

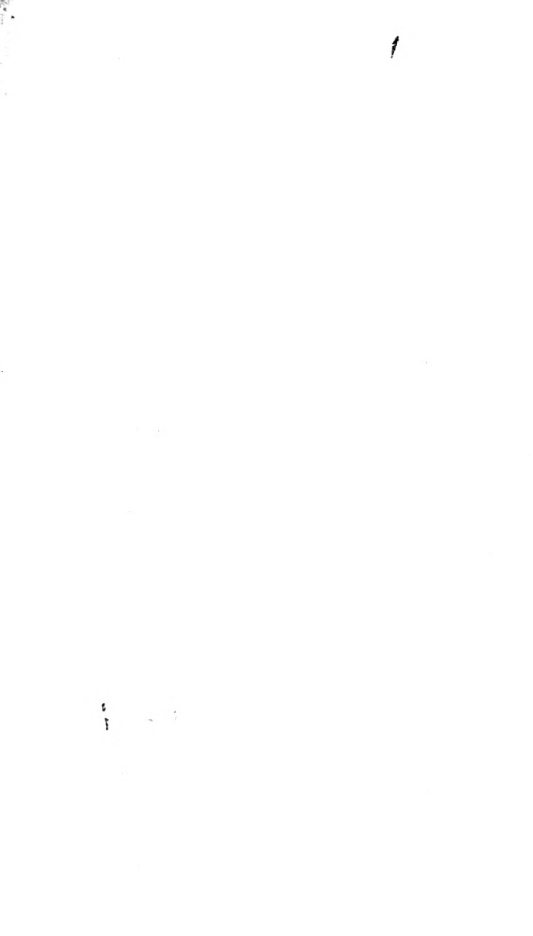
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SUMMER'S JAUNT
ACROSS THE WATER.

INCLUDING

VISITS TO ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, FRANCE,
SWITZERLAND, GERMANY, BELGIUM, ETC.

BY J. JAY SMITH,

LIBRARIAN OF THE PHILADELPHIA AND LOGANIAN LIBRARIES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA:

J. W. M O O R E.

1846.

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

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

S-17-27

INTRODUCTION.

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

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

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

Rogers.

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

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

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THE VOYAGE OUT.

A SUMMER'S JAUNT
ACROSS THE WATER.

LETTER I.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours, &c.

LETTER II.

Ship Saranak, April, 1845.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Cataract of the Bile may be seen on deck.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Specimens of the Saranak's Post-Bag.

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

To Widow Conners Foxfork Barusha P. offis. Tipperaree.

Mr. William Hunter Belfast Viter oil works.

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

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

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

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

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

For Mrs. Porter.

Miss smith, Ireland.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours, &c.

I R E L A N D.

L E T T E R I I I .

Belfast, April 26th, 1845.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours truly, &c.

LETTER IV.

Belfast, April, 1845.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DUBLIN.

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

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

G. G. of Dominica, W. I.

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

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R V.

April, 1845.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dublin, May, 1845.

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

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

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

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

Yours, etc.

L E T T E R V I.

Dublin, May, 1845.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Between the windows are lofty oak cases at right angles to the walls, on both sides of which the books rest on well-filled shelves; the fronts of these cases are terminated by fluted Corinthian pillars of carved oak, connected at the top by a broad cornice, surmounted by a balustrade, also of carved oak, forming the front of a gallery which is continued quite round the room. In front of the book-cases are pedestals with beautiful white marble busts of ancient and modern philosophers, historians, and poets. A second apartment is beyond, containing the twenty thousand volumes of the Fagel family of Holland; removed to London in 1791, upon the invasion of that country by the French, and purchased by the University for 40,000 dollars.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LETTER VII.

Clonmel, Ireland, May, 1845.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours truly, &c.

L E T T E R V I I I.

Cashell, Ireland, May, 1845.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R I X.

Dublin, May, 1845.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours, &c., truly.

L E T T E R X.

Dublin, May, 1845.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours, &c.

ENGLAND.

LETTER XI.

Liverpool, May, 1845.

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

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

London, May, 1845.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours, very truly.

LETTER XII.

London, May, 1845.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours ever, &c.

LETTER XIII.

London, May, 1845.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours ever, &c.

LETTER XIV.

London, May, 1845.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A trip to Greenwich Hospital and observatory, with the

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

Yours, truly, &c.

LETTER XV.

London, May, 1845.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THOMAS CLARKSON,
Playford Hall,

May 21, 1845. Aetatis 86.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours, &c., ever.

L E T T E R X V I.

London, May, 1845.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours ever.

L E T T E R X V I I.

London, May, 1845.

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

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

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

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

Oxford, May, 1845.

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

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

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

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

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

LETTER XVIII.

Oxford, May, 1845.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours, &c.

LETTER XIX.

Oxford, May, 1845.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We next called our postilion, and drove round the entire

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

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

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

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

London, June 1, 1845.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours as ever.

FRANCE.

LETTER XX.

Rouen, June, 1845.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I am yours, &c.

LETTER XXI.

Rouen, June, 1845.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We went a round of fatiguing sights—fatiguing by their

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

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

I am, very truly,
Yours, &c.

LETTER XXII.

Paris, June, 1845.

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

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

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

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

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

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

* Silver is the universal currency.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

Paris, June, 1845.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

Paris, June, 1845.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours &c.

LETTER XXV.

Paris, June, 1845.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

As ever, yours, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

Paris, June, 1845.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXVII.

Paris, June, 1845.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ever, &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

Paris, June, 1845.

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

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

* Galignani.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours truly, &c.

LETTER XXIX.

Paris, June, 1845.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXX.

Paris, June, 1845.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The *Place de la Bastille* is a large, paved, open square, with the Column of July on the site of the Bastille. The lower part of the present column was commenced by Napoleon, and rests on an immense arch thrown over the canal, formerly the moat. The column itself is surmounted by a gilt globe; on this stands a colossal figure, the Genius of Liberty, blowing a trumpet, in itself any thing but ornamental. The inscription is—"To the glory of the French citizens, who armed themselves and fought for the defence of public liberty in the memorable days, the 27th, 28th, and 29th of July, 1793,"—the same who are recapitulated in the Pantheon, and whose names to the number of five hundred and four, are again inscribed on this lofty column. It is pleasant to see canal-boats passing through the moat of the prison, whose dungeons are so permanently destroyed; it is a little startling at first to meet omnibuses placarded with the word *Bastille*, to which *Place* they run from several quarters.

