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IMPRESSIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD;

OR,

A Year of Real Life.

BY

J. RODERICK O'FLANAGAN, Esq.

OF THE KING'S INNS, DUBLIN; AND
GRAY'S INN, LONDON.



What a large volume of adventures may be grasped within this little span of life, by him who interests his heart in every thing, and who, having eyes to see what time and chance are perpetually holding out to him as he journeyeth on his way, misses nothing he can fairly lay his hands on!

STERNE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
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AND JOHN CUMMING, DUBLIN.

1837.

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**LONDON:
PRINTED BY STEWART AND CO.
OLD BAILEY.**

TO

MY RESPECTED FATHER,

AS A SLIGHT RETURN

FOR REPEATED ACTS OF KINDNESS,

These Volumes are dedicated,

WITH EVERY SENTIMENT

OF

DUTY, VENERATION, AND GRATITUDE.

P R E F A C E.

READER, didst thou ever keep a Diary? Perhaps thou answerest, "No." Behold, then, mine! The work on which thy sight falleth, is gathered from the chaff of one year's harvest. A little year,—but lately passed away,—swallowed in the tomb of departed days, which are never again to return. That year was—1836—the last.

"———The last—the last—the last,
Oh! by that little word, how many thoughts are stirred."

It may, perchance, be asked, wherefore have I, whose name has not been trumpeted by the

voices of the mighty public, ventured so much of my existence, as a year, for their perusal? My answer simply is,—to afford them amusement, if not instruction! By beholding the most common-place events in a new light, we look, as it were, on a new picture,—we survey, with delight, objects, and groupings, the previous colouring and position of which we never paused to contemplate; and now linger to admire that, which we hurried by with inattention before. Life is a star which changes its magnitude with the focus of the telescope through which you view it. To the short-sighted man, it presents a circle, narrow and contracted; he cares but for to-day, and regards not to-morrow: to the more prudent it is a succession of seasons, the partaking of pleasure or pain in the duration of which depends in a great degree upon himself. To me, I admit, the desire of writing a name which posterity may regard as something worthy remembrance, has long been a ruling passion, and as this can alone be successfully done by identifying myself with the interests of mankind, by administering to their gratifica-

tion, conferring amusement, or information, I have been careful to insert every thing which may lead to the end I contemplated, and carefully to exclude aught which would tend to the reverse.

If it be any merit to say, that the pages contain the immediate product of the transfer from my feelings to paper,—that, written at the very moment when the spell was on me, (if I may use such a term) they have lost nothing of the enthusiastic spirit which animates every writer when his thoughts are labouring in the throes of their mental parturition, they certainly do possess that merit.

Some of my continental sketches, may be crude and undigested: I have given the reason, and I preferred them to appear before the public, even in this imperfect state, than lose that sparkle of originality, which would be quenched by attempting an alteration.

In the Introduction of My Tour I have given reasons, I trust satisfactory ones, for adding my name to the thousand and one, who have written their travels. It may be therefore superfluous

for me to allude to them here, and I shall only observe, that in the descriptions of any tourist who gives *his own impressions*, there must ever be found novelty. The human mind receives the ideas occasioned by beholding the wondrous powers of Nature in as various lights as there are shades of character; the man who is here to-day, may be of different temperament from him who departed yesterday,—one may be a bigot in religion; the heart of the other teem with universal toleration; and though they have published their conflicting views, the beauty of the landscape may yet be exhibited in fresh colours, and lo! from the pencil of the third, the entire starts forth in a new point of sight. The manners and customs of other people, with whom we are daily becoming more and more intimate, must always be subjects of interest; and, however superficial the account, it cannot fail to impart some information. In this, I hope I may be found instructive, if not amusing.

My impressions, doubtless, the critic will call feeble, and possibly some erroneous. Years shall strengthen the former, and information correct

the latter ; both, I trust, may grow on me apace.

To those who favour my pages with a perusal, I can with truth say, I have done my best to impart as much pleasure from my tour, as I have myself enjoyed ; and, while on the spot, spared no pains to render my first book, and in all probability my last of this nature, worthy of being read. I say on the spot, because I was well aware of the jealous application and unremitting attention which the studies of an arduous and honourable profession claim from those who have enlisted themselves under that ermine banner, which has waved over the ranks of the many sages who have been remarkable for all that is great and glorious in the history of mankind. A jealous solicitude, which has regarded me with watchful eyes, and which, but for the precautions I had taken of completing my diary on the instant, would, most probably, have been a complete bar to this work's publicity. I now leave my Impressions in your hands ; when next I address you in public, my situation shall be more capable of works of practical utility ; but,

for this present writing, I entreat your leniency, and conclude by saying, that be my success what it may, I have had no other object than to excite the human mind to works worthy its creation, by raising curiosity to examine objects of interest, and enliven the vacant hour by impressions inoffensive, if not commendatory.

J. RODERICK O'FLANAGAN.

10, King's Bench Walk,
Inner Temple, 1837.

AN

APOLOGY FOR MY BOOK.

“Books,” says Bishop Hacket, in his quaint life of Lord Keeper Williams, “are sown so thick in all countries of Europe, that a new one which adds one more to the former gross, had need of an apology. Many that love knowledge, both industrious and of sound judgment, are not nice to say, that repletion of Authors hath begat loathing, which is a reason likewise, or a pretence, that divers who are learned and full men, contain their liquor in their vessels, and never broach it in the press, to make it public, because they think it folly to contribute to waste and excess.”

However, as the Bishop thought proper to give his learned work to the public, I venture to follow his example, and subjoin the following remarks, which, perhaps, are wrongly designated an apology for my book, they being, in fact, meant as an excuse for my having written one of this nature.

Vigilantibus non dormientibus jura subveniunt.

As the period is fast approaching, when I am to be called to the bar, I deem it a duty I owe, not only to myself individually, but to those dear and kind friends, who feel interested in my welfare, to explain away any appearance of disregard to the strict rules of legal decorum, which to the minds of unreflecting persons, might militate against me, in my professional career. I am aware, it has been the remark of ages, that nothing is so detrimental to the acquisition of any science requiring the entire and undivided application of the faculties, as engaging, at the same time, in any other pursuit, and thereby distracting that attention which ought to remain fixed and unchangeable.

This is a proposition which is too generally received, and too universally confirmed, to be shaken by any arguments, no matter however skilfully applied, or energetically maintained. But let us consider, what is the meaning of the observation ; and first, reasoning from experience, cast a glance at the lives of the most eminent

lawyers,—men, whose names are interwoven with the rights and liberties of our country, and on the strength of whose decisions, is based the fabric of our jurisprudence, the best security of the state.

The great commentator upon Littleton, whose name must stand at the head of every list of lawyers, in any age or time, he of whom we may well say, as Quintilian did of Cicero, that *an admiration of his works is a sure mark of some proficiency in the study of the law*. The man, who dared be honest in the worst of times, when the prerogative of arbitrary rights, supposed to be inherent in the crown, commenced making those encroachments, which, from the want of such advisers as Lord Coke, to keep it within due bounds, brought one monarch to the block, and forced another to abdicate. He who fearlessly replied to king James I. in the words of Bracton, “*Quod rex non debet esse sub homine sed sub Deo et lege*,” has laid down in his admirable Institutes the following disposition of time for the student—

Sex horas somno totidem des legibus aequis,
Quatuor orabis des epulasque duas,
Quod superest ultro sacris largire camenis.

This learned judge, the author or rather the compiler and annotator of the *corpus* of our elder

jurisprudence, establishes the fact, that time may be so disposed that no two portions can clash or create that discontinuance in the studies of any one part which the student, and above all, the student of law must carefully guard against. We shall next consider how far the student may indulge, with impunity, in pursuits differing essentially from the principal, or, as in the present instance, how far law and literature may be combined in the same person. To ascertain this, I direct my reader's attention to the early life of another luminary of the profession, whose extensive information on almost every subject, and whose virtuous life gained him—the former, that share of business which talent is ever sure to obtain; the latter, the approbation of men of every shade and variety of political and religious opinion, in one of the most arduous situations, in the most convulsed times ever known in this country, that of presiding in a seat of justice, when England was in a state of revolution,—to Sir Matthew Hale.

“ The various acquirements, and instructive conversation of the learned Selden, led young Hale (then a student of Lincoln's Inn) to extend the scope of his studies, and to apply himself to literary and scientific pursuits. Some branches of mathematics, and of natural history, engaged a considerable portion of his attention, and his writings on these subjects, attest the diligence of his application. He took a pleasure also, in

studying medicine, and anatomy, in which his biographer affirms him to have made no inconsiderable progress. Ancient history, and chronology, also afforded an employment for his leisure hours ; but his principal delight was the study of divinity."

With what justness can it be said that a law-student who departs from the black lettered page of legal lore, must necessarily be ignorant of the essential knowledge of his profession, when here we find the most profound and thoroughly skilled lawyer of any country, engaged at the same time in not only the studies of the three learned professions, *Law*, *Physic*, and *Divinity* ; but, of the no less useful accomplishments which distinguish the Gentleman and the Scholar. I confess, that since I determined to give my work to the public under the sanction of my humble name, I have been more than once alarmed, lest thoughtless persons might exclaim : " What little knowledge he can have of law, who spent his time rambling about writing a book," and others being misled by the apparent justness of the remark, (which I am ready to admit, is often too true,) might conceive a prejudice against me, which every young man entering public life should most strenuously endeavour to avoid.

Actuated then by these motives, the most important which ever engaged my attention, for upon the first impression often depends the subsequent

career, I have taken the liberty to lay before my readers a brief account of two members of my profession, the most prominent in the annals of our country, showing that these illustrious men, Coke and Hale, were not exclusively confined to the knowledge of jurisprudence, extensive as it is ; but, their ardent genius, particularly that of the latter, trod the range of science in all its luminous paths.

Proceeding from these fathers of the law to later times, we find about the close of the seventeenth and the beginning of the last century, a student, who subsequently arrived at the head of his profession ; whose character as a lawyer, especially as a constitutional lawyer, has ever been held in the highest estimation ; whose arguments may be referred to as a proof of the most extensive professional abilities, and one of whose cases—that of the Bankers*—has been termed by a good critic, Mr. Hargrave : “one of the most elaborate judgments ever delivered in Westminster Hall.” We find John Somers in the year 1697, appointed Lord High Chancellor, studying law, engaged in politics, classics, and writing—start not, most grave censor !—Poetry !—A future Lord Chancellor writing poetry ! Yet, behold the lines !—no great specimen certainly, *siste et lege*.

* State Trials, Vol. XIV. p. 1.

DIDO TO ÆNEAS.

With cruel haste to distant lands you fly,
You know not where they are, nor where they lie ;
On Carthage, and its rising walls you frown,
And shun a sceptre which is now your own.
All you have gained, you proudly do contemn,
And fondly seek a fancied diadem ;
And should you reach at last this promised land,
Who'll give its power into a stranger's hand ?
Another easy Dido you may seek,
And new occasions, new-made vows to break ?

Yes, learned reader, the toils and monotony of your professional labours may be occasionally refreshed by the enjoyment of other pursuits. The mind, like the body, becomes exhausted from too great labour, and requires relaxation and amusement. By a judicious mixture of the latter, you will best and most effectually serve the former. The character of Lord Somers has been drawn in so masterly a manner by Addison, and presents so noble a picture of a true lover of his country devoting his energies to her welfare, that I would gladly give it entire ; but, in justice to a few other eminent men, whom I purpose shortly to instance in self-defence, I can only insert an extract :—

“ He (Lord S.) had wore himself out in his application to such studies as made him useful and ornamental to the world, in concerting schemes for the welfare of his country, and in prosecuting

such measures as were necessary for making these schemes effectual ; but all this was done with a view to the public good that should rise of these generous endeavours, and not to the fame that should accrue to himself Let the reputation of the action fall where it would, so his country reaped the benefit of it, he was satisfied."

* * * *

" This great man was not more conspicuous as a patriot and a statesman, than as a person of universal knowledge and learning ; *as, by dividing his time between the public scenes of business and the private retirements of life, he took care to keep up both the great and good man ; so, by the same means, he accomplished himself, not only in the knowledge of men and things, but in the skill of the most refined arts and sciences.*"

Some idea of the extent of his literary pursuits, as collector, editor, and author, may be conceived from the following observations of that distinguished nobleman, the Earl of Hardwicke, given in a selection from Lord Somers' writings, which were published by the former nobleman in 1778 :—

" The world will do that justice to the collection, as not to suppose that these specimens from it, *immitis ignis reliquis,** will afford an adequate idea of its merits. It filled upwards of sixty

* Alluding to an accidental fire at the chambers of the Honourable Charles York, in Lincoln's Inn.

volumes, in quarto, and did not contain a paper from Lord Somers' pen which the most intimate friend would have wished to secrete, or the bitterest enemy could have fairly turned to his prejudice." Somers' Tracts, published in the middle of the last century, and since republished under the superintendence of Sir Walter Scott, ran to sixteen volumes quarto. Can it be presumed, for one moment, that a thorough knowledge of law is incompatible with a general acquaintance of literature, when we find the most renowned sages of the one passionately addicted to the other. What shall be said of Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield, whose classical tastes and literary attainments prevented him from associating with his merely professional brethren, and to prefer the companionship of men of more versatile genius. "When he first came to town," says Johnson, "he drank champagne with the wits." Was the knowledge of his literary pursuits—of his poetic taste—of his friendship for Pope, and others—any bar to his acquiring an overflow of business unparalleled in the annals of legal history? Or where could he have stored his mind with those sublime images which lent such an irresistible charm to all his exertions, when called upon for the benefit of his client or his country, in after years? Surely from the sources of that stream, which, I have been told, is poison to the lawyer's lips.

I might continue multiplying instances upon instances ; but I am satisfied it were needless, if my reader be a person of enlarged views, or useless, if otherwise. In the present day, I am happy to say, that I have many high authorities to warrant me in the step I am taking. The public will believe, and with God's blessing they shall believe, that it is possible for a person to write a book, such as this, and be, at the same time, well versed in the learning of his profession. Even in our own time the dignity of the coif rests on the shoulders of the author of the most poetic tragedy in our language, and one, who influenced by the refined feelings of literary taste, has devoted his powerful talents to the encouragement of learning, and will leave future authors to bless God that there was a day, when the lawyer and author were combined, and the legal lore of the former was successfully devoted in conferring on the offspring of genius its just reward.

There is one name with which these pages must close, because the most prejudiced cannot but acknowledge the justice of the foregoing remarks, when beholding it. It is a name which every student, and, indeed, every lawyer, must ever regard with reverence—Sir William Blackstone. He has obtained a fame which is imperishable as the laws of England. His Commentaries are read by every class—his composition delights while it instructs

—no length of years can divest them of the charm of novelty—they are as much esteemed to-day as half a century back, and will, doubtless, a century to come. Wherein consists the charm?—what is it that strews flowers along the dull and dreary road, and sheds a pleasing brightness over the black-lettered page?—it is literary composition.

As I am willing to anticipate every objection, I readily allow that Blackstone, who devoted, while at Pembroke College, no inconsiderable portion of his time to literary and scientific pursuits, thought it prudent to abandon them, when entering on the duties of his profession. And this may appear a stumbling-block which I cannot get over; but the reader must remember that I do not object to that. If any occupation claims our attention, to the exclusion of a more important one, such fascinating pursuit should be instantly abandoned. Then, indeed, if persevered in, no one, for a moment, can question its impropriety. Poetry was the delight of Blackstone, he could not divert his thoughts from it, in order to apply them to his more serious task, therefore wisely discarded the Muses. He could not practise *temperance*, though his strength of mind enabled him to endure *abstinence*. Such a distinction is by no means rare.

May it be then remembered, that almost every eminent lawyer has indulged in a partiality more

or less for the *Belles-lettres*. Cowper, Harcourt, Talbot, and Stowell, are names I have not before mentioned. The talented bar of my own country presents so many gifted names, that I might be guilty of injustice if I mentioned some and omitted others; I shall merely call attention to "The Life of Curran by his Son;" one of the most agreeable biographical works ever written.

For the satisfaction of my fellow-students—for the gratification of my friends, and in justice to what I felt due to my own character, so soon about to appear in the long robe, I have made these hurried observations—principally to inform my friends, that the work, which is the subject of them, has not precluded me from acquiring that knowledge which I shall be proud to apply to their interests *on request*, to shew that the time required to make a lawyer, may be judiciously interspersed by studies of a nature demanding less intense application than *the books*,—that such avocations, the amusements of the mind, are not inconsistent with the duty I owe the noble study I am engaged in, no more than recreation to the body is an injury to the health. If immoderately used, both are similarly detrimental.

I have already detained the kind reader on this topic, and shall take leave in the same language as Sir W. Blackstone, when abandoning the Muses:—

Then welcome business—welcome strife,
Welcome the cares, the thorns of life,
The visage wan, the poreblind sight,
The toil by day, the lamp by night ;
The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pert dispute, the dull debate ;
The drowsy bench, the babbling hall,
For thee, fair JUSTICE, welcome all !

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IMPRESSIONS

AT

HOME AND ABROAD.

CHAPTER I.

My Birthday—Reflections on attaining my majority—Stag-hunt at Killarney—Lines on the Lakes—Mitchelstown Castle—Earl of Kingston's Lodge—The Mountain Caves.

Vingt-un.

* * * TWENTY-ONE—I have commenced a new epoch! Time has raced over with rapid gait the hours of infancy and youth, and leaped the bounds dividing the boy from the man.—I feel not greater nor larger, taller, nor broader, than on yesterday; yet how many privileges am I this moment invested with!

