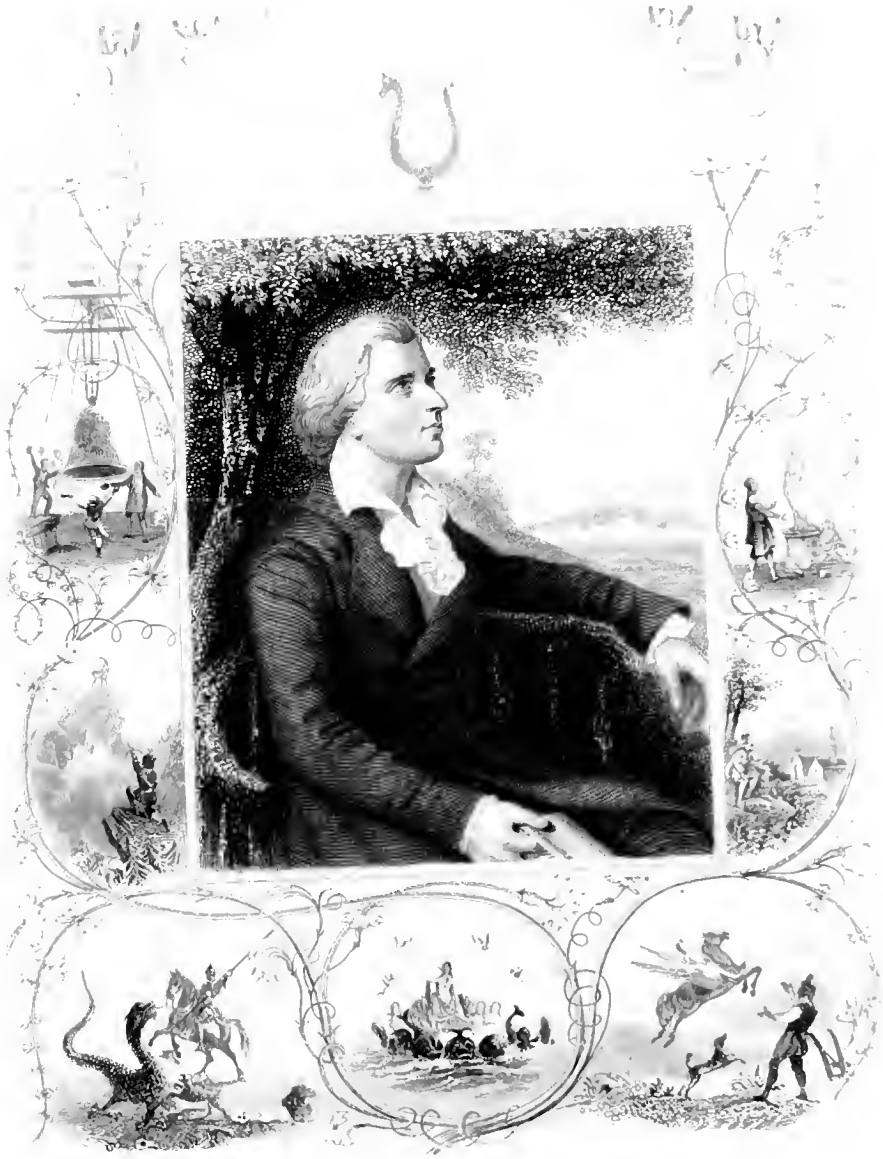
on the rocks, and foundered, but the captain and four-and-twenty of his men saved themselves in the boat. Captain Samson, who commanded the Phœnix, being driven on the rocks within the island, saved all his men, but was forced to run his ship ashore. The Royal Ann was saved by great presence of mind, both in Sir George Byng and his officers and men, who in a minute's time set her topsails, one of the rocks not being a ship's length to the leeward of her and the other, on which Sir Cloudesley was lost, as near as in a breach of the sea. Nor had the Lord Dursley, commander of the St. George, a less strange escape, for his ship was dashed on the same ridge of rocks with the Association, and the same wave which he saw beat out all Sir Cloudesley Shovel's lights, set his own ship afloat. The admiral's body being, the next day after this, taken up by some country-fellows, was stripped and buried in the sand; but on inquiry made by the boats of the Salisbury and Antelope, it was discovered where he was hid; from whence being taken out, and brought on board the Salisbury into Plymouth, on the 28th of October, it was afterwards carried to London, and decently interred in Westminster Abbey, "where a monument was erected in honour of the admiral, who," says the account from which we have extracted the above particulars, "was one of the greatest sea-commanders of this or any other age; of undaunted courage and resolution, and at the same time eminent for his generosity, frankness, and integrity. He was the artificer of his own fortune, and by his personal merit alone, from the lowest beginnings (he entered the service as a cabin-boy) raised himself to almost the highest station in the navy."

The frequency of these shipwrecks, and the improbability that they were all the result of carelessness, or of taking incorrect observations, the more especially as several of them had occurred during weather very favourable for taking such observations, at last induced scientific men to turn their attention to a subject of such vast importance to a maritime country like England. It was reserved for the distinguished geographer, Major James Rennel, to solve this important difficulty, which he did in a paper which he read to the Royal Society in 1793. The circumstance that ships coming from the Atlantic, and steering for the British Channel, in a parallel somewhat to the *south* of the Scilly Islands, nevertheless frequently found themselves to the *north* of these islands, attracted his attention. The indraught, which was generally advanced as the cause of their misfortunes, was manifestly inadequate, and he immediately imagined that it must be owing to a current. Subsequent conversations with naval officers in the Spanish service, confirmed his opinion, that a current set in from the Bay of Biscay to the north-west, the influence of which extended to the Scilly Islands. A grateful posterity, in commemoration of this discovery, has given it the appropriate name of "Rennel's Current."

SCHILLER.

JOHN Christopher Frederic von Schiller was born on the 10th of November, 1759, at Marbach, a little city on the Neckar, belonging to Wurtemberg. His first years were passed under the guidance of a pious mother, fond of poetry, and of a serious and severe father. At school he took the lead in all boyish games, was capricious, uncleanly, bold, and enterprising; fond of reading, the vast and the unknown had peculiar charms for him; he was never weary of the travels of Columbus, or of the deeds of Alexander the Great. In his youth he was destined to undergo many changes, no doubt painful at the time, and in many respects little favourable to the acquisition of sound knowledge, or a healthy formation of the mind. He became awkward and bashful at the boarding-school of his first master, a stiff pedant; he was then induced to look forward to theology as his profession. His talents attracted the notice of the sovereign, who placed him in the Military Academy, subject to all the strict and monotonous discipline of that calling. Subsequently, in compliance with the wish of his parents, he took up the study of the law, but making but little progress in it, and feeling no inclination for this pursuit, he exchanged it in 1775 for the study of medicine, which, as is well known, he likewise abandoned, to devote himself exclusively to literature as a profession. From his earliest years he displayed that love of freedom, which distinguished him through life, and which was most probably fostered by the constant restraints under which he laboured, and which, owing to the pedantic character of the age, must have been peculiarly irksome to a mind, bearing within itself the conscious germ of its own great powers. But the spirit of emancipation was at work; the great writers, who ennobled the court of Weimar, to whom Schiller was to form such an illustrious addition, had already laid the foundation of their fame.

The influence of Klopstock and Bürger is visible in his first youthful lyric productions, which are full of false sublimity and exaggerated melancholy. There is little in them that is simple and natural, and they are but too frequently disfigured by licentiousness of expression and bombastic extravagance. Schiller soon discerned the faults of his models, and in the unfavourable criticism which he afterwards pronounced upon Bürger, he must be considered as disavowing the first



offspring of his youthful muse. In his later lyrical pieces, he showed what may be effected by severe study and self-examination; his own nature casting off the errors of the times, becomes purified, the exaggerations of his style diminish, and although a very strict critic might still be of opinion that in many of his ballads the moral and didactic reflections occupy too large a space, and somewhat retard the action; yet these are perfectly in unison with the noble character of the man, whose whole life was one constant striving after self-improvement. In this lies the chief cause of the popularity of Schiller: for a time the classic grace and plastic repose of Goethe's style, obtained an almost exclusive victory; but the Germans with a fine instinctive feeling of moral excellence soon rallied round Schiller as their national poet.

In this country Schiller is principally known by his dramas, lyrical ballads, and perhaps by his History of the Thirty Years' War. In these works he displays the feeling and genius of a poet: many of his remarks are highly ingenious and picturesque; but his style is somewhat inflated, and he has been reproached with neglecting a study of the original sources and documents; a censure, however, to which, considering the character of the work, we need not attach too much importance. The great advantage which Schiller derived from his history, was doubtless the mastery which it gave him in the management of his historical dramas.

His philosophical and aesthetical essays are, we believe, little read in England. This is to be regretted, for taken in connexion with the very interesting and valuable letters between Schiller and Goethe they throw great light upon his character. They are in every respect honourable to him; they show his deep and searching regard for truth, his constant endeavour to penetrate to the real sources of the beautiful; they display great moral vigour, and a precision and chaste simplicity of style which we miss in his historical works. Many of the letters which contain only friendly salutations, &c. might have been omitted, but the cheap satirical remarks which this circumstance has called forth, are surely out of place, when we consider the great value of the remaining part of the correspondence. In the Essays something may now and then appear trite; but the reader will of course bear in mind, that these and other productions of the kind contributed much to the dissemination of the truths contained in them, and thus the very circumstance that may seem to diminish their value, must be placed to the honour of their author. His unceasing study, his unslaked thirst of knowledge and wisdom, his manly truth and purity of mind, form a picture which the wisest and the best may contemplate with advantage. Nor must we forget that Schiller rose to his great height, not by revelling in the wealth of genius, but by the most severe mental discipline, gradually weaning himself from the faults and extravagancies of his youth. So great was his applica-

tion, so rapid the result of this severe training, that the constant advance of his mind was an object of admiration even to Goethe. This restless striving of the mind, this unremitting activity of thought, in a feeble frame, brought him to an early grave. He died on the 9th of May, 1805, in the forty-sixth year of his age, happy at least in this, that he did not live to behold the degradation of his country under a foreign yoke. We have purposely confined ourselves on the present occasion to such of his works as bear most upon his personal character, as in the illustrations of scenes from his dramas, we shall have occasion to refer to his other productions, in a future number, which will enable us to lay before the reader some of the more interesting events of his life, with which they are intimately connected.

THE BLIND MOTHER.

A COMPANION TO "LIZZY, YOU ARE NOT SPINNING, CHILD!"

(*Altered from Beranger.*)

Lizzy, come in; for shame! for shame!
Sit down on this chair and hear me,
Ah! you sigh, then much I fear me
Your heart beats at his very name.
Blind—I well may have my fears,
Believe him not, whate'er he swears,
He will but charm your foolish ears.
Where are you going? stop within;
Your restlessness I can unravel,
For I hear footsteps on the gravel:—
Lizzy, child, you do not spin.

'Tis so very hot, you say;
Peter I doubt is still below,
But to him you shall not go,
If he wait there all the day.
Be warn'd in time; be not too bold:
Is it wrong of me to scold?
I have been young and now am old;
And 'tis now as in days of yore,
Youths will tempt and maidens love.
He's there—sit still;—you shall not move.
Lizzy, child, you spin no more.

'Tis nothing but the wind, you say;
Pray do not beat the dog for growling,
For he knows 'tis Peter prowling,
And you cannot say me nay.
My dear, for once believe the old,
Peter's love will soon grow cold;
Unless you my doctrine hold,
You will sure repent it sore.
I preach in vain. Great God! what's this?
Sure as I live, I heard a kiss.
Lizzy, child, you spin no more.

'Tis nothing but the bird, you say,
That pecks at you with playful kisses;
You can't deceive me; such caresses
Were never given by birds at play.
Peter, go, you must not tarry,
Neighbours soon the tale would carry,—
Peter courts, but will not marry.
Then they lie, exclaim'd the youth,
All such slanderers ill betide
Join our hands, I've said the truth.
Lizzy span, a happy bride.*

* In Germany, young people, as soon as they are betrothed to each other, are called bride and bridegroom, and announce the event in the public papers, so that there are four great public events in human life in that country; births, betrothals, marriages, and deaths. The ceremony of the betrothal, we believe, consists in an exchange of rings.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Few men have been more the object of indiscriminate abuse, or of excessive adulation than this distinguished person. For eminent every one must certainly allow him to be, who is not blinded by the vehemence of party spirit. By the extraordinary and imposing scene of the Clare election, he extorted Catholic emancipation from the unwilling hands of the Duke of Wellington. That great man, with a patriotic spirit, infinitely to his honour, although accustomed to long years of military command, displayed on this occasion a sacrifice of party feeling, of which English history, unfortunately, exhibits but few examples. The immense masses collected at the recent Repeal meetings, and the boundless influence which Mr. O'Connell exercises throughout his native country, are perhaps without a parallel in history. His speeches on the platform and the hustings are full of iterations which pall upon the ear of Englishmen; but relieved, as they are, with many passages of pure and manly feeling, and heightened by indignant bursts of national eloquence, are wonderfully adapted to the more excitcable character of the Irish, of whose virtues and weaknesses he avails himself with profound skill. But, even if we had not the testimony of history, the success which has attended Mr. O'Connell's long course of agitation would of itself direct the attention of the statesman to deeply rooted and rankling wounds as the secret of his success. These are too well known to be repeated; the ecclesiastical and social evils which distract that fertile country, have rendered Ireland the shame and disgrace of England. The character of our work fortunately relieves us from the necessity of entering the thorny path of party politics; but it is impossible for an Englishman to reflect without pain and sorrow upon the internal weakness which this unhappy division at home reveals to foreign nations.

Nor is it only as a tribune of the people that Mr. O'Connell has distinguished himself; as a parliamentary speaker he displayed talents of the highest order, in his opposition to Lord Stanley. It is much to be regretted that his speeches are so often disfigured by violent abuse. His invectives against the English cannot possibly serve his cause, and the coarse and vulgar denunciations of his adversaries are unworthy of his talents. They are absolutely disgusting.

The time is not yet come to pronounce an opinion upon his character. He is doubtless actuated by a strong feeling of patriotism, and a desire to benefit his native country. This much at least we can say without prejudice, or fear of distorting the truth, that although he has rendered the most eminent services to Ireland, and often forced the consideration of her unhappy condition upon a reluctant parliament, that his efforts have not been unattended with benefit to himself. It is undeniably true, that at the bar the profits of his practice would have been very great; the advantage that he draws from the rent is probably still more considerable. Whilst therefore we may look upon him as the patriotic defender of his country's rights, and the eloquent denouncer of her wrongs, we cannot bestow upon him the admiration due to the great men, who, devoting all the energies of their minds to one high and sacred cause, make it the problem of their life, regardless of personal sacrifices. To unite patriotism with profit may not perhaps be blameable, but neither can it claim any high meed of praise.*

* It may seem ungracious at the present moment, when Mr. O'Connell has adopted a more friendly tone towards England, to allude to his former language. But it formed too striking a feature in his speeches, and was too frequently repeated, to allow us to omit it altogether. The reception which he has recently met with in London may have changed his opinion in this respect; we hope it has, and that he may find it not incompatible with his duty to Ireland to adopt more favourable impressions of England. We do not belong to Mr. O'Connell's unqualified admirers, but it would be the height of prejudice to deny his great merits; and we believe that Lord John Russell spoke the sentiments of a vast majority of Englishmen of all parties, when he said that an English Lord Chief Justice would have summed up very differently, and that in England a different verdict would have been returned. The real question at issue is not whether Mr. O'Connell was justified in the violent language which he used at the different meetings, but whether the doctrine of constructive conspiracy, upon which the verdict was obtained, be not fraught with dangers against which it behoves all lovers of constitutional liberty to guard.

THE CHURCH-YARD OF STOKE POGIS.*

THE SCENE OF GRAY'S ELEGY.

" . . . . . from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

THE annexed plate, representing "the country churchyard" in which Gray wrote his celebrated Elegy, is so graphically described in the stanzas of the poet, that we could not forbear extracting them, although they are doubtless familiar to our readers. The life of Gray has been so well told by Dr. Johnson, in his Lives of the Poets, and the Memoir of Mr. Mason, with the interesting correspondence, is so generally known, that we may dispense with any detailed account of his biography; and we avail ourselves of the room, thus left to us, to vindicate the first stanza of the Elegy, and the character of the poet from what we cannot help considering the harsh criticism and unjust imputation contained in an article of the London and Westminster Review for July, 1837. We willingly acquit the writer of any intentional misrepresentation, and should be gratified if the remarks which we take the

* Stoke Pogis lies to the right of the road between Colnbrook and Maidenhead. Population in 1831, 1,252. The manor was in the reign of Queen Elizabeth seized by the crown for a debt. It was the residence for a time of the grave Lord Keeper, Sir Christopher Hatton: and subsequently of Sir Edward Coke, who, in 1601, entertained Queen Elizabeth here, and presented her with jewels to a considerable amount. Upon the death of Sir Edward Coke, to whom the manor had been granted in fee, it came to his son-in-law, Lord Purbeck. The manor-house afterwards came into the possession of the Penn family, by one of whom the old house was pulled down, and rebuilt. The park is adorned by a colossal statue of Sir Edward Coke, and a sarcophagus on a pedestal has been erected in its vicinity, to the memory of the poet Gray.

The old manor-house of Stoke Pogis is the scene of Gray's 'Long Story;' and the churchyard, of his well-known 'Elegy.' The poet spent much of his youth in this village: and his remains lie (without any monumental inscription over them) in the churchyard, under a tomb which I had erected over the remains of his mother and aunt.—PENNY CYCLOPÆDIA. Article *Buckinghamshire.*

liberty of making in reply to his observations might induce him to reconsider the subject. We must now quote the opening stanza,

"The curfew *tolls* the knell of *parting* day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

Now fades the *glimmering* landscape on the sight," &c.

The critic objects that "the word *toll* is not the appropriate verb.—the curfew bell was not a slow bell tolling for the dead." But the word toll has likewise other meanings *ex. gr.* "Our going to church at the *tolling* of a bell, only tells us the time, when we ought to worship God."—STILLINGFLEET.

"They give their bodies due repose at night
When hollow murmurs of their evening bells
Dismiss the sleepy swains, and *toll* them to their cells."—DRYDEN.

These quotations are from Johnson's Dictionary; to them we may add the line

"Slow *tolls* the village clock the drowsy hour."

The objection that when the curfew-bell had tolled, the day had long departed, will not be very forcible to those who have read our observations on the *Ave Maria*, in the first number of the Universum. Gray had travelled in Italy, and therefore knew that the bell tolled half-an-hour after sunset. It is true that in that country the twilight is very short, but at Stoke Pogis it is, in summer, considerably longer, and it is not impossible that in Gray's time the vesper bell was still heard there. He certainly does talk of darkness in the first stanza, but he might mean the gradual approach of it, and then, "the *glimmering* landscape" and the "parting day" would not be so inappropriate as the critic imagines. These remarks may not be very important, but in a poem which has been the object of national admiration for nearly a century, we do not wish to have the association of ideas unnecessarily disturbed.

The accusation, or rather imputation, that Gray lacked warmth of heart, is a more serious charge than want of taste. It is mainly founded upon the circumstance that Mr. Richard West had written a poem *ad Tussim*, alluding to his distressing cough; one of the symptoms of the disorder that brought this promising young man to his early grave. Gray alludes slightly and playfully to his being the first who made a Muse of a cough. "This," says the critic, "jars strangely upon the moral taste." We find in the expression only a desire to make his friend think more lightly of his own disease. And the poet goes on in the same page to say, "Whatever low spirits and indolence, the effect of them, may advise to the contrary, I pray you add five steps to

your walk daily for my sake." We might multiply quotations to prove Gray's kindness of heart, but omitting the touching Sonnet on the Death of Mr. West, the Epitaph in the Elegy, and the glowing praise of his friendly editor, we would merely refer the reader to his letter to his mother, p. 204, (of the octavo edition 1820,) on the loss of his aunt, and to Dr. Wharton p. 265, on the death of the doctor's son. In many other respects the critic does our poet justice, and allows that his "style in prose, as exhibited in his correspondence, is confessedly delightful." We cannot conclude our remarks better than by quoting the words of that great writer, from a perusal of whose works, notwithstanding all his prejudices, we always rise with increased admiration.

"What has occurred to me from the slight inspection of his letters, in which my undertaking has engaged me, is, that his mind had a large grasp; that his curiosity was unlimited, and his judgment cultivated; that he was a man *likely to love much where he loved at all*, but that he was fastidious, and hard to please. . . . . In the character of his Elegy I rejoice to concur with the common reader, for by the common sense of readers uncorrupted with literary prejudices, after all the refinements of subtility and the dogmatism of learning, must be finally decided all claim to poetic honours. The 'Churchyard' abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo. The four stanzas beginning 'Yet even these bones,' are to me original. I have never seen the notions in any other place; yet he that reads them here, persuades himself that he has always felt them. Had Gray written often thus, it had been vain to blame, and useless to praise him." —Dr. Johnson.

A CATASTROPHE.

A CAT, fresh from a feast of mice,
Thirsty, but yet in liquors nice,
And much addicted to the vice
Of gratifying her wishes,
Sprang down one day, so light and airy,
(Far better had she been more wary,)
Through th' open door into the dairy.
For there, 'mongst other dishes,
A pan of glorious milk she view'd;
A prize so rich might well delude
The slyest cat that ever mew'd,
Much less our thirsty puss.
But scarce had she began to lap
A single drop, ere, dire mishap!
Behold her caught in a steel-trap.
Here was a pretty puss!

"What stuff is this," the critic cried,
Abash'd, alarm'd, the author sigh'd,—
"——Pray, pause awhile, ere you decide,
Nor hastily condemn me:
'*Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur,*'
Which means, if you'll accept me as translator,
'Of you, my friend, here speaketh the relater:'
You will not now contemn me.
Frankly I will my faults confess,
There are some errors of the press,
Which, gentle reader, please redress;
Corrected thus, what tale more true?
For puss, read—guess, I shan't say who:

And for the tempting pan of milk,
Read pleasure, flattery, jewels, silk,
An ostrich-feather, what you like,
(I see the truth begins to strike,)
A blue, red ribbon, or a garter;
One is to this, and one to that, a martyr.
Beware steel traps, or you'll be caught,
If your heart's set on things of naught.

ROSINA.

ARTIST. EDITOR.

ARTIST. I see, from your remarks, that I must not expect to find a warm advocate in you. You don't like my picture. I think it hard that you, who are the verbal medium of communication between myself and the public, refuse to stand my friend on this occasion.

EDITOR. *Amicus pictor, sed magis amica veritas.* I am not unfriendly towards you, and therefore I wish you to speak for yourself.

ARTIST. But state your objections.

EDITOR. I have already mentioned some of them. I willingly do justice to the skill and talent you have displayed; I acknowledge the many beauties of your picture, but I could have wished the subject treated differently.

ARTIST. And how would you have had me treat it, pray?

EDITOR. I would have made the sacred edifice the principal object, and the individual the secondary one, kneeling with her face concealed, absorbed in prayer, as she ought to be.

ARTIST. See what it is to judge a picture from a false standard. You advance some *æsthetical* remarks, the *general* truth of which I admit, and then blame me for not having produced a picture very different from that which I wished to produce. You don't see that we stand at opposite points of sight. You wish the individual to merge in the general idea of devotion, and are thinking of an architectural picture with human accessories, whilst my idea was to concentrate the interest in *one* individual, and to treat the architecture as accessory. You therefore scarcely do me justice. Nor, unless we bring the figure as much as possible into the foreground, can we display the expression of feature in the human face, which was likewise one of my principal objects. Besides, my picture is already a favourite with the public, so that in all points you are wrong.

EDITOR. At a disadvantage, I allow. But, that you may not again accuse me of being unfriendly, I will leave you in possession of the argument, and wish you good morning.

THE FAST DAY.

In France and other countries, where the Catholic faith's profess'd,
It is a well-know custom, at the church's high behest,
That twice at least in every week, good Christians should devour
No meat, but fast, or live on fish, or puddings made with flour.

But human nature is, alas! from weakness not exempted,
And hungry mortals, now and then, to break this rule are tempted.
This happen'd, as the painter shows, once to a peasant's family,
Who little thought, when they sat down, 'twould bring on them a homily

For just as the old father had help'd himself—the sinner!
And ere he had had time to taste a morsel of his dinner,
When they all least expected it, the door op'd to the latch,
And the curate his parishioners in the nick of time did catch.

At sight of him they one and all were in a sad confusion:
Deny the fact they could not, there were good things in profusion:
The old man look'd quite pitiful, his hand upon his breast laid,
His wife too clasp'd her hands, and thought, that nothing here were best said.

Their daughter turn'd her face away, which burn'd for very shame,
She snatch'd the meat from off her plate, the dog ate up the same;
The old maid, taken all aback, her face hid with her hands;
The boy peep'd shy and frighten'd, (behind the chair he stands.)

But not so timid were the rest, two saucy sad scapegraces,
They wish'd the curate far away, you can read it in their faces:
One cover'd up his plate, and look'd more vicious than dejected:
The other thought he might eat on, as he was once detected.

The curate seem'd astounded, when he the scene beheld,
He struck his stick upon the floor, his right hand out he held,
And looking sternly on the group a while before he spoke,
He thus in words of just reproof the trembling silence broke:

"That I should live to see such things—what! meat upon a Friday!
Without compunction, as if 'twere a holiday or high day:
Is it thus that you transgress the laws of holy mother church?
You sit there self-convicted—what need of further search?

"I shan't forget it when you come to me at next confession,
I'll give you all your penances for this gluttonous transgression:
This time I'll not be too severe, but 'tis my resolution,
If ever thus you sin again to grant no absolution."

He said, and frowning left them, and walk'd out at the door,
They sat so still, you might have heard a pin drop on the floor.
How they got through their dinner has escap'd my memory quite,
But I hope that, as good Christians, they had lost their appetite.

PÆSTUM.

" pingues hortos quæ cura colendi
Ornaret, canerem, biferique rosaria Pæsti."—VIRGIL. GEORG. IV.

" My song to flowery gardens might extend
. . . . . to sing
The Pæstan roses and their double spring."—DRYDEN.

" Pæstanis rubeant æmula labra rosis."—MARTIAL.
" Her emulous lips with Pæstan roses blush."

THE ancient poets were never weary of singing the charms of Pæstum, the fertility of its plains and the beauty of its "twice-blowing roses." The lovely environs remain unaltered; the sea and the mountains, the fertility of the surrounding plains still attest the truth of their praises; but far different is the scene that meets the eye of the traveller, as he enters the gates of the once powerful city of Neptune. The roses bloom no more; but thorns and brambles molest the visitor as he walks round the splendid remains of architecture—the celebrated temples—that stand in awful silence amid the total ruin and desolation of this once favoured spot. Snakes and noxious reptiles are heard to crawl away from under the dank weeds, and the sallow faces of the few wretched beings that hover round him prove that here reigns in all its virulence that destructive and mysterious malaria that has converted into pestilential deserts so many of the fairest spots of Italy.

Pæstum was probably founded by Tyrrhenians, who were afterwards expelled by Sybarite exiles. The new conquerors founded a colony here, and gave the city the Greek name of Posidonia, from the tutelary god, Posidon, (Neptune.) It soon rose to wealth and splendour, by means of commerce and agriculture. During the long period of the Roman republic it underwent many changes: under the empire the only notices we have of it consist in the glowing praises of the poets.

In ecclesiastical history bishops of Pæstum are named as early as the fifth century of the Christian era. In the year 915, the city was sacked and totally destroyed by the Saracens. After their expulsion, King Roger plundered the temples and public buildings for materials for the cathedral at Salerno, which was

erected in his reign. According to German writers, the temples at Pæstum remained for some centuries unknown, and were re-discovered during the last century by some English travellers. Massive Cyclopic walls, with stones twenty feet square, without mortar, attest the former extent of the city, a space of about two and a half Italian miles. Towards the south and east, they attained a height of forty-nine feet with a breadth of fifteen feet. There were four gates, of which one at the east is still standing. The interior of the city is one vast mass of ruins, out of which rise the beautiful temple of Neptune, the Basilica, and the temple of Ceres, such at least are the names by which these buildings, so interesting from their architecture, are best known to travellers. They owe their preservation to the remarkable solidity of their construction, which probably bade defiance to any attempt to destroy them for the sake of their materials. Their temples are essentially of the Doric style, but they exhibit some striking peculiarities, which have been the subject of much discussion among antiquarians. Travellers generally visit Pæstum from Salerno, sleeping at Ebloi on their return.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

"About Lunnen then dinna ye mack sic a rout,
For ther's nought for my winkers to dazzle;
And aw the fine things ye are gabbing about,
We can marrow in canny Newcastle."

NEWCASTLE SONG.

"There's a world above and a world below, it seems."

THE WEST INDIAN.