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

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

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

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

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

Yours, &c.

SWITZERLAND.

LETTER XXXI.

Geneva, June, 1845.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours, &c.

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

Geneva, June, 1845.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chamouni, July, 1, 1845.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours, &c.

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

Mer de Glace, Chamouni, July, 1845.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Labor ipse voluptas.

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

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

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

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

The height of the summit of Mont Blanc is 15,673 feet, or nearly three miles above the level of the sea; it is 14,556 feet above the Lake of Geneva, and 11,500 above the vale of Chamouni. Its actual elevation is 5200 feet less than the summit of Chimborazo, and 10,000 feet less than the highest peak of the Great Himmalaya chain in Asia. The temperature on the summit is from three to five degrees below the freezing point in summer. Saussure's thermometer was at 27° of Fahrenheit on the top of the mountain, while another at Geneva was at the same time at 82° F. The barometer at the same hour on the 3d of August at noon was 16.181 inches (English), while at Geneva it stood at 29.020 inches. The air of the summit, according to Saussure's hygrometer, was six times less humid than the air at Geneva. The least exertions caused a laborious and painful respiration. The sound of a pistol was as feeble as that of a Chinese cracker.

Geneva.

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

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

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

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

Vevay, July, 1845.

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

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

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

"Lake Lemman lies by Chillon's walls,"

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

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

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

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

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

As ever, &c.

LETTER XXXIV.

Freyburg, July, 1845.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

gratified to find the scales of prejudice, cherished so carefully at home by many of their countrymen, have fallen from their eyes; they have been highly gratified with their several tours, via Niagara to the great West, and they have returned wiser and less prejudiced men. It is by such interchange of visitors that we are to become known, and that we are to know Europe; asperities of feeling will be removed, and the inhabitants of both the old and the new world generally discover that both have something to learn; fifty Americans visit Europe for the pleasure of travel, to one Englishman who does the same in the United States; I cannot but wish, for the promotion of kindness and brotherly feeling, that the number from both countries may increase. I have shown in my hasty notes, how easily a tour may be accomplished; forty-eight hours were all I had for preparation for the entire journey; five months and ten days was all the time of absence. I must leave my readers to say whether this period, which comprised but one hundred and eighteen days in Europe, was well or ill employed.

Yours, &c.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Conclusion—Cost of such a tour ; its advantages—Now a good time to travel—Facilities—Proper books—False economy—A little well, or a great deal hastily—Pleasures of travelling—Advice—First greeting in America—New York—*Home.*

PERHAPS it will be acceptable to some of my readers to know the cost of such a tour as I have imperfectly sketched. The summer may thus be employed, say even six or seven months of pretty constant travel, for the sum of ten or twelve hundred dollars for each person ; and this shall include the cost of passages, and living in the best manner on shore, travelling in the most comfortable conveyances, and lodging at the best hotels. Of course the amount of expense will depend on the taste and habits of the individual, and will be increased or lessened by the extent of his purchases of clothes, pictures, or articles of any kind. One of my companions out and home, informs me that he visited Rome, Naples, and Venice, Switzerland, &c., and descended the Rhine, for less than one thousand dollars, all told. Surely there are great numbers in the United States who would gladly embrace the summer season for such a jaunt, did they know how readily and how economically it can be accomplished. My own experience convinces me, that by so doing, they may accumulate a store of wholesome reminiscences, a treasure of lively thoughts of men and things, a positive amount of enjoyment in the recollection, to be purchased in no other

way so easily and so cheaply. Every one who has thus travelled, will enjoy books as well as society much more for the exertion he has made. In our own case, both my son and myself have derived benefit to health; this alone we consider compensation.

There has never been a period of the world's history when foreign travel could be accomplished with so few difficulties, for Europe is at peace with itself; there never were so many facilities as *now*: these facilities are increasing every month; railroads have penetrated most of the countries of Europe, almost annihilating the distances between the principal cities; Germany is full of them; you may go from London to Hamburgh, Dresden, Vienna, Berlin, &c., &c., not to mention Paris and Brussels, by steam; you may see twice as much for the same time and money as was the case even five or six years ago, and next season even more than now. Ways of communication are opening constantly; the annoyances respecting passports and visées in Germany are decreasing, and nowhere is this so unpalatable as formerly; the servant of a hotel for a shilling or two attends to the whole affair. Examinations of baggage are generally conducted with civility; travellers' money has become an important item of the income of every country, and facilities are given heretofore unknown; Italy is the only exception: to visit that country, an American should leave home at the latest early in April, and go directly by the way of the Rhine or Paris to it, before the heat becomes too oppressive; he should get from the department at Washington, or an American minister at London or Paris, a passport for every country he may hope to visit—and he should lose no opportunity of making himself acquainted by inquiry, or from books, with the most modern method of getting about. The changes are now so rapid, that between the period of the publication of even the best guide-books, improvements or facilities have been increased of which he should be aware. Much is to be learned by conversation with those who have been before

him. Memoranda from these should be sought and studied ; a guide-book should be read in advance of an arrival at any given point, and then reperused on the spot.

Some Americans whom I met on the continent were travelling without Murray's hand-books, because they were so numerous and occupied a little too much space ; they employed a condensed work, which embraces the whole of the routes in one volume. I am justified in saying this is an error of the worst kind, and a very false economy. They had not seen many of the most interesting sights, nor had they the best advice regarding hotels, and such like important additions to comfort and equanimity of temper.