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My home! I am away from thy roof-tree, and the happy scenes of my childhood. For twenty-one years the sunshine of happiness had beamed on me, and the spring of gaiety unfolded successive pleasures ripe for my enjoyment; a score of natal days quietly succeeded, and I am now about to run my course, launched on the turbulent stream of life, to buffet with adverse tides.

Let me take a glimpse, then, at that home, whence I have wandered here. My mother—excellent parent! dost thou think on thy absent boy? Are his childish follies forgotten, and his future prospects looked forward to with pride? My father! dost thou feel thy son will be unto thee an aid and assistance in thy declining years, to bear the burthen thou hast hitherto so manfully sustained—the maintenance of a numerous family? My brothers and sisters! do you feel that a new impetus is given to our exertions, that a new force is lent to family power, a new citizen is added to the world, whose endeavours shall bring more wealth to the general stock, more honour to an ancient name? Let me hope so! And thou, O God! who of thy infinite mercy hast vouchsafed so long to spare me, grant and ordain that every returning year may impart an increase of thy bounty, and, as each succeeding hour draws me nearer to the end of my life I shall also advance to thee—that when time ceases to prolong my days, and this world with its pride passeth away, I may in

the end obtain a haven of everlasting repose with thee.

Though absent from my home, I cannot complain that my being of age is fading into forgetfulness, like an every-day occurrence; the sun shining from a cloudless sky rouses me from my couch, and the sound of many voices tells of an event;—the scene is Killarney on the day of a stag-hunt. Now as I think a stag-hunt, particularly at Killarney, as pretty a circumstance to preserve the memory of one's birthday as an humble being like myself could wish for, I give a faint outline of the proceedings.

Waken, lords and ladies gay!
The mists have left the mountains gray :
We can shew you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size :
We can shew the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd.
You shall see him brought to bay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay !

Waken I joyously did, and gazed earnestly on the intensity of blue sky, unruffled by a single cloud. As I descended, the whole house and entire town seemed to be in a ferment—boatmen grouped in various crews were ready to accompany any party to which they were assigned—mine hostess was up to her elbows in hams, turkeys, fowls, beef, and bottles of all sorts and sizes—

baskets half packed stood in the car, some loaded—porters crowded the hall, and vehicles *ad libitum* stood ready at the door—all were talking of the stag-hunt—there was no time to be lost. I break-fasted, arranged a party of three with myself, hired a boat, with a pattera, (a kind of cannon) to fire at the eagle's nest, and ordered dinner for ourselves and men—ham and turkey, mutton, beefsteak-pie, and salmon to roast on arbutus skewers, ale, porter, sherry—and whiskey for the crew.

At half-past ten we garrisoned Finn's outside car, and set out for Ross-quay, where we embarked. There we found craft of every class of vessel, from the eight-oared stately barge to the light and tiny punt. Crowds were already arrived, or arriving in carriages of all descriptions, from the gay, dashing barouche, or open landau of the patrician, to the humble tax-cart of the plebeian: in fact a stag-hunt is quite a *fête* day in Killarney, where all make it a point to be present, consequently the crowds embarking were enormous.

Now we are comfortably seated in our well-manned shallop, and glide over the waters of the Lower Lake.

Wide flashed the waters as the light oars fell,
Answered the boatsman's song the joyous glee
Of hearts full set on mirth and revelry.

The wind blew fresh between O'Donohue's library and Glená, and ever and anon the sheets

of spray would curl, and break, on the bows of the boat, sending the silver shower over our heads. It was a gay sight, where, having abandoned the water, owing to the shallows, we landed on Glená's bank, to have the boats hauled up the rapids, beneath Old Wier Bridge. This is the most exciting scene on the lakes : the strenuous exertions of the boatmen, dragging their craft against the rapid stream—the gay parties standing on the mossy bank, each the picture of mirth and cheerfulness—the romantic scenery of wild woods, on either side—the rushing torrent between, covered with gliding boats—the springing arches of the venerable bridge—and the peaks of the majestic mountains in the distance, combine to form one of the most picturesque sights ever presented to mortal ken.

Again we embarked, and entered the channel leading to the Upper Lake, where the stag was to be hunted, a narrow passage of five miles in length, varying in scenic beauty. When we reached the Eagle's Nest the bugles woke the echoes, and words can give but a faint idea of the magical effect of the music,—

The bugle's mellow note,
Rousing the echoes of the Eagle Rock,

is only to be imagined by the sound of a full band produced by a single instrument.

At one o'clock the hounds were laid on at Cahernane.

Hark to the signal shot!—the mountain rear,
The burst of that brave pack!—the frequent shout.
The watchers on the hills begin to pour,
As bursts the red deer from the wild woods out,
Lo! down he dashes through the giddy rout,
With glancing eye, and antlers' branchy pride,
While fast the big round tears begin to sput,
One moment stands he by the river side,
Looks lingering up the hills, then plunges in the tide.

Many minutes had not elapsed ere the loud music of the dogs told that they had winded their object. The cry of hounds has always something cheering in it; but for a lover of the chase to hear it from the calm bosom of the waters the effect is magical. Glimpses were now caught of the stag as he endeavoured to ascend the mountain, but the watchers stood their ground, so he doubled back, and, stoutly facing the dogs, he next dashed off towards the glen of Derrycunnihy, leaving hound and hunter far behind. Here he was concealed by the recesses of the glen for some time, and thought to escape to Galway's river, but was prevented. Defeated in this second attempt, and the hounds pressing him, he proceeded at a rapid pace downwards; but being obstructed in his route by a horseman, he rushed at him, and gored the horse with his antlers. Notwithstanding the suddenness of the attack, and the precarious footing, the gentleman shewed great courage: he held a tight-rein, and prevented the wounded animal he bestrode plunging into the thicket beneath. The

stag then attacked the rider and unhorsed him. Happily he escaped unhurt. Having forced his way by fair fighting, the stag would have taken the soil at Derrycunnihy river, but he was forced back by the dogs, who now pursued him in full cry. He took the river finally near Hyde's cottage, yet the hounds came up to him ere he gained the opposite shore: through the exertions of two gentlemen, however, he escaped without injury.

He was afterwards enlarged at Caurillan Bay, amidst the cheers of thousands. When he found himself landed on terra firma, he turned an inquisitive gaze on his persecutors, shook the water from his sleek sides, cast a scornful glance on the splendid pageant before him, and tossing back his antlered brow, in the pride of recovered freedom, galloped off to his broad domains.

The gallant stag is ta'en, the chase is o'er.
Within Glená's lone fairy bay once more,
That joyous fleet doth in its glory float,
As calm as skiff within some castle's moat;
And thence they set the antler'd monarch free:
Proudly he stems the wave, right glad to see
His native wilds, and be at liberty.

After the sports of the day were concluded we retired to Dinis Island, and finding an umbrageous shade among the leafy nooks, unpacked our basket, and feasted like ancient chiefs.

Mr. and Mrs. H.——, Mr. L—— and myself did ample justice to Mrs. Finn's provisions. Then

returned to our hotel truly gratified by our amusements—dined, and in the evening adjourned to the coffee-room, and heard Old Gandsey, the celebrated blind piper.

He is a man of evidently “the better order of beings.” A head such as Sterne might have copied for his Monk, or which Guido might have painted. The sightless orbs added interest to his expressive features, as inducing our compassion,—and his slight, spare figure, was the beau ideal of an ancient bard. Who can describe his music? I had not thought the bag-pipes capable of producing such effect. He played in tones exciting the most thrilling emotion, the plaintive melodies of his native land, or the chivalrous breathings of her poetic war-songs—and all with equal power and equal pathos.—*Quere, Why are pipers generally blind?*

After listening to some airs, more delighted with music than I had ever been before, I happened to mention that it was my natal day, on which I had attained my majority. I was soon made sensible of my imprudence, by a general call for champagne to drink my health. “ You know,” said my friend, “ it must not be done in common wines—port or sherry—so order Ruinart at once.”

I saw it was unavoidable.—I directed Finn to send up his best, and it made the heaviest item afterwards in his bill.—But only once can I become of age.

KILLARNEY LAKES.

Lines written in Finn's Album.

KILLARNEY lakes, Killarney lakes!
 By ev'ry tourist seen and sung,
 Where mountains, rocks, and ivied brakes,
 And wooded isles are boldly flung:
 To other scenes I turn my view—
 Then for awhile, loved lakes, adieu !

To where the castled Rhine doth flow,
 Where Tell, and the Swiss patriots stood ;
 To where Napoleon ruled I go—
 Where warring nations spilt their blood ;
 Where Irish hearts proved firm, and true,
 On thy red plains, bleak Waterloo !

Fair Lochlene, I can ne'er forget,
 The outlines bold of Dunloch's gap ;
 Sweet Dinis isle, when friends are met ;
 High Mangerton, whence like a map,
 Hills, valleys, lakes, below are seen,
 Crouching around for miles I ween.

Say, have you trod the lake's bold shore,
 And seen the mountain lord pursued ?
 From ev'ry rock, and cliff, the roar
 Is echoed back o'er fell and flood.
 Have you at night, in Finn's long hall,
 Heard Gandsey's pipes gone days recall ?

Sweet isle, farewell ! The monks of old,
 With those they shrived, Time's debt have paid :
 In this lone spot their beads they told,
 Their vigils kept, and calmly prayed,—
 The evening sunbeam's parting smile
 Lights on thee — Innisfallen isle !

Loved lakes, adieu ! three nations here
 Had each a son — we strangers met ;
 But parted friends both near, and dear —
 From Friendship's fount the bonds were wet,
 At Finn's hotel let all remain,
 Who fain would visit fair Lochlane.

December 17th.

Having heard so much of the recently discovered Caverns of Mitchelstown I determined to explore them ; and taking advantage of a hard frost, which totally precluded all possibility of hunting — the only sport to which I am attached — set forth on my excursion.

The scenery along the road from Fermoy to Mitchelstown presents nothing, after leaving the neighbourhood of Kilworth (where the views from the bridge over the Funcheon, with the ruined castle in Lord Mount-Cashel's demesne, and the handsome house, and busy mills of Mr. C. make a pretty picture), but an unbroken series of mountain and moor, diversified at intervals, certainly not “few and far between,” with small patches of cultivation, struggling for a brief existence, with

the natural badness of the soil. One object forms too prominent a feature in the scene to be passed by unnoticed—the lonely tower of Caherdringha—once a watch-post of the Hydes or Roaches ; now, like its lordly owners, crumbling into dust. Though devoid of any claim to architectural merit, yet few can pass by that fallen vestige of ancient dominion without at least an effort to learn its name. Leaving the ruin behind, you descend a hill, and a noble range of mountains may be seen raising their blue and lofty crests northward. These are the Gaultys, stretching over part of the counties of Cork, Limerick, Tipperary, and I believe a portion of Waterford. The neat Barracks are on the left before you reach the town. From the centre of a clump of trees, the taper spire of the handsome church serves for a kind of land-mark, and the equally well-finished Catholic chapel stands to the right. After continuing by the broad street in front of the Church, I reached the square, the north side of which is occupied by a regular row of building called the College, a charitable institution of the Earl of Kingston. Here is an excellent inn, and facing it on the west side is the entrance to the Castle. The avenue winds in a serpentine direction, skirting a hill on which this lordly dwelling is built, and the visitor arrives close by ere he is aware of his proximity.—You hurry on a few steps and the topmost tower, “like the mast of some huge admiral” strikes on the sight. Gradually you

take in an increased portion of the building, and when you have reached the gravelled space in front, the majestic pile stands in grand perspective, threatening the clouds with its lofty turrets, and delighting the imagination by the extent of its magnificence. It occupies some moments, during which you are motionless from admiration or surprise, ere you can receive a correct outline of this superb structure; and, after feasting your eyes on battlements, and balustrades, and all the minutiae of Gothic architecture, pass on to the lordly hall. You approach the portal, which is formed of oak grown on the estate—indeed almost all the materials were had from some district or other of the Earl's extensive territory—and cannot divest your mind of a feeling of awe, as if in the presence of something superior. A hall corresponding with the ideas conceived from the external appearance is entered; you mount up some steps, and traverse the ball-room 150 feet by 25, the fire-places of which are curious; a knight in armour standing at either side of each, and supporting the bars. The rest of the apartments are equally fine, and when the doors of the entire are thrown open, the whole conveys an idea of vastness, such as is seldom experienced. The prospect from the tower is ample. You behold, far as the eye can reach, the immense possessions of the lord of the castle—dark forests clothing the distant hills—plains affording pasture to herds of cattle—the

bright rays of the sun flash on the far-off river as the breathing zephyrs bear its murmurs to your ear. The well kept gardens, and, above all, the conservatories, are worth the attention of the visitor.

Having bade adieu to this proud pile, I drove through the town on my way to the Mountain-lodge, a sporting residence of the Kingston family. The road is partly the mail coach one, but at Kilbenny it branches off towards the foot of the mountain, and in a short time I arrived at a gate entering on an avenue. An extensive wood, planted on the side of a mountain, is on either hand, and right through the trees the approach winds.

Nothing can be more beautiful when the descent is made. I skirted a hill, and gained a little bridge at the bottom. The whole scene was extremely picturesque. Crowning the summit of a "gentle hill" was the lodge, looking like some Chinese building with its octagon towers and broad roofs. A majestic mountain rose before me. The rivulet, as it swept through the arch of the bridge on which I stood, sent forth a low and pleasing sound from its crystal surface, and then kept the even tenor of its way, through the windings of the lonely glen. I love the melody of the gushing rill, and pause to hear its patient gurglings, when the rude rocks oppose its tranquil flow. It sheds a few silvery tears on the obdurate flint, which, like all complaints, are at first seldom attended to, but, taking a stronger hold by repetition, at length the evil is removed. In

what does the stream of life differ from any other? Our current flows calmly at our birth; our bounds are contracted, our motion slow; as we continue our progress obstructions meet us; inlets, as impulses, direct our stream to flow into various channels; roughness causes violence in our motion; smoothness procures tranquillity; the more turbulent the shallower, the less noise the greater depth. When about to be united with the vast ocean, which is the true type of eternity, our surface is apparently calm, but it is accelerated, and though we have lost much of the boisterous brawlings of our former career, our tide is ebbing fast away.

The lodge is fitted up in a very plain manner, with nothing remarkable either in or about it, and chiefly owes its fame to the splendid scenery, by which it is environed. Over the entrance is the Kingston crest in cut stone, as at Mitchelstown castle.

The drive through the glen wore the same garb of beauty as that to the lodge. Trees, so planted as to form a barrier on one side of the path, were the only obstacle to prevent the carriage, if it deviated from the road, being dashed to pieces at the base of the rocks, a thousand feet beneath; and high above rose the cloud-capp'd hills, the wreathed mists resting on their summits. On emerging from the woodland the same miserable attempt at cultivation before alluded to almost sickened me, as if it were an attempt at forcing nature, and I recollect the words of Bryant:—

Before these fields were shorn and tilled,
Full to the brim the rivers flowed,
The melody of waters filled
The fresh and boundless wood ;
And torrents dashed, and rivers played,
And fountains spouted in the shade.

We speedily reached the main road, formerly departed from, and soon arrived at the *shibeen* house near the caves. This rural inn, unlike many others of the same class, presented a clean boarded room ; and having partaken of some refreshment, with which I was provided, washed down by a glass of wine, I struck across the fields to the domicile of the proprietor, or owner of the land, where the caverns were discovered. He attended me with alacrity. I inscribed my name in a book, and Gorman (the farmer) having procured lights, accompanied me to the caves. Many others also, incited by curiosity, were about to descend, and there was no lack of guides to be employed whether you would or no. The distance of the entrance from Gorman's cottage is very short, only a few hundred yards. In the centre of a field, on the side of a hill, is a quarry, which we entered, and an aperture about two feet and a half square, covered by some grating to prevent intrusion, disclosed the passage into this extraordinary subterranean palace. We crept through this, slid down a declivity of rock nearly fifteen feet, of course by a process slow and sure. We next reached the top of a ladder, by means of which we

descended twenty feet further, and arrived in the passage to the great hall. I never experienced anything more awfully exciting to my feelings than contemplating the scene in which I was then placed, and my companions, had they reflected, would doubtless avow the same. Isolated from all we loved on earth, shut out from the light of heaven, with huge rocks piled on every side in the wildest disorder, left almost in total darkness,—well might we have exclaimed,

Cavern of the mountain, depth profound,
Never did the gleam of summer sunshine
Illumine thy dark wall.

Suddenly, however, the shifting of the lights cast a ruddy glare on the long concealed treasures, and nothing could be more beautiful than the spectacle then presented to our sight. Huge pillars of stalactites, pendent from the roof, as if supporting it, and based on the solid rock of the floor, looked quite transparent. The dazzling glitter of the spars reminded me of the scene in Alladin, when he entered the fairy garden, and beheld each tree laden with jewels and precious stones. After climbing over gigantic rocks, I entered the House of Lords as it is called, the first cave of any extent. Here the sight, wrapt in wonder, runs from pillar to pillar, and from spar to spar. It appears as if it had been the abode of some primeval being, who had left it a matter of amazement to future generations. We

placed the guides one in each corner, and caused the lights to be raised. The effect was grand and impressive; for the mind dilates with the size of the hall, and ideas far above what the common-place scenes of life induce, occupy your mind. As the advance of the party were pursuing their way to the next compartment through a winding passage, and I stood alone in the vast saloon, which yet resounded with their departing voices and footfalls, my imagination was powerfully affected. Where I stood, perhaps, mortal man had never trod before, or it may have been untenanted since the flood; no being of human frame had dwelt amid this chaos of sublime creation, which till a few months back had been wrapt in the sleep of ages. As yet it bore the impress of a lethargic spirit, for it wanted some spark of animation. It was—

A wilderness of ruin without bound,
Lonelier than loneliness,—of sterner gloom,
Than tempest-laden midnight! Not a sound
Nor sign of life. The silence of despair,
The solitude of death!