WE suspect that the poet who sings thus enthusiastically the praises of his native city, had just been contemplating with honest pride the changes produced by the enterprising ability of Mr. Grainger, and we trust that our Newcastle readers will have a due respect for our impartiality in thus boldly printing what may bring down upon us the ire of some of our esteemed friends within the sound of Bow bells. So rapid are the improvements that have made Newcastle one of the handsomest cities in England, that any account of them must necessarily be incomplete, for which we trust due allowance will be made. Thus the condition of Sandgate was but recently such that "the mind cannot picture a state of greater misery and destitution than what appear in many of these houses:" now the houses next the river have been pulled down, warehouses built, and the quay extended. The antiquities and history of Newcastle, with an account of the rapid improvements, are treated in some numbers of the Penny Magazine so copiously that we shall satisfy ourselves with alluding to a few of the distinguishing features, principally illustrating the laudable zeal of the inhabitants in effecting moral and social improvements. The theatre built by Mr. Grainger, after designs by Mr. Green, is, we believe, only surpassed in size by the Opera House and the two great London theatres. The Literary and Philosophical Institution, the National History and Antiquarian Societies, the Mechanics' Institution, the new Music Hall, the Newcastle Institution for the promotion of the Fine Arts, with several public libraries, are among the most prominent institutions so honourable to the town.

Of the churches, St. Nicholas deserves especial notice, the steeple of which is said "to be as fine a composition as any of its date, and the lightness and boldness of the upper part can hardly be exceeded." There exist many imitations of it, as the

steeple of St. Giles's in Edinburgh, the College Tower in Aberdeen, and St. Dunstan's in the East, in London, but none of them equal their original. There are many schools; in 1838 the number of children receiving instruction was eight thousand two hundred and thirty-nine, or about fifty-one and a half per cent. of the population between five and fifteen years of age. The Royal Grammar School was founded in 1525 by Thomas Horsley: the late Lords Eldon, Stowell, and Collingwood were educated at this school, as was also Akenside, the poet, and Dawes, author of the Miscellanea Critica, was one of its masters.

The population of Newcastle, with the townships which it includes, and Gateshead has been rapidly on the increase, and probably amounts at present to nearly a hundred thousand. There are several manufactories, but they must all yield the palm to the coal-trade, the staple trade of the town. It is supposed that this trade on the Tyne employs between eight and nine thousand persons above ground, and between three and four thousand under ground. The registered tonnage, according to Mr. M'Culloch, is very nearly equal to that of Liverpool, as most of the vessels in the coal trade with London and other British ports belong to Newcastle. The number of ships amounted in 1841 to one thousand three hundred and thirty, of the aggregate burden of two hundred and sixty thousand tons, manned by thirteen thousand five hundred seamen. If we take into consideration the number of persons employed in building these vessels, we shall form some idea of the importance of the coal-trade. Fortunately there is no reason to fear that even with an increasing consumption (we believe that the annual export amounts at present to about three million tons) there will be any danger of a failure of this invaluable article for some hundreds of years. The people of Newcastle are much attached to their old customs and games, although as in other parts of the country, these are gradually disappearing. Formerly the corporation went in state to patronise, and occasionally take part in playing at hand-ball, dancing, and other Easter amusements. The mysteries were frequently performed at Newcastle, by the incorporated trades, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; the millers performed "The Deliverance of Israel," the house-carpenters "The Burial of Christ," and the masons "The Burial of our Lady St. Mary, the Virgin." We hope that the interesting and beautiful procession of the glass-cutters is still observed, but whether the cordwainers have done homage to their patron saint, St. Crispin, since the 29th of July 1822, we know not. Lastly, we beg the "canny" men of Newcastle, who are so much attached to their dialect songs, to excuse the slight liberty we have taken with the lines prefixed to these remarks, and as this is a predilection in which we ourselves share, we should esteem it a signal obligation if any of our numerous readers would favour us with a list of the principal works written in the dialect, printed at provincial presses, as our information on this subject has been hitherto confined to such books as find their way into the London market.

MOZART.

Johann Chrysostomus Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, the greatest composer of Germany, or perhaps of any country, was born in the city of Salzburg, June 27, 1756. In his earliest infancy he was so passionately fond of childish sports that he neglected his food to enjoy them; but from his fourth year, when his extraordinary musical talents began to display themselves, he neglected all diversions, to devote himself to the study of that art in which he was destined to work so great a revolution. "His great sensibility was observable as soon as he could make himself understood. Frequently he said to those about him, 'Do you love me well?' and when in sport he was answered in the negative, tears immediately began to flow. He pursued everything with extraordinary ardour. While learning the elements of arithmetic, the tables, chairs, even the walls, bore in chalk the marks of his calculations. And here it will not be irrelevant to state, what we believe has never yet appeared in print, that his talent for the science of numbers was only inferior to that for music: had he not been distinguished by genius of a higher order, it is probable that his calculating powers would have been sufficiently remarkable to bring him into general notice."*

In his third year, it was his delight to strike intervals on the harpsicord, and in the next year his father (sub-director of the Chapel of the Archbishop of Salzburg, and a scientific musician) taught him in play some minuets, which he learned with precision in half-an-hour. When five years old, he composed a concerto for the harpsichord, written according to the rules of art, and so difficult that none but a virtuoso could execute it. In his sixth year he travelled with his family to Munich and Vienna, and played before the Imperial Court. The child would only play before connoisseurs, and troubled himself little about the applause of the multitude. Thus at Vienna he said to the Emperor Francis I, "Is not Mr. Wagenseil here?

* We have consulted German sources, but the very interesting Life of Mozart, in the seventh volume of the Gallery of Portraits and Memoirs by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge varies in many respects from our authorities. As the account there given is either manifestly authentic or bears internal marks of truth, we have taken the liberty of borrowing from it, and marked our quotations with inverted commas.

he ought to be present, he understands such matters." The emperor sent for Mr. Wagenseil. "Sir," said the child, "I shall play one of your concertos, you must turn the leaves for me." A small violin was at this time bought him for his amusement; without the knowledge of his father he learned to play upon it, and executed the second part in a trio, "as much to the satisfaction of the composer, as to the wonder of all."

The family travelled into different countries, everywhere with extraordinary success. "In April, 1764, the party arrived in London, where they remained till the middle of the following year. Here, as in France, the boy exhibited his talents before the royal family, and underwent more severe trials than any to which he had before been exposed, through which he passed in a most triumphant manner. So much interest did he excite in London, that the Hon. Daines Barrington drew up an account of his extraordinary performances, which was read before the Royal Society, and declared by the council of that body to be sufficiently interesting and important to form part of the Philosophical Transactions, in the seventieth volume of which it is published. But some suspicions having been entertained by many persons, that the declared was not the real age of the youthful prodigy, Mr. Barrington obtained through Count Haslang, then Bavarian minister at the British court, a certificate of Wolfgang's birth, signed by the chaplain of the Archbishop of Salzburg, which at once dispelled all doubts on the subject.

At fourteen he was named leader of the archbishop of Salzburg's concerts, and soon afterwards, in Rome, undertook to copy the celebrated Miserere, which is performed in that city during Passion Week, and which it was forbidden the singers under pain of excommunication to show to any one. He succeeded so completely that he played it on the harpsichord to the great admiration of Cristofori, who had sung it in the Pope's chapel. "As this rare spirit," says a German writer, "became so early a man in his art, so on the other hand he continued a child in the other relations of human life. He never learned to govern himself; he had no idea of the proper use of money, of moderation in enjoyment." If ever man were justified in following the inspirations of his genius, Mozart certainly was; but if by the above observations be meant that Mozart was a man of but little intellect out of his profession, we cannot but agree with the writer to whom we are already under great obligations. "We have the best authority for saying, that once, at a court masquerade given at Vienna, Mozart appeared as a physician, and wrote prescriptions in Latin, French, Italian, and German; in which not only an acquaintance with the several languages was shown, but great discernment of character, and considerable wit. . . . . That he who, in his operas, adapted his music with such felicity to the different persons of the drama; who evinced such nicety of discrimination, who represented the passions so accurately, who coloured so faithfully, whose music

is so expressive, that without the aid of words it is almost sufficient to render the scene intelligible, that such a man should not have been endowed with a high order of intellect is hard to be believed; but that his understanding should have been below mediocrity is incredible." Mozart died on the 5th of December, 1791, at the early age of thirty-six years. A statue has been erected to his honour in his native city of Salzburg. It was inaugurated Sept. 4, 1842, on which occasion one of his sons directed. The statue is twelve feet high; it was modelled by the celebrated sculptor Schwanthaler, and cast in bronze at the royal foundry at Munich. Of its high merits the reader is enabled to judge by the annexed plate. The head is turned to the cathedral on the left, the eyes are raised towards heaven. There are four relievos on the marble pedestal, an eagle with the lyre, the symbol of the soaring flight of poetic genius; the angel with the organ represents church-music; the group, concert-music. The opera is represented by the classic muse and romantic music hand in hand, before the lyre and mask.

It is impossible even to give a list of his numerous compositions, amounting, with the unfinished sketches, to eight hundred. In 1782 he produced his Entführung aus dem Serail, (l'Enlèvement du Sérail.) Of this piece the emperor Joseph II. said to him, that it was very beautiful, but that it contained a tremendous number of notes. "Just as many as it ought to do," was the reply. Figaro was performed in 1787 at Prague, where Mozart in the same winter produced his Don Giovanni, with still greater success. The inhabitants of Vienna received this last opera coldly, although Haydn on this occasion declared Mozart the greatest of all living composers. In 1790 appeared Cosi Fan Tutte, and during the illness which brought on his death he composed the Magic Flute, La Clemenza di Tito, and his celebrated Requiem.

Mozart's music is for all time. His dramatic works display a universal command of the passions and feelings in musical representation, elevated to ideal harmony that can hardly be carried to a higher degree of perfection. He is always true to nature, but it is nature expressed in those proportions alone which art admits. His instrumental compositions are models for all nations. In church-music, hymns, and masses, in symphonies, quartettes, concertos, sonatas, he was alike distinguished. In some single branch there may be masters who have equalled him; in universality of genius there are none that would not yield the palm to Mozart.

NOTE.—Although this article has exceeded our usual limits, we cannot refrain from translating the following extracts from a letter to his sister, which has been recently published for the first time. The reader will perceive that the pecuniary circumstances of the great composer were unfortunately not very promising. It is dated February 13, 1782.

"You know Vienna. Has not a man *(who has not a single kreuzer certain income)* . . . . . enough

to think and work day and night in such a place. . . . . At six o'clock in the morning my head is already dressed. at seven my toilette is quite complete, then I write till nine; from nine till one I have my lessons, then I dine. if I am not invited out, when we dine at two or three o'clock, as to-day and to-morrow at Countess Zizi's, and Countess Thun's. I cannot work before five or six o'clock, and I am often hindered by an academy, if not, I write till nine o'clock. Then I go to my dear Constanze (his wife.) At half-past ten or eleven I come home. As on account of academies and of the uncertainty whether I shall not be called now here, now there, I cannot reckon on writing in the evening (particularly when I come home sooner) I generally write something before going to bed. Thus I often forget the time in writing till one o'clock, and then up again at six. Dearest sister! if you believe that I could ever forget my dearest best father and you.——But still! God knows it, and that is consolation enough; may he punish me if I could. Adieu!

"I am ever thy sincere brother.

"W. A. Mozart, M. P."

THE CONFESSION.

A Dialogue.—Editor. Friend.

Editor.—But pray, my friend, why so severe?
Such stern remarks I seldom hear.
Friend.—Think not 'tis that I would object
To modes of faith that we reject:
Each church has customs of its own
Which other men should let alone.
I do not blame the Roman creed,
But still I think there is no need
When maidens to confession go
That they should let their lovers know.
Those who thus of it make a handle,
I'd excommunicate by book and candle.
Editor.—So now the murder's out at last.
Ha, ha! my friend, I have you fast.
You have mista'en the painter's view,
And yet he is to nature true;
He tells us plain as words can tell
The youth the maiden loves full well.
She had some doubts, and thought it best,
With his consent, to ask the priest,
Whether he would their union bless?
And if so, then she would say "Yes."
I grant he seems an interloper,
And that it were more right and proper
That he the short delay should brook,
Nor thus in at the window look.

But youth is made of flesh and blood,
And his must be a patient mood
Who, when on love his thoughts are glowing,
Seeks not to know how things are going.
I must confess, I could not keep
My hiding-place without a peep.
So, cease your virtuous ire, and rather
Leave matters to the holy father.

SALZBURG.

Salzburg, one thousand three hundred and ninety-four Paris feet above the level of the sea, the capital of the Austrian province of the same name, lies on both sides of the river Salzach, whose magnificent waterfalls, with those of its tributaries, the Ache, so often delight the traveller, amid the splendid scenery which renders a tour from Gastein to this city a source of most agreeable recollections. Salzburg is situated in one of the most beautiful districts of Germany, surrounded to the north by a pleasant plain, and on the other sides by lofty mountains. The greater part of the town, the fortress Hohensalzburg, the Moenchsberg, and the suburbs, Normthal and Muelen, are on the right bank of the river; the rest of the city, with Capucinerberg and the suburb Stein on the left of the river, over which there is a bridge three hundred and seventy feet long, and forty feet broad. The different heights present charming views of the city and environs: let us as ascend the Moenchsberg (Monk's Mountain): green meadows, neat houses, and the beautiful summer palace adorn the foreground; in the background tower the lofty mountains. To the left rises the high fortress, below us the rushing river and the city, whose fine churches and well-built houses remind us of Italy and of the time when Salzburg was dignified with the appellation of Little Rome. The eye lingers over the scene, but reflection at last casts a shadow on its brightness. The city is without animation, its spacious squares are now deserted, its best houses are degenerated into government offices, no rolling carriages disturb the still monotony of the streets. The population, which, in 1794, amounted to sixteen thousand, had in the course of twenty years sunk to little more than half that number, and is now supposed to amount to about thirteen thousand.

The Roman name of the city, built by Hadrian on the spot where Salzburg now stands, was Juvavia; but it was destroyed in 451, and again in 477. The pious Scotchman, St. Rupert, preached the Gospel here as early as the seventh century. To the archbishops the city is indebted for the many architectural beauties that distinguish it. Under Archbishop Firmian, 1729—1733, occurred the great emigration of the Protestant inhabitants. About forty thousand preferred exile to changing their religion, and sought a refuge in Germany, England, Holland, Russia, Sweden, and even North America. In 1802 Salzburg was secularised, and was given

to the Grand Duke of Tuscany; in 1805 it fell to Austria; and in 1809 to Bavaria; after the peace of Paris, 1814, it was restored to Austria. The birth-place of Mozart was in the third story of the house number two hundred and twenty-five. *The place of his burial is not known.* In 1818 the town suffered considerably by fire; one tenth of the city, several palaces and churches fell a prey to the flames.

Among the twenty-six churches, the first place is due to the splendid cathedral built in the seventeenth century, in the Italian style, by Solari of Como. It is adorned with many marble statues and good paintings. The Franciscans' church possesses a very beautiful choir. In St. Peter's are the tombs of St. Rupert and of Haydn, brother to the great composer. The nine painted glass windows in the church on the Nonnenberg are said to be nearly four hundred years old. Among the ornaments of Salzburg must be reckoned the fountain in the square fronting the cathedral, supposed to be the handsomest in Germany, and the two riding-schools, with the unrivalled stables for one hundred and thirty horses. The New Gate is very remarkable, being cut through the rock twenty-two feet high, and thirty-six feet broad; adjoining is the Maximilian's Chapel, likewise hewn in the rock, with an inscription in honour of the author of the work, Archbishop Sigismund von Schrattenbach, "*Te saxa loquuntur.*" The present archbishop, no longer a sovereign, is Prince Schwarzenberg, who was appointed to this high office in 1833, being then but twenty-four years of age. Salzburg is the seat of the mining commission for the province of Salzburg, for Styria and Carinthia. The Benedictine Monastery of St. Peter's possesses a very fine library and collection of coins. The university has been abolished, and a Lyceum established in its stead, with a Gymnasium and *Studienschule.* We have read in some accounts of Salzburg that the important collection of antiquities made by Mr. Rosenberger is now at Munich. Of this we cannot speak from personal knowledge; when we visited the city about ten years ago, we saw a very interesting collection in the garden of Mr. Rosenegg. We know not how far fashion may have prevailed among the good people of Salzburg since this time; but then a lover of Rembrandt or Albrecht Durer would have been in raptures at some of the costumes which we beheld. The environs of Salzburg abound in picturesque and sublime scenery; the traveller should not neglect to visit Aigen, the seat of the present Archbishop, and from the grounds, which are interesting, ascend the Geissberg, which commands a view perhaps equal to the more highly vaunted prospects from the Swiss mountains. It is advisable, however, to take a guide in Aigen; we were rash enough to neglect the experiment, and warn our readers not to imitate our example. For a more minute account of the towns within a hundred miles of this favoured district, we must refer our readers to the different travellers' handbooks.

THE TWO COURTIERS.

We speak not here of those whose highest pride
It is to stand behind their sovereign's chair,
Whene'er she deigns to greet her people's eyes
At parliament, or play, in regal state:
We dare not soar so high; our humbler sphere
Contents itself with swains of birth obscure.
The sire and son, *our* courtiers, go to court,
And offer each his homage to the fair:
The former felt his home deserted, since
She, who had shared his life for weal or woe,
Had gone to happier worlds, and left behind
An infant son, sole solace of his years.
To rear the child was now his sole delight,
And by degrees the yearning sorrows fade,
Which the soul feels from loss of those we love;
For in the boy he liv'd again, enjoyed
Anew in him the sportive years of youth.
But time, with silent step, progressive roll'd;
The child became a youth, the youth a man;
Yet it was not decreed that he should stay
And live a peasant's life, in humble ease:
The mighty conqueror, with resistless sway,
O'erran his native land. At honour's call
They rallied round the monarch in his need;—
The youths took arms, mere striplings from the school;
The aged men, with venerable locks,
United fearless in the holy cause,
And Heaven bless'd their efforts with success.
The youth return'd; with pride the maidens view'd
Their brave defender, once their playmate gay,

And oft they listen'd to the glowing tale
Of his heroic deeds, which, nothing loath,
The father lov'd so often to repeat,
As with his son he stroll'd from house to house:
But yet in course of time, I know not how,
It chanc'd that they were almost daily seen
Where widow Gertrude with her daughter dwelt.
But while the sire his darling son extoll'd,
The son sought other themes, and soon pair'd off,
And whisper'd softly in the maiden's ear.
She blush'd and fearful towards her mother look'd;
But she's with matters nearer home engag'd,
For, see, the old man, inconstant to his theme,
Now strives to thread the needle, while the dame
Looks up and smiles, and thinks the homage due;—
She's not too old to have a courtier too.

PRAGUE.

PRAGUE, the capital of the kingdom, or rather Austrian province, of Bohemia, is situated 50° 5′ 19″ N. L. and 14° 25′ E., five hundred and fifty-one Paris feet above the level of the sea. It is divided into two parts by the river Moldau, a tributary of the Elbe, and is one of the most beautifully situated cities in Europe, being inclosed or surrounded by five mountains, the Schlossberg, Lorenzberg, Strahofberg, Wyssehradberg, and Windberg. The city, exclusive of the suburbs, is divided into the Old Town, New Town, Jews' Town, Kleinseite, (Small Side,) and the Hradschin. The parts of the town on opposite sides of the river are connected by a stone bridge, and a suspension-bridge has been recently erected. Prague, according to the Provincial Handbook of Bohemia for 1844, contains one hundred and fifteen thousand five hundred and seventy-six inhabitants within the walls, and exclusive of the military, twelve monasteries, five nunneries, and two free secular institutions, to one of which the daughter of the veteran hero, Archduke Charles, has just been appointed Lady Abbess.

The earliest history of this city is lost in fable, which tells us that Queen Libussa, (of whom so many wonderful stories are related, amongst others, that she used to throw her lovers down the precipices of the Wyssehrad, when she grew tired of them,) was instructed in a vision to build a city on the left bank of the Moldau, and that she named it Prah, a threshold. Descending into the clearer regions of history, we find that in the thirteenth century, when the Tartars threatened to overrun Bohemia, the city was so strongly fortified, that it had nothing to fear from these barbarians. A wooden bridge was built over the Moldau, and, as the Kleinseite (which, till the times of Charles IV., was called New Town,) was covered with buildings; the old part of the city, Altstadt, on the right bank, was extended, and surrounded with walls and ditches, until it attained its present extent. The circumference of Prague is estimated at twelve miles, the diameter from Spital-gate to Strahof-gate at about three miles.

This city has been the scene of many revolutions. In 928 it was for the first time besieged and taken by the Emperor Henry I., who dethroned the heathen Duchess Drahomira. Within four years (1001—1005) it was taken three times, but without

a siege. It must have increased in wealth and population with extraordinary rapidity, for in the beginning of the fourteenth century, it furnished the sovereign, within three days, with ten thousand armed men, and seven hundred and forty waggons full of provisions, for the war against Austria. But it is to King Charles I., (the Emperor Charles IV.,) to whom the inhabitants are now about to erect a statue, that Prague is most indebted. This prince was the son of King John, who fell at the famous battle of Cressy. He planted the hills with vines, built many churches, the stone bridge over the river, and founded the celebrated university, the earliest in Germany: by encouraging the North German and the Italian merchants, he made the city the emporium of the north and south trade; and we can form some idea of its importance, from the circumstance, that a single citizen made the monarch a present of one hundred thousand ducats. But the spirit of the father had not descended upon the son, Wenzel IV., and the Hussite war, which broke out soon after, exposed the city to all the horrors of civil and religious warfare, for fourteen years, and checked the rising prosperity of Prague. John Huss, by an infamous breach of faith on the part of the Emperor Sigismund, who had given him a safe conduct, was burned at Constance in 1415. This led to a complete separation of the churches, but the power of the Hussite party enabled them to change Bohemia into an elective monarchy, 1420—1547. In the former year Prague was besieged by the Emperor Sigismund, but withstood his attack, and John Ziska, the celebrated blind Hussite general, (after whom the Ziskaberg, about half a mile from the New Town, is named,) defeated the imperial troops. In 1458, George von Podiebrad, a man of great talents, and of the Hussite persuasion, ascended the throne, and maintained his position till his death, notwithstanding the excommunication of the pope, the faithlessness of his son-in-law, King Mathias of Hungary, and of a great part of his nobles. After the death of the son of his successor in a battle against the Turks, the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria obtained the supreme power, 1526. The Bohemians themselves, strongly attached to the reformed religion, were naturally unwilling to obey the archduke's summons to take up arms against the Elector of Saxony in the Smalcalde war; they seemed rather inclined to assist the latter; but Ferdinand, taking advantage of Charles the Fifth's victory at Mühlberg, treated his subjects very severely, and, at the so-called Bloody Diet, declared Bohemia an hereditary monarchy. His posterity remained in possession of the throne, till towards the end of the reign of his grandson Mathias. This violation of their political and religious freedom excited the indignation of the Bohemian Protestants, and threatened to deprive Austria of one of the brightest jewels of her crown. They rejected Ferdinand II., who had been already crowned King of Bohemia in the lifetime of his cousin Mathias, and in 1619 elected Frederic V., Elector Palatine, son-in-law of King James I. of England, as their sovereign. But this unfortunate prince, who but for

the peace-loving disposition of James might have involved Great Britain in the war, did not long enjoy his newly-acquired honours. The next year the battle of the White Mountain, near Prague, deprived him of his throne; the Protestant Church (the religion of three-fourths of the inhabitants) was suppressed, the former constitution abolished, (1627,) and Bohemia declared a monarchial and Catholic country. Thirty-six thousand families, one thousand and eighty-eight nobles and knights, all the Protestant teachers and clergy, a great number of artists, merchants, and others, who would not change their religion, emigrated into Saxony, Poland, Sweden, Holland, &c. By this loss, and the miseries of the Thirty Years' War, (to the outbreaking of actual hostilities in which the inhabitants of Prague essentially contributed, by throwing the Emperor's delegates out of the castle window, where, fortunately for their lives, they alighted on a dunghill,) the country was deserted and desolate. German colonists were encouraged, and the German language introduced to the prejudice of the Bohemian. In the eighteenth century Prague suffered repeatedly by incursions of the enemy; but since the bombardment by Frederick the Great, in the Seven Years' War, it has been spared the horrors of a siege. In 1813, at the Congress held in this city, the Emperor Alexander of Russia, the Emperor of Austria, and the King of Prussia laid the foundation of the Holy Alliance.

Prague possesses many churches and public buildings, well worthy the attention of the traveller. In the Thein Church, one of the oldest in the city, are deposited the remains of Tycho Brahe, who settled at Prague, on a pension allowed him by the Emperor Rudolph II. The splendid metropolitan church of St. Veit, on the Hradschin, was commenced in the tenth century, but not completed till 1500. It contains the tombs of many of the sovereigns and celebrated men of Bohemia. The patron saint of the country is St. Nepomuk, who died in the latter half of the fourteenth century. His shrine in this church is one of the most costly in the world, and the silver ornaments of it are supposed to weigh above two tons. According to the legend, the saint was thrown from the bridge into the Moldau, for refusing to betray to the jealous king, Wenzel, the secrets of his queen's confession. Flames hovered over the spot where his body lay under water; the miracle attracted attention, and the body was found. His statue in bronze adorns the bridge, and is reverently saluted by all the passers-by. About three hundred and fifty years after his death he was made a saint, and the day of his death, May 16th, is the great festival of Prague. A kind of wooden chapel is built over his statue on the bridge, to which the pious come even from distant parts in thousands, to pay their devotion. The crowd is so great that for two evenings no carriages are permitted to cross the bridge.

The Imperial Palace, on the Hradschin, contains four hundred and forty apartments, the largest of which is second only to Westminster Hall. The Hradschin contains several splendid buildings, formerly belonging to noble families, but many

of these are now in the hands of the government, and one of the largest is, we believe, used as a poor-house.

No lover of history will leave Prague without seeing the habitation and relics of the great Wallenstein, which, mutilated as they are, will still recal the great magnificence and unbounded wealth of that extraordinary man. The interest in his fate has been recently revived by the action brought by his present descendant against the crown of Austria, for restitution of the estates, confiscated after his murder. Wallenstein, it appears, expressly stipulated, in a deed which has just been published, that if any of his race should be guilty of high-treason, they should be punished with loss of life, but the family estate should not be confiscated. This fact is interesting, although not favourable to the supposition that the idea of treason had never entered his mind.

The University of Prague, the oldest in Germany, was founded in 1348, by Charles IV., who conferred on it great privileges, exempting foreign students from all taxes, and investing the academical council with civil and criminal jurisdiction. The number of students in King Wenzel's reign amounted to about sixty thousand. The four nations, (Bohemian, German, Polish, and Bavarian,) into which it was divided, possessing equal votes, the natives had only one vote in four, and at last the king was induced to reverse the proportion, giving the Bohemians three, and the other nations one vote. The foreign professors resigned their situations; in a short time many thousand students followed, and thus the universities of Leipzig, Rostock, Cracow, and some others were founded. The university of Prague sank as rapidly as it had risen: Maria Theresa and her successors contributed to its revival, and it now numbers about two thousand students.

The stranger should not neglect to visit the Jews' burial-ground. Although the statement that the country contains Jewish monuments of the first century, must of course be considered as fabulous, there is no doubt that the Prague Jewish settlement belongs to the earliest in Europe. The Jews' quarter contains a Town-hall, nine synagogues, and two hundred and seventy-nine houses, in which live several thousand Jews, two or three families often inhabiting the same room. They have preserved their ancient manners and customs more strictly than in many other parts of Germany. The rich Jews, however, do not live in this dirty and disagreeable part of the town. Prague possesses many public charitable institutions, public libraries, and extensive picture-galleries. Its trade is likewise flomishing: but the state of society is said not to be very agreeable, the different ranks not associating much with each other. It possesses two theatres, in one of which dramatic pieces are performed in the Bohemian language, although German is the prevailing language in the larger towns, and among the higher classes in the country. The conservatory of music enjoys a high reputation throughout Germany.

ROBERT BURNS.

In a claybuilt cottage, the work of his father's hands, Robert Burns first saw the light, on the 25th of January, 1759. His birth-place is about two miles south-west of the town of Ayr. A few days afterwards the frail tenement gave way at midnight, and the infant with his mother were forced to take shelter in a neighbouring hovel from the pitiless pelting of the storm. William Burns, his father, although in very humble circumstances, has been pourtrayed by his immortal son, in the beautiful poem of "The Cotter's Saturday Night," in a manner equally honourable to the memory of both. As in the cases of most distinguished persons, his mother, whom in general address he greatly resembled, seems to have exercised a great influence in the formation of his youthful mind, and her inexhaustible store of ballads and traditionary tales doubtless made a great impression upon his infant imagination. In his boyish days, as Burns himself tells us, he owed much to an old woman, who resided in the family, remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition. She had the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantraips, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. How well he used this "trumpery," the reader of Tam-o'-Shanter doubtless remembers.