The question with many when they set out will be whether to see a little *well*, or a great deal *hastily* ; I preferred the latter, as it would enable me to read with more pleasure for the remainder of life: a hasty glance of the eye at many things is sufficient to fix them indelibly on the mind ; government, systems of education, politics, theories, can be studied on your return ; the most hasty tour will aid and assist the inquirer. Antiquities were to me the most surprising and interesting studies, because they were the *newest* to an American eye. Great enjoyment is derived from *contrast* ; the first is the contrast of Europe with America, the next is in contrasting the different countries, buildings, customs, habits, and surfaces of its respective nations with each other ; *change*—sometimes from one language to another in a day or an hour ; the gentle undulations of character and language, or *habits* on the borders of countries ; pictures and fine buildings ; *characters*—as developed in individuals with whom contact induces some sympathy ; a thousand novelties and scenes, are at hand constantly to interest, amuse, or instruct. It rubs off the *mould* from the minds of people chained to one regular oar—to one set of companions or ideas, to travel even rapidly as they must do if they are limited for time ; a man must be an ignorant and unobserving one, if he does not bring home to America, a greater love of his own country, and a greater

opposition to kingly or priestly control; thus there is no impropriety in recommending all who can spare the time, to make the attempt. Having explained to several of my friends the facilities and inducements, a few of them will avail themselves of the hint for a "Summer's Jaunt across the Water" next year; possibly some readers of my notes may also be induced to think of the voyage; they should go out in a sailing ship, and return in a steamer; take with them money, a few letters, and a stock of patience and perseverance: if they visit only a few of the prominent objects in England alone, they will be fully repaid for their outlay.

We sat ourselves down on the deck of the Great Western, as she touched the New York wharf, to hear the first words of greeting of relatives and friends who crowded the deck. The *very first* uttered were from a Yorker to his father—"How *do* you do—I *calculated* you would be in yesterday." We felt at home at once!

On walking about Broadway, it was striking enough to see the burnt district still smoking in one part, and the remainder already well built up! evidences, if any were wanting, of a strong contrast between our countrymen and many people we have been to see.

Persons returning home from Europe must be prepared to be asked by their acquaintances how they are, as if they saw them but yesterday; a fact ably painted in the life of Cicero, who, from the zeal he had shown in executing his official duties, the high reputation he had acquired throughout Sicily during his government of that island, and the great benefit his exertions had conferred upon the people of Rome, by supplying their necessities in a time of general apprehension of want, might well flatter himself that his absence from home had at least been heard of. How was he disappointed on meeting some fashionables of that day, on his arrival at Puteoli, to be asked how long since he had left Rome, and what was the latest news in the metropolis? He indignantly replied, that so far from having visited Rome, he was but just

returned from his province. "True; from Africa, I believe," said one: another observed, "How is it possible that you can be ignorant that our friend was prætor of Syracuse!" After enjoying yourself in Europe, dear reader, be prepared to meet with a similar rebuff; learn, as others have before, how little you were missed, and with all humility, repeat Napoleon's maxim, that "no man is indispensable."

I have thus admitted my readers to a confidential intercourse from the moment of departure till my return; I must now draw the curtain over pleasures and satisfactions, in rejoining family and friends, which far exceeded anticipated reality abroad.

Yours, &c.

A P P E N D I X.

The following graphic account of an ascent of the Rhigi, which feat I was unable to accomplish, has been kindly furnished by a friend and fellow-traveller, my state-room companion on board the Saranak, whom I had the pleasure of again meeting both in London and Paris.

Communicated by a fellow-traveller.

THE ASCENT OF THE RHIGI.

Philadelphia Oct. 13, 1845.

My dear Sir:—

You ask me to fill a blank in your European tour by writing *my* recollections of the Rhigi and one or two other points of interest from which accident diverted your attention. I do so with a distrustful sort of pleasure, very well assured that your readers, accustomed to a fresh record of daily observation, will be apt to turn from the faint memories of what I saw, though not more than three months ago. It is, I believe, Gray, in one of the brilliant letters written on his continental tour (one hundred and five years ago) who says: "Half a word on or near the spot is worth a cart-load of recollections!" Perhaps the poet is right, and yet perhaps (so I flatter myself) his condemnation of fresh recollections is a little unjust. Be this as it may, I will, in accordance with your request,

make the hazardous experiment of writing my mere recollections of a bright day of Swiss travelling,—and this, too, without even the aid of the clumsy diary that I kept, and which at the moment when I am writing is accidentally out of my reach. It is but fair to myself to make this prefatory apology, lest, perhaps, a matter-of-fact reader may detect some flagrant inaccuracy of detail, and convict me of a miscount in the altitude of some Alpine peak, or the depth of some Swiss lake. I do not, to this hour, know how high the Rhigi is; all I know is, that I was on the top of it, and thence under the best circumstances, bright sunset and brighter sunrise, witnessed what I am very sure neither written prose nor poetry can do justice to.

We reached Lucerne on the evening of the 29th of June, after a long day's ride from Basle, finding ourselves about sunset driving close to the banks of the Reuss, which forming the outlet of the lake, rushes by like a torrent. If the waters of the Rhone at Geneva be "arrowy," those of the Reuss just at this point fly still faster than the arrow. They are of a deep green colour, and no American traveller sees them without remembering the tint of the Niagara below the cataract when viewed from the cliff's round "the Devil's Hole." I recollect all this the more distinctly as it was impressed on my mind when startled from a long sleep, the fruit of fatigue and an easy coach, as we drove into the quaint old town of Lucerne.

The next morning looked gloomily on us. Our accommodations over night had been bad, and heavy mists, occasionally ripening into rain, hung over the Rhigi, whither our hopes were directed, as well as on Mount Pilatus, the great opposition peak of the neighbourhood on the other side of the lake. The forenoon, however, gradually brightened, and by ten o'clock our chances of fair weather and a tolerable prospect had increased. Soon after, being anxious to be ahead of the crowd of passengers which at noon takes the steamboat, we hired a small row-boat, and with luggage sufficient for one

night's absence, set out on our Rhigi adventure. Now, to those who have made Oberland journeys, who have crossed the Gemmi, or committed any of these wanton extravagances that some people indulge in, the ascent of the Rhigi may seem a very small affair indeed. But to a traveller accustomed to Chestnut Hill and the Ridge Road, and who never saw any thing higher than the Catskill or the Cove Mountain, over which a stage-coach comfortably travels, this muleback pilgrimage to the *Rhigi culm*, with its mysterious accompaniments of guides and iron-pointed staffs (Alpenstocks), was a great event. Our sail along the shore of the lake was very placid, our course being close to the land, which as we advanced grew gradually bolder, but still not bold enough to meet the expectation which guide-book descriptions had raised. We were still unanimous in our loyalty to Lake George and the Highlands. We reached Weggis in about an hour and a half. It is a little town on the edge of the lake, consisting of a church, a few straggling houses, and a bad inn, against whose seductions in the shape of a promised dinner I warn the inexperienced traveller.