Fearful of being left alone in this vast prison-house, I hastened after and rejoined my companions. With much difficulty we clambered to the Kingston hall, which is considered the largest of those yet discovered. The roof is supported on seven pillars of the most beautiful white petrification, for one of which Lord Kingsborough refused fifty

guineas, and most praiseworthy has given directions not to allow any of the spars to be removed. On the way to the curtain gallery, we were shewn the Irish Harp, a white sheet of stalactite, shaped like that instrument, and which on being struck emits most musical sounds. There is also an organ which produces a soft hollow tone like the breathings of a flute. We continued to ascend until we reached the curtain, a thin transparent sheet of snow-white petrifaction, falling in folds of natural drapery, like a piece of gauze or muslin. It is really perfect. The handkerchief of Venus, in another part of the cavern, is of the same description. After climbing over a succession of difficult rocks to a great height, we reached the gallery leading to the altar. On one side is a steep declivity of several feet, and on the other, a narrow ledge of rock over which our footing lay. Owing to the rock overhead projecting, it requires the nicest care and the most perfect steadiness, to effect a safe passage ; and take heed as you—

Look on the abyss, by time and ruin rent ;
Look, and recoil not ; steady be the brain,
Firm be the grasp, and footstep of descent
Precipitous.

As you make your descent from the dizzy height, you are shewn the King's Crown : a stalactite which glitters as though set in jewels when the light

falls on it; and in a corner formed by the rocks diverging on either side you behold the altar. A small recess is not unlike the tabernacle, and another spars bears a resemblance to the chalice. A religious silence seems to pervade the vast area around. Behind, where the light which the guide carries cannot fall, is one vast shadow, peopled with lofty ledges of limestone rock, looking grim and fantastic in the gloom. Before you stands the altar, at which your soul pours forth a kind of tributary offering to the Great Creator who formed and presides over this wild scene; and, however courageous, you feel in spite of you,—

How those awful caves and vacant halls
Chill the suspended soul, till expectation
Wears the face of fear, and fear half ready
To become devotion, mutters a kind
Of mental orison, it knows not wherefore : —

but, as if indulging in the spirit of the scene, you cannot fail to find within your bosom, thoughts

Too big for utterance.

Retracing my steps once more, I reached a small chamber, and from this four regular passages branch off. It is denominated the Cross-roads, and on an attentive observation I discerned that the walls were fluted in the same style as the organ. Farther on is a curious passage, high and steep: suddenly

a guide runs round and stands on the top of the rock. The effect of the waving light, when he shifts it to and fro is very fine, and as it falls on the white spars it resembles the Aurora Borealis; the fleeting glare, like the dim and uncertain flashes of the northern light, glancing with as strange and mysterious a gleam. By far the most difficult passage leads to the river. Active as I considered myself, I was at times sorely bespnt, and in no slight fear as to *non est inventus* being returned on demanding me. I would not recommend any one but a person accustomed to go bird-nesting or chimney-sweeping to essay it. I have heard of ladies having done it: if so, "good Lord deliver us!"

The passage on the return is found more difficult than on the first entrance; and after a continued exercise of some hours, I was much inclined to say with Virgil,—

Facilis descensus Averno,
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est.

The cheering light of day, stealing through the chasm of the door, lent new vigor to my exhausted frame. To a mind long condemned to captivity, and the gloom of the dungeon, I can readily conceive what the effect might be; for having voluntarily encountered this exploring expedition, I felt, after emerging from the regions below, as though

restored to the face of a friend from whom I had been long estranged ; and, with my companions, rejoiced, after scrutinizing the secrets of the womb of earth, mid the gloom of night and confusion of chaos, once more to breathe the free air of heaven, and speak of the dangers we had passed.

CHAPTER II.

Visit to the Abbey of Mount Melleray.—Account of the Monks of La Trappe.—Wild scenery.—First glimpse of the Convent.—Hurried survey.—Picturesque glance of Cappoquin.—View of Lismore and Castle.—Death-bell Poetry.—Thoughts on the foregoing.

Tuesday, December 29th, 1835.

As I considered it incumbent on me to be acquainted with the objects which nature, or art, have rendered remarkable in my own country, before seeking those in another, applying the same rule to places worth visiting, as Pope does to language,—

Leave every foreign tongue alone
Till you can read and spell your own;

I mounted my gig, and, accompanied but by my servant, set out to visit the newly-erected convent of Melleray, the dwelling of the monks of La Trappe.

This order, of which there are no less than seventeen houses in France, was, during the disturbances which continually pervade that distracted

country, suspected of nursing designs hostile to the government, and with the facts before their eyes, that this peculiar class of men, have no connection with the affairs of this world (perpetual silence being one of their most inviolate rules), forced them, without trial, or inquiry, by the ruthless means of armed soldiery, to leave the peaceful monastery where they were worshipping God after their own way; as they fondly hoped, "forgetting the world, by the world forgot," and seek in another country that refuge they were denied in their own.

Upon this, without a home, or the means of acquiring one, being stript of all, save the habits they wore, and trusting to the charity of the Irish, and the hope that the Being whom they served, would not forsake them in their distress, they came to this country.

Sir Richard Keane, of the county Waterford, generously allotted them a portion of ground, at a nominal value; and on this the brethren have, in the short space of three years, raised a splendid temple to God—a monument of perseverance to men.

Possessed with an anxious desire to be a personal observer of what had taken such a powerful hold of my imagination—the gloomy solitude—the desert situation—the rugged abode, chosen by this singular fraternity for their abbey; I was impelled to seek them—and then, when I

called to mind their rigid separation from the intercourse of human society, the inviolable taciturnity imposed on themselves by their rules, and their severe penances, including total absence from animal food, it seemed more like the visionary fabrics of fancy, revelling in the exuberant ideas of an Arabian tale, or dream of by-gone ages, than actual reality, seen, heard, felt, and discovered by the senses of those who would take the trouble to put them to the test, by an actual survey, in the present day.

We passed on through Lismore to Cappoquin, from which latter place it is about three miles distant. The road between the two small towns runs along the left bank of the river Blackwater. The scenery on either side is beautiful. Rich plantation clothe the winding hills in robes of varied hue, and neat villas peep from out the vistas of the trees. Sloping to the water's edge are green lawns, or fine tillage land. Fat, contented cattle were grazing on the well-watered meads, or the industrious ploughman urged his beasts to draw the coulter through the loamy furrow. At the entrance to Cappoquin there is a very handsome wooden bridge. This is washed by the tide from the Atlantic, which comes up about twelve miles from Youghall. The town is small, but contains some good houses; at the upper end it dwindles into a row of mud cabins.

After leaving the town, we went on direct over

as bad a piece of road as ever springs were tried on: this, however, did not last long. About a quarter of a mile we diverged on a mountain track striking to the left, and soon the native wildness of the district became apparent; cultivation grew “small by degrees, and beautifully less;” until we lost all trace of its existence, and nothing save the clear sky and savage hills were to be seen. The road now led us along the side of a steep dell, majestically wooded, and the effect was sublime. On one hand the trees rose above us, the oaks casting their brawny arms over our path, and on the other, continuing to wave their topmost branches, until lost in the depth of the abyss. Beneath there ran, at the wood’s base, a clear, murmuring rivulet, that hummed its wild way, like a bee among flowers, singing its vespers to the stars, which now appeared in the evening sky; and right up from the brink of the tiny stream, rose the broad, steep bosom of a Titanic mountain, thickly clad with a noble forest, looking, in the haze of coming night, like a vast sea undisturbed by the breath of wind,—all was so smooth and tranquil. Piercing through the gorge of the mountain, the eye surveyed a vast track of bog and moor land, stretching away to a horizon of lofty hills; and, nearly at the base of the central, rises the elevated spire of Melleray Abbey.

Descending the hill, the full view of the convent strikes you, and has a singular effect. Alone in a

wilderness,—no habitation near it,—the vastness of its size,—its origin and appropriation,—all combine to render it an object of interest ; and, as its majestic proportions are disclosed by a near approach, and compared with its unexpected appearance in the isolated region in which it is erected, we call to mind the genii-built palaces, said to be seen in the Arabian deserts by a few favoured mortals.

At the foot of the eminence on which the abbey is built, and where the land of the brethren commences, I observed a small house, in which I was afterwards informed by the abbot two of the fraternity reside. Here they have established a nursery for rearing young trees, which, when of a sufficient growth, and inured to the soil, are transplanted to the higher and more exposed plantations.

As I ascended, I could perceive every where the marks of order and cultivation—good fences, heaps of manure, and growing crops, turnips, corn, &c. They have here five hundred and seventy acres, which, when presented, were mere bog. They set about their task of reclaiming with the resolve of men determined to conquer every difficulty; burnt lime, quarried stones, and the first year had a fine abundant crop of potatoes. There are now three hundred acres fit for agricultural purposes, and the remainder is in a fair way!

At the entrance is a neat lodge, two stories high, where, I understand, the guests must dine, flesh

meat being prohibited from use within the precincts of the monastery ;—the brethren live entirely on bread and vegetable diet ; they are spare, sinewy men, and equal to much labour.

I directed my servant to drive round to the guest-house ; and, on the porter making his appearance, was ushered into the small reception room. I handed him my card for the abbot ; and, on his going to seek him, had full leisure to survey the apartment. It is a small square room, rather low. Over the chimney-piece are several religious prints, and an exquisite crayon Madonna.

The brother porter returned, and introduced his superior,* Rev. Dr. Ryan. I found the abbot a most gentlemanly, good-humoured clergyman ; and, as he is permitted to communicate with visitors, we had a good deal of conversation. On his invitation to see the buildings, I accompanied him ; and certainly the vastness of design, and skill in execution, are almost miraculous. It would be endless, and, indeed, from my short visit, impossible for me to describe minutely every portion of this stupendous place. I was shewn one room which is finished—it is intended for the dormitory,—one hundred and seventy feet in length ! The spire is, I believe, of equal height—all the work of the monks themselves. They are excel-

* He is mitred abbot, with jurisdiction of bishop within his monastery.

lent artizans. The chapel is of amazing extent: I may quote the account of it by Mr. Inglis. "The building vies in size with any moderate cathedral, and might hold within it a dozen of the Irish Protestant churches."

The monks are about fifty in number, but will be soon increased, owing to another convent intending to join them when their work is finished; at present they have not room for more. They have received infinite assistance from the peasantry, who deemed it a species of duty to serve those religious men. They thankfully receive any donation. The Duke of Devonshire munificently gave them £100; and many other Protestants, and Catholics sent various sums which they expended in labour.

The brethren are chiefly young men, slight and hardy looking; their order is peculiarly severe: abstinence from animal food, and silence, are some of the austerities. There are a good number of Irish—the rest English and French. In a handsome square, formed by the church on one side, and the dwellings on the others, is the cemetery. It is not yet laid out properly—but one brother sleeps there already.

As the night was drawing to a close I left the superior to return to Cappoquin.

The reflections, produced by a survey of the Creator's power, here manifested by the successful undertakings of his servants, were naturally pleasing—pleasing, in as much as the facility of im-

proving the vast extent of useless land in Ireland was here proved. The brethren have done and will do much good by directing public attention to this important object, and prevent national power being lessened by the system of expatriation pursued, and the chief reason for which the example of the brothers of La Trappe may speedily put an end to.

Wednesday 30th.

After breakfasting with my kind friends the Ds—, in Cappoquin, I set out on my return. I was truly fortunate in the weather, which at this season of the year was unusually fine. The road was heavy, but free from ruts, and we got on without interruption. A bright sun gleamed over valley, and hill; and as I looked back on the town I had left, the houses, the woods, the shores, and the handsome wooden bridge, were reflected in the mirror-like water, distinct and vivid. The frost of the night had melted away, and now the unpeopled streams, bursting their icy rivets, came in silver chains from the hills, leaping and singing, as if rejoicing in the presence of the glowing sun, which spread a glare of radiance over rivulet and rock. A mimic cascade fell in shining sheets, tumbling from masses of lime stone to the road side, and gladdening the ear by its joyous din. As we drove along the winding banks I looked repeatedly at the calm river, reflecting the gorgeous tint of the fleecy clouds, and gurgling through the rocks which bordered the stream,— I thought on the

days how, when a boy, I would be dabbling in the sandy shallows, or fishing in the darksome depths. Some of the old trees lining the road had fallen from their high estate, either blown down by the winds, or stricken by time, and the flood (which formerly reflected but their shadow) now swept through the prostrate boughs, a type of human life. We, too, will be laid in the earth, we now walk over. The whole surface of the land was shining in the bright sunlight — the sky, soft, calm, and untroubled, as the sleep of an infant child. I paused for reflection, and in admiration as I approached Lismore. The bridge, with its broad arches, springing from the numerous blocks of stone, on which they have foundation, the wide sheet of water, winding its restless course over the rocks, and tumbling from bed to bed, like a sheet of silver gauze, while the bright beams and glittering spray flashed on the brown blocks their “splinters of light.” The noble groves of ancient ash, and beech trees, the cliffs, mantled with green and verdant ivy, hanging in festoons of the most luxuriant foliage, and climbing the topmast pinnacles of the embattled towers, boldly perched on the summit, in the sublime magnificence of ducal pride. The venerable cathedral crowning the modest hill, the sombre woods, extending to the brink of the calm water, and the smooth expansive meadow-inch, along which glides the

stream, deep, and bright, reflecting in beautiful and fairy-like portraiture, this lovely prospect, formed an object of contemplation at once the most enchanting and picturesque. As we drove up the hill, by the side of the Castle, a sound, solemn and imposing at all times disturbed the noiseless solitude that wrapt this quiet scene — It was the death bell tolling from the cathedral — What a volume does that knell contain! What wailing tears and sorrowing prayers! What woe and agony!

I cannot refrain from giving some lines on the Death Bell, which appeared in *La Belle Assemblee*.

The death bell! oh, the death bell! how awfully its tone,
Declares the wreck of human hopes, and a spirit newly flown;
Telling of many an aching heart, and many a broken tie,
And breathing to the list'ner's ear, "Thou, too, art doom'd to die."

The death bell! oh, the death bell! how mournfully its sound,
Proclaims aloud a tale of woe to the careless world around,
The noiseless step, and darken'd room,—the softly heaving
breath—

The anxious prayers—the secret hope—the solemn hush of death.

The death bell! oh, the death bell! how heavily its chime,
E'en like a warning spirit's voice, denotes the flight of time,
Bidding the joyous, and the sad, reflect alike how brief,
The day of earthly pleasure, the night of earthly grief.

The death bell! oh, the death bell! its accents touch my heart,
And all life's fairy visions like mountain mists depart;
And yet I love the monitor—each heavy tone to me
Breathes solemnly of Life and Death, Time and Eternity.

As the solemn knell swung heavily and sadly on my ear, I cast a glance on the proud walls of Lismore castle, and reflected how often the same sound proclaimed to the surrounding country, that the lordly owner of these towers was no more; and, as I passed by that portion, clad in green and tottering in decay, I fancied the wind, sighing amid the sombre leaves, was like the mourning guardian of the place wailing in chorus over the ravages of time.

The shutters of the shops being closed, and the town sending forth its inhabitants, by the road I was travelling, told of some one of the better class of beings about to be consigned to his parent earth. At some distance I observed the melancholy procession approaching — the hearse, the mourning-coaches, private-carriages, and long line of equestrans, and pedestrians, moving in slow time, raised in my mind a desire to ask the question, “Who is dead?”

How often vainly and thoughtlessly is this question asked, and what a subject of contemplation may not be embodied in the answer! A father! the support of an exemplary wife and large family. The anxious matron! looking for-

ward to the settlement of her helpless little ones—the fond, the tender mother. A brother! the help of his parents, dutiful and diligent. The son! heir to vast possessions, long expected—long hoped for. The lovely daughter! and “though last not least,” the friend! Who has died?

It may be at this instant that amid the tumult of war and din of arms an hundred cannons are bellowing forth death from an hundred throats, and, despite the anxious prayers offered for their safety, the sturdy patriots are falling in their country’s cause on the crimsoned field. Who has died? Perhaps the fishes feed on the carcase of a shipwrecked seaman, who, cast by the raging ocean, found within the coral depths a watery grave. Long did he hope for succour from his comrades, but they heard him not; the wild blast drove them on, and left him to perish alone.

This brings me from reflection to reality. I have over-drawn no thread, for of such is the web of mortality wrought. As the funeral approached I inquired, “Who has died?” What a melancholy instance of the brevity of this life was the reply:

“The second son of a respectable family, both of whom were carried off within a week!”

The funeral passed on, and I returned to my home.

CHAPTER III.

New year's day.—A word to the past and address to the present year.—Old customs.—Regret for their disuse.—My farewell fox hunt.—A hint to horse owners.—My native town.—The covert Side.—Drawing for a fox.—The find.—A well-bred hunter.—Breaking covert.—Check at Lisnegar—The chase renewed.—The finish.—Love of sport among the Irish.—Approach to the B—— course.—Difference between steeple-chasing in England and Ireland.—Rival horses.—The start—The race—A dialogue on national music.—Rev. Dr. C—— parting.

Friday, January 1, 1836.
New Year's Day.

Thou art scarce emerged from the womb of time, and bear traces of purity on thy infant countenance; alas! how soon to be banished by the malignity of sin, and thy morning of life will be clouded by the aspect of sorrow. Where has thy senior fled? By whose omnipotent command hath thy parent vanished? To what unknown land has the old year gone? Are its destinies fulfilled and the objects it was to bring about

ccomplished ? Or has it set in anguish at the reckless unthrift of mankind, in the abuse of precious hours, which, alas ! can never be recalled ? And does it stand recorded as a witness against me for the waste I have made in the many opportunities I have had for improvement ?