The earliest breathings of Burns's muse were inspired by the passion to which he, unfortunately for himself, was too often a slave. His first ballad, "O, once I loved a bonnie lass," was composed when he was about fifteen. "Thus with me began love and poetry; which at times have been my only enjoyments." In his nineteenth year he spent the summer on a smuggling coast. "Scenes of swaggering riot and roaring dissipation were, till this time, new to me; but I was no enemy to social life." He continued to labour and to study, but his new associates probably called forth the slumbering seeds of weaknesses and vices for which he was to pay so dear. "As his numerous connexions," says his excellent brother Gilbert, "were governed by the strictest rules of virtue and modesty, (from which he never deviated till his twenty-third year,) he became anxious to be in a situation to marry." But the shop in which he was learning his new trade of flax-dressing caught fire, and he was obliged to give up

the plan. A *belle-fille* whom he adored, and who had pledged her soul to meet him in the field of matrimony, jilted him with peculiar circumstances of mortification. His letter, in reply to hers, in which she finally rejects him, is extraordinary considering he was only in his twentieth year. "It would be weak and unmanly to say that without you I never can be happy; but sure I am that sharing life with you would have given it a relish, that, wanting you, I never can taste." It was about this time that he wrote to his father—"The weakness of my nerves has so debilitated my mind, that I dare neither review past wants, nor look forward into futurity; for the least anxiety or perturbation in my breast produces most unhappy effects on my whole frame. Sometimes, indeed, when for an hour or two my spirits are alightened, I *glimmer* a little into futurity; but my principal, and indeed my only pleasurable employment, is looking backwards and forwards in a moral and religious way." It was also about this time that he became a freemason, "his first introduction to the life of a boon companion." Rhyme he had now given up, but meeting with *Ferguson's Scottish Poems*, he strung anew his wildly sounding lyre with emulating vigour.

His father died in the beginning of the year 1784, and thus escaped the sorrow of seeing his son do penance, according to the Scotch custom in village churches, before the congregation, in consequence of the birth of an illegitimate child. Shortly before the death of their father, the two brothers took the farm of Mossgiel together, and it was during the four years that he lived on it, with yearly wages of seven pounds for his labour, that his best poems were produced, and that the nobler and generous feelings of this extraordinary man, with, alas! his great failings, more fully developed themselves. The talents and genius of Burns had now begun to attract attention in his neighbourhood, and an acquaintance with some of the clergy induced him to take an active part in the clerical disputes of the times. The *Holy Fair*, the *Ordination*, the *Holy Tuilzie*, or *Twa Herds*, with *Holy Willie's Prayer*, and other poems, while they proved the high and daring powers of the writer, displayed occasionally a profaneness that gave legitimate cause of scandal to others, who would have shown no mercy to their opponent, even if he had kept within the bounds of fair discussion. The beautiful poem of *Hallowe'en* was composed about the same time as the *Holy Fair*, and in general the purest specimens of his genius were strangely mingled with those productions in which he proclaimed himself a master of reckless satire. Many of his smaller romances too were penned about this time, and his fervent admiration of beauty called up many of his best songs, for Burns was no Platonic admirer of imaginary heroines. One of these, Jean Armour, who afterwards became his wife, he thus besings:

"Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine,
Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw;
There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,
But Armour's the jewel for me o' them a'."

Poor in the extreme, and alarmed for the consequences of this new connexion, he now formed the idea of going to Jamaica, in hopes of bettering his broken fortunes; but in a last interview with his mistress, he gave her a written acknowledgment of marriage, which is in Scotland legal evidence, although such marriages are irregular. Her father, who had but an unfavourable opinion of Burns's character, persuaded her to burn this paper, a proceeding the more strange as it was the only means of restoring her reputation. It is evident that this part of the poet's history is yet but partially known. A short time afterwards Jean Armour bore him twins: his situation was now truly deplorable. The farm had proved a failure, he had offered to provide for his wife and children as a day-labourer; his wife's relations refused to acknowledge him; and such was his poverty that he could not find sufficient security for the paltry parish maintenance of his children.

He now resumed his intention of going to Jamaica; after trying in vain to raise his passage-money, his friends encouraged him in the idea of trying a subscription edition of his poems. His spirits rose with the prospect of success, and he composed some other pieces, amongst others the *Twa Dogs*, during the progress of publication. "I had been skulking," says he, "from covert to covert, under all the terrors of a jail; as some ill-advised people had uncoupled the merciless pack of the law at my heels. I had taken the last farewell of my friends; my chest was on the way to Greenock; I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia, *The gloomy night is gathering fast*, when a letter from Dr. Blacklock, to a friend of mine, overthrew all my schemes, by opening new prospects to my poetic ambition." The poems fixed the public attention immediately. Old and young, high and low, grave and gay, learned or ignorant, were alike delighted, agitated, transported. Even ploughboys and maid-servants would gladly have given the wages they earned most hardly, and which they wanted to purchase necessary clothing, if they might but procure the works of Burns. His society was courted by the most celebrated of his countrymen. His manners were then, as they continued ever afterwards, simple, manly, and independent; strongly expressive of conscious genius and worth; but without anything that indicated forwardness, arrogance, or vanity. If there had been a little more of gentleness and accommodation in his temper, says an acute observer, he would, I think, have been still more interesting; but he had been accustomed to give law in the circle of his ordinary acquaintance; and his dread of anything approaching to meanness or servility, rendered his manner somewhat decided and hard. Nothing, perhaps, was more remarkable among his various attainments, than the fluency, precision, and originality of his language, when he spoke in company, and avoided more successfully than most Scotchmen, the peculiarities of Scottish phraseology. Mackenzie in the Lounger gave him his full meed of praise, and pointed out to his countrymen "with what

uncommon penetration and sagacity this heaven-taught ploughman, from his humble and unlettered condition, had looked on men, and manners." . . "To repair the wrongs of suffering or neglected merit; to call forth genius from the obscurity in which it had pined indignant, and place it where it may profit or delight the world—these are exertions which give to wealth an enviable superiority, to greatness and to patronage a laudable prize." Sir Walter Scott says of him, "There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large and of a dark cast, which glowed (I say literally *glowed*) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time. His conversation expressed perfect self-confidence, without the slightest presumption. Among the men who were the most learned of their time and country, he expressed himself with perfect firmness, but without the least intrusive forwardness; and when he differed in opinion, he did not hesitate to express it firmly, yet at the same time with modesty. I do not remember any part of his conversation distinctly enough to be quoted, nor did I ever see him again, except in the street, where he did not recognize me, as I could not expect he should. He was much caressed in Edinburgh, but (considering what literary emoluments have been since his day) the efforts made for his relief were extremely trifling."

The unfortunate Heron, who spoke from sad experience, confirms the testimonies that in Edinburgh he yielded to temptations, which, notwithstanding his noble and generous impulses, he had not sufficient strength to withstand. "The enticements of pleasure too often unman our virtuous resolution, even while we wear the air of rejecting them with a stern brow. We resist and resist, and resist; but at last suddenly turn, and passionately embrace the enchantress. The *bucks* of Edinburgh accomplished, in regard to Burns, that in which the *boors* of Ayrshire had failed. After residing some months in Edinburgh, he began to estrange himself, not altogether, but in some measure, from his graver friends. Too many of his hours were now spent at the tables of persons who delighted to urge conviviality to drunkenness, in the tavern, and in the brothel."

Why do we extract these remarks? Certainly not with the wish to detract from the fame due to a great man. We are of opinion that much that has been given to the world respecting Burns ought to have been withheld, for if all the biographies of celebrated men had been placed in the same transparent light, in which this ill-fated son of genius and of passion has been exhibited, how few would come out of the furnace unscathed! Instead of treating his faults with delicacy, or leaving his vices unrecorded, for which the poet paid the severe but just penalty, in years of mental misery, even his brother Gilbert, and his first biographer, Dr. Currie, set the per-

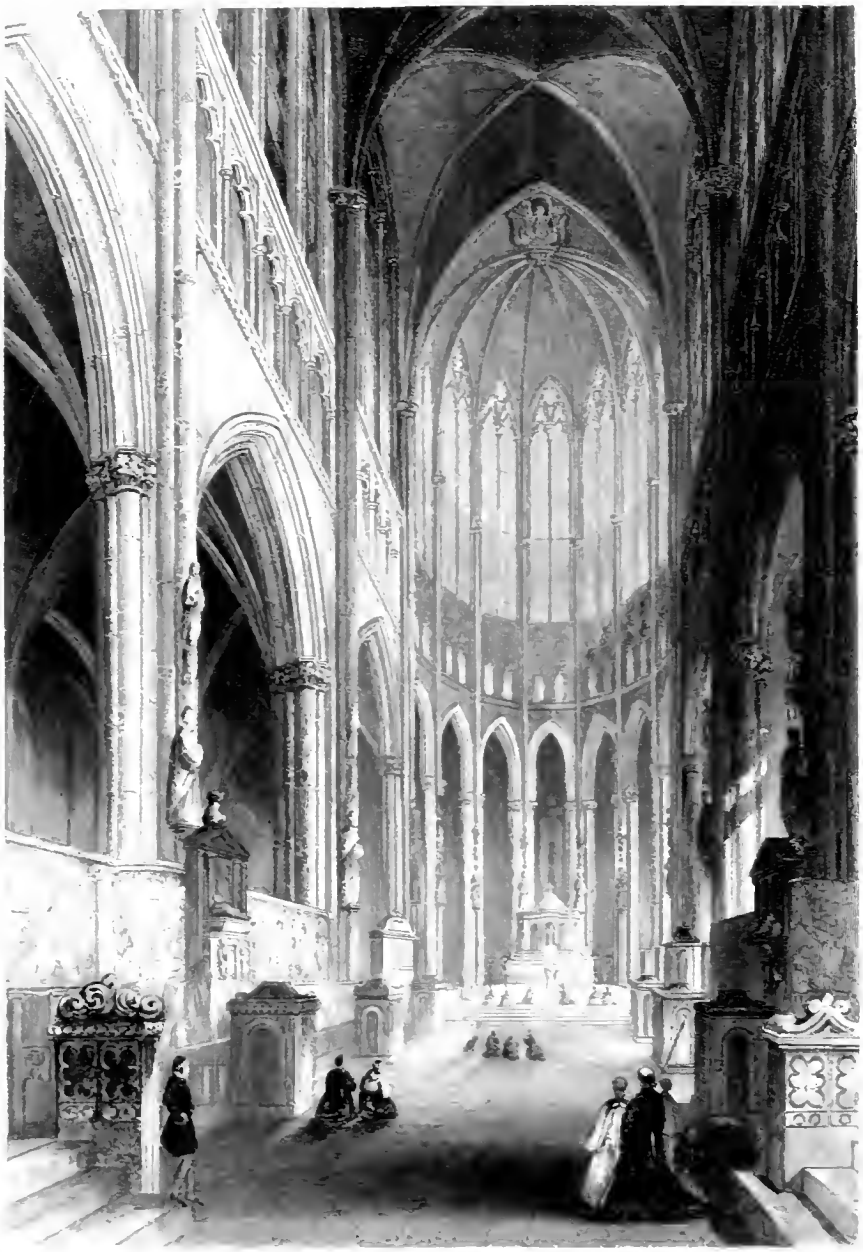
nicious example of revealing to the public failings for which his sufferings should have been considered a sufficient expiation, without "damning him to everlasting fame." But as these memoirs have now become known to all, the chronicler has no choice left him but in some measure to show the faults of his predecessors. The failings of such a man as Burns inculcate a great moral lesson, that the most admirable genius, the most generous and noble impulses are but a poor substitute for active principle, which alone can form and confirm real strength of character. We may, and we ought to draw the inference for ourselves; far be it from us to sit in judgment upon one whose finely gifted and sensitive mind exposed him to temptations which others feel less acutely, and therefore overcome without merit to themselves. "Take a being of our kind," says he, in a short sketch of himself which throws great light on his character, "give him a stronger imagination and more delicate sensibility, which between them will ever engender a more ungovernable set of passions than are the usual lot of man; implant in him an irresistible impulse to some idle vagary, such as arranging wild flowers in fantastic nosegays, tracing the grasshopper to his haunt, by his chirping song, watching the frisks of the little minnows in the sunny pool, or hunting after the intrigues of butterflies; in short, send him adrift after some pursuit which shall eternally mislead him from the paths of lucre, and yet curse him with a keener relish than any man living for the pleasures that lucre can bestow; lastly, fill up the measure of his woes by bestowing on him a spurning sense of his own dignity, and you have created a wight nearly as miserable as the poet."

The profits of a subsequent edition of his poems amounted to between five hundred and six hundred pounds, but it soon dwindled away. He married Miss Armour, took a farm, which, as might be expected, did not succeed; his friends procured for him—what seems to us almost a satire—a place in the excise, with a salary of fifty pound a year, afterwards raised to seventy, and even this paltry pittance he was in danger of losing, owing to some observations upon the French Revolution, which some vile informer had reported against him. It was in allusion to this appointment that Coleridge invites his friend Charles Lamb to gather a wreath of henbane, nettles, and nightshade,

"The illustrious brow of Scotch nobility to twine."

He closed his life in great misery on the 21st of July, 1796, in his thirty-seventh year, with all the horrors of a jail before him. His proud spirit, which had refused to receive from Thomson the remuneration for his songs, in a publication which owed to them its chief value, was forced, in the last days of his existence, to write a pressing letter for the loan of five pounds. His remains enjoyed the empty honours of a public funeral, at which persons of all ranks volunteered in crowds to do honour to the memory of the national poet of Scotland.

The poetry of Burns at once reaches the heart. Dealing with subjects and images that are familiar to all, he wants no interpreter; for all feel instinctively the truth and beauty with which the genius of the poet has invested them. However humble the scene, it is never vulgar, he looks upon nature with the eye of a poet; there is a mingled tenderness and passion in his verse that carry his reader irresistibly with him. Unlike most poets of all ranks and almost all poets from the lower ranks of life, he never writes for the sake of writing, but from the fulness of a heart overflowing with genial passion. If his verse has little grandeur or imagination, it is because the subjects on which he felt himself impelled to write afforded little room for the development of these qualities. Sir Walter Scott has expressed his regret that Burns confined his genius to lyrical effusions, and that he did not attempt a greater poem. We may be allowed, with all diffidence, to suggest a doubt, whether the poet would have been equally successful in the attempt. The fire and energy of Burns's style are eminently suited for shorter pieces; in longer poems, they might fatigue the reader, or have tempted the poet to artificial excitement, to the loss of those exquisite touches of natural feeling in which he so greatly excelled. The weaknesses of the poet's character are manifest in the events of his life; he that runs may read them:—its strength is to be seen in his poems; these represent him erring indeed, but full of generous and noble emotions, of gushing tenderness; in some poems, of childlike purity of sentiment. Labouring under the disadvantages of being written in dialect, they will doubtless last as long as the English language shall endure.



COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

This cathedral (according to the original plan, which has been fortunately discovered) was destined to be the noblest specimen of Gothic architecture in Europe. It was designed by Archbishop Engelberg, begun by Archbishop Conrad of Hochstetten, called the Solomon of his age, and continued from 1248, until the period of the Reformation.

The cathedral is in the form of a cross, four hundred feet in length, and one hundred and eighty in breadth. The only part that is finished is the choir, with the chapels that surround it. One hundred columns support the nave; the middle ones are forty feet in circumference, but it is only two-thirds of its intended height. and the roof is of wood. Each of the towers was intended to be five hundred feet high, but one has only attained an elevation of two hundred and fifty feet, and that of the other is very trifling. Behind the high altar is the celebrated Chapel of the Three Kings in marble, in the Ionic style. Their bones lie in a curiously wrought case of solid silver gilt, with splendid ornaments. On the left side of the choir is the Golden Chamber, with the cathedral treasure. Although in the wars attendant upon the French Revolution, this treasure was much diminished, enough remains to enable the spectator to judge of the enormous wealth with which the metropolitan church of Cologne was endowed.

Although a sum was annually set apart, during the reign of the late King of Prussia, for the restoration of this splendid edifice, it was not until the accession of the present monarch that active measures were taken for this purpose. He is known to have this object much at heart, and had not long ascended the throne before he laid the groundstone of the vast repairs necessary to complete the cathedral. As this imposing ceremony took place about the time that the warlike demonstrations of M. Thiers excited great attention in Germany, the patriotic sentiments of the Protestants came in aid of the religious feelings of the Catholics, and subscriptions poured in from all parts. Since then the enthusiasm has somewhat abated, and the completion of this great work still remains somewhat problematical. The following contains a more recent account of the progress made in it, than has hitherto appeared in England.

The frescoes in the high choir are begun under the direction of Moralt of Munich, from the cartoons of the painter Steinle of Vienna. They represent soaring angels, in each of the high, narrow, triangular spaces between the pointed arches round the choir and the bearers of the choral arch. The space is, however, very unfavourable for their light, soaring forms, as it leaves no room for the development of the wings. The proportion to the architecture and other ornaments of the choir seems somewhat too imposing, so that these parts of the building seem to become narrowed by the paintings; which, however, considered solely as to their own merits, do credit to the artist, and will not fail of producing their effect on the minds of those who love simplicity and pious sentiments in works of art.

Meanwhile the works within and without the cathedral are in active progress, and the arches of the southern cross aisle are already closing in several places. How difficult the problem of completing the cathedral is first became apparent when the architect entered upon the details of the building. It had not been borne in mind that in a work that had been continued through three centuries, many changes of the original plan must of necessity have taken place; and if there still exist persons who are of opinion that the works can be continued according to the original plan, they must soon yield to the conviction that the existing parts of the edifice were in reality erected from different plans. The plan of the towers which has been discovered, belongs manifestly to a later period than the ground-plan of the church, one window of which is actually half destroyed by the former, and parts of the choir are not in harmony with its original character, but evidently the inorganic addition of a later architect. Under these circumstances, it was too much to accuse with such vehemence the present architect Zwirner, and to insist that the original plan should not be deviated from in the completion of the north cross-aisles, a demand founded on the fragment of a column at the part mentioned, but which, in construction and profile, belonged to a later period than that of the original foundation. The dispute was carried on with great bitterness, and at last laid before the king, who confirmed the plans of M. Zwirner. We hope that this difference will soon pass away, for if such should be repeated, the public sympathy will cool. The unhappy religious disputes, and particularly the zeal of the Catholics against the Gustavus-Adolphus Unions have already manifestly lessened the national interest in this great work. With the north cross-aisle, as the south cross-aisle is already considerably above the foundation, the real building begins; and if means are not wanting, it is hoped that in 1848 the whole church will be finished to the height of the aisles, and thus be from within accessible throughout its whole extent.

The Gustavus-Adolphus Unions were formed for the purpose of assisting poor Protestant communities with funds for building churches, &c. They exist in great numbers throughout Germany, but the King of Bavaria has forbidden his subjects

to accept assistance from them. The King of Prussia is protector of these unions in Prussia. This difference of opinion has caused much ill-will, although it cannot be denied that the adoption of the name of Gustavus Adolphus, the victorious Protestant warrior, was calculated to give some offence to the sensitive minds of the Catholics. The choice of the name, although injudicious, was accidental, and arose from the circumstance that the idea was first promulgated a few years ago, at the jubilee in honour of that monarch, when a monument was erected over the place where he fell, near Luetzen, on the high road between Leipzig and Weimar.

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

A FEW days after Nelson had returned from his harassing and incessant cruising after the enemy, which had successfully eluded him in almost all quarters of the globe, the government received intelligence that the combined French and Spanish fleets had entered Cadiz. Having been two years at sea, without setting his foot on shore, he had retired to Merton, to seek that repose which was so necessary to the re-establishment of his health. When Captain Blackwood, who was travelling to London with dispatches, called at his house, Nelson exclaimed, "I am sure you bring me news of the French and Spanish fleets! I think I shall yet have to beat them." His physicians remonstrated in vain, his anxiety to serve his country overcame all other considerations, and his offer to command the fleet was gladly accepted. On Friday night, Sept. 13th, (1805,) half-past ten, he says: "I drove from dear, dear Merton, where I left all which I hold dear in this world, to go to serve my king and country. May the great God whom I adore, enable me to fulfil the expectations of my country, and if it is his good pleasure that I should return, my thanks will never cease being offered up to the throne of his mercy. If it is his good providence to cut short my days upon earth, I bow with the greatest submission, relying that he will protect those so dear to me, whom I leave behind." The people at Portsmouth uttered blessings upon him on their knees, as he left his native shore.

The French admiral had received orders to leave Cadiz for Toulon, but when he heard the dreaded name of the hero who was now opposed to him, even the orders of Napoleon were disregarded, nor was it until he was deceived by Nelson's bold stratagem of detaching six ships to Gibraltar, that he ventured out of the harbour. Six ships arrived from England singly, and Nelson now had twenty-seven sail of the line and four frigates, the force of the enemy amounted to thirty-three sail of the

line and seven frigates, four of which were three-deckers, and their fleet was strengthened by four thousand marksmen. Nelson, with noble confidence, sent Collingwood his plan in detail, and he told his captains if they could not make out his signals, none could do wrong who placed his ship alongside that of the enemy. On the 21st of October, 1805, Nelson ordered the ships to bear down in double columns, and Villeneuve, to meet this plan, had arranged the French fleet so that between every two vessels in the front line a space was left to fire a broadside from one in the second. Villeneuve, with the admirals Alava and Dumanoir, commanded the first line of twenty-one ships of the line; the remainder, in the second, were under the orders of Admirals Gravina and Magon. Collingwood and Nelson, the former in the Royal Sovereign, the latter in the Victory, led the two columns. These dispositions being made, and the ships already advancing against the enemy, Nelson withdrew to his cabin and wrote the following prayer:—"May the great God whom I worship grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory, and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet! For myself individually, I commit my life to Him that made me, and may his blessing alight on my endeavours for serving my country faithfully. To him I resign myself, and the just cause which is entrusted me to defend." His last well-known signal, *England expects that every man will do his duty*, raised the confidence of the sailors to the highest pitch. "What a fine sight those ships would make at Spithead!" exclaimed the British tars, pointing to the splendid and newly fitted vessels of the French fleet. "How many ships should you deem a victory?" said Nelson to Blackwood. "Fourteen would be a glorious one." "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty," was Nelson's reply. Yet he had a conviction that although he should be victorious he should not survive the action.

Collingwood in the Royal Sovereign first came into action, as Nelson kept somewhat more to the north, to prevent the enemy's retreat into Cadiz. When Collingwood, although two miles nearer than the other ships of his squadron, sailed alone against the hostile fleet, "See," said Nelson, "how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action!" "What would Nelson give to be here!" was the kindred exclamation of Collingwood. The broadside of the Royal Sovereign cost the Santa Anna four hundred men, but she was soon engaged with five vessels at once, and great was the joy of the British when the first clearing away of the smoke showed the national flag still proudly soaring against such tremendous odds.

Nelson's anxiety was intense, and he strained every nerve to bear his part in the action. As soon as the enemy saw him approaching, seven or eight of their vessels directed their fire exclusively against the Victory, which, from the fall of the wind, advanced but slowly, unable to return a single shot. This heavy firing did fearful

damage: among those who fell was Mr. Scott, Nelson's secretary, who was standing close to him at the fatal moment. "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long," was his exclamation. Not being able to penetrate through the enemy's line to attack the Santissima Trinidada, which he mistook for the French Admiral's ship, he fired a broadside into the Bucentaure with murderous effect, and was soon engaged at one time with the Redoubtable, Bucentaure and Santissima Trinidada, besides receiving a terrible broadside from the Neptune. Captain Harvey in the Téméraire attacked the Redoubtable from the other side, and so firmly were the four vessels locked together, that after every fire from Nelson's ship, the English were obliged to pour water into the Redoubtable to extinguish the flames, or they would all inevitably have perished in one common conflagration. The Redoubtable had confined her exertions to preparations against the expected boarding, and supposing from her silence that she had struck, in conformity with the noble sentiments in his prayer, Nelson twice ordered the Victory to cease firing. But this humanity was ill rewarded, the firing continued from the fore and main tops, and the aim of the French marksmen was but too successful. Nelson fell. "They have done for me at last, Hardy." "I hope not," said Hardy. "Yes, my back-bone is shot through." As he was carried down, he gave his orders with his usual coolness, and not to discourage the men, with his handkerchief he covered his face and stars, the emblems of his glory, which but too fatally revealed his person to the enemy. Knowing that his end was approaching, he bade the surgeon attend to the others: "To me you can do nothing."

The two admirals had borne the first brunt of the battle: the Royal Sovereign took the Santa Anna after two hours' hard fighting, and great loss of men on both sides. The fearless Collingwood had at last stood alone on the poop, unwilling to expose his men to unnecessary danger. Captain Harvey, in the Téméraire, boarded the Tougueux seventy-four, and as the British fleet now shared in the honourable danger, the dying moments of Nelson were cheered by the joyful hurrahs that announced the successive captures. Such was the slaughter in this conflict that the Téméraire (the crew of which likewise boarded the Redoubtable) entered into action with a crew of six hundred and forty-three men, but only thirty-five again beheld their native shore.

Nelson's anxiety to learn the fate of the battle evinced itself in repeated inquiries after Captain Hardy. "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed; he is surely dead." As soon as the arduous contest allowed him to leave the deck, Captain Hardy hastened to the resting-place of his beloved commander. He could not overcome his emotion. "Well, Hardy, how goes the day with us?" "Very well; ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and are coming down upon the Victory; but I have called two or three fresh ships round, and have no

doubt we shall give them a drubbing." "I hope none of our ships have struck." "There is no fear of that." "I am a dead man," said Nelson; "I am going fast: it will be all over with me soon." The duties of the service recalled Hardy, and detained him on deck nearly an hour; but Nelson lived to receive the news of the great victory that had been obtained. Hardy reported to him that fourteen or fifteen of the enemy had struck. "That's well; but I bargained for twenty. Anchor, Hardy, anchor. Do *you* make the signal. Kiss me, Hardy." "Now I am satisfied: thank God, I have done my duty." This last was the prevailing sentiment even in death; with a voice that gradually became weaker and weaker, he repeated, "Thank God, I have done my duty," and expired without a groan. Thus died England's greatest naval hero, a man possessed of many and eminent virtues, both public and domestic.

We have not alluded to his private life, or his very questionable association with Lady Hamilton, but in extenuation it may perhaps be said, that if he yielded to the fascinations of female beauty, to the destruction of his domestic peace, justice requires us to add, that she who subjugated Nelson, seems to have been a woman gifted with the most extraordinary graces and talents, within whose sphere few came without feeling her influence. With the solitary exception of the unhappy affair at Naples, Nelson's public character was blameless, and deserved the grateful and enthusiastic admiration which it everywhere inspired.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

FROM the earliest times the hill on the summit of which the Cathedral of St. Paul's with its magnificent dome towers above the vast metropolis, seems to have been consecrated by holy edifices. It is certain that the Romans had a burial-place on the spot, as many funeral vases, lachrymatories, and other memorials of the dead were excavated by Sir Christopher Wren. Above the Roman relics lay the skeletons of the ancient Britons, and above these the Saxons. Ethelbert, the first Christian king of Kent, erected a church here (610) and dedicated it to St. Paul. In 961 it was burnt down, but is said to have been rebuilt in the same year. This church likewise became a prey to the flames about a century after. The succeeding edifice, known in English history by the name of old St. Paul's, occupied a period of one hundred and fifty years in its erection, nor was it, in fact, completely finished until the reign of Edward II. in 1315. It was nearly seven hundred feet in length, one hundred and thirty in breadth, and the wooden spire attained the amazing height

of five hundred and twenty feet. The spire was rebuilt in the last year above-mentioned, and the summit adorned by a ball and cross. It suffered considerably from a violent storm in 1444, and it was nearly twenty years before the ball and cross again crowned the spire. On the 4th of June, 1561, all the woodwork of the cathedral was consumed by fire. It was indeed re-opened within five years, by the unremitting exertions of Queen Elizabeth, aided by a liberal national subscription, but it remained a fragment, the spire was not rebuilt, and it gradually fell to decay, till, in 1663, under Charles I., the subscriptions having amounted to one hundred thousand pounds, the important task of restoring the building was entrusted to Inigo Jones. Great was the neglect to which it had been exposed. It was a common lounging and sleeping-place for all sorts of dissolute persons; nor was common decency observed even during the performance of divine service, the people walking about with their hats on. The cloisters were let to the noisy trunk-makers, who disturbed the stillness of the place. The walls were disfigured by the erection of private houses against them, one of which, which formed part of the church, seems to have been used as a playhouse; in short, it is difficult to conceive how such desecration, which lasted for years, could have been endured for a single moment. Inigo Jones proceeded to clear the church from these disfigurements, but the commencement of the civil wars in 1642 not only put a stop to further improvement, but carried the unholy work to such an extreme, that sawpits were erected in the church, part of the cathedral itself was turned into barracks, and the portico and statues erected by Inigo Jones were destroyed.

After the restoration in 1663, Sir John Denham, the poet, was the incompetent superintendent of the works, and Wren was appointed his assistant. The houses and various disfigurements had been removed, when, in the great fire of the 3rd of September 1666, old St. Paul's shared the fate of thousands of less distinguished edifices, and became a confused heap of ruins. The whole east part was destroyed, not only the timber roof being burnt and the upper stone vaults for the greatest part thrown down, but the very inner walls and pillars between the choir and north aisle being fallen also, and in their fall having broken the vaults into St. Faith's Church, under the choir and chapels of the cathedral. It was still hoped that the part remaining might be repaired; but subsequent investigations proved that these walls were unable to bear the weight of a roof, and it was resolved to erect a new building. Sir Christopher Wren, who had become surveyor-general on the death of Denham, presented several plans, of which that after which the present cathedral was built was selected by the king. Although the plans were submitted for royal approbation in 1672, it was not until June 1675 that the first stone was laid. Considerable sums had been subscribed by the bishops and others for the repairs of the old cathedral, previous to its destruction by the great fire, and these were now employed for the new

church; but the expenses were almost wholly covered by a duty on coals, imposed for this purpose in 1670, and confirmed by several Acts of Parliament, until 1716. The expense of this vast building, second in magnitude only to St. Peter's at Rome, amounted to seven hundred and thirty-six thousand pounds, but the remuneration awarded to its eminent architect was paltry in the extreme, not exceeding two hundred pounds a year, out of which he paid for models and drawings, and of this pittance one half was reserved till the completion of the work. When we consider the length of time occupied in the erection of the great cathedrals on the Continent, and the incongruities of plan, by the change of architects and the variations of taste in art, it is matter of congratulation that this vast design (begun June 21st, 1675, completed 1710) was executed under the exclusive superintendence of Wren. It has been recorded as a matter of curious observation that the master mason, Mr. Strong, and the Bishop of London, Compton, who were present at the laying of the foundation-stone, likewise survived the completion of the cathedral.