This penalty paid, we were ready to set out, and horses at the door, we were soon on the mountain road. Our party consisted of two American young ladies, full of spirit and gay adventure, three American gentlemen, and two Irish travellers. Our mounted appearance was grotesque enough; but there was no one to laugh at us, and if there had been, it would have made little difference. Three of our companions preferred walking, and trudged manfully along in the burning sun for the three hours of our painful ascent. At first the path winds through a dense wood, from which, however it soon emerged, and we began literally to scale the side of the mountain. So for more than an hour, perhaps for two, did it continue, and though without absolute danger, still with sufficient apparent risk at intervals to make one who is nervous draw back from the edge of precipices down which it was enough to know horse and rider *might* fall to destruction.

Nor was I aware of the height to which we were rising till my eye rested on the gulf-like appearance of the surrounding mountains, and the lake below shrunk to the narrowest limits at their base. The steamboat crossing to Fluellen looked like a speck. At length, changing our course and crossing a comparatively level place, over which Swiss boys were driving their straggling cows and singing wild melodies, we came to the Kaltesbad, or lower hotel. Pausing here for a few moments to let our foot companions "blow," we were very soon made sensible of its elevation by the change of temperature. It began to be quite cold, and occasionally wreaths of mist enveloped us and gave us a chilling welcome to their home of cloud. From this point or a little above, the view back towards the lake, now sunk almost out of sight, is very striking.

But beautiful as it is, it was in a few moments forgotten in the enthusiasm, almost amounting to a sickening feeling of pleasurable amazement, produced by the great panorama which, on crossing the edge of the mountain, burst on us to the north. And remembering it as I now do with all the freshness of a sight of yesterday, I feel most painfully the inadequacy of written or spoken words to do justice in its most meagre form to what I saw or felt. It was difficult—nay, it was impossible (scoff not, unimaginitive reader) to restrain a cry of admiration and astonishment. Before us lay what one of my companions used to describe as "forty thousand miles' of cultivated lands, with the lakes of Zurich, Zug, Lucerne, and Sempach at our feet. The northern limit of the view was the Black Forest and the ridges of the Vosges hiding the course of the Rhine, whilst the Reuss like a bright riband of light lay at our feet. Pilatus was close on the left, his craggy peak cleared of all cloud and mist, looking down on the spot where we stood. Towns, too, Lucerne, Kusnacht, and Gersau, were in view; but in such a magnificent panorama of gigantic nature, towns and houses seemed to be creeping into crevices of the hills and trying to get out of sight. Never, if I were to live for centuries, so it seems to me now,

will I or any one of those who saw and felt as I did, forget the prospect of the moment as we crossed to the edge of the northern side of the Rhigi, and to which in these few sentences I have done so poor justice. Many years ago, more than I care to confess, when quite a boy, I saw the plain of Mexico from the summit of its surrounding hills, and from the point, or nearly so, whence Cortez first saw it. And bright and beautiful as it was, with its rich and romantic associations, it made far less impression on my boy fancy than this first glimpse of the Rhigi panorama did upon an imagination a little (I trust not much) chilled and hardened by the lapse of time.

We did not pause long, and hoping for something still more magnificent, hurried on, and in about three hours from leaving Weggis, after passing several very ugly corners, down which one could fall at least four thousand feet without a chance of rescue, reached the solitary tavern on the summit of the mountain. Securing ourselves good rooms, one of them facing to that quarter where the Alps should be seen, we wandered to the point whence the great Rhigi prospect is best commanded. Near the edge is built a wooden lookout, some twenty feet high; but though as a matter of course I scrambled up and down again, it seemed then, and seems now, as absurd, as it would have been to stand on the top of a chair or table to enlarge the circle of the vision on such a summit. From this point is the great panoramic view for which the Rhigi is so celebrated. I have said so much of the impression made upon me by the first glimpse of a portion of this scene, that nothing is left for admiration at the more complete view here commanded. All that we first saw is here comprised, and farther to the right and towards the rear, as you stand looking to the north, is the ghastly site, the wreck looking as fresh as if it were the work of yesterday, of the Rossberg, where, in 1806, the side of a mountain sank down on the plain below, overwhelming the village of Goldau, and carrying wholesale ruin and desolation in its track. Nearly five hun-

dred persons perished in this terrible catastrophe. Further to the right are the peaks of the Mitres and the village of Schwyts, and still farther are the mountain gorges, amongst which, in 1799, Massena and Suwarrow manœuvred armies, where, (so say the guide-books,) only chamois and their hunters ventured before. This is not the place for a notice of these wonderful military operations, the most wonderful, in view of surrounding difficulties, of those days of great military prowess. The recent associations almost banished from my thoughts the recollection of Tell and his antique fame, and yet directly under our feet was Kusunacht, the spot where the patriot shot the Austrian despot.

As sunset drew near the crowd of visitors began to assemble. And let me say, a crowd of curiosity-hunters, or any crowd at such a time, is a great annoyance. One neither wants to talk nor to be talked to. The feeling I had, and it seemed to grow every moment I watched, was that I was neither on the earth nor of it, but hung above in a balloon or on the promontory of some near planet, looking upon a different land. The atmosphere grew brighter as the sun went down, and just at this moment, my attention was called by one of my fair American friends, to the dark shadow of the mountain, on which we stood, rising on the eastern hills, as if the spectre of the Rhigi was coming from some cavern of the hills, to snatch from us the bright prospect on which we gazed. Very soon after, night set in, the sunset view having been complete, with the exception of the dense clouds that rested on the southern range of the Alps, and wholly hid them from us. A stroll, not solitary, in the cold star-light, to the edge of the precipice, completed our evening. We were all glad, a comfortable dinner being despatched, to cluster round the big stoves, and soon to take refuge on a welcome bed.