Oh ! infant year ! infant year ! Ere thou hast passed thy childhood hours, how often will my tired spirit yearn for the wings of a dove, like the prophet of old to flee away and be at rest !—What mysteries will not thy seasons unfold ?—What new inventions ?—What undreamt of changes ?—Rise and fall of cities and men !—What strange accidents ?—Calamitous sorrows ! and unforeseen joys ! I know not if I may live to endure unto thy close ; nay, time itself may cease to exist, ere thou hast rolled thy course.

Formerly, and doubtless in many places where old customs are still kept up, with what festive solemnity was this day kept :—

I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year,
Your pockets full of money, and your barrels full of beer,

was the nursery address we learned in our childish days. Before immersed in the bustle of a worldly life, we were estranged from the *home-religion*, as it is well called, which brings families connected with each other by the endearing ties of kindred to meet together at this festive season.

The Christmas-holidays, always included Christ-

mas-day, New-Year-day, and Twelfth-day : the intermediate spaces were filled up with feasts and successive pleasures. In our youth how fondly would we look forward to this time, rise with presents, new gifts, Christmas-boxes, plum-puddings, mince-pies. On St. Stephen's-day, the wren-boys, the tiny bird in his holly bush decked with ribbons, carried in procession from door to door, with the song—

The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,
On Stephen's-day was caught in the furze,
Altho' he's little, his family's great,
Get up landlady, and give us a treat.

Then the hounds were out, and if we could purvey any kind of a horse, we were *hors-de-combat*. Our parents and elders were wont to enjoy those times, as much, perhaps, as ourselves ; they reminded them of the days when they too were young, and recalled emotions at once of a soothing and enlivening nature.

The cares and turmoils of the year had been passed over, smoothly perhaps, or leaving behind some furrowed tracks of time's ploughshare ; but now at the close they cast care away, and nestled in the bosom of their families, to spend that joyous season in exhilarating society. Even those on whom the cold, calculating, guarded, sordidness of the mammon for whom they toiled had crept ; whose thoughts were engrossed by interest, and

whom the weary selfishness of worldly industry succeeded in estranging, for the greater portion of their lives, from the quiet scenes of home ; whose feet wandered not in the wonted household path, and whose hearts love not to commune with the playmates of their school-boy times, at this particular season felt under the influence of some preternatural spell, which caused them to yearn for the pristine-fellowships of home. They abandoned their pursuits for the nonce, and once more trod on the hills they had roamed in their youth : sons visited the mansions of their parents ; relations congregated again under the old roof ; the childish pranks are re-acted by a generation of youngsters — long forgotten associations are recalled, and dear old familiar faces of nurses, and kin, remembered as of yore. These were the good old times, “when I was young and free.” But may we not say with Banim, lamenting the departure of olden scenes and scenery,

A wiser head I have I know,
Than when I loitered there ;
But in my wisdom there is woe,
And in my knowledge care.

What a pity it is, that these good customs are declining, and that we are grown too sensible to be influenced by the sympathies of natural emotions.

I went to chapel and heard prayers, visited the Agricultural Bank, and heard long conversations

respecting money matters. How those engrossing topics at such a time disgust the freeborn spirit. In the pursuit of gain, and thirst of wealth, the revels of Christmas are subsiding, and her ancient habits hastening into oblivion.

“Now-a-days, the schoolmaster being abroad,” as Lord Brougham says, “we find all the learned-wise arrayed in ranks opposed to the innocent customs of our forefathers. The fashionable aristocrat loathes the old manor-house of his father, or the baronial seat whence he derives his ancient name. The pedantic student knows better than to follow the manners of what he, in his acquirement will term, an age of ignorance; and thus they are banished from the busy haunts of man. Yet they are fought off slowly.

We do not easily forget old recollections, and the habits we learn in our youth generally outlast those we acquire in more advanced years: there is something which endears ancient associations in the mind of man, and we love old legends because they are old. Though we cannot see much sense even in what we learned to observe, still do we not cling to the same habits, because we would feel lonely if we got rid of them? And national customs, are, in my opinion, more sensibly honoured in the observance, than in the breach.

Saturday, January 2nd.

With pleasure, a little sobered by the reflection

that I was about to enjoy a farewell fox-hunt, I hailed the new-born day. The morning, when I arose, was gray and not yet clear; but a burnished line of gold streaked the sky from the east, and in a few moments a rolling away of dark clouds from the long range of the Gualty mountains, with the free blue sky becoming every moment more ethereal, betokened that it was indeed a glorious day.

“Here goes once more,” I soliloquized—drawing on my snow white doe-skins—stuffing my feet into my well-polished top-boots—slipping my arms through the opes of a scarlet plush waistcoat, and completing all by mounting my gay coat to match,—behold me accoutred *en robe de chasse*.

To see my hunter complete in all points, shoes, &c. and that nothing was deficient in the appurtenances, or amiss therewith, was the work of a moment. Having given particular directions as to where he should meet me at the covert, I proceeded next to discuss my breakfast. Masters generally trust too much to their servants in the management of their horses:—of course this is all very well if you are a man of large fortune, and have a confidential person whose entire business it is to superintend the *menage*; but where there is not a servant of this description, the more attention you yourself can pay to that part of your establishment the better. “The master’s eye fattens the horse,” is an old adage; and, I am sure, there is not a true sportsman who would not feel sorry if he believed the animal

from whose powers he has derived so much gratification was neglected. Besides the directions usually given overnight, as to sending the hunter in the morning to covert, may be mistaken. You are more confident, by a personal inspection that there is nothing amiss, than when you have only a servant's word for it, who perhaps, has sent your horse before you with the fore shoes loose, a rein cracked, or stirrup leather dosed, and is ready to take his oath, when you return to upbraid his neglect (that is, if you *do* return), that nothing of the kind was the matter in the morning. I breakfasted certainly with much more composure after seeing all was right, than if I had not done so; and, as the hounds were to meet at eleven, threw myself upon my hack and galloped off.

Whoever has left Fermoy Barracks, and when crossing the bridge connecting the north and south portions of the town, cast his eyes westward towards the rich woods of Castle-Hyde, or in the opposite direction to the busy mills, must acknowledge that on either side he beheld a sweet prospect. The river Blackwater is here of considerable breadth, and the banks present much landscape beauty. Looking up from the bridge, the eye surveys the handsome mansion of Fermoy-House, surrounded by its grassy lawn, and girt by a thickly-planted screen; a hill richly wooded, rises at the back, and the uniform range of Barracks appear commandingly placed like sentinels for protection; their white

walls well defined from the dark shadowings of the trees immediately below. Higher up the stream lie spread the well cultivated slopes of Grange, fringed with verdant groves ; and, rising from the river's brink, the tall black woods of Castle-Hyde are seen waving their stately boughs in long, sable tresses, like the curls of some gigantic maiden. In the opposite direction the scene is of a more animated, if less picturesque character. The town is an irregular oval, partly built on a hill where the chapel raises its ample bulk. Continuing by the heights, stand the walls of a commodious house which one of the clergymen has erected, and close by, the imposing *coup-d'œil* of the newly completed convent fill up the outline. The angular edifice known to all tyros as "the College," or Fermoy school (at present under the direction of my excellent teacher Doctor Fahie, LL.D.), is nearly parallel with the latter. The remainder of the town, with its most attractive feature the square, occupies the bank of the river. The ear is filled by the dash and fall of water, for the stream forms at the bridge a mimic cascade from a *weir*, or *dam*, running through the arches. I turned the corner of the square, and cantered up the hill, which commands a full view of the town, and locality. A new feature was introduced in the scene, by this more extended survey, which, as I have taken this opportunity of describing a place endeared to me by all the ties of home, childhood,

parents, friends, will not detain me a moment to insert. Where the northern bank breasts the stream, arises an undulating hill, crowned by a modern residence. Woods and grey limestone rocks extend, and shut out the horizon; facing these a bold jutting mass of shelving cliff starts forth in strong relief from the blue sky, and, bending gracefully into the stream, flowers and shrubs lie scattered at the base. Adown the rugged sides trees wave their branches as if to admire their shadows, —

Floating many a rood;

while on the bare pinnacled top rise the decayed walls of a venerable castle. Nearly one-half has fallen before the might of Cromwell, who destroyed, during his reign of terror, almost all the strongholds of Ireland.—Cairn's gloomy brow, with the strange heaps on its top, was soon skirted; my excelled little roadster held on his course unwearied, and, after performing the three miles in some twelve, or fifteen minutes, I rattled through the streets of Rathcormac, kept straight by Lord R—'s demesne wall, and soon the stately dwelling, now in the possession of the worthy parent of my quondam schoolfellow E. R—, appeared in sight.

At the gate of this truly princely residence were evident symptoms of sportsmen on the alert, led horses, some closely sheeted, were parading up and down; the stable of the adjoining Hotel was thronged, and a regular field-day was expected.

I rode with my friend Doctor E. B.— to see what was detaining the lord of the manor. I know of no residence in Ireland which presents such a specimen of domestic architecture as K—. The hall is superior to any thing I have seen, except perhaps Lord Belmore's in the north: of course I am aware there are much larger habitations (Mitchelstown Castle for instance), but I confine myself to country mansions — not palaces. The numerous apartments are in excellent proportion, and suitably fitted up. I hope the present worthy possessor may long continue to occupy them. Having succeeded in getting our numbers in motion, we proceeded to the covers of Bally Glissan.

With what eager joy at again experiencing the flush, the glow, the heart-stir of the chase, did I turn from off the Cork mail-coach road, up the narrow one leading to the cover. In front of the unoccupied mansion were a joyous group of Nimrods already met; and ranging different parts of the lawn, the steeds of those who had not yet arrived. My groom soon espied me, and leading my hunter, drew girths, and smoothed his mane, receiving the animal I rode; and having mounted, I mingled in the scarlet mob. There are few places which present so interesting a spectacle as 'a crowded cover-side. It is almost worth one's while to ride any moderate distance to behold the meet alone. Here you see whole squadrons of cavalry, such as no service in the world can boast of. The

fiery and impetuous spirit, flashing eye, and snorting nostril, tells with what eagerness the noble hunter pants for the pursuit. Around are congregated most of the wealth, and station, in the neighbourhood. The more wealthy, or *distingué*, drive up in their vehicles, and astonish the vulgar by the correctness of their costume, undisturbed by any exertion since they left their valets; flashing with bright steel, and dazzling with scarlet, and jet blacking, bestride their splendid hunters and await the find. What a crowd is here? Steeds of every hue and colour, brown, black, bay, dun, chesnut, sorrel, grey, of all possible shades; each courser is distinguished by some peculiarity of shape, some variation of appearance. Other sportsmen, who may be seen slowly approximating to the scene of action, as though fearful of distressing their horses, are those who ride their hunters to covert, and having but one horse at their disposal, are desirous of making the most of him. A number are resting in the stables, and under the sheds, and many are employed in altering the position of their saddles, from, perhaps, leaning on their horses shoulder, or being too far back, and seem like so many grooms, drawing girths, smoothing saddle-cloths, and adjusting bridles with the greatest skill.

After an usual preliminary proceeding, not confined to the Union Hunt, called the *Collection—id est*, handing out two shillings each, we proceeded to

the covert, where the dogs were thrown in. The instinct with which the hound seeks his prey is one of the most interesting performances which every day's hunting experience develops. Close and compact, they range not a dozen yards from the huntsman, until within the precincts of the tenement in which their nature tells them their prey is to be found. Then how rapid their movements, how wide their beat—how scrutinizing their search : no thorny brake—no wooded dell escapes them unvisited — they leave not a footspace untried :—explore

Every hollow, and dingle, and dell.

Each moment you behold their crossing and re-crossing, with anxiety in their glances, and decision in their movements; now snuffling round this furze bank, and anon breaking through this apparently impenetrable barrier with the agility of a squirrel. One trots up a path with his nose to the soil, and is met by another who shares in the labour of investigation. No portion of the wide wood escapes them ; a hare suddenly darts across their path ; a young dog perhaps flies at poor puss : but, "Have a care now !—have a care !" of the huntsman causes no further notice to be taken, and the regular business is proceeded on without the least interruption. Hark ! a sharp, and at first, as if uncertain cry, breaks the hush of the covert, and again the shrill tone is repeated—

“Say so, Rattler, my darling!” shouts the huntsman, feeling confidence from the reliance, which, from experience, he knows may be placed on his favourite hound. Other voices swell the chorus—“louder yet the clamour grows,” as the melody of the many notes comes thrilling on the ear. The generous steeds paw the ground,—the excitement is communicated to the riders,—they long to behold the fox breaking cover, and can scarce control their impatience.

A fox well found has been justly said to be worth all the runs with harriers which ever occurred ; and though I am partial to hare-bunting, when not overwell mounted, I would not give up the sport of this day for all the beagles that ever were set going by a soho ! What can be more soul-thrilling and inspiring than having sly Reynard roused from his lair, forced to leave his thorny home with the wild fern, heath-blossom and fox-glove of his couch, and dance away to the melodious music of the loud-tongued pack, and the joyous bursts of the hunting horn !

———— vocat ingenti clamore Cithaeron
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum ;
Et vox adsensu nemorum ingeminata remugit ?

And this we now experienced in full perfection. The covert was admirably adapted to give good effect to the onset. The hill above forms an am-

phitheatre, of which the wood represents the arena. We remained in groups on the former, until the concert of sweet sounds put us in full motion, when the cries of 'Tally ho! Tally, Tally!' caused all to rush to the point; and lo! the fox had gone away, and the bounds were madly pursuing—

Never did I hear
Such gallant chiding, for beside the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near—
Seemed all one mutual cry; I never heard
So musical a discord,—such sweet thunder.

I happened to be mounted on a superior animal, possessing youth, activity, and that great desideratum, blood. Yes, whatever former sportsmen may have thought, I am sure there is not one now-a-days who will not agree with me in opinion, that blood is essential to a hunter. I am aware that a very strong objection has been, perhaps with some still is, entertained against bringing up a thorough-bred to the field; but this is groundless. People may tell me that the thorough-bred never takes properly to his fences; that he is never perfectly safe, and in a difficult country is apt to bungle and make mistakes; but their argument is not founded upon a proper footing. The mistake has occurred from the circumstance of turning a thorough-bred horse, who has proved unsuited to the course, into a hunter. This is an unfair criterion. No race-

horse can make a safe fencer, when the jumps are posers. The previous training unsuits him ;—the long stride of the course will not do for the gathered rush at the hedge or bank, when going with hounds ; and from the regular daisy-cutter, the straight-kneed racer, you do not feel assured of safely crossing the country. But let the untamed colt be properly instructed, when you are sure of your young thing promising sufficient strength (for that is a necessary requisite in a hunter), let him be taught in the usual way, and, depend upon it, your tuition will be amply rewarded.

“Mr. J——,” said my trainer to me one morning as I rode out with him to see a young horse of mine take his lesson, “this horse will be *complete* when he is *perfect* in one thing, which no man or beast should be without.”

“And what may that be ?” I inquired.

“Education, your honor,” was the reply.

So much for march of intellect.

The horse I was mounted on, my governor had purchased for a mere trifle at the *Tinker’s-fair, at Bartlemy*, where he had been struck with his fencing capacities. When I saw him I certainly was not prepossessed much in his favour ; he was a reddish chesnut, white mane and tail, and had a wild look ; he appeared quite equal to my light weight, not above 10 stone 4lb., and was in tolerable working condition. In order to see what he was made of, and if I could make terms with him, my

brother Will and I treated ourselves to a steeple-chase by six o'clock next morning, I riding the blood, and he on Fencer, (a superior horse, who unfortunately broke his neck under me afterwards;) we struck right through the race-course, to the old castle of Grawn, and never was I better carried; but, bless me! here's a digression, and the hounds running all this time.

The moment the fox was away, and the hounds fairly on the drag, a regular scramble of course ensued among the horsemen. There was a fearful rushing from the heights on which we stationed ourselves, to cross the glen, on the opposite side of which, the fox made his *debut*. Most horses pull hard at the onset, and I remember mine being perfectly unmanageable at first, and tearing down the steep covert side, bounding over each furze-bush, as though assisted by wings. A brook well filled with water was at the base, which many of the horses seemed inclined to refuse. Mine heeded no obstruction, leaped lightly over, and mingled with the van.

“Hold hard, gentlemen, hold hard will ye!” cried the huntsmen, almost in despair, as the hounds, over-ridden by a numerous group of tear-away gents, now for a moment seemed to pay more regard to their own safety than the destruction of the game. This was only a momentary check, however, and was soon put to rights.

Such an occurrence must, and will be the inevitable consequence of hard-mouthed steeds and preference of riding to hunting. I have by me a No. of the Sporting Magazine, which contains a good observation on this occasional annoyance to sportsmen. "Men *will* come out with hounds, whether they have taken their degrees in the noble science or not, and their doing so may be termed a rotten borough appertaining to fox-hunting, that cannot by possibility be put into Schedule A, and must therefore be borne with all the resignation that God has given us."