The church which immediately recurs to the mind of the traveller on viewing the interior of St. Paul's, is the far-famed St. Peter's of Rome. The grand metropolitan church of the Catholics, if such an expression be permitted, was built in one hundred and forty-five years, under the superintendence of twelve different architects, and nineteen popes filled the papal chair, in the interval between its commencement and completion. In the interior the palm must be given to the Roman church, the splendid mosaic paintings of the dome giving it a lightness and cheerfulness that contrast favourably with the bareness of the London cathedral; but the lofty dome of the latter soars with greater grandeur, nor will the exterior front of St. Peter's bear comparison with the grandeur of the western front of St. Paul's, facing Ludgate-hill. The lower part of this magnificent portico consists of twelve Corinthian, the upper of eight Composite columns. Impressive as is the effect of this masterpiece of Wren's genius, how greatly would it have been enhanced could the original idea of the architect,—viz., to carry up a single order of pillars the whole height,—have been carried into execution; but it was unfortunately found impossible to procure blocks of the size requisite to realize this great conception. The approach to St. Peter's is free: the vast colonnade, with its obelisks and fountains, of such spacious dimensions that the impression produced by the view of the church itself is hardly commensurate with what might be expected from its vast size. St. Paul's is so completely hidden and enclosed, that, although standing on the highest part of London, it is only from the western approach that it produces any considerable effect. The dome, it is true, presents a majestic appearance as one ascends the river; but it is to be hoped that the city improvements will at length leave a free space to bring out the beauties of this fine building to greater advantage.

St. Paul's is built in the form of a cross; its whole length from east to west is

five hundred feet, that of the transept, two hundred and eighty-five; the breadth of the church, one hundred and seven feet, that of the transept nearly the same. The intersection of the nave and transept is surmounted by the dome, lantern, globe and cross. The height to the top of the cross is four hundred and four feet, that of the two bell-towers of the west front, two hundred and twenty feet, of the walls, about ninety feet. Within the iron railing that incloses the burial-ground of the cathedral stood formerly Paul's Cross, so frequently mentioned in English history. The sermons, some of which cost their authors so dear, were delivered in the open air. There still exist benefactions for their continuance, and though now preached in the choir, they are still distinguished by the name of Paul's Cross Sermons.

The cupola is adorned with paintings by Sir James Thornhill, representing the history of St. Paul. A very handsome iron screen separates the choir from the nave, but the organ in its present position obstructs the free view of this part of the church. The stalls in the choir are beautifully carved, but the altar is not worthy of the building; in one of the stalls is the pew of the Bishop of London, opposite is the seat of the Lord Mayor. Service is performed twice a day in the choir, besides the full church service on Sundays and holydays. The present King of Prussia on attending it, exclaimed on leaving the cathedral, "This is indeed *divine* service!"

It was not until 1796 that the bareness of the walls was relieved by monuments. The statue of the philanthropist Howard was the first which was erected in St. Paul's. It contains at present the monuments of Dr. Johnson, Sir W. Jones, Sir J. Reynolds, Abercrombie, General Moore, Elliott, Howe, Jervis, Duncan, Nelson, Collingwood, and others who have deserved well of their country. The crypt, in which was likewise the subterraneous church of St. Faith, contains the sarcophagus that encloses the remains of Nelson; it was originally intended by Cardinal Wolsey for his own tomb in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The other objects of curiosity are the Library, with its singular floor of coloured oak, the Model-room, the famed Whispering-Gallery, the great bell, and the immense clock-works. At an early hour in the morning, when the metropolis is free from smoke, the visitor enjoys an extensive view from the outer galleries or the ball. The King of Saxony, more accustomed to early rising than royalty in England, is probably the only monarch, who, since many years, has accomplished this matutinal feat. The ingenious pictorial representation at the Colosseum is doubtless familiar to many of our readers. Two of the most interesting scenes for a stranger to witness at St. Paul's are the musical performances for the benefit of the sons of the clergy, and the vocal song of the charity children in London, and its environs, who, grouped together in thousands, unite their youthful voices in hymns of gratitude and praise.

KENILWORTH.

KENILWORTH, or Killingworth, a market-town in Warwickshire, consists principally of one street, nearly a mile long, on the road from Coventry to Warwick. It was anciently a manor belonging to the crown, and the Castle of Kenilworth was demolished early in the eleventh century, in the war between Edmund Ironside and Canute. The church is an ancient building, and possesses a fine rich door of Norman architecture, but the spire above the tower is of more modern date. In the reign of Henry I., the king bestowed the manor on Geoffrey de Clinton, his chamberlain and treasurer, who erected a castle of great strength, and likewise founded a monastery. It was the stronghold of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, in his insurrection against Henry III., and served as a place of refuge to his family and followers after the battle of Evesham. (A. D. 1265,) but after an obstinate resistance, they were obliged to surrender in the following year. It was in Kenilworth Castle that the unfortunate Edward II. was confined, before he was removed to Berkeley Castle, the scene of his murder, 1327. In the following reign the castle became the property of John of Gaunt, who acquired it by marriage, and by whom most of the buildings that remain were erected. Through his son, Henry IV., it reverted to the domains of the crown. Queen Elizabeth conferred it upon her favourite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who spent immense sums upon it, and when the improvements were finished invited his royal mistress to the celebrated festival so graphically described by Sir Walter Scott, in his historical romance of Kenilworth. The survey that was taken some time after gives the area within the walls of the castle at seven acres: but the circuit of the walls, manors, parks, and chase was estimated at nineteen or twenty miles. It suffered greatly during the civil wars; a great part of the buildings were demolished, and the materials sold. The remains, however, still present a splendid and picturesque appearance. The prevailing character of the architecture is the late perpendicular, some of the ruins, however, are in the Norman style. Of the ancient tower (known by the name of Julius Cæsar's Tower) three sides remain, the walls are in some parts fifteen feet thick. The massive part, called Lancaster Buildings, erected by John of Gaunt, is hastening to decay, nor are the more recent additions of the Earl of Leicester in a better state of preservation In these latter (called Leicester Buildings) we still discern the ruins of the spacious Banquetting Hall, eighty-six feet long by forty-five wide. The ivy growing round the ruins adds to the picturesqueness of the castle, which commands a fine view of the adjacent country. Of the monastery or abbey, which belonged to the Canons of St. Augustine, but little remains. The account of the splendid festival

given by the Earl of Leicester to Queen Elizabeth, in the description of two contemporary writers, George Gascoigne, otherwise respectably known to those acquainted with the literature of this period, and Robert Laneham, clerk of the council-chamber, who likewise figures in the romance of Kenilworth, contains some curious signs of the manners of the times. The entertainments partook of the somewhat barbarous magnificence of the time, and some of the conceits will provoke a smile from the reader. In a vast tent (the pins of which filled seven cart-loads) the noble host had prepared a sumptuous entertainment for his royal mistress, prompted, most probably, by that which has been given as the definition of a courtier's gratitude, viz., a lively sense for favours yet to come. The favour to which Leicester's soaring hopes aspired, was the hand of Elizabeth, and if history speaks truth, she coquetted rather more than became her title of "Maiden Queen" with her lovers of different lands. A tawny Sibyl greeted the monarch of the sea-girt isle, prophesying glory, prosperity, and a long life. A gigantic porter, a lover of repose, it should seem, by the towering rage into which the disturbance throws him, begins to rate the new comers soundly for breaking the peace; till awestruck by the majestic bearing of the queen, he offers the keys on his bended knees. Six pasteboard giant trumpeters (that is six trumpeters behind the pasteboard giants) sound a flourish in honour of the royal visitor, who then received the homage of the Lady of the Lake, who had concealed herself ever since the loss of her beloved, the renowned King Arthur. The queen was not wanting in readiness of repartee, but answered that she had hitherto reckoned the Lake as belonging to her own domains, but finding that this was an error, she would hold a conference with the lady on the subject, at some future opportunity. A fairy scene succeeded, in which the various gods and goddesses, semigods, nymphs, &c., of the heathen mythology, figured in due succession, offering appropriate presents and compliments. The next day being Sunday, the forenoon was passed in public devotions; but in the afternoon the scenes of pleasure were renewed: the hours passed rapidly in music and dancing, and the night was illuminated by a display of fireworks, hitherto unequalled in England. The next day was devoted to hunting, and sylvan sports; and after the death of the deer, the progress of the royal party was suddenly arrested by the unusual appearance of a wild man of the woods, dressed in moss and ivy, and wielding an oaken sapling plucked up by the roots. In the utmost astonishment at this noisy invasion of his peaceful realm, he calls upon the sylvan deities to explain the cause of this disturbance. They are silent, and as he cannot procure the substance, he must content himself with the shadow: he calls forthwith Echo to his assistance, and by means of the last word of each question, which serves likewise for the answer, he learns the name of the powerful queen and goddess who stands before him. In token of submission he hurls the root of his sapling from him, which, coming into dangerous proximity with the

queen's palfrey, spread dismay and consternation among the courtiers, until her majesty graciously appeased the hearts of her loyal subjects, by assuring them that she was not hurt. Music, dancing, and hunting occupied the two succeeding days, and Thursday was devoted to the baiting of thirteen bears. "It was a sport very pleasant of these beasts," says Laneham, "to see the bear with his pinkey eyes leering after his enemy's approach; the nimbleness and wait of the dog to take his advantage: and the force and experience of the bear again, to avoid the assaults: if he were bitten in one place, how he would pinch in another to get free; but if he were taken once, then what shift, with biting, with clawing, with roaring, tossing and tumbling, he would work to wind himself from them; and when he was loose to shake his ears twice or thrice, with the blood and slaver about his physiognomy, was a matter of goodly relief." Noise, firing of cannon, fireworks, conjurors, posture-masters, concluded this goodly show; in short, notwithstanding the enthusiasm of the writers, it would seem to us that many parts of this renowned festival bore no small resemblance to the amusements of a country fair. Bad weather interrupted the sports of the two next days. On Sunday, after "a fruitful sermon," the sovereign was amused by the ceremonies of a rural wedding, and with running at the quintain. Not content with the bumps and thumps which the ambitious horsemen on their ragged steeds encountered in their strivings to strike the mark with a due study of the equilibrium, they divided into two parts, and aped their betters in a rustic tournament. On this part of the princely diversions, Laneham is, if possible, more enthusiastic than in pourtraying the mishaps of poor Bruin. "By my troth!" exclaimed he, "'twas a lively pastime: I believe it would have moved some men to a right merry mood, though it had been told him his wife lay a-dying." We hope, for his conjugal tenderness, that the eloquent reporter pined in single blessedness. Such were the amusements which graced the royal progress of good Queen Bess for nineteen days, and yet the original programme could not be executed at full length for want of time. We have laid this short abridgement of the scene before our readers, in the hope that they would not find it uninteresting to compare the real performance with the ingenious inventions of Sir Walter Scott.

NELSON.

If the greatness of a man may justly be estimated by the eminence of his competitors for fame, the name of Nelson, now become symbolical of England's naval greatness, shines forth the more illustrious above the well-deserved glory of his distinguished companions in arms, whose renown, though it may well command the applause of a grateful nation, must yield to that of the great naval captain of his age.

Horatio Nelson was born at Burnham Thorpe in Norfolk, of which place his father was rector, on the 29th September, 1758. He does not seem to have displayed any great love of the sea in his boyish years; and it is said, that with a view to relieve his father from the pecuniary difficulties of supporting a numerous family, he sailed as midshipman in the Raisonnable, sixty-four, commanded by his mother's brother, Captain Suckling. On her being paid off, he entered the merchant service. "He returned a good practical seaman, but with a hatred of the king's service, and a saying then common among sailors, 'Aft the most honour, forward the better man.'" On the application of the Royal Society, Captain Phipps, afterwards Lord Mulgrave, was ordered on a voyage of discovery in the Polar Seas, and although it was strictly forbidden to take any boys in this expedition, Nelson, although not fifteen years old, was appointed coxwain to the Carcass, Captain Lutwidge, a proof that his supposed dislike of the navy was not of long duration. He afterwards sailed to the East Indies, and was passed lieutenant, April 8th, 1777, and the next day appointed to the Lowestoffe, in which he reached Jamaica. The following year, Sir Peter Parker, on this station, appointed him third lieutenant, and after passing rapidly through the intermediate gradations, he was named post-captain to the Hinchinbrooke, twenty-eight guns, June 11th, 1779, when not yet of age, in which vessel he greatly distinguished himself. He returned to England to recruit his health: his crew had sunk from two hundred to ten men. In 1781 he cruised in the North Sea, and was afterwards sent to Quebec. On the conclusion of the peace he went to St. Omer, and remained in France till the spring of 1784, when he was appointed to the Boreas, twenty-eight guns, on the Leeward Isles' station. Here he gave a proof of that firmness and independence of character which so eminently characterized him. The Americans, now acknowledged as an independent nation, were, by the provisions of the Navigation Act, excluded from trading with the British colonies; but this trade, popular both in America and the colonies, was connived at by the authorities. Nelson seized four of the American vessels, and thus came into collision with the whole colony, and even with the admiral: the ships were, however, ultimately condemned by the Admiralty, after a tedious and expensive lawsuit. In March 1787, he married the widow of Dr. Nesbit, of the island of Nevis, and lived for some years in retirement at his father's in Norfolk.

On the breaking out of the war of the French revolution, in 1793, he was again employed in active service, and from this time to his death his career was one of unexampled activity and success. Our limits will not allow us to give even a list of the great actions by which he has acquired deathless renown, and we must refer our readers to the well-known Life of Nelson, by Southey. Soon after the attack against Teneriffe, in which he lost his right arm, he had occasion, in 1797, to deliver a memorial of his services to the Admiralty. This paper stated, "that he had been

in four actions with the fleets of the enemy, and in three actions with boats employed in cutting out of harbour, in destroying vessels, and in taking three towns; he had served on shore with the army four months, and commanded the batteries at the sieges of Bastia and Calvi: he had assisted at the capture of seven sail of the line, six frigates, four corvettes, and eleven privateers; taken and destroyed near fifty sail of merchant vessels, and actually been engaged with the enemy upwards of a hundred and twenty times, in which service he had lost his right eye and right arm, and been severely wounded and bruised in his body."

After the battle of Abouker, Nelson was created Baron Nelson of the Nile, pensions of £3000 a year were settled on him and his two next heirs; and the king of Naples conferred upon him the title of Duke of Bronte (Mount Etna.) On his return from Alexandria to Naples, Nelson, unfortunately for his own honour and peace of mind, fell under the influence of the bewitching but profligate Lady Hamilton. The Queen of Naples had formerly treated the wife of Sir William Hamilton with contempt, but perceiving the influence of her beauty on the hero of the Nile, she craftily lavished upon her every possible mark of distinction, and sent her in a vessel to persuade Nelson to disavow the treaty which Commodore Foote had already signed in behalf of England.* Nelson refused, but unable to resist the importunate entreaties of the siren, he at last consented. The consequence was, that the revolutionists, who, confiding in the treaty had surrendered, were exposed to the sanguinary revenge of the Neapolitan court; many were executed, and the gallant admiral, Prince Caracciolo, was hanged at the yard-arm of his own ship. The unfortunate attachment to Lady Hamilton continued in spite of all the remonstrances of his friends, and, finally, led to a separation from Lady Nelson. This stain upon his character is the more deeply to be deplored, as Nelson on every other occasion of his life showed himself not only generous but humane.

* We subjoin the words of an historian, who, himself of the revolutionary party, relates many affecting incidents of the deplorable consequences of this event. "La fatal donna, giunta sul vascello di Nelson . . . presentò i fogli a lui, che per istinto di giustizia e di fede sentì raccapriccio dell' avuto carico, e rifiutava: ma vinto dalle moine dell' amata donna, l'uomo sino allora onoratissimo, chiaro in guerra, non vergognò di farsi vile ministro di voglie spergiure e tiranne." *Colletto, Storia del reame di Napoli*, Paris, 1835, vol. i p. 265. General Colletta likewise relates thus the following anecdote, which was told him by Captain Hardy himself. It has often been related by English writers, but it may not be uninteresting to quote a native historian, who, although probably unjust to Nelson in one respect, speaks of him in general with honourable impartiality. "The king, on the third day after his arrival, saw something swimming on the surface of the water, and looking attentively, saw a corpse with visage erect, and dripping and dishevelled hair, come towards him quickly, and as if threatening; on which, recognizing the miserable remains, he exclaimed, '*Caracciolo!*' and shuddering asked, '*What does this corpse want?*' To which, amidst the universal amazement and silence, the chaplain piously replied, '*I should say that it comes to demand Christian burial.*' '*Let him have it.*' said the king, and entered his cabin alone and thoughtful. The corpse was buried in Sta. Maria la Catena in Sta. Lucia."

After the expedition of Copenhagen, the success of which, under very difficult circumstances, was principally owing to his energy, although but second in command, he had the office of guarding the coast against the reported French invasion. On the renewal of the war in 1803, he watched the French fleet off Toulon for more than a year. It escaped his vigilance and put to sea; Nelson pursued it for nearly six months. He landed at Gibraltar, June 20th, 1805, having been at sea more than two years, without setting foot ashore. A few days after he had arrived at Portsmouth, intelligence having been received that the French and Spanish fleets had entered Cadiz, he left England at his own request, September 14th, 1805. He fought his last great battle off Cape Trafalgar, October 21st, 1805, against an enemy of superior force. His celebrated signal, "England expects every man to do his duty," will long remain the rallying word of the British navy. The victory was decisive, and, if the great problem of his life were now solved by the undisputed naval superiority of his native country, it was at once dimmed and glorified by the death of Nelson. He lived for three hours and a half after receiving his mortal wound from a musket-ball: his last words were, "Thank God, I have done my duty!"

It is much to be regretted that we have no means of judging in what consisted the peculiar greatness of Nelson. He possessed in an eminent degree the courage and humanity, almost amounting to tenderness, that are characteristic of the British sailor. But although the Life of Nelson by Southey is an elegant tribute to his memory, it does not reveal the peculiar qualities that raised him above his brave companions in the estimation of the navy and of the country. His moral courage was great, nor did he hesitate to risk his life by disobeying orders when he could serve his country. With one unfortunate exception, which a love of truth forbids us to conceal, his public conduct was faultless, and his name will long remain a rallying word to his country, should crime or folly unfortunately again expose Europe to the horrors and miseries of war.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

Aix-la-Chapelle (in German Aachen) is the capital of the district of the same name, which forms part of the Prussian Rhine provinces. It is situated in a beautiful and sloping valley at the limits of the *Hohen Veen*, or Lower Rhine table-land, in 50° 47′ N. L., and 6° 5′ E. L. from Greenwich. It is watered by the river

Wurm, five hundred feet above the sea. Its name would indicate a Roman origin, as the German *Ahha* or *Aa*, in the German *Aachen*, is connected with the Latin *aqua*, and was doubtless given in reference to the celebrated hot springs that have contributed so much to the prosperity of the town. The French name of Aix-la-Chapelle was given from the chapel of the palace in which Pipin celebrated his Christmas festival in the year 765. The city contains about forty thousand inhabitants, of whom only one thousand two hundred are Protestants; there are likewise two hundred Jews. Aix-la-Chapelle is the first great station from Cologne, on the line of railroad (now completed) which connects the Rhine with the ocean.

This city has been called the city of Charlemagne, or, as the Germans prefer to designate him, Charles the Great. Whether that celebrated monarch was born here is doubtful; it became his grave in 814. As part of the imperial inheritance, it enjoyed many important and valuable privileges; the citizens were free from military service, imprisonment, and the payment of taxes. It was likewise the free imperial city of the German circle of Westphalia. It has been truly said, "Slaves cannot breathe in England." Aix-la-Chapelle could boast the same proud privilege, and even the outlawed, who were proclaimed under the ban of the empire, could they but reach this favoured spot, became free. In 796 Charlemagne rebuilt the palace and chapel, which were connected by a colonnade: the former was soon after destroyed, most probably by an earthquake, but German antiquaries fondly assert that the original chapel still forms the nucleus of the minster or cathedral, nor can it be doubted, that it must rank amongst the most ancient and venerable relicts of antiquity. The chapel, which is an octagon, contains the grave of its founder. Otto III. caused the tomb to be opened in the year 1000: the body of the emperor was well preserved and clothed in the imperial robes, the sceptre in his hand, the bible on his knees, a piece of the holy cross on his head, the pilgrim's pouch suspended at his sides, and sitting on a marble seat, which was afterwards, until the year 1558, used at the coronation of the emperors. The insignia were taken to Vienna in the year 1795, and various relics and columns were concealed on the approach of Napoleon, the modern Charlemagne. The octagon is in the Byzantine style of architecture; in the fourteenth century a Gothic choir was added to the eastern part, to the west is a quadrangular belfry: with the Wolf's Portal are associated many fabulous legends, indistinct, and, perhaps, not very authentic, but indicative of high antiquity. Two round towers lead to the relic-chamber: the so-called great relics are exhibited once in seven years, and are held in great veneration by the people, who throng the church in thousands to obtain a sight of them. The cathedral is greatly disfigured by the booths and houses built against it, and although the restorations and repairs are at present principally confined to the interior, it is probable that the same zeal which is so

actively exerted in the completion of Cologne Cathedral, will extend its protecting care to this imposing edifice. In respect of beauty of architecture, it cannot of course be compared with that most beautiful specimen of the Gothic style, but it has, perhaps, still higher claims from its venerable antiquity, and the remarkable associations connected with it. In the market-place stands the town-house, with the Granus Tower, which recalls the time of Roman dominion. Within the town-house is the coronation-hall, with the pictures of the emperors and many relics interesting to the lover of old German art. It contains likewise the portraits of Napoleon and his first wife Josephine, by David. Before the town-house is a beautiful fountain, with the bronze statue of Charlemagne. The Franciscan church contains a fine picture by Rubens, representing Christ taken down from the cross.

In this city was signed a treaty of peace between France and Spain, on the 2nd of May, 1668. Louis XIV. had claimed the Spanish Netherlands (now Belgium) and Franche Comté, by right of his wife, Maria Theresa, although on her marriage with him, that princess had renounced all claim to these provinces. France restored Franche Comté, but retained the greater part of her other seizures.

In 1748 a second treaty was signed here, which put an end to the war of the Austrian succession, which arose from the disputes consequent upon the failure of the male line in the House of Austria. Frederick the Great gained Silesia from Maria Theresa; and England, who had taken part for the queen, added eighty millions to her national debt.

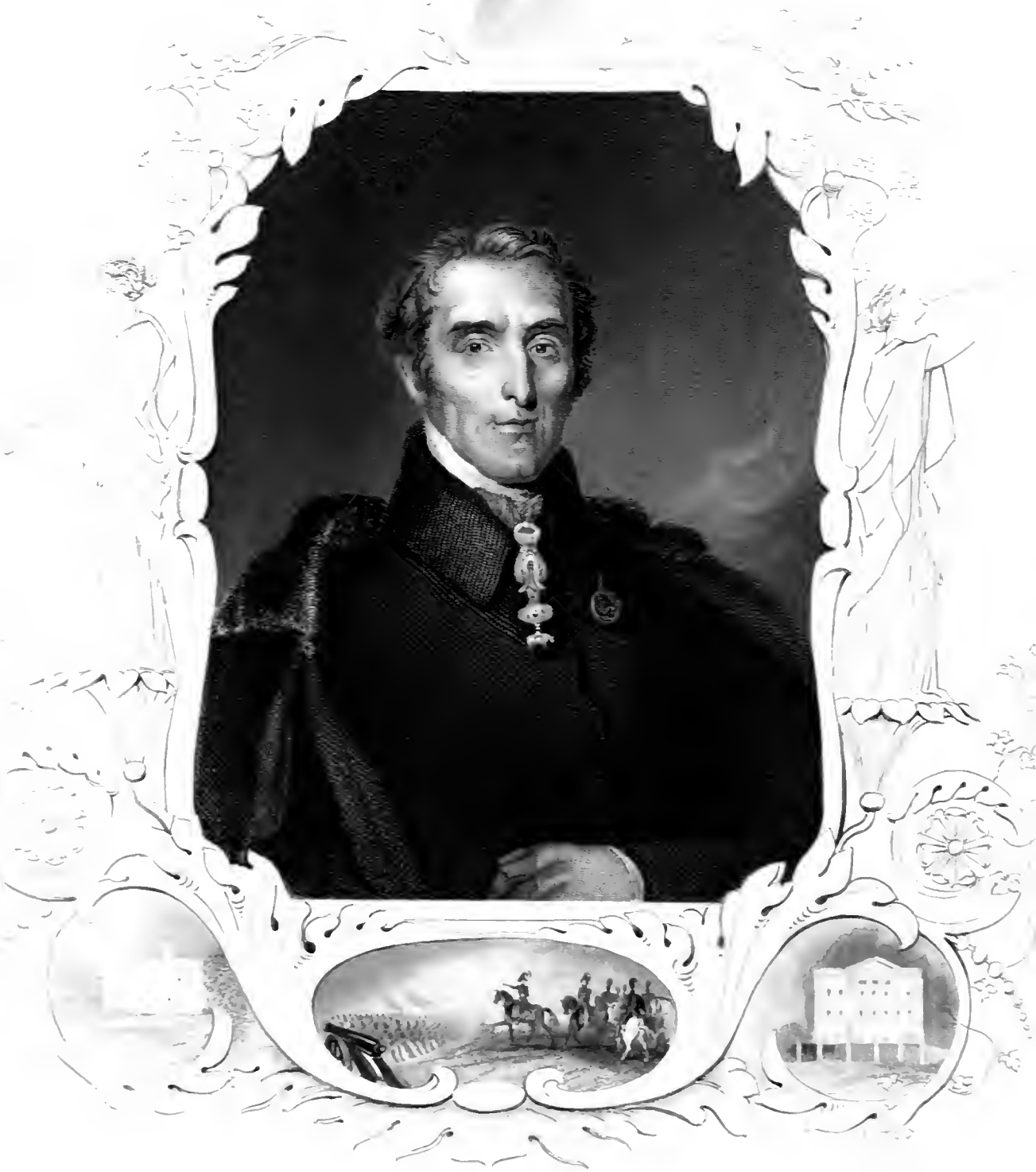
By the treaty of Nov. 30, 1815, it had been stipulated by the allied powers, who had for the second time dethroned Napoleon, that their troops should occupy France for a period of five years. But at the congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, in September, 1818, they consented to withdraw their forces from that country before the end of November of the same year. France was to pay two hundred and sixty-five million francs; one hundred millions on the evacuation of her territory, and the remainder in nine monthly instalments, the first to begin on the 6th of January, 1819.

This city possesses considerable manufactories of cloth, carpets, oil-cloth, pins, needles, copper, and tin ware. The traveller should not neglect to ascend the Luisberg, or Lugberg, a few minutes' walk from the city. The Belvedere on the top commands, on the one side, a view of the busy city, the other presents in beautiful contrast the extensive and fertile plain in all the repose of rural scenery.

TIVOLI.

"TIBUR," says Sir W. Gell, "was, at the earliest period, noticed in history; a city of the Sicani, who were expelled by the three sons of Catillus, the Arcadian. One of these, Tiburtus, gave his name to the city, which was previously called Siculetum, or Sicilio. In later times the inhabitants were frequently at war with the Romans: they were finally reduced in the time of Camillus." The walls of the city of Tibur were constructed of volcanic stones, cut probably in the Vallata degli Arci, where not only the lowest part of the valley consists of tufo, but also several of the small eminences. It is remarkable that they are of regular blocks, instead of being, as might have been expected, of the polygonal masses of Pelasgic architecture. The walls of Tibur were much damaged by one of those floods by which the Anio is not unfrequently swollen. The floods of this river are noticed by the ancients. Pliny (Book viii. Epist. 17) mentions one which destroyed woods, rocks, houses, and sumptuous villas and works of art. The great flood of November, 1826, carried away the church of Santa Lucia, and thirty-six houses, situated not more than two hundred yards from the temple of Vesta. The rock also below the temple has suffered from the violence of the torrent, so that without some means be taken for its preservation, this great ornament of Tivoli may in time be destroyed." Mr. Lyell gives a more detailed description of the flood, and his Principles of Geology (Vol. I. pp. 407—411, sixth edition) contain some very interesting remarks on the remarkable structure of the travertin at Tivoli.