One of our American companions had been on the Rhigi before, and felt great solicitude that we, who were new to it, should see every thing to the best advantage. The sunset

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R X X X V I I I .

Lucerne.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours, &c.

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

Lucerne.

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

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

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

Zurich.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R X L.

Basle.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R X L I.

Basle.

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

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

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

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

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

Strasburg.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours, &c.

GERMANY.

LETTER XLII.

Strasburg.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Baden-Baden.

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

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

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

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

Yours, &c.

LETTER XLIII.

Baden-Baden.

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

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

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

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

Very considerable attention has been paid here to planting

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours, &c.

LETTER XLIV.

Baden-Baden.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours, &c.

LETTER XLV.

Baden-Baden.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“The proud tops of the eastern pines”

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours, &c.

LETTER XLVI.

Baden-Baden.

Female beauty—Ugliness—Walks and drives—Castle of New Eberstein—Black Forest, why so called—The Favourite—Margravine Sybilla—Faded furniture—Sybilla's boudoir—Her sixty portraits—Cabinets—Gloomy chapel—Her wire scourge—Hair-shirt and iron cross—Her statue companions—Church and Convent of Lichtenthal—Old ruins—Valley of the Mourg—Baden easily reached from America—Fine weather—Railroad to Carlsruhe—Haardt Forest—Heidelberg—The Neckar—Students, soldiers, and travellers—The Alhambra of the Rhine; decorations—Mannheim—Mayence—Scenery.

A DOZEN letters would not convey to you my vivid pleasure received at this watering-place. I cannot describe to you the beautiful women who resort here, for there were scarcely any: either our ideas of what constitutes beauty differ from those of Germans, or else their women are generally ill-formed, with irregular features and homely. But you must accompany me a brief space in one or two excursions to the extraordinarily beautiful scenery around. You can get out of the crowd in five minutes by following any of the numerous paths

leading from the village, and plunge into the thickets of the Black Forest, or take a carriage and drive for an hour and a half over a steep hill through Gernsback, an old town, to the Castle of New Eberstein, another ancestral fortalice of the Grand Ducal family, on a beetling crag, lately rebuilt, and inhabited occasionally by their relatives. Here you may view old Gothic furniture, ancient armour and coloured glass, and scenery beyond, of the most fascinating character; you get a good idea here of the long ranges of the Black Forest, and its peculiarities—called black because of the character of the black hemlocks and pines.

As neither you nor I have been much among monkish and nunnish people, accompany me to the *Favourite*, a half ruinous chateau of the old Margraves, built by the Margravine Sybilla, whose husband, Louis, fought against the Turks in the ranks of Prince Eugene. Its furniture and whole appearance are faded, but its remains are in sufficient preservation to show the habits and tastes of former days. Sybilla was a belle in her youth, as well as a beauty; and here you may see in her boudoir some sixty of her portraits in every variety of costume. There is also a cabinet, filled with ancient glass and delftware, and her gloomy chapel is shown in the garden, where she spent her days and nights in penances. Her scourge is actually shown; it ends in points of wire, like a cat-o'-nine-tails, and was used for scourging herself; also her hair-shirt, and a cross of iron network, the points turned inward, which she wore next her skin. Her companions here were too wooden figures, as large as life, of the Virgin and St. John, with whom she sat down to table, equal portions of food being served to all three; but their share was afterwards handed over to the poor. This exhibition is about upon a par with that of the dungeons of the Duke, and will probably not last much longer.

I visited in my walks various other places of interest in this, to me, novel neighbourhood; among the rest the old church attached to the Convent of Lichtenthal. The convent

has been long patronised by the Ducal family. There are but a few old nuns in it, chiefly employed in educating a number of girls: the seats where they worship, behind a screen and curtain, in a niche high up in the wall between the church and convent, carried me back in memory to olden times. These nuns, happy creatures, have the privilege of taking the veil for only seven years, and if they choose, of returning to the world. The trip to the Valley of the Mourg, offers as much of the characteristic scenery of Baden as can be procured in a single excursion. I have yet seen no watering-place possessing half the beauties or attractions to an American explorer as this. Weeks may be employed in looking at novelties; every accommodation is easily procurable—the gay may find any amount of amusement, and those fond of retirement may follow their own pursuits in this old place with modern improvements. Persons bound for “a summer’s jaunt across the water,” by sailing to Havre, may reach Baden-Baden with comfort in one or two weeks after arrival, pass the warm season in great luxury there, and not spend much more money than by going to Saratoga. The word Baden, means *Baths*, consequently Baden-Baden, is Baths-Baths.

We were extremely fortunate in the fine weather which prevailed during our stay; and altogether I can commend this delightful spot as among the most agreeable I have seen.

Mayence on the Rhine.

Taking a reluctant leave of my travelling companions, who designed to remain longer at Baden than I could spare time for, I took the railroad cars for Carlsruhe, the capital of the Duchy, and the residence of the Court and the Foreign Ministers. It is the beau-ideal or model for a town—being regularly built, in the form of a wheel, of which the main streets are the spokes, radiating from the common centre of