After we had succeeded in getting away, the chase led across the road, and we had some good galloping northwards to the woods of Lisnegar; the distance is not above a mile or so, but the fields were fair, and fences abundant, so thus far all was well. There were many superior horses out, ably ridden by their respective owners. Monarch,* by Mr. D——; Red Rover, by Mr. F. D——; Diamond, Playful, Geran, and a host of others known to fame, swelled the joyous band. We charged the bank in line, raced away like rival steam-engines for the opposite fence; and deeply regretted being forced to halt by the wall of Lord R.'s demesne. To rush through the gate, and urge our impatient flight over the well-trimmed lawn, unheeding of the beauteous landscape, which the noble

* Since purchased by the Marquis of Waterford.

mansion in the rich Elizabethan style presented, the green ivy mantling the pointed gable, or high chimney, was now our next movement. Arrived by the bounds of a thick plantation, we had some leisure to look about us. Lisnegar does not owe much to nature for scenic beauty, but much is indebted to the art displayed from the taste of the noble proprietor. The house I would call unique ; every object around, and about, the disposition of trees, waters, walks, and flowers, betrays the most finished and perfect arrangement. "I wish we were away," was the tasteless desire of each, and I doubt if the hospitality of my lord could detain one of the "scarlet-runners" for an instant. While anxious and fidgetty, we kept moving about our warmed steeds, our ears were anxiously on the alert for the least intimation of a voice to set us in motion. It came at length—and how startling is the effect of the cry of hounds at such a moment. The contrast between the crashing chorus of the united throats, is marked indeed, to the placid stillness which it disturbs. How the noble hunter pricks up his ears, and champs the bit. "Yoick, say so, Rattler! "hark to Rattler," resounds through the glade. "Tally! hark forward! forward!" causes the spurs to be pressed. There is no need ; the hunter is anxious as yourself, let him at the fence—ha ! post and rail—never mind — keep your seat and let him go. Well done!—well rode !—now forward !—who will

tell me of the cruelty of hunting at this moment. I throw the reins on the neck of my well-bred steed, and allow him the full enjoyment of his own emotions. He strives as eagerly as the most enthusiastic Nimrod could wish, to get a good place and keep it. We emerge from the park and plantations, and a wild difficult country is before us. What care we for difficulty or danger? our game is up, and we love the exhilarating pursuit, not that we are at any enmity with the fox, but because we love the exciting sport. The object of the chase is not seen at all perhaps during the run, but we feel a consciousness that it is a fox we follow. We pursue, as I have read, an "idea on a whirlwind of horses, and a storm of canine music." The mind ceases to reflect on the frivolity of the occupation; we shut out dull reasoning—cast sober thought aside—once fairly away,

Away! away! to the rocky glen,
Where the deer are wildly bounding;
Away! and the hills do echo in gladness again,
To the hunter's bugle sounding.

We can conceive no pleasure equal to what we then enjoy. The cares and avocations of life are forgotten,—absorbed in the universal joy of the chase. We heed, feel nothing, while the bursts of music break from the excited pack, and wood and welkin echoes back to the cry. We scorn all

obstructions which the vain precautions of husbandmen place to oppose our progress: banks, walls, brooks, dikes, drains, water-courses, palings, ditches, rivers, all serve but to show the superior powers of our coursers, and our own feats of horsemanship.

We had now got into what had been waste mountainy land, but, where partially reclaimed, was being inclosed, and any thing but agreeable either in the state of the soil or fences. The former, mostly bog, was the heaviest ground a horse could be stuck in; some did stick, and were with difficulty extracted. Now came the trial of blood. There was I screwing along at the loose, new, ill-made fences, going from field to field in flying style. Certainly, at a push like this, the breeding is sure to tell—"an ounce of blood is worth a pound of bone." Some ugly customers, in the shape of walls, were before us. E. R. and I sailed out at them; went over cleverly without a bungle or mistake. "You can manage your horse to-day, I see," said my friend; "this is not the nag that *walked away* with you." "That is Mr. S. B.'s story," I replied; "wait until he comes out hunting, and see if I don't *walk away* from him." This charge upon my equestrian skill it may be proper to explain. I was riding a horse, much addicted to rearing, in company with a few gentlemen to covert one day, and seeing a safe fence by the road side, put this brute at it; he refused, and

swerved off in the contrary direction to that which I was going. I knew that if I attempted to wheel him round abruptly, a fit of rearing would ensue, and, as I did not wish to excite his ill temper, which it was much more easy to rouse than allay, suffered him to retrace his steps about a dozen yards. Not having immediately rejoined my companions they raised a laugh at my expense. I had now the pleasure of showing my friends that I could walk, and gallop away, from some of them, and kept, throughout the whole of this brilliant day, a place in the foremost rank. Nothing turned us aside—there was no flinching—"straight a-head" was the motto.

We had now traversed miles in our speed, and it was becoming manifest our foe had not long to live; yet, still the field swept past, and trees, groves, hedges, gardens, orchards, farm-houses, cabins, mansions, steeples, castles, appeared for one moment, but to be lost sight of the next. The stone coping is struck, and with a heavy roll the hunter falls to the ground. The attention we receive from the condolence and care of friends does well in a sick-room, in a house, but is not known in the hunting field. "Lie still, my Lord," is the advice of the sportsman to his patron, whom the fear of losing his countenance cannot influence, so as to cause him to pull up and assist him,—"forward" is still the cry,—no one heeds the fallen. Few serious accidents ever occur in the field in

comparison to those resulting from other sports. Death loves to come upon his victim in the garb of sickness; when the body is wasted, and lies enfeebled on the soft bed and downy pillow, and shuns the healthy invigorated frame of the sportsman. The bank gives way, the chasm yawns, the hidden drains are open, the quarries unfenced, nought prevents our flight, no base fear blanches our cheek; where the hounds lead, we follow. Hark! how the cry redoubles; they are on a view. Poor Reynard! I feel for you, thy days are numbered. A stiff fence is before me, my steed takes it coolly—beautiful! I scarcely felt the bound; the rest are poised—one, two baulks; by Jove! the dogs are running into the fox. They reach him, he cannot leap that wall; he runs along the base, the hounds cut off his escape, I cannot save him; see how they rush on his prostrate body, and snarl at each other for a drag at his carcase. My steed, well dost thou deserve the brush, the trophy is fairly won, thou hast a good right to wear it!

Having turned my tired courser's head from the last scene of poor Reynard, I moved towards the road leading home, in high spirits at the exhilarating sports of the day, and being so eminently well carried by my gallant horse. The country through which I rode was peculiarly adapted to impress on the mind that happy peace to which it was previously disposed, by the innocent hilarity of my hunting exercise. Rich, ample fields, bordered the

road on either hand, diversified by waving woodlands, or large clumps of forest-trees; here and there the pale blue curling smoke told of a dwelling, and, on a nearer approach, the low thatched cottage, with its white-washed walls, was seen peeping out of the surrounding hedges and orchards. I approached the town of C——, and the tall ruined house, at its southern side, came in sight. As the dismantled walls rose boldly defined against the evening sky, a grey trembling light fell from the rising moon through the shattered windows, and the dim rays lay in scattered patches silvering the richly chiselled stone-work. I rode through the quiet town, and, after half an hour's elapse, came in sight of my natal one, which I was so soon to leave. The sound of martial music filled the air, and I had a full view of the barracks on the opposite hill. The sight of hundreds of men arrayed in the glittering panoply of war, was a striking relief to the monotony of green fields and brown heaths; the sound of the "thrilling fife and pealing drum" has something exciting in its tone, particularly to one who has been accustomed to it from his boyhood. I enter my domicile once more, and rejoice at my fireside by the account of

MY FAREWELL FOX HUNT.

Monday, 4th January.

Though this was actually the day appointed for me to leave home, and go to the vicinity of where the packet was to start for Bristol in the morning, I could not resist the temptation of beholding the tug of war come off on the B—— steeple-chase ground, between the well-matched hunters, Olympus and Signal.

Whatever lack of energy, or torpidness of disposition, be attributed to the Irish people, (I mean the lower orders,) in their ordinary avocations, it must be allowed on all hands, that there are no race of men on the face of God's earth, more *wide awake*, when any fun is going forward. Whether it be a wedding or a christening, a wake or a funeral, a fair or a hurling-match, a horse-race or a fight,—all one to Paddy, he's sure to be in the thick of it; and, when on for a *spreé*, woe betide the hapless wight who would have the hardihood to say—black was the white of his eye. The well-known character of the horses in question, the many trials each had gone through with credit, on former occasions, and the renown of their respective riders, put in equal poised scales the fortune of the day. The town wore a look of animation as I rode through, and in

“ Coach, chariot, britska, carriage, equipage,”

the sport-loving folks of F—— were crowding to the course.

The day was favourable—mild, dry, and cloudless. The road presented an agreeable succession of gay parties in motion; vehicles laden with lovely females, (F— is celebrated for its belles,) numerous files of horsemen in appropriate costume, peasants male and female, in their gayest attire, with faces happy as the scene, all contributed to excite, in each bosom, feelings of satisfaction and contentment.

The face of the country seemed to participate in desire to have the sports go off pleasantly, for every thing in nature wore a smiling aspect. Long bawn fields, studded with tufts of grass, to which the dew-drops yet clung, invited the bound of horses, by their cool, verdant sod. Birds chirruped amid the hedges, and sung joyously over our heads as we swept along. From every nook and angle, pathway and lane, poured a tide of pedestrians, all directing their steps to the scene of action, and, on the high road, thronged the carriages, with the fair occupants eagerly straining their brilliant eyes for a peep at the race-horse slowly progressing towards the stage of his performance.

After ascending a hill, we quickly found the “plot thicken apace.” On the side of the green slope were a row of tents, already filled with customers. Near the starting-post, which, as the distance was to be two miles out, and the same back, was also the winning, was the *rendezvous pour les dames*, who gathered on this day

“Thick as leaves in Val’ombrosa.”

I rode with a few friends to look at the ground ; it was admirably chosen. If there is any thing our countrymen do understand, in an eminent degree, it is steeple-chasing. I do not say this from any invidious motive, or to claim, perhaps, an untenable superiority over our English neighbours, for, I am well aware, that our crack horses are of “no consideration” at the other side of the channel, in this behalf, as the lawyer says ; but I do think our arrangements are much better. For the life of me I cannot discover how an equal trial can be had where no regard is paid to the peculiar powers of each horse. In England some half dozen hunters start for a given point. They have, perhaps, never been in that part of the country before, and consequently know as much about it as they do of Cunnewara ; their riders are equally informed, and what is the consequence ? “By the height of good luck,” as some have it, one makes a cast which finds gaps and gates, while his neighbour meets with a brook, which bars his progress effectually ; and a third is impounded ; a fourth has an insurmountable paling before him—“thus far shalt thou go, and no further”—and the rest are “no where.” Now, mark the difference. In Ireland, when a steeple-chase is decided on, the horses named, the weight fixed, the rider chosen, the *Arraguth chiese*, (Anglicè—money down),—the next thing done is to appoint two or more experienced sportsmen to look out the ground, which they are the better

enabled to do satisfactorily, from the knowledge of the qualifications possessed by the respective horses. If they select, then, heavy land for the strength and bottom, they provide light soil for the speed—the nag what does the trick over the five-feet walls, has to meet some trained topper, whose *forte* is leaping ditches. Thus, the whole course may be taken as including abundance of opportunities for the rider who has his wits about him, (as all horsemen should have), and knows the points of his horse, to make play in. Each fence is double posted, which is a great convenience to spectators, who can select any particular jump, and, by lingering in the vicinity, see it taken, or, if desirous of a gallop, may accompany the racers, taking care to ride wide of the space between the posts. No gentleman ever dreams of riding one of the steeple-chases until he has been over the ground once at least, and resolved in his own mind when and where to make his running, according to the capacity of his horse. These are a few of the features in which we differ from, and I might, perhaps, say, excel, the British in the steeple chase.

The start was from a hill of modest altitude, and straight a-head, for two miles, was the length of the run. The fences were numerous, and some difficult. The soil partly stubbles, bog, and ploughed ground. A lime-kiln terminated the

second mile—this was to be ridden round, then were they to return home.

At two o'clock a trumpet sounded, and shortly the rival steeds were seen advancing from their respective stables to the weighing-machine. A numerous group of knowing hands were sporting money on their favourites. Signal was the pride of the Muskerry, and the Western men;—Olympus equally the boast of F—— and the surrounding country. Both horses, when divested of their body clothing, were beautiful specimens of blood, bone, and symmetry. Signal was of a chesnut colour, and stood, I should think, not quite sixteen hands high. Olympus was about equal size with his competitor, but much handsomer; his colour bright bay, with switch-tail, being minus an eye. He required his rider to sit rather awkwardly, in order to keep the sound peeper on the look-out. His pace was tremendous, where he ran kind, which was not always the case. They were the respective properties of two gentlemen, beloved by their acquaintance and dependants, for their social, sporting, and benevolent dispositions. The business of weighing, saddling, and mounting, was but the work of a moment, and now the steeds and their jockies are ready for the start.

I cannot imagine a greater treat to the lover of horseflesh, than to witness the scene I now beheld. The buzz of expectation, the two graceful animals

with their no less interesting riders, are specimens of their different species, which it is a pride to contemplate. Surely nothing can be more perfect than their forms, and symmetry—the superb condition of the racers; nothing more animated than their movements,—so springy, so elastic,—or more elegant than the smart shewy canter before the start—causing the rider to become almost a part and parcel of the animal he bestrides. How earnest are the cries of the respective backers. High, or low, they seem absorbed in the anxiety about their favourite steed.

“ ‘Look at Signal !’ ‘How he steps !’ ‘Did you ever see such a forehand ?’ ”

“ ‘Hurrah !’ boys, for ‘Lumpus, and the Doc-thur.’ ”

“ B.” addressing the rider of Olympus, “ B. your sowl to glory an’ don’t lose the race, my last pinny is on ye.”

“ Seven to five on Olympus !” cries a Mallow man.

“ Take you in tens,” shouts a Muskerry.

“ Done !” the books are produced.

“ Two to one Olympus baulks the first fence.”

“ I’ll take you ; and the same that Signal does also.”

“ Agreed.”

“ Clear the course,—the course !” now is heard, 'mid the cracking of whips, and every eye is turned from the pink, and green, to the new-made stone

wall, which runs across the wide avenue caused by the people ranging themselves on either side. "Away!" was at length given, and

"Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum."

They charged the first fence, the green, Olympus foremost.

"Eh! what's this?" "A baulk! by Jupiter, 'Money lost already!' 'Yet, no! Signal has turned tail too.' 'Free both!' 'B. has turned Olympus, and rushes again at it.' 'Throw in the heel, that's the way.' 'Over in beautiful style; Signal follows.'" A second wall is cleared, and now both cross the road, and begin the rivalry. A long pasture meadow is before them; in a twinkling they shuffle over the fence at the end,—Signal now runs up and collars his rival, together they race away, Olympus baulks. Shame! Signal is a good way a-head, and the backers of the heaven-named, look blue. B. forces his steed over the unlucky fence, and urged by desperation, strives to regain his place. Both are lost sight of for a moment, by the intervention of the lime-kiln, and some farm houses, and it is not until the post at the extremity is turned, that the state of the horses can be known.

Now every eye is turned, and every tongue chattering on the subject of the animated spectacle. Away, in the horizon, like two moving

playthings, the horses re-appear. Having cleared the patches of bog, and ploughed land, and entered on the dry, long, hard fields, they increase the pace to a killing rate. The power of steam cannot exceed it; nothing can be more soul-stirring than the desperate race, both are evidently making of it;—never were horses better matched. The training and action is inimitable, the riding cannot be surpassed. On they come,—fences are taken in line,—up, on, off together; the cheers of the mighty multitude, at first low and almost unheard in the distance, like the murmur of the sea, when the wind is at rest, now resemble the roar of waves, which the storm hath lashed to fury. Look! how they rush at the bank! they jump on the road, over the opposite fence, without changing a leg, and are now in the field whence they started. *This is a race!*

“ Hallo! who’s down? Signal at the second wall.”

“ B. take it easy!” he does not hear.

“ What? falls he at the first fence, now the only one? ‘ Don’t help him? he’ll lose his race if you put him up.’ ”

“ B. rouse yourself!” his senses are stunned. “ Look at Signal closing you!” and this horse, with his sporting rider, whose arm was dislocated in the fall, was actually approaching the last wall, before his rival was in the saddle. Mr. B. was active enough to spring on his horse’s back, but in

so doing, pulled the bridle off Olympus's head. What a situation when so hard pressed ! He urged on his game horse with his whip, to the longwished-for goal, happily not far distant. Confused, and unable to direct his course, he went to the wrong side, but instantly discovering his mistake, turned his horse round, went to the right side, and won his hard-contested steeple chase !

After beholding the termination of the match, I hastened back to town, and reached our mansion as the carriage was at the door, to convey me off to the neighbourhood of the beautiful city. My excellent mother had all my baggage packed, and stowed ; and was herself about to accompany me to T— Lodge, where we were to remain for the night. I took an affectionate leave of my dear family, and away we drove. I gave an account of the sport I had witnessed, and also the various persons who attended. " I cannot help thinking," I said, " that national propensities are most fully developed in what may be regarded national sports ; and, I am satisfied, was a native of any country on earth, to have been present this morning at the B— course, though he might not be much impressed with the idea that the Irish are remarkable for peculiar taste in dress, he must assuredly have considered them a musical people."

" You had plenty of music in the tents, I suppose ?"

“Aye, in the tents, and out of the tents ; on leaving the course, no less than three fiddlers and two pipers, were performing. When I passed along the road, I heard the *keening* of a funeral. Riding by a farm-yard, where the cows were milking, I beheld a dairy-maid delighting the quiet beasts with the plaintive “*Colleen d’has crutheen a mo.*”* A political hero was singing the “*Shan van vucht,*” with frequent repetitions of the wonder-working name—

Of that mob-stirring man,
Called par excellence Counsellor,—playfully, Dan.

Four tipsy rascals, engaged in a scuffle, were marking time to their blows, by roaring “*Fange a ballah!*”† and, as I passed through the street, a woman was pacifying a squalling child by the soothing power of song.”