The beauties of Tivoli have been celebrated by the ancients, and are equally the theme of admiration to the traveller of the present day. The modern town, with its narrow and dirty streets, is, however, but little calculated to maintain the interest inspired by the charms of its situation, and the classical associations recalled by the interesting remains of antiquity. Here, as at Terni, the high table-land suddenly terminates, and the Teverona (the ancient Anio) falls from a considerable height, and forms a series of beautiful waterfalls, before it reaches the lower plains. Close to the rock, which these rushing waters in their precipitate descent are gradually undermining, stands the temple of Vesta, or of the Sibyl, a rotunda of beautiful proportions, and commanding a delightful view. "Augustus and Maecenas, Virgil and Horace have reposed under its columns; it has survived the empire, and even the language of its founders; and after eighteen hundred years of storms and tempests, of revolutions and barbarism, it still exhibits its fair proportioned form to the eye of the traveller, and claims at once his applause and admiration."—Eustace's Classical Tour, Vol. II.



In the neighbourhood are the remains of the villas of some of the most celebrated men of antiquity, whilst the long though broken lines of the aqueducts, picturesque in their decay, give additional interest to the scene. But although the remains of some are vast, and afford a convincing proof of the wealth of their possessors, they are probably all surpassed in extent and magnificence by the Villa d'Este, built by one of the cardinals of that family, in the sixteenth century. Crossing the river, and reclining under the grateful shade, the traveller may enjoy the scene from the other side. The graceful Cascatelle glide in silver streams down the sloping heights; the Temple of Vesta exhibits its beautiful proportions, but convents of lazy monks now disfigure the spot where the mighty Romans loved to retire from their public labours, and where Virgil and Horace composed those works which still charm, and will for ever charm mankind.

THE SCHOOLMASTER IN JEOPARDY.

We are sorry to see "The Schoolmaster abroad" in a fright, and would willingly lend him our best assistance; but good wishes are all that we can spare, as we must make room for more important personages.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, was born at Dengan Castle, in the county of Meath, May 1st, 1769. The various and momentous events of his active life, the great part which he has played in a period which will ever be considered as one of the most extraordinary epochs in the history of mankind, render it quite impossible for us to give more than a rapid and imperfect sketch. "The hero of a hundred fights," he led the British army to a succession of victories unexampled even in the days of Marlborough, and far more important in their consequences. It was reserved for him, by the crowning victory of Waterloo, to close the unexampled career of that wonderful man, whose meteor-like career, but for British energy, at one time seemed to lead to universal conquest. Bred in the camp, and accustomed to the stern habits of military command, he has shown in the cabinet a just sense of the blessings of peace, and with a patriotism and self-denial not often found amongst

statesmen, succeeded in carrying the Bill for the Emancipation of the Catholics, and thus put an end to that agitation which, but for his unbending firmness, which alike overawed the King and the Tory party, threatened to plunge the nation into a civil war. Although men of different parties may perhaps be inclined to judge differently of some of his actions since that period, none can behold without admiration his straightforward candour, his invariable sense of duty, and unswerving patriotism in all that he considers as affecting the interests and dignity of his country.

The family of Cowley, or Colley, had long been established in Rutlandshire, but in the reign of Henry VIII. two brothers settled in Ireland, and from this latter branch the Duke of Wellington descends. Walter Cowley, or Colley, was Solicitor-general of Ireland in 1537. In 1728 Richard Colley, who was created Baron Mornington of Mornington, in Meath, inherited the estates of his cousin Garrett Wellesley of Dengan, on the condition of taking the name and arms of Wellesley. Since this time honours and dignities have been multiplied in this distinguished family, as is sufficiently attested by the titles of the present Duke, the Earl of Mornington, the late lamented Marquis Wellesley, Baron Maryborough, and Baron Cowley.

The Duke of Wellington was educated at Eton, and afterwards sent to the military school at Angiers, under the celebrated Pignerol. Of his early life but few records have been preserved. He entered the army before he was eighteen years of age, and in about four years became captain in the eighteenth light dragoons, and sat in the Irish parliament for Trim, in the county of Meath, a borough under the patronage of his family. In 1794, when lieutenant-colonel, he made his first campaign at the siege of Ostend, under Lord Moira. The disasters of the army under the Duke of York rendered a junction necessary; but amidst the misfortunes of the war Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley greatly distinguished himself, and it was probably here that the consequences of a disorganized commissariat impressed upon his mind that care for this department of the army for which he has always been so remarkable.

He was afterwards ordered to the East Indies, where he laid the foundation of his future fame, and commanded the reserve at the attack upon Seringapatam, in which Tippoo Saib lost his life. His able measures to restore order to the country soon gained the confidence of the inhabitants.

He was intrusted by his brother with the absolute management of the political and military affairs in the Deccan. Perceiving that the objects of the native chiefs in negociating was merely to gain time, he resolved to anticipate them. Omitting many other brilliant exploits, we can here only allude to the famous battle of Assye, fought against a tremendous superiority of the enemy. The victory was complete, and rendered the British name dreaded throughout India. He distinguished himself by unremitting humanity to the wounded; and so perfect were his arrangements and

the discipline he maintained in his army, that although forty thousand men passed three times over the same ground, none of the natives left their homes.

After a career of uninterrupted victory he returned to England, honoured by his countrymen and revered by the natives. In his native country a very inferior sphere of action awaited the victorious commander of large armies in India; he was appointed to a brigade under Lord Cathcart, in the expedition for Hanover. His noble answer to a friend, who expressed his astonishment that he could thus quietly remain satisfied with such a position, deserves to be impressed on the minds of all military men. "I am *nimmukwallah*, as we say in the East. I have eaten of the king's salt, and therefore I conceive it my duty to serve with unhesitating zeal and cheerfulness wherever the king and his government may think proper to employ me." In 1806 he married Miss Elizabeth Pakenham, and a change of ministry taking place next year, he was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland, and member of the Privy Council; but this did not prevent him from taking an active part in the expedition to Copenhagen. On his return he received the thanks of the House of Commons, "for the zeal, intrepidity, and energy displayed in the various operations which were necessary for conducting the siege, and effecting the surrender of the navy and arsenal of Copenhagen."

On the 20th of July, 1808, Sir Arthur Wellington first set foot in the Peninsula, in which he afterwards gained such unfading renown. He landed at Corunna, but although the Spaniards had been defeated by the French about a fortnight before, and were willing to receive money and arms, that jealousy of British officers which, under a commander of less energy and genius would doubtless have rendered the brilliant successes of the English but of little value, induced them to decline the assistance of the force under his command. Within six weeks after his arrival Sir Arthur fought the battle of Roleja, and four days afterwards, August 21, the victory of Vimiera freed Portugal from the incursions of the French. On the 30th of the same month the convention of Cintra was concluded between Sir Hugh Dalrymple and General Kellerman. The favourable terms granted to the French excited general indignation in England and Portugal; but although Sir Arthur expressed himself unfavourably respecting some of the terms agreed upon, he gave his testimony in favour of the general principles on which it was based; and the military inquiry to which it gave rise ended without any decided expressions respecting it. Sir Arthur received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament for his conduct at the battle of Vimiera.

His stay in England was short; the defeat of the Spaniards and the death of Sir John Moore, at the close of the disastrous, although bravely conducted, retreat to Corunna, had, in the beginning of 1809, completely changed the face of affairs in Portugal. In this emergency Sir Arthur was looked upon by all parties as the only

man who could stem the adverse current, and on the 22nd of April he landed at Lisbon, and was made, by the Prince of Brazil, Marshal General of the Portuguese army, of which however Beresford, whose exertions had contributed so much to its efficient organization, retained the supreme command. Sir Arthur did not long delay his operations. By the 12th of May, with forces greatly inferior, and opposed to two armies, he had checked the one, and after a march of two hundred miles in a difficult country, he crossed the river in the face of a numerous force, compelled his enemy to retreat, and took possession of Oporto. The pursuit of Soult by Sir Arthur, and the military skill displayed by the French general to avoid him, until he was finally driven over the frontiers with the loss of six thousand men, and all his guns, form a brilliant page in military history.

But we should do our illustrious countryman great injustice, if we confined our admiration to his success in the field. He soon learned, if he ever doubted, the real value of the popular favour which greeted him on his first arrival in the Peninsula. The Portuguese were not free from inconstancy; but it was reserved for the Spaniards —ever boasting, yet doing nothing; incapable themselves of effecting their deliverance, or even of serving as effective auxiliaries, yet refusing to obey the orders of their victorious ally—to display a long course of insolence and ingratitude, so that even Wellington, whose enduring patience is by no means the least of his virtues, was more than once reduced to adopt the most violent measures, to obtain from them that assistance which common humanity and justice ought to have shamed them into rendering. We do not involve a high-minded nation in this reproach; but the annals of the Peninsular war are full of the difficulties with which our great countryman had to contend, owing to the obstinacy, incapacity, and inhumanity of the Spanish commanders and juntas; nor would even a rapid outline of his achievements convey a correct idea of his transcendent merits, unless the reader bear in mind that his successes were enhanced by the civil difficulties by which he was surrounded. The French marshals, too, had their jealousies, which did not allow them to reap all the advantages of the plan which Napoleon had ordered, and Soult was desirous of executing, viz., to pass the mountains, fall on the flank and rear of the British general, and so crush him, if he should advance by the Tagus against Madrid.

The Spanish general Cuesta, who already dreamed of a victorious entry into Madrid, had, contrary to the remonstrances of Sir Arthur, imprudently advanced, until the French by a sudden return drove them back to Alcabon, where, but for the courage and conduct of the Duke of Albuquerque, the Spanish army must have been destroyed. Fortunately the English were now near, and the fatal consequences of Cuesta's obstinacy were repaired by the battle of Talavera la Regna, (July 28th, 1809,) which was long and severely contested; but victory again crowned the British arms, though with a loss of six thousand killed, wounded, and missing: the French suffered

still more severely. After the battle the English troops were reduced to the greatest distress; the wounded were dying for want of necessities; yet, although Talavera was abundantly supplied, the Spanish junta were deaf to all entreaties and remonstrances, and even reproached the British general for not supporting Cuesta in his rash advance, which, but for his genius and foresight, must have ended in the destruction of the Spanish troops. Sir Arthur marched in quest of Soult, leaving Cuesta in Talavera, which, however, he left on the advance of Victor, leaving the wounded English, contrary to his promise, to the mercy of the enemy, from whom they experienced a humanity which they had sought in vain at the hands of their ally. On the 26th of August, Sir Arthur was created Baron Douro of Wellesley, and Viscount Wellesley, of Talavera and of Wellington in Somersetshire, with a pension of two thousand pounds a year upon himself and the two next successors to the title.

Till now the British general had displayed great activity of advance, and enjoyed an uninterrupted course of victory; the junction of the French commanders, and the superiority of numbers required a change in his mode of operations, and displayed in the highest degree his moral courage. He did not retreat until the tremendous lines of Torres Vedras (on which extensive fortifications, with admirable foresight, he had constantly laboured) were completed; and steadily pursuing the plan which finally rendered him master of the Peninsula, neither the feints of the French generals, nor the intrigues of the Portuguese, nor the complaints of his own officers, the loss of Ciudad Rodrigo, of Almeida, of Coimbra, could induce him to swerve from it. After the brilliant battle of Busaco, he steadily continued his retreat, and whilst Massena, in his pursuit, hoped at length to drive his enemy to his ships, he found himself suddenly foiled by a triple line of defence, which he in vain hoped to penetrate. The English were here well provided for, their army free from sickness, for their provident commander was now reaping the reward of his foresight, whilst suffering and distress harassed the ranks of the French; and at length, on the 15th of November 1810, Massena adopted the lesson which his adversary had taught him. Thus their positions were reversed, the French general halting at Santarem, and Lord Wellington, unwilling to stake all upon a single battle, the loss of which might prove ruinous to his cause, contented himself with taking up a strong position to observe him. Meanwhile, in the other parts of the Peninsula, owing to the death of the bravest, and the usual incapacity of the other Spanish generals, events occurred that rendered the war in the Peninsula unpopular in England. The fall of Badajoz raised this discontent to its height; but Wellington was persuaded that by the diversions in Spain and Portugal, the grasping ambition of the French was prevented making an attempt upon England itself. "Then indeed," we quote his own words to Lord Liverpool, "would commence an expensive contest; then would his Majesty's

subjects discover what are the miseries of war, of which, by the blessing of God, they have hitherto had no knowledge; and the cultivation, the beauty, and prosperity of the country, and the virtue and happiness of its inhabitants would be destroyed, whatever might be the result of the military operations. God forbid that I should be a witness, much less an actor in the scene." Fortunately the ministry—who had begun to share the feelings of general despondency that pervaded the country at the inactivity of the British general, cooped up in his fastnesses by the enemy, for they were not aware that they were now on the point of realizing all the advantages for which they had so long contested—persevered, and soon had the satisfaction of learning that the French, wearied out by the long-enduring policy of Wellington, were obliged to evacuate Portugal, never again to set foot in it.

He now again resumed the offensive, and victory constantly attended him, until he carried the war into France itself. On May 6th, 1811, Massena attempted to relieve Almeida, which Wellington had blockaded, but was repulsed at the battle of Fuentes de Honor, and the city surrendered to the English. The consequences were not so beneficial as the English general had anticipated, for if his orders had been strictly followed, none of the French would have escaped. For this action he was created Condé Vimiera by the Prince Regent. The two succeeding years were distinguished by a brilliant course of victories. The storming of Ciudad Rodrigo, (January 19, 1812,) of Badajoz, April 7th; the battle of Salamanca, July 22nd, and that of Vittoria, June 21st, 1813, left the French no other resource than to abandon the Peninsula. Their retreat was disastrous, the cruelties and depredations which they had committed, had exasperated the feelings of the Spaniards, and the unremitting and successful attacks of the Guerilla chiefs, in a country admirably adapted to that mode of warfare, seconded the able operations of Wellington, and in some measure atoned for the ungrateful behaviour of the authorities that had so frequently caused him such serious inconveniences, and partially thwarted his most successful movements. The capture of the fortified cities, still in possession of the French, left him at liberty to complete the work of deliverance; the series of battles of the Pyrenees enabled him to make France itself the theatre of war, and the engagements which ended in the battle of Toulouse, (April 10, 1814,) gained over his old antagonist Soult, were terminated by the news of the fall of Napoleon.

By the long occupation of Germany, old landmarks had been thrown down, the feudal institutions weakened or destroyed, the German Empire dismembered, and replaced by the Confederation of the Rhine. At the Congress of Vienna numberless subjects of dispute had arisen, which it was found almost impossible to reconcile, and it seemed that the powers which had so lately fought in concert, were about to draw their swords against each other for the division of the spoil, when the news that their great enemy had sailed from Elba, and was once more in the Tuilleries,

having rescated himself on the throne, without a contest, reunited the discordant elements. It was resolved to enter into no negociation with Napoleon, and all parties prepared for the mighty struggle that was evidently about to take place. Had the French emperor still possessed the affections of the nation, the result might have been prolonged, and perhaps different. But the halo of invincibility had disappeared; the terrible campaign of Russia in the north, and the brilliant career of the English in the Peninsula, had fearfully diminished the number of veteran soldiers; the stern proscription had brought death and sorrow into most French families, and, above all, the brilliant victories of the revolution and the empire had ended in national degradation. But still the acknowledged genius of Napoleon, and the military qualities of the French nation, made him a formidable enemy, and the allies made suitable preparations for the storm that threatened to burst over Europe. The Duke of Wellington was by universal consent appointed to command the allied armies, and the immense preparations and unparalleled activity of Napoleon were defeated by the crowning victory of Waterloo, peace was once more restored to the world; but the man who had so often alarmed the nations of the world with fears of universal domination, still attracted attention on his solitary rock in the ocean. Meanwhile the Duke of Wellington, after commanding the allied army of occupation, returned to his native country. During the war in the Peninsula, he had been successively raised through the different degrees to the highest rank in the peerage, and honours and pecuniary rewards were showered down upon him. The part which he has since taken in politics is too prominent and well known to need recapitulation. Belonging to the Tory party, he had the patriotism to originate, and the firmness to carry measures, which, with the exception of the Reform Bill, have tended most to render a government on the old Tory principles impossible; and after a long absence from his native country, in a position but too apt to engender habits of thinking not congenial to political freedom, he has exhibited an openness to conviction, which many statesmen who have passed their lives in a less dangerous atmosphere would do well to adopt. After an unexampled career of glory, he enjoys, and may he long enjoy, the respect and veneration of his countrymen; whilst on the continent of Europe his name is equally respected, and all are alike disposed to admit that, of all his distinguished cotemporaries, there are none to whom the pre-eminence is so justly due as to Arthur Duke of Wellington.

THE PASSION-FLOWER.

Lucy Merton was the only daughter of a widower, a gentleman of good fortune, who resided on his own estate in the West of England, situated in a beautiful country, and, as Mr. George Robins would say, in an excellent neighbourhood. "She has not her equal in the county for beauty, sweetness of temper, and goodness of heart," seemed to be the unanimous opinion of the company assembled at the hospitable table of Colonel Byngham, a gallant old soldier, and sworn brother of Lucy's father. Now if such had been the sentiments of the gentlemen alone, we should not have thought it worth while to record them, but as the ladies joined in the chorus to be sure none of those present had marriageable daughters we are fairly justified in presuming that Lucy deserved their eulogies. Whether George Byngham, the Colonel's hopeful son, who had lately received his commission in Her Majesty's army, felt induced by these praises to bestow more attention than before on their object, or whether he had previously arrived at the same conclusion by a process of reasoning peculiar to himself, we cannot pretend to say; but certain it is, that about this time he was often met in the paths through the fields that lay between his father's house and that of Mr. Merton. Lucy's father had been one of the most active sportsmen in his part of the country, and had requested his young friend George to take care that the game did not become too plentiful on his estate, a command which that young gentleman willingly obeyed. What therefore was more natural than that he should wish to bring to their owner some of the spoils of his gun: and if folks would sometimes smile significantly to each other when they met him and Lucy arm-in-arm together, it was manifest that they overlooked the brace of partridges dangling at his side, or they would at once have discovered the true cause of his visit. But the shooting season does not last for ever, and truth compels us to admit that Mr. George's visits were as frequent as before: in fact, he had become so accustomed to the path, that he forgot to make any excuse at all, nor did the good old gentleman seem to think any necessary. And Lucy, why, as she took but little part in the conversation, she naturally felt grateful to her young neighbour for enabling her father, whom she dearly loved, to pass away his evenings so agreeably. It is true, when she watered her favourite flowers in the beautiful parterres which she delighted to cultivate with her own fair hand, her thoughts would now and then wander to their daily visitor; but that might have been the result of filial affection. One moonlight evening after dinner, when Lucy had rolled her father's easy chair to the window, and arranged his cushions for him, and he had dismissed her with a kiss

as usual, for he loved to contemplate, perhaps to doze, for half-an-hour, she took her work, and sat in her pretty arbour. Around her the roses and lilies diffused their fragrance; the little river rippled at the bottom of the garden, soothing the senses with its pleasing murmur; the neat village church, with its tapering spire, graced the eminence beyond, and the high hills stood out in relief against the clear light of the west. Her work dropped unheeded from her hand, and she sat contemplating the scene with those feelings of repose and love which nature's evening beauties are so eminently calculated to inspire. And now a step was heard, and George Bynghamwas soon seated by her side, and joined her in eloquent admiration of the view. But the flow of words soon ceased, and Lucy's heart began to beat, she knew not why;—she wished, yet feared to break the silence that prevailed. At length her young companion spoke, and in gentle, but impassioned accents, whispered to her, that beautiful as was all around, in his eyes it was she who gave grace and beauty to the scene. Much more he said, which we need not record; what Lucy answered George did not exactly hear, but he guessed its import; and it was late before the youthful pair returned to the house. Lucy threw herself on her father's breast, and shed a torrent of delicious tears. Mr. Merton willingly consented, for he loved both the father and the son.

How lovely everything appears when beautified by the magic vision of a first love! The flowers smelt more sweetly, the rosy colours of the morning and the dying tints of evening assumed more vivid hues, the birds carolled more musically, and as Lucy, leaning on the arm of her lover, listened to the gushing tones of the nightingale, whilst all around was softened by the mild light of the moon, she felt an intensity of happiness which the human heart can but once enjoy. But she was soon awakened from her dream of love to the realities of life. Rumours of the renewal of war were murmured, the din of preparation was soon heard, and George's regiment was ordered to the Continent. We need not tell the anxious fears that now took possession of Lucy's mind: George endeavoured, but in vain, to soothe her troubled spirit. He too naturally felt regret at being summoned from his native country at this time; but the hopes of distinguishing himself in his new career, and the active duties of man, necessarily diverted his thoughts from that exclusive devotion to the affections, which is the fairest province of woman.

The evening before the young soldier's departure, he sat with Lucy in the arbour, and Mr. Merton bore them company. The clematis and other creeping plants formed a screen around them, diversified in hue and fragrance. "Dearest Lucy," said George, as he plucked a passion-flower beside him, "let this remind thee of my passion for thee." Lucy looked a mild reproach, as if her retentive memory would need no artificial aid; but she was recalled by the mild, yet serious tones of her father, who was willing to avail himself of the present moment to strengthen the

sensitive mind of his daughter. "Yes, my dearest child, contemplate the passion-flower. Spanish monks, in olden times, fancifully imagined that they could trace in it the wounds of Him who died on the cross to save mankind. So says the worthless legend, yet to this circumstance it owes its name; and when you look upon it, let it direct your thoughts to that source whence alone, in all our trials, true consolation can be derived."

George departed; and often might Lucy be seen at her window, in a pensive mood, contemplating the passion-flower, now her constant companion. Her father's words had made a deep impression upon her; yet if she perhaps recurred more frequently to the parting observations of her lover, who that remembers the passions and emotions of his own youth shall blame her?

Fortunately her trial was not of long duration. The campaign was short and decisive, as that in which our great captain defeated the last hopes of the mighty conqueror of Europe. Peace was restored to the longing nations. George had distinguished himself in the brief contest, and honourable mention of his name preceded his return to England, where he soon claimed at the altar his beautiful and blushing bride.

SEBASTIAN BACH.

As the traveller strolls round the pleasing promenades that adorn the city of Leipzig, so famous for its fairs and battle, he will doubtless have noticed the monstrous and unsightly towering roof of St. Thomas's church. Immediately below is a lofty house of some four stories, the seat of the Muses, the public school known by the name of the above-mentioned saint. The pious founders (it is now under the patronage of the magistracy of Leipzig) were eminently moved by that love of music which forms such a striking feature in the German character. Sixty free scholarships are given to boys who possess good voices; and in former times, the poor youths, in clothing but ill suited to protect them against the severity of a German winter, walked through the principal streets of the town, at fixed times, chanting, as only Germans can sing, the simple but stirring hymns. Of late the humanity of the magistrates has relieved them from this occupation, and the produce of two oratorios, performed at St. Thomas's, indemnifies, we hope, the school for the loss of the humiliating gain which this noble institution previously derived from the private charity of the inhabitants, which the singers solicited in person. The musical master, or cantor, of this school is generally selected from the most eminent composers of Germany. Of all the distinguished men who have filled this station, there is none so deserving of commemoration as

J. S. Bach

Sebastian Bach, the illustrious object of the present article. This greatest of German cantors was born at Eisenach, March 21st, 1685. He received his first instruction from his brother, John Christopher Bach, in Ohrdruff in Thuringia, and afterwards became a scholar of the celebrated organist Reinke, in Hamburg. He was successively organist in Arnstadt, Muehhausen and Weimar; in 1714 leader of the band, and in 1717 Chapel-master of the Prince of Anhalt Koethen. In 1723 he became cantor at St. Thomas's school in Leipzig, which office he filled until his death, on the 8th of July, 1750. Here he was the founder of a school of excellent organists and cantors, which gradually spread through Saxony, Thuringia, and the whole of North Germany. He must likewise be considered as the origin of that school of piano-forte players, which first excited attention under his son Philip Emanuel Bach, and of which Clementi, Cramer, and Hummel were the bright ornaments. Although the influence of Bach on the theory and practice of his successors is great, and his well-deserved title to the claim of a father of modern music undisputed, it is to the excellence of his compositions in themselves, without considering the influence which they may have exercised on others, that he is indebted for his undying fame. Many imagine that Bach's chief merit consists in his wonderful mastery of counterpoint, and certainly his eminence in this art is so great that it deserves a study of itself. But it is, comparatively speaking, but in few of his compositions that the didactic prevails; this art is to him only a means, not an end. His works are indeed rich in effect, not because he seeks it, but because it is a necessary result of his development of thoughts and forms, which claim the undivided attention of the hearer. He must not expect to find one prevailing melody, which can be carried away and reproduced on every street-organ; but if he attend to the composition as a whole, he will be delighted by rich treasures of splendid harmony. All the great composers who have succeeded him have willingly done homage to this great master, and Dr. Mendelssohn Bartholdy, lately director of the subscription concerts at Leipzig, and now director-general of church-music for the whole kingdom of Prussia, has, at his own expense, erected a monument to Bach immediately before St. Thomas's school, the scene of his labours. Of this we have here placed a delineation before the reader. The portrait which accompanies it is taken from the original in the music-room of St. Thomas's, and contains likewise the celebrated musical problem, which, however, we have seen solved in a moment by a distinguished young countryman, now one of the chief ornaments of the London musical world.

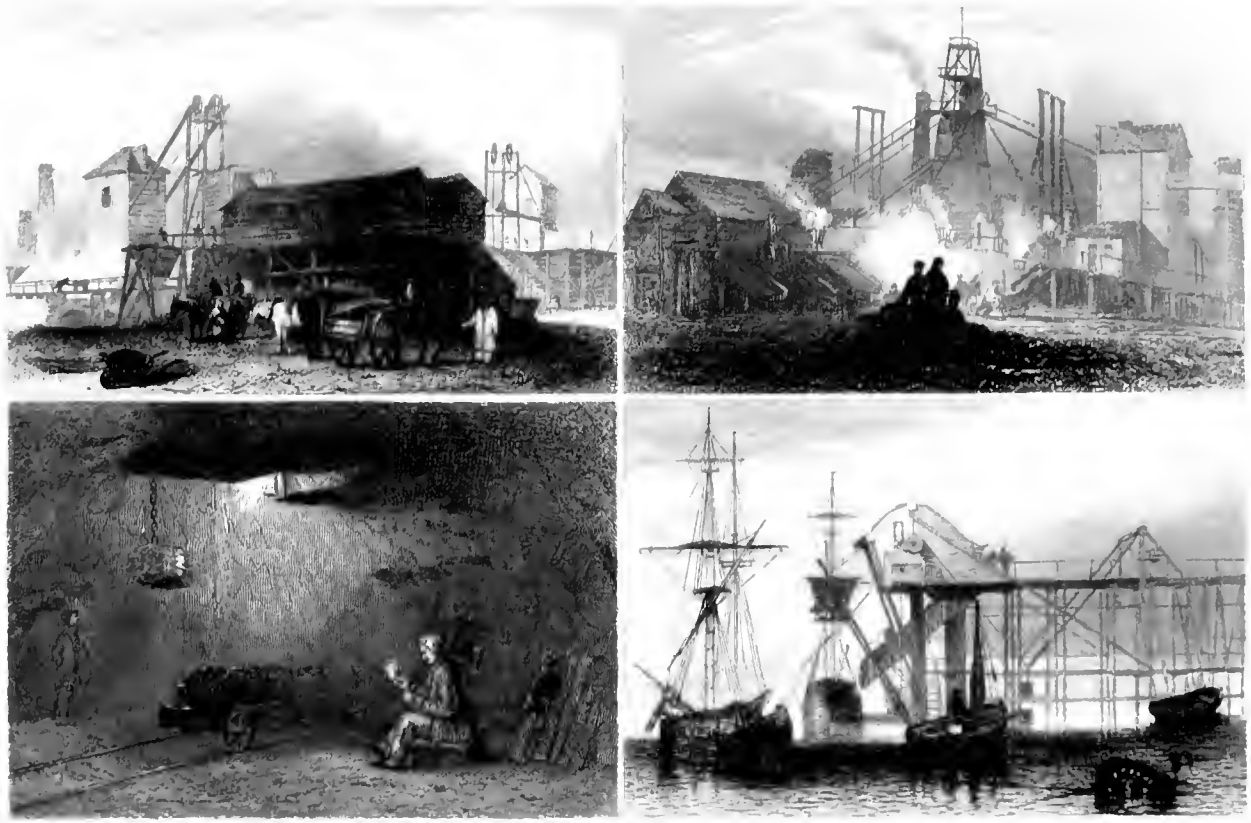
Bach left behind him a family of eleven sons, four of whom (one of them was chapel-master in London, where he died, and was from this circumstance called the English Bach) attained considerable eminence.

COAL-MINES.

The great material agents of civilization are the subterraneous treasures which a bountiful Providence has stored in such vast abundance in the bowels of the earth. The first use of iron forms one of the most important epochs in the history of mankind. Rich as our country is in minerals, far more productive than gold and silver, these would lie useless but for the remains of those primeval forests, which, as Dr. Buckland eloquently observes, "have not, like modern trees, undergone decay, yielding back their elements to the soil and atmosphere by which they had been nourished: but have been transformed into enduring beds of coal, which in these later ages have became to man the sources of heat, and light, and wealth. My fire now burns with fuel, and my lamp is shining with the light of gas derived from coal that has been buried for countless ages in the deep and dark recesses of the earth."