the Palace at the hub ; each street looks upon and terminates at one end with a view of the Schloss, which is shown to visitors, but as it has little to recommend it beyond the usual silk-hangings and furniture and poor pictures, I would not recommend future travellers to more than stop here for the next train, saunter in the environs to view the Haardt Forest, and proceed to Heidelberg. To reach this, you must ascend by an omnibus from the station, and may find good accommodations at a hotel near the celebrated castle. The town is on the bank of the Neckar, on a narrow ledge between it and the rock on which the castle is perched. In historical interest, Heidelberg may claim a pre-eminence over all its neighbours ; war has frequently seen it laid in ashes ; it has been five times bombarded, twice burned, and thrice taken by assault and delivered over to pillage, and it figured largely in the Thirty Years' War—for an account of which, read Schiller's interesting history. It is now full of students, soldiers, and travellers ; the latter coming by hundreds to view its castle, to which you ascend on foot or in a carriage. It is rather an agglomeration of palaces than a castle, and may not improperly be termed the Alhambra of the Rhine. Built of a rich vermilion stone, and adorned with a variety in its architecture, its magnificence is the result of the efforts of various builders, but of the *taste* of an entire dynasty. The Electors Palatine have vied with each other in their lavish decorations of their ancestral palace. To look at its vast façades and towers, and to read their history, you would say, that each prince as he ascended the electoral throne, eschewed the old habitation and added new, as he might the old garments of his predecessors ; for each alternately built himself a new palace, adjoining the old, or pulled down old and built up new on their foundations. Thus they proceeded, changing square for round, their princely caprices receiving now and then a helping-hand from the fire and sword of some feudal antagonist, and wonderfully promoted by the artillery of the French ; until that pile of which we now trace the phantom, glowed in

all the intricate and elaborate magnificence of an Arabian or Indian palace. Completely restored to its greatest splendour, it was set on fire by lightning on the morning of the Feast of St. John the Baptist, in 1764, since which it has remained roofless but unscathed of its exterior beauty, retaining its charm of detail. While you are enabled to form most glowing conjectures as to its surpassing splendour when entire, you are delighted with most finished morceaux of architecture, which every where welcome you with mournful beauty, and ask what you cannot withhold, the tribute, not of a tear, but of admiration for their ruins.

Façades and turrets, porticoes and gateways, fountains, staircases, oriels, glories, statues, arabesques, windows and gables, each of them a study and an exemplar of its style, form a golden mine for artist or architect, nor can the mere antiquary depart without plentiful subjects of veneration and regret. I will not enumerate where enumeration would only lead me to too long a detail; but leave you to study out in the works of some more leisurely tourist, the details of this sumptuous palace-castle; only assuring you, that you may here see walls twenty-four feet thick.

The railroad deposits you at Mannheim, near the steamboat that is to convey you comfortably to Mayence, through a valley with low banks, possessing few attractions; the distant Vosges and Haardt Mountains bounding the horizon—poor-looking farms and vineyards on the banks. The beauties of the Rhine commence below Mayence, where a few words only will detain

Yours, &c.

LETTER XLVII.

Mayence on the Rhine.

Mannheim—History—Grand Duchess Stephanie and court—The Rhine steamboats—Restaurant—Historical interest—Roman legions—Liberation of Germany—Merovingian monarchs—Charlemagne—Various dynasties—Bonaparte—The Hanse League—Art of printing—The Reformation—Boats and merchandise on the Rhine—The slumber of ages—Oppenheim—Hotel de l'Europe—Cathedral—Monuments—Crowning of the German emperors—Tower of Drusus—Pupil of St. Peter—Alexander Severus—Modern times—Statue of Guttemberg—His house and printing office—Roman aqueduct—Public garden—Frankfort on the Maine—Rothschild's bank—His mother's house—Statue of Ariadne—Mr. Beckman's gallery—Public cemetery—Cloisters—Thorwaldsen's bas-reliefs.

MANNHEIM, where my last letter left me, is a place of little interest; from its position it has shared the fate of the other Rhine towns; burnings and bombardments mark its history. It is now the residence of the Grand Duchess Stephanie and her court, and of many English families. I took the steamboat here, one of a regular line, to Mayence, about as large as those running up the Delaware, with moderately good accommodations; an excellent dinner at a table d'hote, and other meals in the restaurant fashion. The river has yet acquired no beauty of scenery; but you are now among the scenes to which the writings of Cæsar and Tacitus have given so much importance. The Germans who dwelt on the shores of the Rhine, according to these, were a well-formed race, with blue eyes and fair hair, of a bold aspect, trained to arms from their earliest youth, with religious feelings, love

of freedom, but with the vices of drunkenness, debauchery, and love of fighting. The Romans found much difficulty in conquering them, never having met with greater resistance any where; they were never thoroughly subdued, in spirit at least; their formidable character is proved by the number of troops which the Romans were obliged to keep under arms; of the twenty-five legions which composed the military force of Rome in the reign of Augustus, eight were encamped on the Rhine alone, making in all an army of nearly one hundred thousand men.

The liberation of Germany was effected by the incursions of the barbarians of the north under Attila, from which period the records of history are full of the events which transpired on these shores. The Merovingian monarchs with their feuds, assassinations, and debaucheries—Charlemagne, the greatest monarch, perhaps, the world ever saw, who extended the empire of the Franks over almost all Europe, and whose friendship was coveted by the Byzantine emperors, and even by the successor of Mahomet, Haroun Alraschid;—the Franconian dynasty—the Salique dynasty, and the Saxon, with that of Hapsburg, have each had their reigns during the lapse of centuries, and Bonaparte at length took his turn, to be supplanted in our own time by new divisions and new rulers. From Charlemagne to Bonaparte, the Rhine has been the focus of most of the military, political, social, and religious revolutions, evolutions, and movements, which have affected not alone the destinies of Europe, but probably those of the entire world. To prove this, it need only be said that the first mercantile confederation, the Hanse League, took its rise on the Rhine; that the art of printing was invented in one of its cities; and that the Reformation had birth, and was cradled to maturity, beside its bounding waters.

As we descended to Mayence, numerous boats with cotton and other merchandise were slowly ascending with the assistance of sails, and sometimes with horses added, towing in the manner of canal barges; the river, as well as its shores,

wants the bustle and animation of our own principal streams, while the towns seem wrapped in the slumber of ages. This is the case at all, and especially at Oppenheim, where we stopped to visit the old Gothic church of St. Catherine, a century older than Westminster Abbey; its architecture is equally advanced and florid; the painted glass and the monuments, once the boast of the Rhine, are now defaced; the roof of the nave gone, and till lately weeds filled its interior.