“ You appear to have been fortunate in the various musicians you have met with this morning ? It is odd, they should all be inspired by melody to give utterance to the concert of sweet sounds ! Did they know you were going to write an *Essay* on Irish Music.”

“ Ah ! you are jesting with me, my dear mother.

* “ Pretty girl milking the Cow.”

† “ Clear the way.”

But as I am about to mingle with strangers, I am serious in the observations which I have made. They are common, every day instances, of the truth of my assertion, and afford familiar, if not happy illustrations, of our national love of music."

" You have the testimony of antiquity to bear you out in that."

" Yes, I was just about to observe, that it is not from modern instances we need obtain a confirmation of Erin's being a land of minstrelsy. The history of centuries has proved it. Tradition handed down devotion to song. Wealth cherished it. Genius adorned it. Learning preserved it. Religion hallowed it; but all would have been of no avail, unless the spirit of the people themselves was partial to it. Neglect, or inattention, causes us to lose what we possess, and, if we omit to practise or preserve any art, or suffer it to die with us, it rarely happens, that the same is revived in after years. Music may be considered least liable to this. There is something in every mind a-kin to melody,—our nature unbends when we hear a tune we formerly loved; and how often has the soul 'unused to the melting mood,' wept over some soft and tender ballad!"

" Your observations," said my mother, " appear to me both just and correct. The antiquity of the songs and music among the lower orders, is a proof of what you say. They are identically the same with those which the bards were in the habit

of playing, and the very words bear much of the same spirit."

"I almost envy you," I said, "your knowledge of our venerable tongue. Often would I be glad to exchange my acquaintance of the Greek and Latin for it. I can scarce help feeling a blush, when I am forced to confess my ignorance of any portion of my native language, save very few ordinary phrases."

"That you should feel a regret at not speaking or understanding it, my dear, does not surprise me? But when you reflect, for a moment, on the comparative little utility such a language would be of, when contrasted with the classic tongues of Greece and Rome, I am sure your own good sense must tell you, that however patriotically you may lament it, you cannot do so in a literary point of view."

"I believe you are right; but I am debarred from the pleasure of searching into the tomes of ancient lore, and digging up from the charnel-house of forgetfulness the remains of the early poets. Perhaps I should discover a continuation of Ossian, or some other Fingalian hero!"

"You seem to forget, my dear, what this moment you took as much pains to prove,—that by means of tradition, and other causes, the popular writings of the early bards have been preserved. This is the case. You could meet with few lays or

legends, which you have not already seen. You have at home all the best works on the subject. Walker's Irish Bards, and Miss Brook's Reliques, contain the versions of the traditional romances of the early writers; and, that the love for song has not degenerated among your countrymen; however the accompaniment may have fallen into disuse, your own observation seems to have convinced you. Though the harp has ceased to delight the ears of the wayfarer; though that graceful and elegant instrument is not now commonly to be met with; though the bard has no longer a place at the banquet, and his voice no more resounds in the hall, yet his lays are sung, and his tales remembered. The meals are still selected as opportunities for requesting a song, and the labours of the day are sweetened by its repetition. In the fields you have heard it—on the road—in the farm yard—domestic occupations are relieved from tedium by resorting to this infallible cure. It quiets the child, adds strength to the brave, supports the weak. Music is a solace in grief; a cause of joy in love; of mirth in festivity; and, when the last hour has passed, and the soul bade adieu to its frail tenement, music chants the virtues of the departed, and with the wild melody of the country the corpse is consigned to the tomb."

We had by this time reached Watergrass Hill,

where we rested for about half an hour, and thence continued through a succession of splendid views, along the Lee, until we reached our destination, T—lodge, the residence of our amiable friend, the Rev. Doctor C. His seat, which may be termed the blending of elegance and comfort, is prettily situated on the banks of the river, where it widens and encircles an island. It is distant from Cork about four miles. Our host is truly no ordinary mortal; he has been the bosom-friend of the great, and the able instructor of the nobly-born. Most of the Catholic aristocracy of the these countries have been educated at his seminary. His conversation is improving, at the same time brilliant and entertaining. Every topic he touches on betrays the master-mind, and the few effusions of his genius, with which the public have been previously favoured, cause, what may, perhaps, be deemed an exception to most writings—a regret for their briefness.

His family circle, consisting of two maiden sisters and a nephew, participate in his elegant manners. Time flew, in their society, by far too rapidly, and my visit more resembled an interchange of intellectual treasures, with all the advantage of profit accruing to me, than an ordinary scene of life.

Tuesday, 5th.

My reverend friend favoured me with several letters to his acquaintance in London; and still accompanied by my kind parent, I proceeded to Cork. The drive from Glanmire has been often praised,—it cannot be too much so. The ample river, bearing on its bosom various shipping, is by the road side. From the opposite brink a long range of hill lies, crowded with villas, lawns, groves, mansions, convents, castles, and churches, which vary the scene, and render the panorama truly interesting. Close to the right, leading to the city, are spacious dwellings surrounded by extensive lawns, diversified with trees and woodlands; there are several handsome entrances. That of our efficient Member, Mr. C., is particularly imposing. On inquiring at the packet office, and learning the steam-boat was not to sail until the following day, I insisted on remaining in Cork, and on my mother's returning to T— Lodge.

CHAPTER IV.

“Express” Steamer.—The River Lee.—The Sea! The Sea!—
Entrance to Bristol.—Bath.—Lions.—Contrast of England
and Ireland.—Journey to London.—Enter by the West
End.

Wednesday 6th.

FOUR o'clock, P.M. beheld me surrounded by my *compagnons du voyage*, pacing the deck of the “Express” steamer. She was a small boat, but trim, and a noble sailer. The hold was full of luggage, and the steerage of pigs, and passengers, who ever and anon breathed forth sounds, the former at least, neither “musical nor sadly sweet.” Cabin people now came along the quays in vehicles, and stept on board. A bell was rung, and a cloud of steam gushed from the tall chimney. “Adieu!” “Farewell!” “God bless you!” hands were squeezed, strangers bowed, friends nodded; all who were not *of us* hurried ashore. The steam got more condensed, and a jumbling noise was heard accompanied by a vibrating motion; cables are loosed, and we move. Waves arise

in the previously calm water, the steersman is at the wheel, and we are already on our voyage.

The passengers consisted of several gentlemen and a few ladies. The latter we had no intercourse with, as they never left their cabin. I continued walking the deck all the time we were going from Cork to Cove. The scenery on either side is beautiful: villas, lawns, luxuriant plantations surrounding the suburbs—the retreats of all the wealthy inhabitants of Cork—clothe the banks. . . One side is Glanmire, the other Black-rock;—on the latter is a noble convent, where there is a capital school for the education of young ladies, also a handsome castle in the Gothic style, used as a light-house. Passage, on the river, is a small, poor place; the projected rail-road to Cork will materially improve it. Cove rises like an amphitheatre; houses appear tier above tier, and it looks far more extensive than it really is. In summer it is a fashionable watering-place, when there is always a delightful regatta.

Night's sable visage now cast a darkness over the face of the waters, and I went below. Don Juan was the book I left out to while away time, and I had arrived at that pathetic place, when the hero reads over the letter of Donna Julia, concluding, the stanza I mean, with —

A mind diseased no remedy can physic,
Here the ship gave a lurch, and he grew *sea-sick*.

“I must go to my berth,” I said, as a reeling sensation in my head, and a certain feel about the epigastric region warned me that the easier I lay the better. Feeling my way very carefully, the ship rocking like a child’s cradle, I made out berth No. 10; pulled off my coat, waistcoat, and boots, and popped into my couch. I tasted nothing, nor did I gain any sleep during that night. I could hear the squeeling of the pigs, and the hoarse roar of the billows, and the fall of spray, which, as a large wave broke by the bows, came drenching the decks fore and aft. I counted the bells: — eight brought light of day.

Thursday, 7th.

It was time to get up, and I moved out of my berth, but could hardly stand, the pitching of the vessel made my head ache so. I sat on one of the sofas in the saloon, but I was not there a second when I got ill. After an interval of rest I took courage, and, going from one side of the cabin to the other in a lurch, seized the bannister of the stair, and mounted to the top. “There was a sight most beautiful to see!” — *undique pontus!* innumerable billows raised their crested undulating tops to kiss our feet, and the fresh breeze of mid-ocean wafted the silver spray along the clear air into our faces. Round about to the extreme verge of the horizon were millions of acres of salt sea, broken into free, flowing waves, — *θαλλατα, θαλλατα!*

From the brink of the circling water rose the canopy of sky, forming an arch overhead. The sun was shining brightly, and, as the rays fell slanting on the masses of purple clouds, and the green glassy billows, the effect of light and shade was new and beautiful. I would not have missed the sight of the heavens, and sea all around, for any consideration. There is a freedom of mind produced by gazing on the unlimited face of ocean which no land-view can induce. We gaze on a vast plain ; but some hill, or tree, or house, mars the vision, and we feel a mark of limitation. On the sea it is otherwise. You see, perhaps, one or more vessels ; they are but the birds flying over the free sky, and not a part of its formation, consequently convey no idea of boundary.

On we went, heaving, and setting, according to the rise and fall of the waves during the day. Towards evening, the sky being clear, the captain shewed us the Welch coast, a long line of land lying to leeward. We sat down about six o'clock to dinner ; soup, leg of mutton, and roast turkey. The first was all I dared touch, and after, a little brandy and water. There was in the evening a debate on politics, at the commencement of which I retired to my berth, and fell asleep.

Friday, 8th.

In the morning I awoke much refreshed, and in my berth could perceive a sensible change in our

“gait of going.” Instead of the long billows, between every roll of which I could count thirty—that is, from the beat of the paddles,—we had now such slight ones that I could hardly reckon eight. Day had not yet dawned; but having heard so much of the entrance into Bristol, I arose and dressed.

Many of my fellow-passengers were already on deck, and we rapidly approached Pill. There are some few houses, reaching to the water’s edge, but nothing remarkable. When day cleared we reached King’s Roads, and the sun cast a long line of light, brightening the face of the muddy water, as we were moving steadily through the Bristol harbour. It is very narrow—I would say dangerously so, were it not that the shelter afforded by the tremendous height of the cliffs on all sides must diminish the effect of wind, on a vessel retarded by the mud. In the steamer we kept the centre, and thus got on without interruption. The Giant’s Stairs are noble. I imagine towering cliffs, vast mounds, Pelion on Ossa, piled up on either side, and a vessel going between. The approach to Bristol may be considered one of the most picturesque in Great Britain. It is intended to throw a bridge across here, which will rival the famed Menai: the works are already in a state of progress. Clifton is a very pretty place, built on the high grounds, and overlooking the entire Channel: houses now “roll up their smoke,” as

Virgil says, and we were soon looking to the speedy transportation of our luggage from the hold to the deck.

Among the few ladies who were on board was Mrs. —, with her little boy. I had seen her before at a party, and, knowing her respectability, and acquaintance with all my friends in Cork, was anxious to offer that service, which the weaker sex expect from the lords of the creation, viz. to superintend her goods and chattels, or see her to her destination, and therefore proffered my assistance.

I did not remain long in Bristol, being very anxious to reach Bath, of which place I had heard much. I took the first coach, and reached the abode of fashion about twelve o'clock, procured some refreshment, and then proceeded to view the city. I passed a long succession of magnificent streets,—shops, the finest I had ever seen, and stately rows of private houses, until I reached Lansdown Crescent: it is very imposing. The Circus is unique. I passed next to the pump-room, where the votaries of fashion were laying in a new stock of health to enable them to enjoy the coming season. The room is large, and very lofty. It contains a handsome pump, in the front of which is a counter, on which are glasses of all sizes. These are filled by the dispenser of the water, which is very hot, and boils audibly. It was my good fortune to sit near a kind, old

gentleman, Dr. G——, who pointed out to me Colonel Napier, and quite won my esteem by the interest which he took in Irish affairs.

“O’Connell,” he said,—“though he did not go quite so far in politics as the learned member, was a fitting leader for a nation struggling for her rights; and, should he ever visit Bath, he would be among the foremost to bid him a hearty welcome.”

Dr. G—— pressed me with the warm-heartedness of a Briton to dine with him, but having other arrangements I declined. In the evening, having made a party at the hotel, three of us went to the theatre: the piece was “The King’s Fool.” The theatre is a very good one, the stage ample, and both scenery and dresses the best I have seen in any provincial towns. It was not well attended, having but few in the dress circle. I own I was disappointed, at not seeing more beauty in Bath; but, though I went to the public places, perhaps it is unfair to draw conclusions from one day’s judgment.

Saturday, 9th.

By a quarter to seven, I was seated on the coach, about to start for London. At the office, I rejoined Mrs. —— and her boy, who went inside. Presently, the coachman took the ribbons. Ya! hip! we rumbled over the pavement, and,

—————“As thin as a lath,
I left the beautiful place they call Bath,”

on my way to the mighty Babylon, the metropolis of the British Empire,—London.

Every Irishman, who travels in England, must be much struck with the vast difference between the two countries; and, prepared as I was for the change, I own it exceeded my imagination. I did not think it possible for two countries, in the same degree of latitude, to be so unlike. There is an air of system, visible in every object, from the formation of a canal to the clipping of a hedge, which we know nothing about; and I could present to my mind no better simile, than two sisters, children of the same parent, Nature,—one of whom received the advantage of a good education, traces of which appear, like flowers, in all her paths, causing admiration in the beholder for the graces of her person, and the innate fertility of her mind; while the other has been suffered to run wild, in the luxuriance of unchecked imagination, unfettered by restraint, and untrammelled by rules,—causing a sigh of regret, from the pitying thought how much natural beauty is, by inattention and downright neglect, suffered to

“Waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

The country, as I passed along, seemed like a vast domain of unlimited extent, through which a road had been cut: the hedges were neat and trim; the lawns dotted with groups of noble trees;

the cottages were emblems of neatness:—each had a small garden in front, and often a vine was carefully trailed along the walls. The turnpike houses might form a pretty picture, from the substantial and neat manner in which they are built. Finger-posts pointed out the different roads, and the cultivation to the highest summit of the hills took away all appearance of their altitude.

After breakfast, finding it came on to blow desperately cold, and seeing that a bleak plain, over which the road lay, afforded no prospect of shelter from the piercing east wind, I quitted the roof and went inside. This I did for no less than three reasons:—

1st. Because I was cold.

2nd. To make the acquaintance of my country-woman by adoption.

3rd. To meet an eminent English barrister, who was inside, and learn from him something relative to my profession.—I was about to put in the remainder of my terms in London, preparatory to going to the Irish bar.

Mrs. —— is an extremely lady-like person, and without being strictly handsome, is nevertheless a very interesting looking woman; her eyes are brown, and her complexion dark; she was well acquainted with Cork, and the localities, so we had a great deal of conversation. Mr. B. the barrister, is a most gentlemanly man. I cannot instance a better proof of it than his taxing his memory for little

stories,—“The twelve Princesses,” &c. to amuse Mrs. —’s little boy. We dined at Reading, and when within fifteen miles, might have supposed ourselves in London. London! but I must give thee a page to thyself!

Arrived at Regent Street, our vehicle pulled up at the Bull and Mouth, where we abandoned it for our respective destinations. I offered a repetition of my services to Mrs. —, which she accepted, as far as to see her into a coach. I then allowed myself to be carried down the stream of life, flowing onward towards the city, and established myself quietly at my hotel, in the Strand.

CHAPTER V.

Bavarian Chapel—London Streets—Temple Bar—Gray's Inn—Visit Mr. B.—The Bank of England—Ramble through the West End—The Admiralty—War Office—Treasury—Park and Palace of St. James's—Buckingham Palace and Arch—Entrance to Hyde Park—Tattersall's—Statue of Charles I.—Charing Cross.—Temple—Middle Temple Hall—Examination at Gray's Inn—Election of Colonel for the Lumber Troop.

Sunday, 10th.

THOUGH a day of rest, the streets get no rest in London. Carriages rattle, omnibuses roll, and cabs fly, busy as a week day; the uproar of a myriad of vehicles roused me from my pillow. I arose and beheld the sun glistening pale, yellow, and foggy, over the place of a thousand spires.—Already the various churches sent their brazen voices among the multitude, and I remembered that of late I was in the habit of “keeping holy the Sabbath-day;” and now was the time to continue in the path of righteousness. I hastily made my toilet, ordered my breakfast, which, having

dispatched, I inquired the nearest way to Warwick-Street R. C. Chapel.

I emerged from the populous Strand, and went past Charing Cross, into the more aristocratic region of Regent Street; paused to admire the Quadrant, with its magnificent portico, and passed along into the Bavarian Chapel, as the card announced. It is plain, and unpretending in its appearance; the congregation, however, appeared highly respectable, and the service was in the highest degree imposing. A capital sermon, abounding with fervour, based on charity, came home to the breast of each. The music was exquisite;—it exceeded all I had ever heard, and, to an imaginative mind, might have carried him to the third heaven, so delightful was the display.

Monday, 11th.

What a continued uproar!—peal on peal—the very stones seem to rise, and, with a thousand tongues, add to the din. I dressed, and breakfasted; sorted my letters of introduction, which were many, and purchased a map, before my cousin came at eleven o'clock.

As I was about to keep my term, by dining a certain number of days in Gray's Inn Hall, to that edifice we were first to proceed.—What a din succeeded the quiet room of the hotel!

To those who have never seen the streets of London in full activity, I cannot, perhaps, afford

a better comparison than a bee-hive, or an ant-hill in full work, each having a separate store, and hurrying to that, laden with the produce of his industry, or leaving it to dispose of the result of his labour; or for noise, to a rookery, when the young birds ope their mouths.