Referring such of our readers as may wish for information on the very interesting subject of the origin of coal to the different geological works, we shall confine our observations at present to collieries, and the mode of working them. Some years ago the probable consumption of coal, exclusive of foreign exportation, was estimated at nearly sixteen million tons, and the coal-trade employs upwards of two hundred thousand persons. The ablest geologists are of opinion that the coal-mines of South Wales alone would furnish the supply of coal for the United Kingdom for no less a period than two thousand years! Man universally bears the impress of his occupation; and it is not to be wondered at, that a race of men engaged in such peculiar, subterraneous employment should possess distinct physiological features. Nay, it is even asserted that the nature of the mines in which they work may be deduced from their figure: those who work in the larger seams, where they can move freely, are robust and erect; but where the seam is small, and their labour must be carried on in constrained attitudes, their figure loses its erectness, and their legs become crooked. The first report of the Children's Employment Commissioners: Mines and Collieries, presented to both Houses of Parliament, by command of Her Majesty, unfolded scenes of suffering that made a great sensation in the public mind; and doubtless this publication has directed the attention of the coal owners to more improved methods of working the mines on their estates.

The first expenses of preparing the mine for working are very great, varying from ten thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. The average expense may be taken at from thirty thousand, to forty thousand pounds. The depth varies from one hundred and fifty to three hundred and sixty yards, and in some instances the



mines are actually worked beneath the sea. The operations of draining and ventilation are of the first importance; the former is performed by steam-engines of great power, which are at work day and night throughout the year; the latter is kept up by fires, which cause a constant draft from below. The danger from ignition of the inflammable gases which circulate in the mines may be said to have been overcome by Sir H. Davy's safety-lamp, on which improvements are constantly making. The different fires from the engines, and from the small coal burning at the mouth of the mines form a peculiar and striking feature in the character of the coal-field district.

The passages in which the miners work the coal are called ways, and are of different heights and depths, according to the seams. When the nature of the latter admits, they are eight feet high and fourteen feet wide, allowing the miner as much comfort as is consistent with his gloomy occupation. The miners work in pairs, each leaving a sufficient space for the roof to rest upon. The seams, however, vary from two to nine feet in thickness, and our readers can form some idea of the cramped position in which the poor men are sometimes obliged to work; in the narrowest, of course, only young men or boys can be employed. The coal is then loaded on corves, or baskets, and dragged to the bottom of the shaft, whence it is drawn to the top by means of a rope. Here it is carefully sifted, and by means of slides let down into the waggons which stand on a road (generally a railroad) immediately underneath. Each waggon contains fifty-three cwt.

The owners of the great collieries have constructed railroads from the mouths of the pits, to convey the waggons to the banks of the river where the coal is to be shipped. If the road is level, locomotives are employed, but if they are on a descent, they run down by the force of gravity, and, by mechanical means, the loaded train as it descends draws up at the same time the empty waggons to the mouth of the pit. If the road to the river ascends, a stationary engine is used. A platform is carried out into the river, from which the loaded waggon is brought forward by means of machinery, immediately over the main hatchway of the vessel beneath. The bottom of the waggon opens and its contents are discharged into the hold of the collier. By an ingenious mechanical contrivance, the waggon, as soon as it is emptied, is by the force of gravity brought back upon the platform. Where the coal cannot be discharged into the ships, as is the case with all the mines lying above the bridge at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, which is not high enough to admit of the colliers passing underneath, the coal is brought to the vessels in barges called keels.

The same causes that have led to the increased consumption of coal in England, viz., the insufficiency of a supply of wood, &c., are now in gradual operation on the continent, where they have already introduced the use of coal as fuel, to some extent,

although it does not appear that any considerable mines are worked there that can compete in quality with English coal. But even should this be the case, England will still be in possession of an advantage of which no competition will ever be able to deprive her—the active energy and untiring perseverance of her inhabitants, by which they surpass all the other nations of Europe.

THE TOMB OF PLAUTIUS LUCANUS.

The Campagna di Roma, geographically considered, is the southern division of the states of the Roman Pontiff, corresponding in a great measure to the Latium of antiquity. The length of the province, from Ostia to Terracina, is sixty-two English miles. Westphal, in his *Guida per la Campagna di Roma*, estimates its greatest length from Civita Vecchia to Terracina at one hundred Roman miles: its greatest breadth, from the Apennines to the sea, is about forty-five miles. Strangers are apt to imagine that the Campagna presents an appearance of desolation, and in some parts such is undoubtedly the case; and that terrible scourge of Italy, the malaria, but too plainly proclaims its ravages in the wan and sallow visages of the wretched inhabitants, whom poverty forces to remain in the Pontine Marshes at the pestilential season of the year. In summer the heat dries up vegetation, the ground is parched, the cattle retire to the mountains, and the majority of the inhabitants disappear. In winter and in spring "the ground is covered with luxuriant vegetation, the cattle graze on the rich grass;" but even then the stranger would do well not to linger on his route, for the fever does but slumber. Different reasons have been assigned for this desolation, in a country to whose fertility and population numerous ancient writers bear witness. Authors are not agreed as to the period in which this lamentable change took place, some affirming that in Cicero's time it was as desolate as it is at present, whilst others attribute it to the inundations of the Tiber in the sixth century of the Christian era. The most probable cause was the insecurity and devastation consequent upon the irruption of the northern barbarians, which was continued during the feudal wars waged against each other by the great Roman nobles. The country became depopulated; a defective system of agriculture and the indolence of the inhabitants for centuries, have allowed the destructive influences to take such deep root, that all attempts at amelioration on the part of the government have been in vain. In a more limited sense travellers often designate by the term *Campagna*, the immediate neighbourhood of Rome.

The valley of the Teverone or Aniene, the ancient Anio, is not unwholesome; the

inhabitants, although poor, are strong and muscular. One of the most picturesque views on the road from Rome to Tivoli is the bridge of Ponte Lucano (over the Anio) with the Plautian Tomb. The bridge is supposed to have derived its name from M. Plautius Lucanus, as the tomb of the family is in its immediate neighbourhood. This is the point chosen by the artist in the plate before us. These tombs, the aqueducts which the eye can trace for miles, until they vanish in distant perspective, the solitary farm-houses, the universal silence, but seldom interrupted by the sounds of the shepherd, as he gallops with his pointed lance after a herd of cattle or fiery buffaloes, the craters of extinct volcanoes, the ever-active sulphur-springs, and in the centre of the whole, the Eternal City, whose second dominion over the minds of men is scarcely less wonderful than the iron rule of conquest of imperial Rome, fill the mind with the contrast between the splendour of the past, and the ruin and lethargy of the present.

From the city extend in different directions the old Roman roads, some of which are in use at the present day. We will request the reader to accompany us on the road to Tivoli. After passing the gate and church of St. Lorenzo, we arrive at the Mammolo Bridge over the Teverone. The bridge was named after Mammea, the mother of the emperor Alexander Severus, by whom it was restored. About twelve miles from Rome, to the left of the road, is the *Lago de' Partari,* formerly a volcano, now a lake, whose waters incrust every object with which they come in contact, with a kind of chalk, and whose borders abound in petrifactions.

The next point which deserves the attention of the traveller, is the Solfatara, a name common to many parts of Italy, where sulphur exhalations prevail. This canal is destined to convey the waters of the sulphur-lake (Aqua Albula) to the river Anio. The lake, about a mile distant from the bridge over the canal, is full of sulphuric springs, so that the water, on emerging, is almost boiling. The swimming islands on the lake consist of trees, shrubs, and roots hardened and incrusted by the sulphur. The medicinal virtues of the water were in high repute with the ancients. Near the lake are the remains of the Baths of Agrippa, which were frequently visited by Augustus. The celebrated queen of Palmyra, Zenobia, after she had adorned the triumphal procession of Aurelian, lived on an estate given her by the emperor, near Hadrian's villa, where she died, surrounded by her children. As this queen restored the Baths of Agrippa, they are sometimes called *Bagni della Regina*, or the Queen's Baths. Not far from the Solfatara is the Bridge Lucano, with the Tomb of Plautius, built from the quarries of Tivoli. After this the road divides, but travellers generally take the further road to Tivoli, in order to see the remains of Hadrian's Villa, three English miles in length, and one in breadth, which contained temples, theatres, baths, and porticoes. The most interesting ruins are the imperial apartments, and the barracks for the Prætorian guard, named from their number, *Cento Camerelle.*

The Valley of Tempe excites expectations which it miserably disappoints. We need not continue our route to Tivoli, as we have taken another opportunity to introduce our readers to that favourite abode of the ancients.

THE WALHALLA.

THE WALHALLA, or more correctly, Valhalla, was, according to the ancient Scandinavian mythology, the celebrated temple of Odin, into which the Valkyriæ, demi-goddesses, or War-virgins, introduced to the god all heroes who had fallen in battle from the beginning of the world. These the god adopted as his children; they were called Osksyner, or Sons of the Wish, also Einherjar, the noble or godlike. Valhalla was covered with shields: five hundred and forty doors, each of which admitted at once eight hundred nobles, opened into it: in the centre stood Ljeradhr, a mighty tree, whose leaves were cropped by the goat Heidhrun, from whose udder flowed daily a vessel full of mead, the only nourishment of the heroes in this Paradise.

The Valhalla which we present to our readers, is the magnificent temple erected by Lewis, the present King of Bavaria, on the banks of the Danube. But we will let His Majesty speak for himself. "It was in the days of Germany's deepest degradation, (already had that of Ulm and Jena taken place, the confederation of the Rhine was concluded, and Germany had already begun to tear itself in pieces,) when there arose, in the beginning of the year 1807, in the mind of the crown prince, Lewis of Bavaria, the idea of having fifty likenesses of the most illustrious Germans executed in marble; and he commanded the undertaking to be commenced immediately. Afterwards the number was increased, then limited to none but those Germans gloriously distinguished, feeling that it would be presumption to say which are the most celebrated, as also to maintain that there are none who deserve to be received into Walhalla, as much as any who are, and even more than many." The translator has successfully preserved the peculiarities of His Majesty's style: with some study the reader will anticipate that the last sentence contains an apology for the absence of some names; nor will this apology be deemed unnecessary, when Luther's name is sought in the list in vain. King Lewis has himself published short biographical accounts of "Walhalla's inmates," but as his style is somewhat intricate, as we have found to our cost, we would recommend our travelling countrymen to be satisfied with an English translation, just published by Mr. Everill, at Munich, to whom we are indebted for the following description.

Walhalla is situated on a moderately steep eminence, overlooking a vast extent of country, on the northern banks of the Danube, and opposite the ruins of the Castle of Staufs. The ascent to the building is by a magnificent flight of more than two hundred and fifty marble steps, divided by landing-places, and terraces.* At the foot of the second terrace is an entrance into the interior of the lower building, in which the arrangements for heating the hall now are, but which was intended for the Hall of Expectation, where the busts of the living were to have been placed until their death. This plan, however, was given up.

The height of the whole building is very nearly two hundred feet, the breadth of the lowest wall, which is of Cyclopean masonry of polygonal blocks of dolomite, two hundred and eighty-eight feet, and the length from north to south, four hundred and thirty-eight feet, the terraces projecting two hundred and eight feet beyond the building. The height of the hill is three hundred and four feet. The temple itself measures three hundred and thirty feet in length, one hundred and eight feet in breadth, and sixty-nine feet in height. The building is of the Doric order, with eight columns in the two frontispieces and seventeen on each side. Behind the eight columns of the chief frontispiece are six others, forming the porch. The shafts of the columns are thirty-one feet high, and at the plinth, five feet ten inches in diameter.

The exterior is adorned by two pediments with figures in high relief. The group on the southern pediment refers symbolically to the restoration of Germany, after the war against Napoleon. In the centre is seated Germania, on both sides of whom youthful warriors lead matrons (the different states of Germany) by the hand. The northern pediment is one of the finest compositions of Schwanthaler. It is said to have occupied him eight years in its execution. It represents the battle of Teutoburg, in which the Roman legions under Varus were destroyed by Arminius, or, as the Germans love to call him, Herman. Augustus was so afflicted at this defeat, that he is said to have started from his sleep, exclaiming, "Restore me my legions, Varus!" The figure of Arminius, ten feet high, is represented in the German dress, as recorded by Tacitus, trampling on the Roman eagle and fasces. On the right, two Roman warriors press forward to protect Varus, who is falling in despair on his sword. Behind is a dying standard-bearer, by whose side a knight is kneeling, and trying to conceal his eagle in a morass. In this another knight is sinking, and behind him a fallen ensign-bearer. Of the German figures on the left, the bard with a telin (a species of harp) represents poetry; the prophetess, religion; the dying Sigmar, Arminius's father, and Thusnelda, his bride, are intended to point out the glory of a victorious death, and the dignified station which the women held among the ancient Germans. The material from which these figures are hewn is the white marble of Sclanders in Tyrol.

* A plate of the exterior will be given in a subsequent number.

The entrance is very fine. The gates are of gigantic dimensions, covered on the exterior with bronze, and on the interior with pannels of maple. The length of the interior is one hundred and sixty-eight feet, the breadth forty-eight feet, and the height fifty-three feet five inches. It is in the Ionic style.

The first pediment descending from the ceiling, represents the creation. The ice-giant, Ymer, rises from the icicles; the first pair spring out of his shoulders. On his right is Surtur, the ruler in Mispelheim: on the left Hella, the goddess of the subterranean kingdom of Niflheim. The leaves of the ash and alder, out of the wood of which the first pair were made, fill the angles of the pediment.

The second pediment represents the period of completion. Odin, the king of the gods, is on his throne, with his wife Frigga. To the right appears Braga, the god of wisdom, with his consort Iduna; to the left Thor, the god of thunder; and behind him Baldur, the god of eloquence, peace, and justice. In the angles are the two ravens of Odin, by which he discovers the actions of mankind.

The third pediment represents the contest with destruction for the preservation of the universe. The Normies, the past, the present, and the future, water the tree of the world, from the magic well of wisdom. Fenrir, the gigantic wolf, springs from the right, and Yermungard, the snake of Modgurd, the enemy of the gods, from the left, to destroy the tree. The walls are divided into six compartments on each side. The fourteen Caryatides, by Schwantheler, representing the Valkyriæ, or war-virgins, deserve especial notice. In the lower compartments are placed the busts of those inmates of Walhalla of whom likenesses still exist, while the upper ones contain the names of those of whom no likenesses are to be found.

We may, in conclusion, notice the friezes. The first division over the entrance represents the immigration of the Germans into Germany, from the east and the Caucasus; the second, the religious, scientific, and artistical life of the ancient Germans and Druids; the third, their political life and their commerce. Then follow the chief contests of the Germans with the Roman empire, concluding with the taking of Rome by Alaric, the Goth, on the 24th of August, 409. Opposite to the entrance is represented the introduction of Christianity into Germany, by St. Boniface, who is felling the sacred oak of the heathen religion.

By an inscription on the marble mosaic floor, we learn that this great undertaking was resolved on in 1807, begun October 18, 1830; and concluded, October 18, 1832, the anniversary of the great battle of Leipzig. Doubtless, therefore, the King of Bavaria had proposed to himself a *national* undertaking; we have stated above why it is not likely to excite much enthusiasm among the Protestants of Germany. There can be no doubt, however, that by it, King Lewis has added one more to the many proofs he had already given of his munificent patronage of the arts.

TANGIER.

The city of Tangier (the Tingis of the Romans) is situated on the African coast, opposite to the rock of Gibraltar. It has recently attracted considerable notice, in consequence of the bombardment by the Prince de Joinville, and not without reason, as it is of great importance to England that this place should not fall into the hands of a rival power; it being the principal market where provisions are procured for Gibraltar. About two centuries ago (1661) it came into the possession of the English, as part of the dowry of the Princess Catherine of Portugal, who was married to Charles II. But that profligate and thoughtless monarch, himself a pensioner of Louis XIV., at length determined to get rid of a place, which, instead of being profitable, could only be retained at considerable expense. Muley Ismael besieged it in 1680, without obtaining possession of it. In the year 1683, Lord Dartmouth was sent with secret orders to destroy the fortifications which had cost immense sums, and to evacuate the city. We have an account of the operations in the Journal of Pepys, in the two additional volumes of his memoirs published in 1841. He accompanied the expedition as one of the commissioners, and has left a deplorable account of peculation, and want of public spirit in the officers of the garrison and navy. The French were anxious for the demolition of works, which in the hands of a wise and foreseeing monarch might have been rendered for the one continent, what the fortress of Gibraltar has since become to the other. It was in vain that the Portuguese protested, that has the English had received it from them, so at least it ought to be restored to them; they even offered to pay Charles the expenses which he had incurred in erecting the fortifications, but as he had but little hope that they would be able to realize their promises, he ordered that it should be abandoned to the Moors, in whose hands it has since continued.

The situation of Tangier, with its white terraces, is very picturesque. The *Field of Sacrifices* commands a magnificent view extending to the coasts of Europe, Tarifa, Trafalgar, the Straits of Gibraltar, and on a clear day, the towering rock of Gibraltar itself. But we can have no better guide than Mr. Borrow. "There stood Tangier before us, ... occupying the sides and top of two hills, one of which, bold and bluff, projects into the sea, where the coast takes a sudden and abrupt turn. Frowning and battlemented were its walls, either perched on the top of precipitous rocks, whose base was washed by the salt billows, or rising from the narrow strand which separates the hill from the ocean. Yonder are two or three tiers of batteries, displaying heavy guns, which command the harbour; above them you

see the terraces of the town rising in succession, like steps for giants. But all is white, perfectly white, so that the whole seems cut out of an immense chalk rock: though true it is, that you behold here and there tall green trees springing up from amidst the whiteness: perhaps they belong to Moorish gardens, and beneath them, peradventure, is reclining many a dark-eyed Leila, akin to the houris. Right before you is a high tower, or minaret, not white, but curiously painted, which belongs to the principal mosque of Tangier: a black banner waves upon it, for it is the feast of Ashor. A noble beach of white sand fringes the bay from the town to the foreland of Alminar. To the east rise prodigious hills and mountains: they are Gibil Muza and his chain, and yon tall fellow is the peak of Tetuan: the grey mists of evening are enveloping their sides. Such was Tangier, such its vicinity, as it appeared to me whilst gazing from the Genoese bark."—BIBLE IN SPAIN.

The mole has not been repaired since its destruction by the English; the ruins of this magnificent pier project into the bay, which is thus rendered dangerous during the prevalence of east winds. Its old walls are crenellated and flanked with round and square towers. The fortress is of imposing appearance, and mounted by twelve pieces of cannon destined to command the Straights of Gibraltar. The ditches round the city are filled with trees, and let out as kitchen-gardens by the governor, instead of being kept in a state of defence. Of the batteries and ramparts it is not necessary now to speak at length, as the recent easy triumph of the French has shown that however imposing, in the hands of their present masters, they are but ineffective against the attacks of Europeans. The town itself is of little importance, the commerce, notwithstanding its proximity to Europe, less considerable than that of some of the other forts. The English draw their supply of beef, mutton, fruits, and vegetables from Tangier and Tetuan. The Musselmen call Tangier "the city of the Infidels," from the consuls and Christians who reside there, as well as the Jews, who here enjoy some peculiar privileges. Great uncertainty seems to prevail respecting the population, some authors estimating it as low as five or six thousand, whilst others reckon it at ten or twelve thousand.

EUGENE SUE.

EUGENE SUE, the founder of the French naval romance, and at this present moment by far the most popular author in France, was born in 1800. His father was Professor of Anatomy, and left a considerable fortune. Mr. Eugene Sue was educated

for the medical profession, and made several voyages as a naval surgeon. His visit to the slave states of America seems to have exercised a considerable influence upon his earlier works, which were so favourably received by the public, that he devoted himself exclusively to a literary career. Like most of the French romance writers who have risen to note since the revolution of 1830, his works abound in powerful delineations of horrible and disgusting scenes. He even asserted the paradox, that in this world vice is always triumphant, and virtue unhappy, and deduced, therefrom, the necessity of a future state, in which rewards and punishments would be justly administered. This strange doctrine pervades all his works, but the tone of his writings is that of irony, and not belief. A few of the singular features from his novels, will suffice. *El Gitano* contains the history of a smuggler, who is hanged by the Spaniards. His comrades revenge him by introducing the yellow fever into Spain. *Kesuck* describes the career of a bloodthirsty pirate, who is guilty of crimes innumerable, stops a leak in his ship with the corpse of his murdered mistress, yet dies a pious Christian. In *Atar Gull*, a Negro, who torments his master to death, literally, not figuratively, receives the Monthyon prize of virtue from the Académie Française. His other works are rich in similar scenes. Whilst some of the critics were complaining that Mr. Eugene Sue's pen had lost its wonted power, he confuted them by his far-famed *Mystères de Paris*, a work that created, from princess to grisette, a sensation as extraordinary as in the olden time the lengthy volumes of Richardson in England. But what a change does this juxta-position suggest! How is it possible that ten volumes filled with characters and descriptions of scenes such as men cannot read without horror, and women, in our humble opinion, ought never to read at all, can thus have procured the entrée into the palace as well as into the garret. Simply by a pseudo-philanthropical hocus pocus, sometimes called cant. The most superficial observer of the times must have remarked a universal restlessness in the minds of men; a heaving to and fro penetrates the surface of things, and proclaims aloud the depth of the social agitations now working their unseen way to the light of day, fraught with the weal and woe of nations. Statesmen look on and give no help; some petty paliative is thrown in as a make-believe that they are doing something; they enunciate no principle; they live on, to use a common expression, from hand to mouth. In England the cynical remarks of Bulwer, the honest and cheering sympathy of Dickens, the well-meaning, but weak and dangerous philanthropy of Lord Ashley, with the misty drawings of Mr. d'Israeli, show how deeply the state of things has taken hold of the minds of men of the most opposite habits and characters. In France, ever ready to rush into the field of social improvement with an impetuosity and rashness of theory, heedless of the warnings which might be drawn from the errors of her first dreadful revolution,

the wildest schemes for the amelioration of mankind and the organization of labour have been proposed.

In this universal ferment it must be confessed that it was in a happy moment for a title that "The Mysteries of Paris" occurred to Mr. Eugene Sue, and most successfully has he availed himself of the flag of social improvement. As the right of search, however, is not in especial favour with our volatile neighbours, we cannot do better than extract a few remarks from one of the first reviews of France. The French themselves are beginning to be somewhat ashamed of the fever of exultation with which they received the work.

"The most perfect talent has necessarily a quality less perfect than the rest, which, unless the author is on his guard, will influence all the others, and bring them down to its level. An incomplete talent has, among its defects, one defect greater than the rest, inherent in itself, which strives to absorb its neighbours, and gain the victory. With Mr. Sue this defect has a tendency to sensual and gross descriptions. Repressed at first, this tendency gained ground by degrees: in *Arthur* it showed itself openly; in *Mathilde* it was somewhat more veiled, but still too apparent. The disorder at last, in the *Mysteries of Paris*, burst forth in all its energy, and has invaded all."

We read lately in a French publication that Charles Dickens was not much known in France, and the writer to give his readers an idea of our countryman, spoke of him as the Eugene Sue of England. To do the critic justice, he was merely alluding to the extraordinary popularity of the two authors; but the comparison jarred upon our feelings, and we are sure that Mr. Dickens would not feel himself flattered by it. The contrast between them could not be better characterized than in the following remarks:—

"Chastity, not prudery, is, in a writer who analyzes and brings the passions into play, a proof of force. The romance writer lowers himself, when he does not find resources enough in the expression of the sentiments: and he loses himself for ever, if, instead of redoubling his efforts and recovering what he has compromised, he abandons his cause, and passes with his arms and baggage to the other side, that is, to the side of sensuality. He will, perhaps, have the benefits, and most certainly the punishment of his treason: he may become the painter of the things of the body, he will no longer be that of the things of the soul. He cannot serve two masters. Absorbed by sensation, he will but half comprehend real sentiment, and will only see it when beside or beyond the truth. This explains why the book of Mr. Sue is too true, and yet not true enough, why it is a mass of repulsive realities, and a reunion of fantastic beings."

It is a Frenchman who thus speaks of his countryman. After this we need not enter into any further remarks upon the subject, and many of the most powerfully

wrought descriptions are of a nature that we cannot allude to in these pages. It is but just to Mr. Sue to state, that in his unfinished work, *The Wandering Jew*, he appears to avail himself more seriously of that tendency which, in the Mysteries of Paris, seemed hung out as a lawful flag, in order to smuggle in forbidden goods.

READING THE BIBLE.

It is to the invention of printing that, among other inestimable advantages, we owe the diffusion of the Bible amongst the people. In the earliest ages of Christianity the Holy Scriptures were considered the basis of the church, and the source whence the knowledge of revelation was to be drawn, and no impediment to reading them was offered by those in authority. The orators of the old church, particularly St. Chrysostom and St. Augustine, constantly reminded their hearers, that it was not sufficient to attend, while parts of the Scriptures were read in churches, but that they should diligently read and search them for themselves. It was not until the Roman clergy had succeeded in their encroachments, that the hierarchy, restrained the use of the Bible among the people. They have never ventured by a papal decree to forbid the use of the Bible to the laity altogether; the national voice, (the lower clergy included,) even in Roman Catholic countries, was too much opposed to this. But the Vatican, with that consummate prudence which in the middle ages distinguished it, sought to obtain this end by proclaiming the Latin language as the language of the church, and allowing the Scriptures to be read in this language only. Although English translations of many parts of the Scriptures existed before the time of Wyckliffe, it was to the principles preached by that great reformer that we must attribute the first successful effort to diffuse the Bible in the language of the country. His great argument, and one which he constantly inculcated in his sermons, was, that the knowledge of the will of God was contained in the Scriptures alone, and was to be found there, not by the church alone, but by every individual who should approach the study in an humble and pious spirit. To enable his countrymen to do this, he passed a great part of his life in translating the Old and New Testament into English. The learning and piety of Wyckliffe, acknowledged even by his adversaries, would hardly have saved him from the flames which consumed some of his followers, had he not been so fortunate as to obtain the patronage of the great. We are told that by the zeal of his disciples many copies of his translation were distributed; but when we consider the state of education, the opposition of many of the clergy who looked to Rome for preferment, the time necessary to copy

the manuscript, and the high price, we shall not attach too much value to this circumstance. Meanwhile his doctrines alarmed the church, who forbade the laity to read or possess the Scriptures, except with the permission and under the superintendence of the bishop; and the English hierarchy exerted all their influence to discountenance the circulation of the Scriptures in the language of the people. But the art of printing soon rendered their efforts vain, although it was not until half a century after the new invention that an English New Testament was printed and introduced into England from Cologne and Antwerp. Most of the copies were bought up and burnt by Bishop Tunstal and Sir Thomas More. The second edition of 1530 was likewise suppressed, and the copies burnt. Two years after, Tyndal, to whom we owe this translation, was imprisoned and burnt for heresy, in Flanders. After his death, the pious work was continued by Miles Coverdale, who afterwards became Bishop of Exeter. The times were changed: Henry VIII. had quarrelled with the pope, and the improved translation of the Bible was dedicated to that monarch in 1537. It was printed at Hamburg, and license given for publishing it in England by the favour of Archbishop Cranmer. The next edition is the revised translation of Tyndal's version, known by the name of Cranmer's Bible, as it underwent the revision of that prelate. It appeared in 1540, and by royal proclamation, every parish was bound to have a copy in the church, under a penalty of forty shillings a month; the Popish bishops, however, succeeded in obtaining its suppression in two years. It was restored by King Edward VI. Queen Mary did her utmost, in accordance with the sentiments of the church to which she was so bigotedly attached, to suppress the public reading of the Scriptures; nor was it until the reign of Queen Elizabeth that the right was finally conceded. Numerous and improved editions followed rapidly, until in 1613, King James's Bible, the one now in use, was adopted.

It was not, however, until the Bible Societies were established, that the diffusion of the Bible among the lower classes of the people can be said to have been effected. In this respect, their extraordinary and successful exertions surpassed all expectation. The English Society alone has expended several million pounds sterling.

From such small and arduous beginnings arose the mighty edifice that now overshadows the earth, the greatest agent in the civilization of mankind.

GOETHE.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE was born in Frankfort-on-the-Main, August 28, 1749, of respectable parents. Of his father he has left us a detailed account, in the very interesting memoirs of his early years, which he gave to the world under the title, *Aus meinem Leben, Dichtung und Wahrheit,* (From my Life, Fiction and Truth). Like almost all distinguished men, he was most indebted to his mother, a woman of excellent understanding, and endowed with many eminent qualities; and it is not a little singular that he has made so little mention of her. This certainly did not proceed from any want of affection towards her, but probably from the circumstance that, as she lived to a great age, her death was too recent for him to think it decorous to bring her portrait before the public in a work that bears the familiar tone of friendly conversation.

After a careful but pedantic education at home, in which the inquisitive spirit of young Goethe wandered through all the branches of science that at that time attracted attention in Germany, he had, however, felt that poetry was his vocation. The state of literature in his native country was paltry and discouraging, all the better spirits were in a state of morbid restlessness, conscious of the void around them, and not hoping for a better state of things. Goethe shared in the hypochondriac feelings of the period, and at times took a desponding view of the future. The renown of a Gellert seemed to him insignificant compared with the fame of a Buffon or Linnæus, nor could his experience during his studies at Strasburg or Leipzig open to him a more cheerful prospect. At the former city he fortunately became acquainted with Herder, whose youthful ardour, (although Goethe's senior by five years,) superior knowledge, correct taste and judgment, enabled him to look with a prophetic eye through the dull mazes of the times. It was in the temper above described that Goethe produced his first works, *Laune des Verliebten* (Lover's Humours), and *die Mitschuldigen* (the Accomplices), and they bear evidence of the unsatisfactory state of his mind. Herder inspired him with his own conviction of the high mission of the poet, and the two friends made many converts in the countries bordering on the Rhine. Rousseau's doctrine was not without its effect on their susceptible minds, but Shakspeare was their great idol; they imitated his language in daily conversation, and in the daring of youthful boldness they hoped once to cope with him in dramatic composition.