The Hotel de l'Europe, at Mayence, where I am established, faces the river, and is a place of great pretensions and many comforts. The town lies nearly opposite the junction of the Maine with the Rhine; it is filled with strangers and soldiers, while new and important fortifications are in course of erection under my very windows on the quay. A fine old cathedral, begun in the 10th century, has suffered various vicissitudes, having been set on fire by the Prussian bombardment in 1793, and from injuries during its occupation by the French armies as barracks and powder-house. It is well filled with the monuments of the episcopal electors of Mayence; some archbishops, who enjoyed celebrity in their day from their exercised right of placing the crown on the heads of the German emperors, are depicted in that act. One, who had crowned three, appears in stone as large as all the crowned heads together.

Another of the sights of Mayence, to which I toiled in company with a *valet* who had obtained a ticket from the authorities for the purpose, is the Tower of Drusus, situated within the limits of the citadel; it is fast crumbling to decay, its walls filled with weeds; at the top is a trap door, from which you emerge upon a weedy roof, commanding several views of a dull country; it was erected by Drusus Germanicus, who succeeded to the command of the Roman legions on the Rhine. The twenty-second legion, which had been engaged under Titus in the conquest of Judea and the destruction of Jerusalem, was stationed here A. D. 70, and Crescentius, one of the first preachers of the Christian faith on the

Rhine, it is stated was a centurion in it. This pious man is uniformly described in local history as a pupil of St. Peter, and he has always been known as the first bishop of Mayence. He is said to have suffered martyrdom under the reign of Trajan, A. D. 103. Alexander Severus was murdered here in 233 ;—so you see I am again among historical scenes.

A more modern matter here demands attention. It is the recently erected statue, and a fine one it is, of Guttemberg, the inventor of printing. The figure is of bronze, and colossal ; on one side of the base is represented a printing-press ; on the other a printer's case of types. Mayence was the birth-place of Guttemberg, about 1395, and the house was shown to me in which he first saw the light ; as well as his first printing-office from 1443 to 1450. These antiquities must be deemed among the most interesting on the Rhine. The remains of a Roman aqueduct nearly 3,000 feet long, with sixty-two pillars remaining, may be visited a short distance from the town ; as well as a really tasteful, modern, and well-ordered public garden, with which I was much pleased ; it is kept in order at the expense of the town authorities.

Frankfort on the Maine.

Crossing the Rhine on a bridge of boats 1600 feet in length, to Cassel in Hesse Darmstadt, I entered a good railroad car, and was whirled off to this free town, famous for its fairs, and for being one of the most lively, wealthy, and handsome cities in Germany. In the omnibus at the terminus, I found myself in the dark, in company with numerous English men and women, who seemed to consider getting into a good hotel a most important affair ; they had reason, for on going to the best, the Hotel de Russie, der Weisse Schwan, and half a dozen others, we were coolly informed they were all full ; I was glad at length to get a poor bed in a dirty room, with rats gnawing the floors, at the inn of a Jew.

Many of the houses here are large and handsome ; nearly all of any respectability have looking-glasses so placed outside the windows as to reflect what passes in the street to the eyes of the unseen inmates. Baron Rothschild's banking-house is near my hotel ; on stepping in, I found one hundred and fifty clerks busily employed ; wagons with bullion boxes were unloading in front, into the hands of liveried servants. He maintains a business intercourse with all the commercial world ; has a splendid palace near the town, but has been unable to induce his mother, ninety years of age, to remove her domicile from the old Jews' Street, where I stopped opposite its antique front door to wonder at her taste. Her house is comfortable enough, but is surrounded by as poor a population of old clothes' vendors and their numerous progeny, as you can imagine. I stepped into the ancient synagogue, where the rudest and meanest accommodations I ever imagined for a place of worship, are to be seen.

I next visited Dannecker's celebrated statue of Ariadne, in the gallery of Mr. Bethman, a rich citizen, where are other fine statues, and some good paintings. This is in a room by itself, a luxurious light cast over it by red-coloured glass. It is fixed on a pivot, and the feed attendant comes in now and then, while visitors are seated round, to give it a turn to exhibit its naked beauties in a new position. This female figure possesses a countenance the most noble that I can imagine, being altogether worthy of its fame. Frankfort also possesses other great treasures of art in its picture-gallery, where were some just arrived from the late sale of Cardinal Fesch's at Rome. There are many paintings by the early masters of the Low Countries and Germany, and a few of the Italian school, of merit.

A public cemetery on a large scale, now nearly filled, where a practice common in Switzerland and Germany, of interring in cloisters, or covered arcades, is carried to a great extent, is well planted, and highly attractive. Among the monuments at the upper end, in one of these cloisters, is that

of the Bethman family, with beautiful bas-reliefs by Thorwaldsen ; it commemorates the death of a daughter in the most touching manner. It is under lock and key. The arrangements to prevent any danger from premature interment adopted here are very complete. Each corpse is placed in a dead-house, with a bell-rope in the hand, for several days before interment.

Altogether, this specimen of a German town has gratified me greatly.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XLVIII.

Wiesbaden.

Ride to Wiesbaden—Vineyards—The River Maine—Railroads—Beautiful watering-place—Hotels and lodging-houses—Prices—Baths—The *Kur-Saal*—Cheap dinners—Residence of the Ducal family—The company—Curious shops—The gambling-rooms—German women—Smoking—American trees—Carp pond—Band of music—Balls—Soldiers—Carved stags' horns—Shop of Bohemian glass—The Boiling Springs—Roman remains—Votive Roman tablets—The Heidenmauer—Forts of the Catti—Worship of Mythras—The Duke's hunting-lodge—Reflections.

THE ride from Frankfort to this great watering-place is through a country well tilled, in which fruit-trees and great fields of poppies, the latter cultivated to make oil from their seeds, with the vineyards of Hochheim, figure largely ; it presents features of habitations and close proximity of houses gratifying to the eye as evidences of comfort and independence. The river Maine is navigable for steamboats, which trade with the towns of the Rhine, and the railroad to Cassel

has brought it into still closer connexion with the latter. A branch railroad connects Cassel with Wiesbaden also, from which it is distant only a few miles. But meeting with agreeable company, I came over to this place in a carriage. No descriptions that I have read convey an adequate idea of this superb watering-place, whose attractions are surpassed by few, if any, in the habitable world.