“The Bank! the Bank!” of one omnibus cad, is met by “Charing Cross! Charing Cross!” of another, and these crowding at every step, salute your ears with the thunder of their vehicles, seeming, mid the smaller fry of cabs and coaches, like huge leviathans of the deep, rushing through the thickly inhabited ocean. The eyes are amazed at the enormous multitude of human beings, floating in an uninterrupted mass, far as the sight can reach; pedestrians throng the flagged pathway, while carriages of every description choak up the centre, so as to retard each other; cabs, tax-carts, gigs, trucks, drays, carts, waggons, omnibuses, phaetons, britskas, to the noble coaches, add to the varying scene—and the horses! they are a perfect study. I cannot conceive anything more interesting to one, at all acquainted with horseflesh, than to mark the various descriptions of the species, afforded by the investigation of those perambulating the streets. There is the huge Flanders draft-horse, looking like a lion in his strength, whose muscular force, one would think, like the faith of St. Paul preaching, sufficient to remove mountains;—each of his limbs, thick as the carcase

of a race-horse, and four, five, or perhaps eight of these, attached to a large waggon, slowly pacing along the street ; the massy iron-shod hoofs, making the stones groan beneath their weight, and their bells tinkling amid the din. Then the bit of blood of the West End-ian,—caracolling along, as if proud of his master's weight ; his head beautifully small, arched neck, and well-trimmed tail.—The more useful cob, strong built, small limbs, cropped ears, hogged mane, and square tail, which betoken him more for business than pleasure,—all are interesting. The blood horses, under the truly elegant carriages of the higher ranks, reflect pride on the wealthy nation, who have brought them to such perfection ; the vehicles themselves, with gorgeous panels, superb lining, cushions, &c., are each a theme of admiration to the stranger ; and then their lovely inmates :—but stay ; we'll speak of them, by-and-bye, in the drawing-room.

We passed along towards the city, and through Temple-bar, the only remaining gate. It was erected by Sir C. Wren, in 1672, and is composed of Portland stone, with a rusticated basement. On the west-end side, over the centre or principal arch, are statues of Charles I. and II., both in Roman togæ. On the city side, corresponding, are those of Elizabeth and her successor, James I. It is the separation between the city and court. Near is the Temple.

We turned up Chancery Lane from Fleet Street,

and this brought us to Holborn. On the north side is Gray's Inn, so called from having formerly been the residence of Gray of Wilton, an ancient family, who, in the reign of Edward III., bequeathed it to the students of law. It has a spacious garden attached. In the hall is a curiously carved oak balcony, said to have been taken from one of the vessels, composing the Spanish Armada. George IV. I have heard, offered 7000*l.* for it, but was refused. Here are portraits of Charles I. and II., James II. and Lord Raymond. This Inn has benchers, barristers and students, and is convenient, inasmuch as three days keep the term.

Here I paid the steward 32*l.* 5*s.* and filled up my memorial, praying to be admitted a student; but it was necessary I should get a householder to become security for 100*l.* and the recommendation of two barristers. Now I found out the use of letters of introduction, and accordingly waited on Mr. B.—, Inner Temple, to whom one was directed.

In a suite of chambers, furnished in the most costly style, I found Mr. B.—, compiler of some of the most valuable reports, which serve as landmarks, to guide the fluctuating tide of law. The room in which he was sitting was long and lofty, looking out on the silver Thames, and commanding a noble prospect. He is a man in the prime of life, of middle stature, stout, active and ener-

getic. He read the letter which, from the flattering kindness of a valued friend, contained a partial picture of my unworthy self. He raised his eyes from the paper, and fixed them on me, as I sat, with that benevolent glance, which usually presages kindness of purpose.

“If there is any thing I can do for you, command my services.”

“You will perceive Mr. B—,” I said, unfolding my incomplete memorial, “that I was resolved to make use of my friends. It is a matter of course, I need not inform you, to have the signature of a householder and barrister to this.”

“Certainly, certainly,” he replied, and taking it from me, he seized his pen, and completed the deed as far as it was in his power.

We conversed on different topics—the health of my friend, who favoured me with the letter, until a magnificent silver vase, standing nearly two feet high, of the most elaborate workmanship, attracted my attention. I went over to examine it more minutely, and expressed my admiration. He seemed pleased.

“Ah!” he said, “that was presented me on retiring from law-reporting, by those gentlemen whose names are inscribed.” They were numerous, and among them the twelve Judges. It was made in imitation of the great Warwick vase, by Rundell and Bridge, and cost a large sum. It was indeed a

flattering testimonial to talents, great, as they were useful. In his library he shewed me his and co-labourer's works, amounting to a vast number of volumes.

I next waited on Mr. W——. He was an attorney, consequently would not answer, but sent his son with me to his brother, a barrister, and my memorial was complete.

Tuesday, 12th.

After breakfast I set out with my letter of credit, to draw my money from the Bank of England, in order to lodge it with a private one, to a partner in which I had a letter of introduction.

In my way from the Strand, I passed through the most populous part of the town, and it was indeed a succession of sights for a perfect stranger. I cannot imagine a scene more replete with bustle than to look from Ludgate Hill towards Fleet Street. You will not see an inch of ground, so dense is the rolling tide of human beings. Crowd succeeds crowd, and carriage, carriage. It reminds one of a fathomless well, from which the river flows, and flows without ceasing, or, for an instant, becoming shallow. Rearing its massy front, as though threatening to bar further progress, and its huge dome, like a second Atlas, high, and one would think, bold enough, to bear the heavens on its head, appears that building,

holding the principal place among the works of architecture in Great Britain, St. Paul's Cathedral, commenced by Sir C. Wren, in 1673, and finished by the same master of art, in 1697.

I passed along this noble structure, feasting my eyes upon its vast magnificence, until I reached the object of my destination.

The Bank of England was commenced in 1732, and what now forms the central façade of the south front, with court-yard, hall, and bullion-court, was finished in the following year, by Mr. George Sampson. Wings to the east and west, were added by Sir R. Taylor, but have since been rebuilt, with decided improvement, by John Soame, Esq., R. A., with an elegant centre of the Corinthian order. Much of the work has been copied from the temple of Venus, at Tivoli. The area of the immense pile is eight acres. Within this space are nine open courts, a spacious rotunda, numerous public offices, court, and committee rooms, armoury, &c. On the ground floor, are the principal suite of rooms; and the chief offices having domes and lantern light there are no rooms overhead. The magnificent arch on the south side is on the plan of the Triumphal Arch of Constantine, at Rome, and almost all the offices are from ancient designs. I have heard that in the charter is an enactment, which prevents Scotchmen having any situation (I am not sure, whether in the Bank, or Post Office;) and the reason assigned is—" Give

one but the sweeping of the floor, and he will not cease until he is a Director." This cannot be taken as an affront, for it is really a compliment.

I called on my return at the M.C. Office, to deliver a letter of introduction to Mr. Q—, author of some deservedly popular works of travels. I had the pleasure of finding him a countryman, which was not difficult to determine; when, on reading the letter, he said—"I am much obliged to Dr. C— for your acquaintance, to improve which I shall expect you to dinner on Sunday, at six." I was happy to accept, and we parted.

Wednesday, 13th.

Rambled with Mr. H— through the West-End. How noble the lines of streets!—how magnificent the shops and buildings! From the ample space of Charing-Cross we went along towards Westminster. The Admiralty is an extensive building, the wings of which communicate with the street; the portico of the main building, to reach which you cross a court-yard, is a clumsy specimen of the Ionic. The architect was Rippy; it was built in the reign of George II. In front of the court are some naval decorations; on the top is a semaphore, to communicate signals with the distant ports.

The next building we reached was the Horse Guards, or the War Office. The first thing which strikes the eye, as emblems of war, are two sentries, in full costume, mounted on their powerful chargers,

so motionless, often, as to be taken for statues, in two small stone pavilions, one on each side of the gate :—these are the *Horse Guards*. The building is substantial rather than showy, erected in 1730, and cost about £40,000, Mr. Kent was architect. In the open space in front is a splendid piece of ordnance, mounted on a Dragon's back, the reptile executed in the most masterly manner, and the whole enclosed within railing. It bears a lengthened inscription, purporting to be presented to his Grace the Duke of Wellington, by the Ordnance foundry, in token of his splendid victories, which it enumerates. The Master-General was, at that time, the Earl of Mulgrave.

The Treasury is an ample building: its principal front faces the parade, St. James's Park. It is built of stone, and displays no less than three orders of architecture, one of which is employed in each story—Tuscan, Doric, and Ionic—a pediment surmounts the whole. A palace of Cardinal Wolsey occupied the site formerly, some of which still exists, facing Whitehall.

The Privy Council Office, those of the Secretary of State, and the residence of the First Lord of the Treasury, are congregated here. The first is enriched with the order of architecture used in the temple of Jupiter Stator, at Rome.

St. James's Park is very skilfully laid out; the canal is a picturesque piece of water, and there are some pleasant walks on the banks. Charles

II. improved it very much, and had it planted, under the superintendence of Le Notre—the public promenade in the Park during the day.

St. James's Palace is a very antique structure, and was built on the site of an hospital for lepers, by Henry VIII. It was called the "King's Manor House." Queen Mary died here; also the hope of nations, Henry, son of James I. All the House of Hanover, and previous to them, James II., William III., and Queen Anne, died here. In this George IV. was born.

It is built of brick, and of irregular shape. In a room, formerly the ante-chamber to the levee rooms, James (son of James II.), styled the Pretender, was born. We visited St. George's Palace, or Buckingham House, as originally called, built in 1703, by the Duke of Buckingham. An immense sum of money, amounting by estimation to 432,926*l.*, and probably much more, has been lavished, without any apparent equivalent, on this edifice. It forms three sides of a quadrangle. The centre is three stories in height, with a double portico of the Doric and Corinthian orders, with a pediment at top, in the tympanum of which is an alto-relievo of the triumph of Britain; a gigantic statue of Neptune is on the apex, and trophies and statues are disposed in other parts of the front; the wings are adorned with pillars. It is surrounded by an iron railing, and in the centre of the esplanade, before the east, is a truly magnificent arch,

formed of white Italian marble, in imitation of the arch of Constantine, at Rome ; but beautiful as this latter appendage is, one feels regret that it is before them. Somehow or other it is incongruous—not in keeping with the building to which it leads ; and when a person recollects out of whose pocket the money came, to pay for it, they feel a regret one was not substituted more adapted to the edifice, and less expensive to themselves ; for it is but on a close inspection, or forewarning, that the richness of the material is developed.

We next visited Belgrave Square, so justly celebrated for the splendour of its houses, every mansion in itself a palace. Near it is Eaton Square. We wandered through the Pantechicon, and home by Hyde Park. In this is the Serpentine river. The grand entrance to Hyde Park is a noble arch, supported by fluted pillars of the Doric order, with a pediment at top, on which is beautifully executed, in basso relievo, a triumphal procession, in the ancient Greek style, probably copied from the Parthenon, at Athens. Looking through the vista of the arch, on a rising ground, you behold a striking statue of Achilles, raised on a pedestal, and dedicated to the Duke of Wellington by his countrywomen. This is cast from the cannon taken in his victories. Near the entrance is his superb mansion, Apsley House. Turning down a lane, brought us to Tattersall's stables. The betting-room is small, but there is room

for many thousands to change hands ; the offices seemed much inferior to Dycer's, Stephen's Green, Dublin.

As it was drawing near the hour to dine at our respective Inns of Court, we moved to Charing Cross. Here is a fine bronze statue of Charles I. on horseback, cast by Hubert la Sueur, in 1633, at the expense of Howard, Earl of Arundel ;—sold during the civil war to a brazier, John River, Holborn, to be broken up and destroyed. He however thought fit to conceal it, and at the restoration of Charles II., it was replaced on a handsome pedestal by Gibbons, where it now stands.

As my companion at the Inn dined at five o'clock, I accompanied him to see the Middle Temple Hall, of which he was student.

The Temple derives its name from being the head-quarters of the Knights Templars. After the suppression of this formidable order, the Professors of Common Law purchased the buildings, and converted them into Inns of Court. The Temple is now divided into Middle and Inner. Essex House, which (though part of the buildings), lying outside the city, according to the division of Temple Bar, was called the Outer Temple.

Middle Temple Hall is large and lofty ; the roof is made of timber, and has a fine effect. Here all the great entertainments of old were given. It contains, besides a picture of Charles I. on horseback, painted by Vandyke, those of Charles II.,

Anne, George I. and II. In this, also, are fine oak carvings ; the doors are richly ornamented ; at the foot of the hall is a well executed bust of Lord Eldon.

At Gray's Inn, I was requested, with a fellow student, and two barristers, to be present at an examination. Brief it must have been, for when I got at the table it was all over. Three words of Latin, I understand, are the test for a student to be admitted a barrister ; it is well there is so much. I paid 1*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* for my extra bottle of port, which did not last long, and we left the hall at half-past seven o'clock.

To a stranger in London, nothing is so requisite as the acquaintance of some one who is versed in the mysteries of that mighty city. I was thus fortunate, and on that night, I had the pleasure of witnessing an election of Colonel for the Ancient and Honorable Lumber Troop. The room was crowded when we got in, but my conductor being a voter on the occasion, and well known to the heads of the department, way was speedily made, and we got next to the platform, on which the officers sat, and the votes were deposited. On the poll being declared, one had a decided majority, and of course was declared duly elected. He presently made his appearance, received the plaudits of his supporters with urbanity, and obtained the trappings of his order from the Lieutenant Colonel, with the air of one accustomed to such honours.

Silence being obtained, he made a capital speech, " thanked his friends for their support, said he entertained no hostility to those troopers who had supported his rival ;—that the interests of the troop should be identified with his, and ended by calling for a song." I passed a very agreeable evening with the Ancient and Honorable Lumber Troop.

CHAPTER VI.

London Stone.—Acton.—Drury Lane Theatre.—National Gallery.—Sunday from Home.—Dinner at Mr. Q.'s—British Museum.—Thoughts on Whitehall.

Thursday, 14th.

In Cannon-street, near the Church of St. Swithin, is the Old London Stone, supposed to have been the milliarium of the Romans, from which they measured the distances to their several stations throughout England. It is protected by a case, with a hole in the centre. History records that Jack Cade, when he reached the city with his insurgents, drew his sword, struck this stone, and cried out—"Now is Mortimer lord of this city." I dined again at Gray's Inn Hall.

Friday, 15th.

Drove to Acton to pay a visit;—beheld a very delightful country. Went by Hyde Park, and a number of pretty seats. Got down, in mistake, near East Acton,—a very picturesque rural place, and had

a walk of a mile across the fields. I arrived at length; went past the village by a number of houses (Mr. K— lives in a very fine one), to Colonel M—'s, where I was received by my friend's aunt, he not being at home.

Acton Lodge is a beautiful spot, surrounded by about six or eight acres of land, laid out in the most agreeable manner. I was admitted from the road into a small square, containing flower-beds, in trim array; on one side is a corridor, leading into the house. The drawing-room looks into the lawn, which presents some graceful trees. I went through the grounds, and was highly pleased with the taste displayed in their arrangement. Returning to town, I had to wait at a rural inn, a short time, for a conveyance—what a contrast with an Irish one by the road side!—Instead of a filthy tap-room, reeking with the steam of whiskey, and wet with spilt porter, I was ushered into a parlour, where the neatly sanded floor, and the ticking clock, made me fancy myself in Goldsmith's Auburn. All was cleanly, unpreteading, and comfortable. I was not long getting into town by coach, and in the evening went to Drury-lane Theatre. The house was crowded to the roof; I never saw a theatre so full, (if I except the night when Lord Mulgrave went, for the first time, to the Dublin one); the afterpiece was, *The Jewess*. This performance, which has been greatly extolled, is certainly a magnificent *Spectacle*—all its warmest

admirers can say of it. The only display of acting is in the last scene, where your attention is distracted from the scene to the performance. The grand procession is truly regal.

Saturday, 15th.

After breakfast I proceeded, and visited the National Gallery in Pall-Mall. Here is a numerous collection of some of the rarest and most esteemed chef-d'œuvres of Rembrandt, Titian, Rubens, Corregio, the two Carraccis, Claude, Poussin, and many other of the old masters, together with many of later years. Amongst these may be reckoned West's noble painting of our Saviour healing the sick, Wilkie's Festival, Hogarth's Marriage a-la-Mode, in three plates, Reynolds' Portraits, &c. The old pictures cost government, in 1834, 57,000*l.* There is a splendid gallery at Charing-Cross, nearly ready for their reception. I spent part of the day rambling from one living object (as I almost fancied) to another, and on looking at my watch, was surprised to find I had no time to lose, as I intended to dine in Gray's Inn Hall.

Sunday, 17th.

Going to prayers, I met a portion of that fine body of men, the Horse Guards. The coats of the well-groomed chargers, the polished boots, swords, and steel cuirasses of the soldiers, glittering in the

sun, all betokened the attention with which they are regarded.

After prayers I returned to mine Inn. How lonely one feels, particularly on the Sabbath day, when in a populous place, without friends or acquaintance—"None to bless you, none whom you can bless." On a week day, the various occupations of business divert you—you mingle with your fellow-man; but on Sunday it is otherwise—every one seems wrapt up in his own immediate connexions. You revert to the home of your family. How, on this day, all were wont to congregate under one roof, from the grey-haired grandsire to the prattling infant; you were not then alone, and feel doubly their absence now! How slowly, methought the hours crept on!—I longed for half-past six, having promised to dine with a friend at that time, and, I verily believe, I went to dress at five, and *dawdled*, as Mrs. Butler would say, for a full hour and half.