The effect of this intercourse was soon apparent. Goethe shook off his morbid melancholy, and took at once the proud position that he maintained during a life

lengthened beyond ordinary duration. The publication of his youthful poems excited unwonted enthusiasm. The poet at length was born who was to raise the languid genius of Germany to a level with the proud nations that had so long looked down upon her with contempt. His songs, the real expression of a poet's feelings, united the simple charms of popular poetry with a rhythmical beauty and grace, of which the language possessed no previous example. The lyrical pieces will ever remain models of composition. Natural in feeling, and beautiful in expression, they are equally free from the pious, but sentimental, and sometimes affected, tone of the Klopstock school, and the hollow play with the graces which prevailed in their rivals. Goethe's poems are true, for he composed all his works on the basis of real experience, viewed at sufficient distance to soften the harshness of life, and to assume the milder form of poetical creation.

Goetz von Berlichingen, 1773, and *The Sorrows of Werter*, 1774, confirmed the effect which the poems had produced. The former gave words to the fermenting excitement of the times, which broke forth at a later period, with still greater vehemence, on the first performance of Schiller's youthful and extravagant drama of *The Robbers*. The character of Goetz flattered the patriotism of the Germans, the diligent study of Shakspeare was successfully pourtrayed in the animated treatment of the popular scenes, that vividly carried the spectators back to the olden time; and the varied characters, which are wrought with great skill and knowledge of human nature, proved that the young lyric poet was destined likewise to raise the national theatre. Whilst Goethe thus opened a new sphere in the historical dramas by *The Sorrows of Werter*, he gave the finishing blow to the sentimentality that had spread throughout Germany in the works of Richardson, Young, and Ossian. The national disease was here brought to its culminating point, and as Goethe himself must have passed through and overcome the crisis before he revealed it in a poetic form, he was but the foreshadower of the same process in the healthy part of the German nation.

The first in lyrical and dramatic poetry and romance, the ablest and most productive genius, was likewise the most moderate in his criticisms. He assisted Herder in working out his great reform of the national taste: but his innate love of beauty kept him in milder forms, and criticism with him was conveyed in poetical satire, but with so little bitterness, that Wieland, one of the objects of his attacks, was soon on friendly terms with him. Goethe's course through life may be traced in his poems. His first productions showed the restless and unsettled state of his mind, to which he soon rose superior: the author of Goetz became the centre of a circle of enthusiastic young geniuses of the most opposite tendencies. But he merely worked himself through this period to free himself for ever from the passionate excess of a youthful demagogue. He soon left his friends, from whose

opinions he already began to differ, to become the guiding star of aristocratical and courtly spheres. In 1775 he was called to the court of Weimar, in which city, with the exception of his journey to Italy, and his trips to Carlsbad, &c., he resided until his death. Here he was involved in the gaieties, perhaps the excesses, of the court, to which doubtless he gave a more poetic form than they would otherwise have assumed. The princess, the mother of the grand-ducal friend of Goethe, collected around her all the distinguished men of Germany, so that the little city of Weimar was the centre from which proceeded the greatest and most rapid literary development of a nation, of which we have any example. Herder, Goethe, Wieland, Schiller, and a host of lesser deities who moved in their orbits, diffused over Europe the fame of the German Florence.

But Goethe's mind was too reflective and productive to remain satisfied with the restless drivings of undirected genius, whether in prince or demagogue. It was in his nature to exhaust a subject, to drain the cup, and then look back upon the past in poetic perspective. Yet numerous as are the gifts with which he has enriched the world, we fear that his lengthened residence at Wiemar was too turbulent, not to have deprived us of works which, produced in the flower of his age, might rival any that he has left us. *Clavigo*, 1774, and *Stella*, 1776, cannot be ranked amongst his greatest productions, but they show that he was weaning himself from excess to repose. Lessing's colder style seems to have supplanted the ardent energy of Shakspeare. Many of the compositions, which he attempted during the first ten years of his residence at the court of Weimar, did not satisfy him. His mind was in a constant struggle between outward diversion and inward reflection, between the petty interruptions of official occupation (he was minister of state) and the inspirations of his poetic genius. He did not recover himself until he broke from the trammels of the court, and was restored to undisturbed reflection by a journey to Italy, of which he has left us a very interesting description.

Here he passed his time in studying the immortal works of art which abound in that favoured land, and his enthusiasm for the poetry of the ancients produced a complete revolution in his mind. His later works display the great influence which the contemplation of the monuments of sculpture and architecture exercised over him, and augmented his dislike of those "natural geniuses," whom, in his own country, his first works had so powerfully contributed to call into action. The influence of the South began to weaken his attachment to "Nature's children" of the North, and Ariosto and Homer took place beside Ossian and Shakspeare. In his enthusiastic devotion to his new favourites, he declared, with all the fervour of a recent convert, "that the Titanic ideas of his youthful years were to him now but as airy visions, which pointed to a more serious period." He separated himself from his former friends, and whilst he did not deny that it was a salutary change by

which the Germans had been recalled to a certain natural condition in life, science, and art, he maintained that it was necessary to add order and taste to freedom, an ideal to nature, beauty to truth. He gave up his taste for Gothic architecture and for the painters of the middle ages, and found alone in the Greek sculpture and in the Greek writers that perfect beauty, where all is so harmonious, that there is no contest between nature and art, or between the real and the ideal. This exclusive love of antiquity, by which Goethe from this time measured the value of all modern productions, must ever be borne in mind by the reader, for it is the key-stone to the understanding of his later works. It displays itself eminently in *Iphigenia* (1787), and in *Tasso* (1790.) In the former drama breathes the pure spirit of antiquity: and in Tasso he raised a monument to the house of Weimar, and represented the contrast between the poet and the man of the world—a contrast which is doubtless the result of his courtly experience. In 1788 appeared his historical drama of Egmont. It is now generally admitted that the subject of this piece is not happily chosen to maintain dramatic interest, although the character of Clara is beautifully developed. Compared with Goetz, it reveals to the attentive observer the change which had taken place in the poet's mind. In troubled times Goetz feels his own power and strength, and exhibits it in outward action: Egmont, in the contest, retires within himself—a foreshadowing of Goethe's own behaviour in the first French revolution, which has drawn down upon him no little indignation from some of his cotemporaries.

On his return from Italy, Goethe found the excitements which his own early works had produced, renewed by the effects of Schiller's dramas. Estranged as he himself now was from this state of mind, it nevertheless acted upon him, and he resumed the subject of Faust, which he had laid aside for so many years; for this legend, which has at all times been the favourite subject of German writers, expresses the varied strivings of the human heart, and was peculiarly applicable to the workings of this period. It is needless to make any remarks upon a poem so universally admired, and know in England by so many translations. We will only observe that between the Goethe who wrote the original fragment, and the Goethe who resumed the subject on his return from Italy, there was a great gulf, and this the poet himself felt. He worked at it with dilatoriness, and the more he occupied himself with it, the greater was his deviation from the original plan. Whilst he acknowledges the advances that Germany had made, he felt that his countrymen were still on the road: and he could therefore only represent his Faust, as still striving to attain the goal, which, in fact, is only attainable by the soothing influence of religion.

In this state of mind it may easily be imagined that he viewed the French revolution with no favourable eye. In his silent and peaceful studies, he had outlived the passions of his youth, and had laid aside all feeling for the restless life that was

now to fill Europe with terror and dismay. It was a peculiarity in his nature to turn aside, if possible, from all that was disagreeable to him, or to free himself from it by embodying the subject in a poetical composition. But his productions about this time (comical, political, dramas, &c.) are trifling, and hardly worth mentioning. His masterly translation of *Reineke Fuchs* (Reynard the Fox) probably gave him more relief, as in this singular poem, which has delighted all the northern Germanic nations for so many centuries, he could give vent to his bruised spirit against the governors as well as the governed. The *Natural Daughter* and *Hermann and Dorothea*, although they appeared somewhat later, must be referred in their origin to this period. The latter may be considered as a work of noble resignation, composed under the beneficial influence of his intercourse with Schiller. To the friendship of these two great men, equally honourable to both, we have already alluded in our brief remarks upon the latter.

This intimacy was produced by a request from Schiller that Goethe would take part in his new periodical, *The Hours*. It was their object, by strictness of criticism, and by gathering around them the most able writers, to stem the flood of mediocrity that had inundated their native country, and in the *Musenalmanach* appeared the famous *Xenien*, or satirical couplets against the heroes of a German Dunciad. Great was the indignation of the Philistines; but their shafts fell harmless, for they were but blunt.

Goethe had already in Italy chosen *Wilhelm Meister* (1794) for the subject with which, after the completion of his second dramatic period, he intended to begin a new epoch. This extraordinary work, although its didatic nature (as far as the theatre is concerned) renders the machinery somewhat heavy, is perhaps unrivalled in variety of character, richness of fancy, and manifold beauties of style. Like Faust, it underwent a great change during the period of composition. In the beginning epic, intuitive, active, and passionate, it softens down into reflection and repose. The continuation of it, the *Wanderjahre*, is singularly didatic and mystical. It abounds, however, in passages full of wisdom and benevolence. After the death of Schiller, with the exception of the *Wahlverwandtschaften*, (Elective Affinities, 1809,) and some smaller novels, Goethe devoted himself to Oriental poetry, natural and literary history. It is to this period that we owe the memoirs, which, with his voluminous correspondence, enable us to penetrate more clearly into his mind than perhaps into that of any other great writer. The universality of Goethe must command our admiration. In song, in drama, in romance, he was equally successful. His *Metamorphosis of the Plants* will secure him a high name in physiological botany; and Mr. Eastlake has lately published a translation of his *Theory of Colours*. He was always in advance of his nation, who followed him as an enchanter. He called forth a host of imitators; but they raised only lifeless bodies,

for Goethe before them had stolen the Promethean fire. As he advanced in years he could not feel as in his youth; and the rising generation, who burst the bonds by which the usurper held their country enslaved, could not comprehend his quiet repose amidst the universal enthusiasm. Both acted according to their nature.

This distinguished writer was a model of manly beauty, and all who have seen him willingly re-echoed the exclamation of Napoleon—"This is a MAN!" The portrait before the reader is from the hand of Goethe himself: it was executed whilst he was in Italy. The smaller subjects represent the well-known scene in Faust, the *Erl King*, doubtless familiar to many of our readers, through the magnificent accompaniment of Schubert, the ballad of the *Water Nymph*; and the Old Harper, in Wilhelm Meister, as he sings the favourite lines of the late-lamented and severely-tried Queen of Prussia, "*Who never ate his bread in tears.*"

Goethe died on the 22nd of March, 1832, and on the 20th of October of the present year, his statue was inaugurated in his native city of Frankfort-on-the-Main, amidst the applause of a vast multitude.

Besides the sources already mentioned, the German student may consult Gervinus, to whom we are particularly indebted: Goethe's Correspondence with Zelter and Schiller: Goethe's Correspondence with a Child, and Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe.

THE VILLA DORIA, GENOA.

BEAUTIFUL, we may say unrivalled, at least among Italian cities, is the view that presents itself to the eye of the traveller as he enter the harbour of *Genoa la Superba* the Magnificent. Naples has indeed borne away the palm: but it is the view of the incomparable Bay of Naples *from* the city, not the view of the city, that deserves the preference. Amongst the most interesting recollections of the proud republic are the two houses in which dwelt Andrea Doria, her greatest citizen, who preferred the freedom of his native town to his own aggrandizement. The history of this illustrious sea-captain may be read in Robertson's Life of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. But let us accompany Mr. Rogers on his pilgrimage to the two houses of the mighty dead:—

"This house was Andrea Doria's. Here he lived;
And here at eve relaxing, when ashore,
Held many a pleasant, many a grave discourse
With them that sought him, walking to and fro,

As on his deck. 'Tis less in length and breadth
Than many a cabin in a ship of war;
But 'tis of marble, and at once inspires
The reverence due to ancient dignity.
He left it for a better; and 'tis now
A house of trade, the meanest merchandise
Cumbering its floors. Yet, fallen as it is,
'Tis still the noblest dwelling even in Genoa!"

This "better dwelling" is the palace which we here present to the readers. It is the most magnificent edifice in the Bay of Genoa. It was erected under the auspices of Andrea Doria himself, and in it he twice entertained the emperor Charles the Fifth. It is so close to the bay, that the imperial guest went from the palace straight on board the admiral's galley. He was entertained with Asiatic pomp; Andrea Doria, to the great astonishment of the emperor, ordering all the plate used on this occasion to be thrown overboard, that it might not be defiled by vulgar hands. The tale of scandal, however, is long-lived; and whispers have come down to us that the founder of the liberty of Genoa did not disdain to place nets under his galley, that the valuable prize might be recovered, after this *coup de théatrè* had produced its desired effect: and truly, if he had not done so, many a simpler citizen could easily have recovered the spoil.

In modern times this splendid palace was the residence of Napoleon. It is also memorable in history by the conspiracy of Fiesco, immortalized by Schiller; but as the great German poet has taken liberties with facts, as he has conscientiously informed us, the reader will do well to confine himself to the more sober account of Robertson. This second palace, like the smaller one, mentioned by Mr. Rogers, is rapidly going to decay.

TRYBERG.

THREE leagues from Hornberg, in one of the most beautiful parts of the Schwarzwald, or Black Forest, lies the little city of Tryberg, between the sources of the two great European rivers. The number of inhabitants is about 800, who are renowned for their excellent cattle, carving in wood, but more particularly for the manufacture of wooden clocks, which are chiefly made in this district. Mr. Murray states that 180,000 are exported annually, under the name of Dutch clocks, not only throughout Europe, but even to America and China. The situation of Tryberg is very

romantic: of the beauties of its waterfall, the reader will be enabled to judge by the annexed plate. The scenery at the heighth of 2100 feet above the level of the sea is of an Alpine nature, the pine and the fir being the only lofty trees in the vicinity. The city is enclosed by three mountain ridges, from which three mountain streams discharge their waters: the western views are the most beautiful.

From time to time the scanty population of Tryberg is swollen by an influx of pilgrims. The story goes that about one hundred and fifty years ago some Austrian soldiers, on returning from the town of an evening to their encampment in the neighbourhood, as they ascended the narrow path by the mountain stream called the Schonachs, heard, to their astonishment, strange melodies, which seemed to them to descend from the summits of the sighing pines. On investigation, a picture of the Madonna and Child was found in an old fir-tree near a rocky spring. The miracle was noised abroad: pious pilgrims came from all parts, and from their charitable donations a church was built, and the miraculous picture still continues an object of attraction.

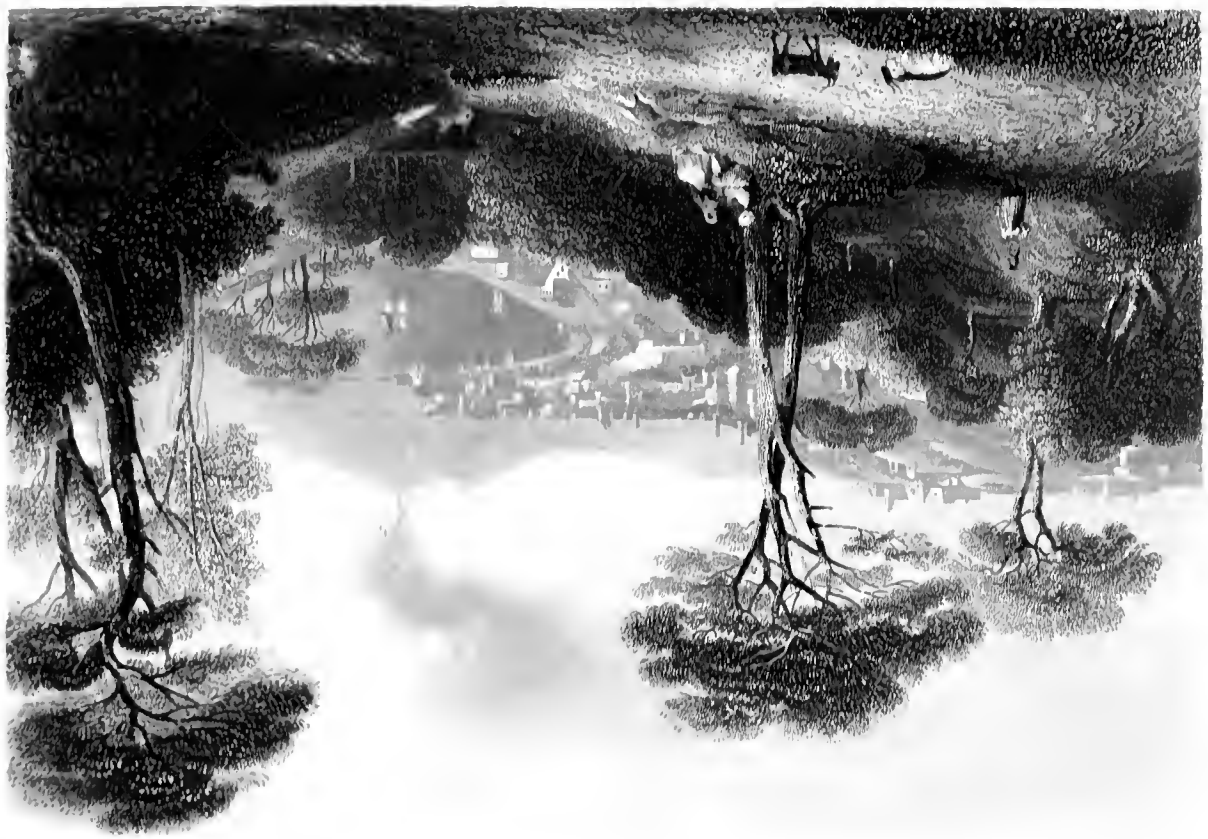
An historian of the country has offered a simple solution of the miracle. Amidst the rocks through which the Schonach flows, he says, there is a natural Æolian harp. "The summits of the pine-trees wave melodious to the breeze, and the opposite mountain stream forms an accompaniment to the spectral tones. On windy nights, this music, equally solemn as agreeable, may still be heard."

Of the old castle, which gave its name to the city, no traces remain, and the noble family of this name seems to have become extinct in the 14th century. After belonging to many masters, the inhabitants, by a formal treaty, became subject to the house of Austria. The city now forms part of the Grand Duchy of Baden.

THE EXCURSION.

A PENDANT TO THE PLEASING PICTURE OF AVE-MARIA IN OUR FIRST PART.

Not hushed in silence, leaning on their oars and listening in pious reverence to the evening chimes inviting to repose, but quietly urging on their peaceful bark over the calm blue waters, the bearded fisher and the youthful maiden ply the lengthy oar. Oft have we crossed the matchless Bay of Naples in similar company, although our passage was seldom graced with such fair faces. In all the listless luxury of indolence, the maiden reclining at the stern, gazes on the scene before her, and the whole world has few scenes more lovely: the fiery mountain, clad in varied tints,



repeats its graceful outline in the waveless sea; St. Angelo and Capri rising iron-bound from the waters, with Ischia and its attendant islets, form pleasing resting-places for the charmed eye. Gaze on; would that, as in days of yore, we could delight in this bright amphitheatre! The infant plays with its flower in the wake of the ripple of the oar, and the rash girl sportively dips her feet into the deceitful elements. Hold firm! and gaze not too ardently, in pardonable vanity, at thy double self, for hast thou not heard in the legend how often the water-nymph from her deep recesses whispers in magic tones to the charmed ear, of fairy palaces and wondrous groves, to lure the listeners to cleave the limpid waters. At the prow an urchin stands, making discordant harmony; his face proclaims the future Lazzarone. But whither are ye bent, ye black-eyed daughters of the south? Seest thou not the tambourine, and do not the holiday dresses tell thee there is a feast, such as the maidens of Naples, aye, and the brides and the matrons too, who have long passed their honeymoon, love to celebrate? And what does the swarthy monk amidst dark-eyed maidens? Verily, friend, thou art inquisitive; doubtless he has been on a charitable errand, and as it is the feast of his convent, he has availed himself of the kind offer to return in such goodly company, for he must be in his cell when the vesper-bell rings.

We wish them all a cheerful holiday, for in their fair land we have often experienced frank hospitality and unaffected kindness.

NAPLES.

Naples, with its incomparable bay, is doubtless, at least in description, familiar to our readers; but the recollections of this lovely panorama will never tire. We were once so fortunate as to behold the scene under circumstances that gave it more than ordinary interest. The summer of 1834, as wine-drinkers still gratefully acknowledge, was extremely fine; for many months no rain had fallen; when, one evening as we sat in our locanda, which looked upon the sea, electric clouds increasing in volume, rose from the horizon, and deep darkness soon enveloped earth and sea. At length the overcharged clouds burst in a flood of rain, such as we have only once witnessed; from time to time, flashes of lightning, absolutely dazzling, illumined the whole bay; the blue waters of the Mediterranean, the distant islands, the lofty mountains, and Vesuvius, with its streams of burning lava, were revealed in all their beauty for one short moment, and then all was again shrouded in utter darkness. Flash

succeeded flash, and the loud reverberating thunder-peal had scarcely faded on the ear, when a still louder followed: the terrified inhabitants cast themselves on their knees, regardless of the pouring torrents, and with all the energetic eloquence of the children of the south, implored the intervention of their patron-saint. "This day eleven years ago," said the host, "traces of an earthquake were felt at Naples, and the poor women are praying to the saint to avert a similar calamity."

One of the most interesting features in this extensive landscape is Vesuvius. The form of this celebrated mountain is truly beautiful, the shape of the upper crater is, of course, constantly varying, now rising some hundred feet, and now sinking its lofty head with a tremendous crash into the awful abyss below. But to the left, beyond Somma, as the spectator views it from the bay, the graceful curve is pencilled on the atmosphere, as from the hand of a great artist, until it softly mingles with the fruitful Campagna. As the volcano was in full activity during our stay at Naples, we did not neglect so favourable an opportunity, and made frequent pilgrimages to enjoy in reality what we had so often perused with delight, in the animated descriptions of travellers. Two of these visits are indelibly imprinted on our memory, a short record of which, we hope, will communicate to our readers some portion of our own feelings.

After passing Portici, we visited the ruins of Herculaneum, and then rode to the foot of the conical mount of ashes, where horses are no longer available. In about three-quarters of an hour we toiled up the steep ascent, and found ourselves on the platform of the crater. The subterranean fire was everywhere at work, every chink and cranny displayed the glowing mass, sulphur oozed out at every step, tinging the surface of the lava around us with a variety of colours. Soon we came to a stream of liquid fire, the heat was excessive; it had been flowing for some days, and on the declivity below us, the upper crust was hardened, whilst the terrible element worked its way beneath, adding to the desolation around. From the middle of the platform rises the real vent or crater, and thither we turned our steps. The trembling mountain seemed relieved as it discharged vast fiery masses high into the air, and as we saw that the broken fragments fell perpendicularly into the bowels of the mountain, we determined to ascend the peak which overlooked the vent. We succeeded, and gazed on the scene around us with feelings of mingled awe and admiration. The sea was waveless, the view before the reader, Naples, with its white houses and villas, stood out in gorgeous sunshine; but it was only by snatches that we could look around us, for a noise like the thunder of artillery gave us timely warning, and the guides bade us beware. At first a snow-white cloud arose, gently puffed up by the mighty force in the immeasurable depths below; a red igneous cloud followed more rapidly, the precursor of the ascending fiery mass, which came rushing up with a terrible noise. As the lava fell into the yawning depths, with straining eyes we strove to penetrate the

darkness, but in vain, for streams of sulphur concealed everything from the view. But we were soon forced to quit the spot on which we stood, filled with indescribable emotions; for the raging mountain, with a louder burst, hurled its contents above and around us, casting one of our party, fortunately with little injury, to the ground. With desperate speed we leaped down the descent, until another discharge warned us to stop: and, following the previous instructions of the guides, we stood still to watch the lava as it fell, moving our bodies quietly when it threatened to come into dangerous proximity. Between the intervals we continued our flight, nor did we breathe freely till we stood at a respectful distance, on the lower platform of the crater. *Quantum facilis descensus Averni!* We strode down the ashy mountain in ten minutes, and having quaffed the *obbligato* beverage of all travellers who ascend Vesuvius, the so-called *Lachryma Christi*, we were soon on our way to Naples.

A few nights afterwards there was a much more violent eruption; such was the force of the ejection, that to have approached within some hundred yards of where we had stood a few days before, would have been attended with instant death. Selecting a small recess at the edge of the platform, where the warm exhalations protected him from the coldness of the night-air, and from the broken fragments which sometimes fell, even at this distance, the writer passed the night alone, in silent admiration of a succession of illuminations, glorious beyond all description.

It is said that the ashes of Mount Vesuvius have been carried through the air to a distance of thirty miles, and we can easily believe that with a favourable wind they may be wafted still further. During our residence at Sorrento, pictures fresh from the artist's hand were in a few minutes covered with ashes that entered through the window, and often we could not enjoy the grateful shade of our balcony, but were forced to retreat from the subtle invader.

TROITZKO-SERGIERSKY LAURÆ.

(CONVENT FOUNDED BY ST. SERGE, NEAR MOSCOW.)

One of the numerous vast convents that distinguish the city of Moscow and its environs. We reserve our description for a subsequent number, in which we shall introduce our readers to that ancient and singular capital.

DUTCH SKATERS.

"Where the Rhine,
Branch'd out in many a long canal, extends,
From every province swarming, void of care,
Batavia rushes forth, and as they sweep,
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
The then gay land is madden'd all to joy."

It is not only in festive scenes, which Thomson so graphically describes, that the inhabitants of the many-channeled Netherlands avail themselves of the crystal surface; for purposes of business the canals then serve as high-roads, and the inhabitants skate from village to village, and from town to town, with astonishing rapidity.

AMALFI.

The state of the Amalfi, in the times of its commercial greatness, rivalled the celebrated republics of Venice and Genoa. Her fleets were found in all seas; the laws of navigation, which she established for the direction of her bold mariners, were adopted by the whole commercial world; she possessed the original codex of the Pandects of Justinian, supposed to have been written by the emperor himself: one of her sons, Gioja, has long enjoyed the honour of being considered the inventor of the compass, although recent investigations impugn his right to this discovery, and lastly the Amalfitans established a hospital in Jerusalem, from which afterwards proceeded the celebrated institution of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, afterwards of Malta. How are the mighty fallen! Some paper-mills, an iron-foundry, and almost as many manufactories of maccaroni as there are houses, form the chief support of the commerce of Amalfii.

But although human greatness is perishable, the beauties of nature still remain, and draw together yearly, thousands of pilgrims, to do her homage. Amalfii is rich in magnificent and picturesque scenery. The view before the reader, is taken from the convent above the town, and is one of the most interesting which this favoured spot affords. The traveller should not confine his attentions to the town, if such in its

present decay it may be called, the environs, and the fatiguing but amply rewarding, pass over the mountains abound in extensive landscapes. Some of the caverns deserve a visit, although they are of course far inferior to the famed Blue Grotto of the Island of Capri.

PREACHING THE CRUSADES.

THE two events that most excited the public enthusiasm of Europe, during the middle ages, were doubtless the Crusades and the discovery of America; and of these the former were beyond comparison the most extraordinary. The genius of one man opened the path to the New World, but the full influence of this splendid achievement has not even yet developed itself. The effect of the Crusades was universal and instantaneous. Pious priests reproached a susceptible age with the indelible disgrace of leaving the sepulchre of the holy founder of their religion in the hands of Infidels, and the people responded to their call. The first Crusade was essentially a popular movement in different nations. Peter the Hermit preached to the *people*, and soon numerous but ill-organized bands marched under his guidance, but with undue preparations for the attainment of their sacred object. With some few obscure knights, after crossing Germany and the Greek empire, their bones whitened the Holy Land.

The great Crusades of the twelfth century were conducted on a grander and more organized plan. The hierarchy perceived the advantage to be drawn from a Holy War, the enthusiasm of the people infected the higher classes; all considerations of fortune and of home were forgotten, and the great nobles eagerly followed the banner of Godfrey of Boulogne. The sovereigns, and among them the lion-hearted Richard of England, placed themselves at the head of the movement, with what little success, and what profusion of blood and treasure, history has sadly recorded.

But time advances; the manners, the habits, and the faith of nations change; the political developments of Europe had taken a new direction: in vain, at the end of the thirteenth century, the popes endeavoured to renew the heroic impulse; councils were held in vain, and both sovereigns and people beheld with apparent indifference the increase of Mussulman power. Partial expeditions indeed departed for the East, but the living spirit that had animated the first Crusaders was no more, and despondING pontiffs sighed over the degeneracy of mankind.

The reaction of the Crusades upon Europe was immense. New lands and

climates were explored, and the popular literature for many centuries bore evidence to the change which they had effected. Tales of wonder and enchantment, in which the vegetable and animal world of the East figured in strange confusion, showed the deep hold which the events and reports of these extraordinary wars had taken on the minds of all the nations of Europe.

GOOD ADVICE.