Wiesbaden differs from its congener up the Rhine, in having more of a city air; the town is larger and much more regularly built; most of the well-constructed houses are hotels or lodging-houses, where the expense, compared with those of Saratoga, or the Virginia Springs, considering the elegance of the accommodations, is less than in America. At the lodging-houses, you may get a good bed-room for from two to four dollars a week; with breakfast, a dollar and a half more. The hot water is conveyed to many of these houses, so that you step from your bed-room to a luxurious bath, the charge for which is twenty cents. The great dining-place is at the *Kur-Saal*, answering to the Conversations Haus at Baden-Baden, but larger; here three or four hundred people dine daily with fifteen courses, consisting of all the delicacies of the season, ice included, for thirty-one cents, and wine extremely moderate. On Sundays, thousands of people flock here from Frankfort and Mayence, frequenting the promenades, shops, and gambling-rooms, the latter licensed for *all* the days of the week, by the Duke of Nassau. Wiesbaden is the capital of the Duchy, and the residence of the Ducal family, who, however, pay an annual visit to Schlangenbad, Ems, and perhaps occasionally to the other "Bubbles."

First impressions are the most lasting; nothing will ever, I think, make stronger ones, than a first tour along the principal street, lined with double rows of sycamores, to the *Kur-Saal* and the springs, on a fine day. Well-dressed ladies (better-looking and with a better carriage than you have yet seen in Germany), with moustached, dashing beaux,

are as plenty as blackberries. Turn to the right, near the end of the street, into the shops forming two sides of a hollow square; ascending a flight of steps, under a long portico, you will encounter a range of shops attended by Bohemian women in the dress of their country, ready to vend you the pipes, and carved bones, and other wares, novel to your eye, of their country. Pass through a motley throng to the buildings forming the end of the square, and enter the *rouge et noir* and other gambling-rooms, fitted up with great splendour, and full of company hard at work endeavouring to attract the piles of gold and silver from the bank to their own keeping, but with very poor general success. Outside, in the shade of the house, with a beautiful artificial lake with swans sporting about, or fed from gentle hands, are seated the fat *wrows* and their friends, knitting or sitting beside their smoking husbands with long pipe in mouth. Very beautiful shaded walks, interspersed with hydrangeas, a favourite plant, and evidently all under the care of a neat scientific gardener, who has a fancy for American trees and rhododendrons, conducts you to a carp pond, where enormous specimens of the finny tribe, kept and fed in the style with which the old monks were so familiar, and nourished in the warm water of the springs,—gay company, in promenade-dress, listening to the Duke's full band,—these are the appearances at the Kur-Saal, where pleasure seems to be spread wholesale, ready dished for its numerous votaries. In the evening, balls among lemon-trees and elegant flowers, concerts, and the faro-table, at which women play very high, close the day for precisely a similar one on the morrow.

Leaving this scene of outward gaiety—where there must be many a heart that knoweth its own bitterness—cross to the other side of the quadrangle, where you see numbers of the Duke's soldiers stationed to preserve order, and take a leisurely view of the curious shops. In one are porcelain pipes; each has a gem of a painting by an artist on its bulb; the price astonishes you, for you have not been accustomed

to pay twenty dollars or more for the privilege of smoking from a bowl with a houri in paradise depicted on it, or the Grand Sultan and his favourite wife, or still more beautiful faces. Next is a shop where they sell ware carved from stags' horns, inlaid with beautiful hunting-scenes in relief; you may purchase in this style any article of furniture, from a chair or picture-frame to a paper-cutter. One of the palaces of the Duke is furnished with such work throughout. Nothing could be more elegant, unless it be the wares in the shop at the end, where all the sides are enormous windows, crammed full to a great height with the most showy specimens of Bohemian glass; as the light shines through the red and various colours, the whole appearance is that of a fairy-palace. Purchase a piece in the form of an inkstand or tumbler, and the attentive shopman, who speaks half-a-dozen languages, will engrave your wife or lover's name on it in a trice, alongside of a picture of the Castle of Johannisberg, which is not far from Wiesbaden, the Kur-Saal, and other beautiful *lustre illustrations*.

A few hundred feet from hence is the Kochbrunnen or boiling spring, approached by an avenue of trees, where a number of women are ready to hand you a nice tumbler of the queer water;—said tumbler in my case broke in my hand from the heat. The spring has the appearance of a boiling cauldron in violent ebullition; it has in fact a temperature of 156° of Fahrenheit. This is the principal spring, but there are fourteen others, breaking out in various places, and all used for drinking and bathing. The taste is said by most to resemble chicken-broth; I can fully confirm the general impression; it is covered with a greasy scum—the chickens' fat as they say. Early in the morning, the drinkers repair to these spots, receive their portion of boiling broth, and glass in hand, as at Baden-Baden, chat and talk while it cools. At eight the coast is clear, all having resorted to the bath-rooms to merge their bodies in this cleansing and of course beautifying liquid. These springs were known to the Romans, and are noticed by

Pliny ; a tradition declares that Nero had a palace here. "In addition to Roman urns, tiles, coins, lamps, bones, and such remains, with which the ground in and about the town teems, whenever the foundation of a house is dug, ancient baths have been discovered in several places ; and votive tablets, bearing the thanks of some noble Roman to the gods for cures effected by the waters," are preserved at the Museum. Portions of the Heidenmauer (Heathens' Wall) are visible also ; it was begun by Drusus to defend his conquest on the Rhine from the Germans, and was completed by Hadrian and Caracalla ; commencing at Neuweid it is carried across the country over the Maine to the banks of the Danube. Some of the summits of the Taurus Mountain are crowned by forts or circular ramparts raised by the Catti. Wiesbaden was a favourite resort of Charlemagne, whose palace has disappeared. The worship of Mythras was introduced here from Persia by the Romans, and set up by the Pagan priesthood in opposition to Christianity ; some ruins of the Temple of Mythras are preserved.

Walks to ruined towers, the Duke's hunting-lodge, where deer are assembled nightly by sound of horn to be fed, fine views from sequestered nooks on rocky heights, give one full employment ; say, then, if I do wrong in recommending this place, especially as it has such celebrity for the cure of numerous maladies.

Yours, &c.