In wandering through the lofty mountains of the Tyrol, we have often been witness to the simple pastoral scene, pictured in the plate before us; and we hope that the good counsels of the father will produce a due effect.

TERRACINA.

It was about half-an-hour before sunset, that we arrived at Terracina, after crossing the Pontine Marshes, from Velletri. Its beautiful and picturesque scenery arrested our attention, the bay with the graceful curve so characteristic of the Mediterranean, the mountain with its ruins, and the solitary rock now glowing from the rays of the parting luminary, the gradual approach to southern vegetation, the women in picturesque costumes, toiling up the steep ascent to the town, and poising their antique vases securely on their heads; all this, seen under the mild and genial influence of a cloudless sky, formed a scene that has afforded us many agreeable recollections. We turned to look on the blue waters, and, as we listened to the tale of olden time, how the Saracen had formerly landed here, the sun disappeared: we cast our eyes once more towards the mountain; the rich glow was fading fast into dull grey before the rapid twilight, and we wondered that it was the same view that shortly before had called forth our admiration, so benign is the effect when viewed through the medium of a cheering influence.

The inhabitants of Terracina have, from the time of Juvenal, enjoyed the unenviable reputation of being cruel robbers, and during our frugal repast (we were travelling in company with Italians) many a story circulated that recalled Washington Irving's Tales of a Traveller. In the morning, as we started before daybreak,

for we had to endure the dreaded custom-house of Fondi,* it was not without some anxiety that we wound round the narrow road. We have, unfortunately for our readers, no adventures to relate, and truly such are more agreeable in the retrospect than in the apprehension.

The first name of the city, founded by the Volscians, was Anxur, afterwards called by the Greeks, Trachina, whence its modern name. After sustaining various sieges, it fell into the power of the Romans; but the extensive repairs of the harbour by Antoninus Pius were insufficient to protect it from the drifting sand.

The ruins of the palace of Theodoric, which stand on the mountain, were most probably erected on the remains of the Temple of Jupiter, and the Cathedral contains some columns of the Temple of Apollo. The streets of the old town are steep and narrow; that part of it which is on the high road was built by Pope Pius VI., the same who drained the Pontine Marshes.

ROUEN.

The city of Rouen, the ancient Rothomagus, is famous in history. Here King John of England, of luckless memory, took the life of Prince Arthur in 1203. It was taken in the following year by the King of France. In 1417, the victorious Henry V. of England entered the city; and it was the scene of that sad tragedy, the death of the heroic Joan of Arc, who was burned in the market-place in the year 1431. In 1449 it reverted to France, under whose dominion it has since remained. Among the eminent men to whom it has given birth must be mentioned the great Corneille. Its population probably exceeds one hundred thousand, of whom, according to official sources, one half are engaged in the cotton manufacture, for which Rouen is deservedly famous.

Like most French towns which can boast of any antiquity, the streets in the older parts of the city are narrow and ill-built; the newer additions display greater neatness

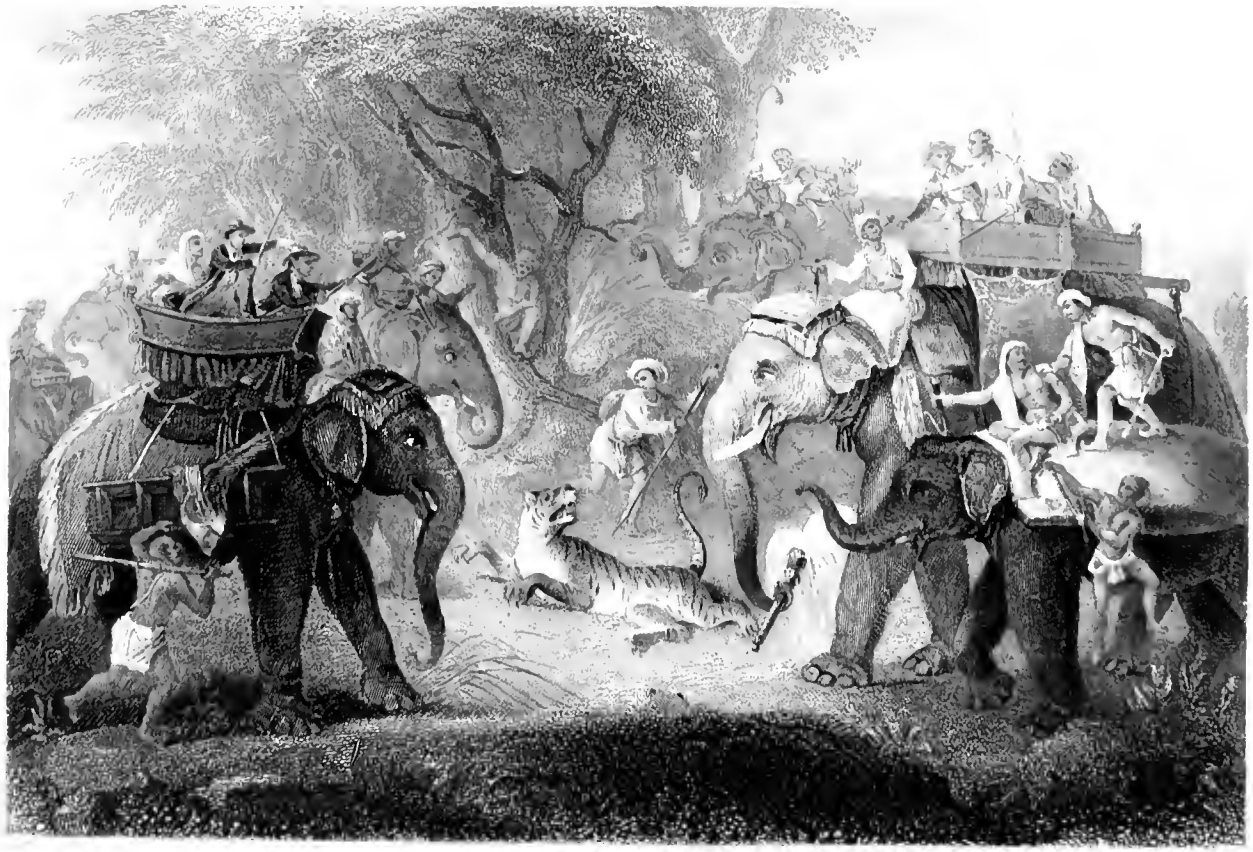
* On this occasion the writer passed through Fondi, without any other inconvenience than the delay, but subsequently he was not so fortunate. Intending to make a tour on foot through the Abruzzi, he had forwarded his luggage from Rome to Naples: on arriving at this latter city he found, to his great vexation, that all his engravings and books in dialects, which had cost him many a weary walk into odd nooks and corners, were seized. By the kindness of a friend, they were restored to him. The books were all Italian; but the sages said that the dates and titles were probably spurious. So much for Neapolitan *customs:* we fear there is no other way of inducing them to *do* their *duties* than to bribe them.

and even elegance. Of the many buildings that attract the attention of the traveller, the first place is unquestionably due to the Cathedral, which must rank among the finest edifices in Europe. It occupied more than two hundred years in its construction; its length is four hundred and thirty-four feet, the breadth one hundred and three feet, and the height of the nave eighty-nine feet. Three portals distinguish the front, which is highly ornamented; the height of the tower and spire is about four hundred and sixty-five feet, the former is much older than the other parts of the building; the latter is a beautiful specimen of the architecture of the fifteenth century. The bell, which was of immense weight, was melted down into cannon for the wars of the Revolution. One hundred and thirty windows, many of them of painted glass, give light to this vast edifice. The Cathedral contains the monument of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, of England.

The view of Rouen, from the quay, particularly when the bridge interposes between the spectator and the city, is magnificent. But from whatever point of view the coup d'œil is considered, it is striking, both up and down the river: the tower of Notre Dame, the fine church of St. Oven, the remains of St. Maclou, the bridges, and the busy hum of the industrious inhabitants, render this city one of the most interesting on the other side of the channel.

THE TIGER-HUNT.

The tiger is perhaps of all quadrupeds the most destructive. Whilst other animals fear the approach of man, and the lion gives fairer warning, this terrible animal lies in ambush the whole day, often in the neighbourhood of villages, and when he has once tasted human blood, he appears to delight in choosing him for his victim. A mutual hatred seems to exist between the Hindoo and the tiger: the former, usually so gentle, is inflamed even to rage, when speaking of his insidious and blood-thirsty foe; and British sportsmen, to whom we are principally indebted for our knowledge of the subject before us, have often expressed their astonishment at the rash boldness with which the Hindoo, often but slightly armed, will perseveringly pursue this most dangerous of all the greater felines. In the greater hunting-parties, such as we now present to the reader, the force employed is truly astonishing. In a state of freedom the tiger and the elephant seem to respect each other: but when a combat takes place, the elephant is generally the victor, if he can pierce the tiger with his tusks, and hurl him in the air; but if his wary assailant can strike the ponderous



elephant in the trunk he remains master of the field. Tiger-hunting is still a favourite amusement with eastern princes; and the enterprising spirit of the British in India, has induced them to adopt it, if with less pomp, probably with more success. The number of elephants employed by the former in these great Indian *battues* has sometimes amounted to two hundred, and such is the exciting nature of the sport that no feeling of the disproportionate force displayed to destroy a single animal seems to enter the mind of the hunter. When the tiger is discovered, the elephants are urged in full pursuit; these sagacious animals often force their way through a thick forest, overthrowing trees, and forming their own road. The critical moment is now arrived, the furious animal is brought to bay or wounded; it crushes and strikes its powerful claws into the elephant, who, maddened with pain, often throws its riders on the ground. Sometimes the elephant, excited by the chase, rushes in upon the tiger, and falling on his knees, nails him to the ground, hurling the mahout beside the object of his attack.

The general opinion has assigned the nobler qualities of courage and generosity to the lion; and the cowardice and cruelty of the tiger have often been made the subject of reproach. Distinguished writers on Natural History have recently endeavoured to rescue the latter from the stigma thus cast upon him; the difference in their habits may, perhaps, be explained by their mode of life: the lion reigns undisturbed as king of the desert; the tiger dwells nearer the haunts of men, and greater cunning and caution are requisite to ensure his safety.

THUN.

The lake of Thun is almost entirely situated in the Alps, only the lower end reaches the high plain; its length is about fourteen miles, the breadth between three and four miles, its elevation one thousand seven hundred and fifty-six feet above the sea, and the greatest depth at the Naze is seven hundred and twenty feet. At first it extends from east to south-west, afterwards in the direction of north-west; whence it was formerly called *Wendel See*—Winding Lake. Its waters receive the Kander, and the Aa'r; the latter of which is navigable at its exit from the lake at the city of Thun. The shores of the lake are in many parts bound by steep rocks of the chalk formation; whilst on the opposite side, the vineyards and soft ascents diversify the scene. To the south, rise the lofty Alps of the Oberland, their summits covered with perpetual snow.

The city of Thun, the gate of the Berner Oberland, is situated on the river A'ar,

about a mile after it leaves the lake: the river here forms an island on which the Parish of Bellitz is situated: to the east, on an elevation about fifty feet high, stands the parish-church, the tower of which is said to have been built by Rudolph, King of New Burgundy, 933, and the old castle. This little hill presents a delightful view. To the east of the hill flowed formerly an arm of the Aa'r, which was filled up by a slip of the Grusis Mountain, three thousand one hundred feet high, and the Lavine Gate still records the catastrophe. The town is narrow, and winds along the river, over the two arms of which are four wooden bridges. The number of inhabitants is about five thousand. On market-days it presents an animated appearance, as it is the chief market of the Oberland, Simmendale, and Frutigen.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

Among the many illustrious men that have successfully investigated the laws of nature, and devoted their lives with untiring perseverence to the advancement of science, there is none more highly distinguished than the eminent philosopher and traveller whose portrait we here present to our readers. From early youth, to an age beyond that allotted to the generality of mankind, he has not once lost sight of his great object: steadily advancing from knowledge to knowlege, and bringing to bear on all subjects, the vast stores of his singularly acute and highly cultivated intellect; sparing neither time nor fortune in the prosecution of his views, and affording by his own unremitting exertions and generous encouragement of others, a noble example which will doubtless, to the latest times, ensure grateful and honourable mention in the annals of science.

Friedrich Heinrich Alexander Baron von Humboldt, was born in 1769, at Berlin. He studied at Gottingen and Frankfort-on-the-Oder, visited the Commercial Academy of Buesch at Hamburg, and began his literary and scientific career by his "Observations on the Basalts at the Rhine," published at Brunswick in 1793. On his return from his travels to the Rhine, Holland, and England, he continued his studies at the celebrated Mining Academy of Freiberg, in Saxony, and in 1793, published his Specimen of the Subterranean Flora of Freiberg, in which city his wit and humour, goodness of heart, and generous disposition, added to his varied knowledge and interesting conversation, acquired the love and esteem of all. In 1792 he was appointed Upper Mining Master, at Baireuth, founded the Mining

Alexander von Humboldt

School at Steben, and published his valuable Essays on Galvanism. In 1795 he resigned his situation, in order to follow out the grand plan of travelling, and of exploring the tropical countries of South America, which he conceived, and executed to an extent, extraordinary in the case of a private individual, and perhaps unrivalled even by any national expedition. This great undertaking would be sufficient to confer immortality, even in our present age of rapid locomotion; and it is hardly necessary to remind the reader, that the difficulties of travelling at the end of the last century, cast a still brighter glow on the bold and generous enthusiasm which led Alexander von Humboldt into regions, till then never explored by a European. After having obtained, in 1779, the permission of the Spanish government to visit the Spanish colonies; he, with his friend Bonpland, entered on the famous travels, the classical description of which, in his splendid volumes, will probably for a long time remain the only source from which we derive our knowledge of many of the most interesting parts of that vast continent.

Our limits will only allow us to hint at a few of the results, but even these, imperfect as they are, will enable our readers to form some idea of Humboldt's energy and mental activity. He ascended the Peak of Teneriffe, to form an analysis of the atmospheric air, and to investigate the geological peculiarities of the basalts and porphyry slates of Africa. In 1799, and 1800, landing at Cumana, the travellers visited the coast of Paria, the Missions of the Indians; New Andalusia, New Barcelona, Venezuela, and Spanish Guiana; establishing the longitude of Cumana, Caracas, &c., by observing Jupiter's satellites. They enjoyed the luxury of the tropical vegetation at the great lake of Valencia, and from Portocabello, they penetrated from the coasts to the equator, and explored the wide plains of Calabozo, Apura, &c., where the thermometer in the shade stood at 106°—116°. At San Fernando of Apura, they began a difficult voyage of five hundred leagues in canoes, making maps of the country as they went. They went down the river Apura, which falls into the Oronoco, and then re-ascended it to the mouth of the Rio Guaviare, passing the celebrated waterfalls of Atures and Maipure, where the caverns of Atarnipo contain the mummies of a nation destroyed by the war of the Caribs and Maravites. From the mouth of the Guaviare, they ascended the rivers Atabapo, Tuamini, and Temi, and penetrated by land to the sources of the Guginia, (Rio Negro.) The Guaicas Indians, a white, dwarfish, but warlike tribe, and the copper-coloured Guayaribs, hindered them from penetrating to the sources of the Oronoco, and in their passage down this river to its mouth (three hundred and forty-five leagues) they passed a second time the waterfalls, to the south side of which neither Peter Gumilla, nor Caulin had penetrated. With great difficulty they returned up the Oronoco, to Barcelona and Cumana. After visiting St. Domingo, Jamaica, and Cuba, the travellers were about to set off for Vera Cruz, in order to

reach the Philippine Islands by way of Mexico and Acapulco, and thence, if possible, to visit Bombay, Aleppo, and Constantinople. But as American papers announced that Captain Baudin would sail from France to Buenos Ayres; and thence, after doubling Cape Horn, to the coasts of Chili and Peru, Humboldt, who had promised to join him, now changed his plans, and sent his manuscripts and collections of 1799 and 1800, to Europe, where they arrived safely, with the exception of a third of the collections, which was lost by shipwreck. He hired a vessel in the harbour of Betabams to sail to Carthagena, and then crossing the Straits of Panama, to reach the South Sea.

We must now leave our travellers until September 1801, when they began their laborious journey to the South, and after four months, during which they underwent great difficulties, they reached the interesting city of Quito, the environs of which, occupied them for eight or nine months. They twice ascended the crater of Pichincha, studied the geology and geognosy of the Andes, and visited the snow-mountains of Antisana, Cotopaxi, Tunguragua, and Chimborazo. Favourable circumstances enabled them to ascend this last mountain mass to a greater height than any preceding traveller. On the 23rd of June, Humboldt and his companions stood on Cimborazo, at an elevation of eighteen thousand five hundred and seventy-six feet above the sea, three thousand four hundred and eighty-five feet higher than Condamine attained in 1745. The effects of the rarefaction of the air were painful in the extreme; blood started from the eyes, lips, and gums, and the cold was intense. From Quito, Humboldt proceeded to the Amazon River and to Trina, in the hope of observing there the transit of Mercury; visited the ruins of Lactacunga, Hambato, and Riobamba, that had been desolated in the terrible earthquake of February 7, 1797; and in Loxa, and the forests of Gonzanama and Malacatos, made important experiments in bark. He now crossed the lofty Andes, on his way to the Amazon River; saw the remains of the famous road of Yega, which was carried over the porphyry ridge of the Andes, at a height of 12—1800 fathoms, from Cusco to Assonay, and provided with fountains and places of refuge. They sailed down the river Chamaya into the Amazon, and fixed the astronomical position of the confluence. As Condamine had only explored the Amazon below Quebrada de Chuchunga, and had only determined the longitude at the mouth of the Rio Napo, Humboldt endeavoured to supply this deficiency, by exploring the Amazon as far as the waterfalls of Rentewa, and at Tomependa, he took an exact plan of this unknown part of the Maranon. For the fifth time he crossed the Andes, to return through Montan and Peru, and fixed the point where the needle exhibited the centre of variation. On descending the Andes, our travellers enjoyed the first view of the Pacific Ocean, and of that long and narrow valley, where rain and thunder are unknown. In the harbour of Callao they observed the termination of the transit

of Mercury, and in thirty days reached Acapulco, and in April 1803 arrived at Mexico. In this celebrated city they passed some months in arranging their collections making scientific observations, and trips in the environs. They descended the coasts of the Pacific into the plains of Yorullo, where, in 1759, during one of the greatest convulsions our earth has ever experienced, in a single night a volcano, one thousand four hundred and ninety-four feet in height arose, surrounded with two thousand small apertures, still smoking. They left Mexico in January 1804, to examine the eastern declivities of the Cordilleras, and measured geometrically the two volcanoes of Puebla Popocatepec, and Itzaccihuatl. Notwithstanding the depth of the snow, Humboldt reached the summit of the Cofre, one hundred and sixty-two fathoms higher than the Peak of Teneriffe, and measured trigonometrically the Peak of Orizana. He then descended to Vera Cruz, and returned over Havanah, and the United States to Europe in the month of August 1804. The collections which Humboldt and his friend Bompland brought with them are invaluable; they contained, among other rarities, six thousand three hundred species of plants.

In connexion with Gay-Lussac, he corrected the position of the magnetic equator, and in 1817 laid before the Academy of Sciences his map of the singular course of the Oronoko. In 1818 he was in London, to give information, as was supposed, on the political relations of the South American Republics. He remained chiefly in Paris until 1826, occupied with the scientific arrangement of the results of his travels. He has since then published several valuable works in various departments of science, all of which are worthy of his great name. In 1829 he began his well-known journey into the interior of Russia, accompanied by Ehrenberg and Rose. During the latter years of his life, he has been principally in attendance upon the persons of the late King of Prussia and of the reigning monarch, whom he accompanied on his recent visit to Queen Victoria, on which occasion he was received with that distinction which he so justly merits. In private life, this illustrious man occupies a position worthy of his scientific fame, being looked up to by the learned of all countries with respect and affection. He is ever ready to encourage the young and deserving, and has frequently encroached on his own private fortune, considerably diminished by his munificent love of science, to promote their views. Thus universally honoured, he rejoices in the rapid increase of knowledge in his favourite studies, which include so vast a portion of the world; and long may he be spared to witness new discoveries, so many of which are owing to the impulse given by himself in his honourable career.

FAMILY SCENE IN THE TYROL.

We fear that the scene now presented to the reader, of the Matron reading the Bible, is no longer realized in the mountain-land of the Tyrol. In the Zillerthal, a small number of Protestants had persevered in the exercise of their religion. They were in possession of a few Bibles and other religious books, and had probably remained in the land when the Archbishop Firmian, of Salzburg, had forced three hundred thousand Protestants to leave the place of their birth. In 1826, after they had previously abandoned confession, purgatory, and other doctrines of the Roman church, they at last informed the parish-priest of their wish to partake of the six weeks' instruction, which by law must precede the conversion to another faith. After enduring many hardships, (they were forced to accept Catholic godfathers, who were pledged to have the child educated in the Roman Catholic religion,) they availed themselves of a visit of the Emperor Francis, at Innsbruck, in 1832, to make known to him their distressed situation. The monarch received them graciously, and promised them equal enjoyment of the rights secured by the imperial laws. (The Edict of Toleration.) Notwithstanding the kind interference of some tolerant Catholics, the personal promise of the emperor was not fulfilled, and on the 2nd of April 1834, the Zillerthalers received from Vienna the alternative, to adopt the Roman Catholic faith, or to emigrate. In this dilemma they applied to the late King of Prussia, who allotted to them a part of the domain in the Giant Mountains, near Semiedeberg, where they arrived in the autumn of 1837, three hundred and ninety-nine in number. On their passage to their new abode, they were everywhere kindly received by the Catholics, excepting in Moravia; and the considerate manner in which the Austrian government promoted the views of the emigrants, forms at least a striking contrast to the severity and cruelty displayed to the Protestant exiles in the preceding century.

Another subject of kindred interest, but which seems little, if at all known in England, may form an appropriate appendix to this short sketch. Whilst in the English church, a party seems inclined to approximate to the Romish hierarchy: in the Catholic church on the Continent, or perhaps we should say in Germany, a schism has broken out, likely to be attended with important consequences. Already, in several cities, some thousand Catholics have protested against the supremacy of the court of Rome, and rejecting the celibacy of the clergy, auricular confession, purgatory, the adoration of the saints, have already seceded, and adopted the title of Evangelical Catholic Christians. This movement is probably destined, at no very remote period, to produce great changes in the relations of the German Catholics to the Papal See.

A family [illegible]

CATHERINE.

In pensive solitude she there reclin'd,
Lost to the present; but with the past her mind
Was in full revelry. Visions of the happy hours
Floated around, like the odours of those sweet flow'rs.

And now and then the future flitted by,
Pursued by hope; but the brightness of its hues
Were gone, like that of yonder rose.—
Unconsciously she heaved a deep, deep sigh.

BADEN-BADEN.

Baden, generally called Baden-Baden, to distinguish it from other towns of the same name in Austria and Switzerland, is situated on the Os, in a beautiful and romantic valley, at the foot of the Black Forest, two leagues from the Rhine, and at an equal distance from Rastadt. Its name, corresponding to that of *Bath* in England, indicates the source to which it is indebted for its prosperity. Its mineral waters were known to the Romans, and were named by them *Aurelia Aquensis*, in honour of the emperor Aurelius Alexander Severus. The city was for a period of six hundred years the capital of the Margraves of Baden. The number of inhabitants is four thousand six hundred; but during the summer season, from the influx of visitors, it amounts to nearly twenty thousand. The castle contains several subterranean vaults, which, according to tradition, were used by the secret tribunals of the middle ages, (the Fehm,) and were most probably originally constructed by the Romans. The Museum contains remains of Roman antiquities, that have been found here. In the collegiate or parish-church are the tombs of the Margraves of Baden, since the year 1431. The House of Conversation for the guests was originally a Jesuit cloister. Baden contains twenty-six mineral springs, of which the principal called *Ursprung*, or origin, has a temperature of from 96° to 121° Fahrenheit, and in twenty-four hours emits 7,345,440 cubic inches of water. The rock from which it issues is still partly faced with Carrara marble of the time of the Romans. The environs present an extraordinary variety of manifold and picturesque views.

JACOB'S DREAM.

"And Jacob dreamed, and, behold, a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and, behold, the angels of God ascending and descending on it. And, behold, the Lord stood above it, and said, I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac: the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed: and thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth; and thou shalt spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the north and to the south: and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed. And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land: for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of. And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not."

MOUNT ST. BERNHARD.

Bernhard's Mountain, commonly called the Great St. Bernhard, is situated in the Swiss canton of Under Wallis, (Lower Valais,) at the limits of the Piedmontese Vale of Aosta. It belongs to the Pennine Alps, and its highest point, the Velan, is ten thousand three hundred and ninety feet above the level of the sea. At the summit of the pass, it is said, was a temple of Jupiter, from which the mountain was called Mons Jovis. The establishment of a cloister in its stead is ascribed to Bernhard of Menthon, canon of Aosta, who died in 1008, abbot of the new monastery. It soon became possessed of considerable landed property, until, in 1587, Charles Emanuel the Third, King of Sardinia, confiscated all estates belonging to it in his dominions, so that it is now only possessed of those in the cantons of Wallis and Bern. The convent is seven thousand five hundred and seventy-six feet above the sea; the temperature in winter is generally from 45° to 50° below the freezing-point, and even in the summer months it freezes in the morning. Winter lasts eight or nine months, and there are very few clear days. There are about twenty or thirty monks of the regulated order of Augustine, of whom, however, only ten or twelve live in the convent. They are bound to receive and nourish all travellers, without respect to rank or religion, and in dangerous seasons, either in person or by means of the servants of the convent, called Marroniers, to visit the paths, and to assist such travellers as are in danger. In this last work of charity they are

accompanied by their famous dogs, called marons. The travellers are supported in the convent, until their recovery, without any remuneration, except from the free will of the patients. Although this pass is not now crossed so frequently as formerly, the convent is annually visited by eight or nine thousand persons, and sometimes there are more than one hundred guests there at a time.

By means of a general collection throughout Europe, the convent has been enlarged and improved; it is now heated by pipes. In 1839 the Swiss Association of Natural Philosophers (*Naturforscher*) held their meeting here. The pass has been crossed several times by the Romans since the time of Augustus, and also in the middle ages; but the most remarkable passage was that of the French army (thirty thousand strong) under Buonaparte, 15—21 May, 1800, during which the troops had to contend with incredible difficulties.

OTTO, KING OF GREECE.

After groaning for centuries under a foreign yoke, the Greeks made an effort to recover their liberty, the loss of which was rendered doubly disgraceful in the eyes of the world by the bright halo cast around the classical names of their great ancestors. This revolution displayed many instances of enthusiastic and heroic bravery; yet the fruit of these exertions and sacrifices seemed likely to be lost, for the disunion of parties, and the Greek jealousy of foreigners led to the failure of the great operation undertaken by General Church for the relief of the Acropolis. But affairs unexpectedly took a very different turn. The great powers of Europe had seen the prolongation of the contest with uneasiness, fearing that the peace of Europe might be thereby disturbed: to prevent which, England, France, and Russia acted conjointly, and the battle of Navarino took place; the French occupied the Morea and Capodistrias was appointed president. The latter was, however, accused of being an agent of Russia, and of wishing to transform Greece into an hereditary monarchy for his own family. About this time, February 3, 1830, appeared the Protocol of the three Powers, declaring Greece an independent state, and fixing its territory. The crown was offerd to Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg, now King of the Belgians, who at first accepted, but afterwards, May 21, resigned, not being satisfied with the boundaries assigned to the new kingdom.

The French Revolution of July gave the great powers occupation nearer home, and the situation of Capodistrias became more critical. Civil war broke out by

sea and land: the Admiral destroyed the ships, rather than give them up to Russia, as the Russian commander insisted; even the murder of Capodistrias produced but a momentary lull in the universal excitement. In this state of affairs the publication of the Protocol of March 7th, 1832, declaring Prince Otto of Bavaria, King of Greece, diffused universal joy throughout the nation. By the treaty of May 7th, it was decreed that during the minority of the prince a regency should be established: the three powers guaranteed a loan of sixty million francs, and Bavaria promised to send a corps of four thousand men. On the 8th of August, the recently opened Assembly in Nauplia unanimously accepted Otto as King, of Greece. The disorders, however, were renewed, but it would be foreign to our purpose to do more than allude to them, or to the difficulties of the successive chiefs of the regency.

On the 30th of January, 1833, the young King arrived at Nauplia, but did not land until the 6th of the next month; and on the 1st of June of the same year, the King, whose minority had now expired, assumed the reins of government.

On the 15th of September, 1843, a revolution broke out, in which the military under command of Kalergis and Makryannis took the lead. The King, isolated and closely guarded, gave his consent to the measures required. The political changes anticipated by the secret instigators of this revolution disappointed their authors, who had hoped that it would end in the abdication of the King, certainly not in the establishment of the constitution. Thus the fruits of these machinations were lost for Russia, whose ambassador, recalled but not disavowed, had uselessly compromised his government. France and England, to whom Greece is indebted for the constitutional and moderate turn of events, acknowledged the new order of things in October, 1843. Russia in June, 1844, and Austria and Bavaria were at last induced to follow their example. With these few hints we close for the present, as we shall in future have frequent opportunities to return to this classic land.

END OF VOL. I.

Robert ... Printer, ... Lane, London