I set forth, and ascending the steps of the hall door, went in—passed up stairs—was announced in due form, and was received in the drawing-room by Mr. Q. and his wife.

Mr. Q. is a very talented, unaffected, Irishman; Mrs., an extremely lady-like, kind, Englishwoman. There were also a London gentleman and his wife, two young ladies, on a visit with them, and —. The dinner was served in very nice style, and dessert followed. It is a fashion, of which we

have no knowledge in Ireland, for the lady of the house to sit at the head of her table. With us the gentlemen sits there, and some relative or friend at the foot, the lady at the side. Ireland is a general topic of conversation among the English. I am surprised how well-educated people can swallow, for Gospel, all the silly tales invented by the alarmists, as accounts of the disturbed state of a country, at the same time peaceable as their own. After spending a most agreeable evening with these charming people, I went away at 10 o'clock.

Thursday, 20th.

This being one of the days for visitors having the privilege of entré to the British Museum, I resolved not to lose the opportunity of seeing so many curiosities, and repaired thither. Having procured a catalogue, I entered the court yard. The building formerly belonged to the Duke of Montague, and is in Great Russell-street. It was established by Act of Parliament, in 1753, in consequence of Sir Hans Sloane's leaving to the nation his museum, valued at 50,000*l.*, and which he declared it had cost him, on the proviso that government paid to his executors 20,000*l.*, and provided a house large enough for its reception. This was agreed to, and several other museums united to it. The Cottonian library, Edward's library, Hamilton's Greek vases, the Townleian

antique marbles, the Lansdowne manuscripts, Elgin Athenian Marbles, purchased for 20,000*l.*, Dr. Burney's classical library, George II.'s collection of books, from Henry VIII. to William III. George III. presented several munificent gifts; George IV. a splendid library; his present Majesty many works of art.

On entering the gate, a spacious quadrangle lies before you. On the south side is an Ionic colonnade; the main building is on the north, 216 feet long, 57 high; there are eleven rooms devoted to Natural History. The Gallery of Antiquities contains a collection, which may be deemed invaluable. In the eighth room, are the Egyptian antiquities, mummies, &c.—Ninth, Egyptian sculptures; the tomb of Alexander the Great; head of Memnon, and the Rosetta stone, collected by Belzoni. Fifteenth room, the Elgin marbles, 300 pieces of beautiful sculpture, though all more or less imperfect.

January 30th.

Whitehall Palace. I paused beneath the building, and cast my eyes towards the spot where King Charles I. was beheaded exactly on this day, in the year 1648. Recollected the words of Whitlocke; “At this scene were many sighs and weeping eyes, and divers strove to dip their handkerchiefs in his blood.”

There fell a sacrifice to the treason of his fanatic

subjects, one whom a noble historian describes as,—“The worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father, and the best Christian of the age in which he lived.”

It was his misfortune to be imbued with high notions of the right of kings, and his inflexible nature prompted him to retain whatever he conceived to be his prerogative; his ministers were unyielding as himself, and the people being too mighty to be restrained, laid violent hands on their hapless sovereign.

On the ground where I now stand, were the implements of execution erected, for it was resolved, by choosing the ground before his own palace, to mark more forcibly the triumph of popular power over the sovereign. The last scene was full of interest. Surrounded on all sides by soldiers, the king, when he came on the scaffold, could only address a few persons about him. He justified his own innocence in the late wars, and observed that he had only acted on the defensive, not having levied troops until parliament had enlisted its forces. He mildly forgave all his enemies, and concluded by recommending all to return to their obedience, and be faithful to his son and successor.

The right of the subjects to judge and punish their sovereign was then a question which was very seriously discussed; and the greater number look-

ing chiefly to the usurpation and character of the self-constituted judges, and the merit of the monarch who suffered, condemned their proceedings ; others differed on the general question, and were inclined to approve.

“Government,” says Hume, “is instituted in order to restrain the fury and injustice of the people ; and being founded on opinion, not on force, it is dangerous to weaken the reverence which the multitude owe to authority, and to instruct them beforehand that the case can ever happen when they may be freed from their duty of allegiance.”

It appears to me, however, that the knowledge of such examples as those of Charles I. and other sovereigns, cannot fail to have a beneficial effect in checking arbitrary movements of kings, and teaching them by the best instruction—demonstration, that there are times when the popular power is too great for control, and the majesty of the people, whence all power emanates, is superior to that of the king.

CHAPTER VII.

St. Paul's Cathedral.—Monuments.—Sir Christopher Wren.—Howard the philanthropist.—Immortality difficult.—Opening of parliament.—The king's state coach.—Literature in London.—Disappointments.—Conflicts of genius with poverty.

February 3rd.

WENT to-day to see St. Paul's Cathedral. This stupendous monument of architectural skill, is esteemed only second to St. Peter's, at Rome. It is supposed to occupy the site of an ancient temple, erected by the Romans in honour of Diana. Subsequently a Christian church was built here, when Sebert, King of Essex, became a convert to the Cross in 600, and the cathedral of the diocese has been continued here ever since. The ancient cathedral was the work of many ages, till it became one of the most extensive buildings in the country; the centre was a tower, crowned with a spire, said to have been raised to the height of 520 feet. This tower was burnt with the church in 1561; the latter was soon rebuilt, but in the time of James I.

stood so much in need of repairs, as to require an outlay of 100,000*l.* The direction of this work in the following reign was entrusted to the celebrated Inigo Jones; he added a portico of the Corinthian order to the west front, which, beautiful as it was, contrasted grotesquely with the pointed English style, in which the edifice was built.— During the civil war it was converted into a barrack for cavalry. On the restoration of Charles II. the repairs were continued, but, after large sums had been expended, the entire structure was destroyed in the great fire, 1666; so it was immediately resolved to build a new cathedral. A commission was issued under the great seal, dated November 12, 1673, Sir Christopher Wren being the architect appointed. The first stone was laid 21st of June, 1675, and on the 2nd of December, 1697, it was opened for divine service.

The total expense of the building amounted to *736,752*l.* 2*s.* 3*d.**

In the construction, the architect was forced to observe the general shape of the Cross; by means of an additional transept, he has given due breadth to the west end, or principal front; the east end terminates in a projecting semicircle. The front on the west presents a grand portico of the Corinthian, and composite orders, surmounted by a spacious pediment with a lofty tower, or steeple of great elegance and richness, on each side.—In the tympanum is the conversion of St. Paul in basso-

relievo; on the apex a colossal statue of St. Paul; and on either hand, at different distances along the summit of this front, are similar statues of St. Peter, St. James, and the four evangelists. The dome, or cupola, forms the most prominent feature in the whole edifice. A plain circular basement rises from the roof to the height of twenty feet; above that is a Corinthian colonnade of thirty-two columns. These being of a large proportion, and placed at regular intervals, are crowned with a complete entablature, which, continuing without a single break, forms an entire circle, and thus connects all the parts into one grand whole. The entablature of the peristyle, supports a handsome gallery surrounded with a balustrade. Round an aperture on the summit of the dome is another gallery, from the centre of which ascends an elegant lantern, surrounded with Corinthian columns, and surmounted by a richly gilded ball and cross.

On entering the building the vastness of design awes the beholder. He feels himself a mere atom, amidst almost boundless space; the loftiness of the vaulting, and the long range of columns which burst on his view, cause him to shrink within himself; but when he recollects how the mind of one man conceived, and executed, that noble pile, he swells with pride, and in a better mood, turns to survey the monuments of those illustrious men, whose valour or virtues have placed their "statues upon glory's niche."

And first—over the choir is the following : —

Subtus conditur hujus ecclesiae et urbis
Comditor Christophorus Wren, qui vixit
Annos ultra nonaginta non sibi sed
Bono publico. Lector, si monumentum requiris,
Circumspice.

Obiit XXV Feb. anno MDCCXXIII.

Ætat. 91.

The first statue erected here was that of Doctor Johnson. Opposite is the philanthropic Howard. He is represented trampling on chains, with a key in one hand, and a scroll in the other, inscribed, " Plan for the improvement of Prisons." On the pedestal is a fine basso-relievo, representing this ornament to the human race relieving some poor prisoners.

It is pleasing to turn from the representations of the achievements of heroes, and pause beneath the statue of Howard. " Leaving the shrine of Mars to enter the temple of Concord." What sublime emotions does not that figure call forth ! what tears of gratitude have bedewed those feet ! what grateful tongues invoked blessings on that head ! Howard, distinguished as much by the philanthropy of his nature, as his most ennobled namesake had ever been for martial, or state achievements. " He traversed Europe," says Burke, " not to contemplate her palaces, but to dive into her dungeons,—not to gain the acquaintance of the great, but to succour the wretched—to contemplate the dwellings of sorrow and shame—to remember the ne-

glected—to visit the forsaken, and to compare, and collate the distresses of men of all countries. He was the discoverer of want, in order to relieve it, and the navigator of misery's tide, in order to check, and prevent its overflow."

How idle it is for us, poor mortals, who fret our busy hour upon the stage of this life, to indulge in the idea of immortalizing a name, and not to go the right way about it! I allow it should be the aim of each individual to endeavour to transmit something to posterity, as a memento when he shall be no more. "Decet omnes homines," &c. Sallust says, in his opening to the Catiline war; but all is vain, unless we confer some benefit on our fellow creatures. "Time is ever silently turning over the leaves of his volume, and while reading the present, we forget the past, and each age is a stale edition when renewed by a successor." Thus the lion, or hero of to-day, drives from our recollection him of yesterday; he will be forgotten in his turn, but the man who bases his name on charity, and beneficence, is so indissolubly connected with the interests of mankind, that he is ever remembered with gratitude, and pointed out as a model for imitation. Philanthropic Howard! mankind will revere thee for ever!

Between the dome and choir, on the south side, is a beautiful monument to Lord Nelson; he is represented in the dress given him by the Grand Signor, leaning on an anchor. The British lion guards the monument.

There is also a fine monument to Lord Collingwood; to Sir John Moore; a noble equestrian monument to the lamented Sir Ralph Abercromby; to the gallant General Ross, the hero of Washington; one erected to the memory of Lord Duncan; to Major General Bowes; General Hoghton, with a vast number of others well worthy a minute inspection.

After a survey beneath, the visitor prepares for his ascent to the summit, there to enjoy the splendid views which the outside galleries furnish. The ascent to the whispering gallery is by a staircase of 280 steps. It is called the whispering gallery, because the least whisper uttered at one side is heard distinctly on the opposite; from it a passage leads to the library of the dean and chapter; the floor of this apartment is oak, and formed of 2376 small pieces, without nail or peg. There are some beautifully carved pillars, by Grinlin Gibbons; some manuscripts written by the monks in Latin 800 years ago, and an illuminated manuscript containing rules for a convent 500 years back. Over the morning-prayer chapel, at the opposite end of the transept, is a room called the trophy room, from being hung with the shields and banners used at Lord Nelson's funeral. Here is kept the rejected model first designed by Sir Christopher Wren, for the cathedral, and also of the altar piece which was left unexecuted. The visitor may now ascend to the stone gallery, which

surrounds the exterior dome, above the colonnade. When the air is clear the view from this is very fine, but nothing to the prospect from above. If the spectator wishes for real pleasure, at the cost of some toil, he will unhesitatingly mount about 600 steps to the golden gallery. The staircase is certainly difficult, rambling and ill lit ; but the moment he gets into the open air, he will be sufficiently repaid. He looks down on his fellow-creatures, diminished to the size of insects buzzing about their avocations, and is struck with the littleness of man. The ball is six feet two inches in diameter, and can contain eight persons ; the weight is stated to be 5600lb. ; the cross 3360lb. The geometrical staircase is an object of interest to all who are curious in architectural matters ; the stairs go round the concave in a spiral direction—the clock is also worth seeing.

February 14th.

I attended to witness the ceremony of the King's opening Parliament. The day was rather unpleasant for the spectacle, threatening rain ; however it was sufficiently fine to allow every thing proposed to take place. About two o'clock the space from the Horse Guards through which the king was to pass, as far as the House of Peers, was crowded with spectators. The Life Guards kept the line, and about half past two the hum

arose, that the procession was approaching. Presently the men on duty, who from the dampness of the day wore their cloaks over their steel cuirasses, cast them aside, drew their swords, and stood to their posts as the advanced guard of the royal cortege issued from the gates. The first carriage contained the Queen's officers, drawn by six superb bays; next came her Majesty's coach, drawn by six beautiful white horses,—the liveries very handsome, and next a carriage with black horses, and then the state-coach containing our most gracious Sovereign.

Who has not heard of the king's coach drawn by eight cream-coloured horses? but how few have seen them!—they are large, strong animals, evidently shewing high feeding, and little work. Each had a groom and postilion: the coachman on the box therefore had a sinecure. The vehicle itself is curious, covered with gilding and devices. The king is very like the prints sold of him, stout, and placid looking. On his arrival a grand salute of twenty-one guns was fired:—after the usual ceremony of reading his speech, he returned to the palace.

Truly has it been observed, “there is yet a golden volume to be written on the various fortunes of genius in London—base, virtuous, degrading, ennobling London. How many anxious thoughts and soul-harrowing forebodings, and

bitter trials, and heroic endurance, would not a disclosure of the workings of this great city expose!—and, not confined to genius among the destitute, for those dressed up with brief authority, feel in a degree nearly equally poignant fear of losing their power, and anxiety to soar higher. And thence taking a more extended survey, may we not see the lawyer, the physician, the artizan, and the labourer, looking towards the mighty public for their support, and having embarked on the stream of popular opinion, anxiously hoping to be impelled by its tide!

Having brought to London a number of manuscripts, enough in the estimation of any moderate person to make some considerable sum of money, I experienced, in my attendance on booksellers, not only the lingering sickness arising from hope deferred, but the mortification of cold neglect, or repulsive denial.

My first essay was presenting a manuscript to Mr. —. After an interval of about a month, I received it with a regret, that being a collection of tales, he could not undertake it, and advised me to try their insertion in some Magazine. The New Monthly got the preference of me, but not I of the Editor, who declined it “with his compliments.” Fraser, Blackwood, Metropolitan, Library of Fiction, all have received from time to time communications from me, and begged leave

to decline them. Yet I was not downcast. Of all the schools for trying a man's patience, I would advise a literary attendance on Editors.

London had early been pointed out to me as the mart where talent can be exchanged, for the means of procuring subsistence ; but somehow or other I failed to make a bargain.

Though I was disappointed at my ill success in almost every quarter, yet I did not despair being blessed, thank God ! with parents who were enabled to supply me with ample funds. Yet often have I thought, as I retired from the door of the publisher, with my returned manuscript in my pocket, how wretched would the feelings of him be, who possessing no other livelihood than the offspring of his brain, was solely dependent on that for subsistence, not alone for himself perhaps, but for a wife and children. I own I used to shudder at the idea, and think there was not in the world a more fatal gift than that of writing. Like the lamp of the wrecker, it was lit but to deceive ; and now when depended on, instead of conducting the hapless being who relied on it into a haven of security and peace, left him to be lost or shattered, among the rough and flinty rocks of cold, and withering and gnawing poverty.

“ The Sons of Genius” would be a good title for a novel of real life. I remember being much struck with the following passage in *Blackwood* : —“ If all who have suffered would confess their

sufferings, would shew themselves in the stark, shivering, squalor, in which they first walked the street, would shew their wounds which first bled in their garret,—what a book might be placed in the hands of pride ! What stern, wholesome rebukes for the selfish sons of fortune ! What sustaining sweetness for the faint and weary ! True, among them might be tales of blood—tales of agony and horror—of noble nature looking serenely, with the hungry fox gnawing their bowels, —of distress sinking to despair ; and then how many petty shifts to mask a haggard face with smiles !—how many self-denials, how many artifices to hide a nakedness from laughing scorn ! Nor would the tome be all of wretchedness. No ! beautiful emanations of the human heart—the kindest minglings of human affections would sweeten and exalt many a sad story. We would find the lowly comforting the high ; the ignorant giving lessons to the accomplished ; the poor on earth aiding and sustaining the richly dowered."

Truly may this be called a picture of life. It is the apportioned lot of genius to meet with this neglect. This is the crucible in which he must be tried or tested, ere, purified by this severe ordeal, he enters the temple of Fame, and takes his place by the side of those master spirits, who, having shared the pain before him, now receive the rich reward of their labours, in the admiration of posterity. No one experienced this damping of the noblest fire

that can burn in the human breast more poignantly than the man who became mightiest for his literature afterwards,—Dr. Samuel Johnson ; and it is my opinion, that in addition to his want of early polite education, what most tended to keep up the roughness of his manners, and the acerbity of his temper towards mankind, was, the cold neglect he received on his first entering life. Misfortunes will sour the most placid temper, especially where we are conscious of their being undeserved ; and to a person of real talent, the rejection of his works when solely dependant on them for subsistence, must be misery of the most acute description. I conceive Sir W. Scott's definition of literature, to be well placed here : “ *It is a good staff, but bad crutch.*”

CHAPTER VIII.

Present House of Commons.—First night of the Raphael Inquiry—Chaplain reads Prayers.—Mr. O'Connell.—Lord Stanley.—Mr. Hume.—Mr. Shiel.

February 28th.

HAVING procured a Member's order, I went to the House of Commons. The present house is merely temporary, and by no means remarkable for architectural beauty, affording but a large hall, with benches raised from the floor at each side, and a gallery all round. Above the members are other seats, reserved for them only. At the back of the speaker's chair, and above it, is the gallery for the gentlemen of the Press, and facing them, that for the strangers. The speaker's chair stands at some distance from the wall, and is ornamented with gilding, having the royal arms on the top. In front of the chair is a table, at which the clerks sit, who take the minutes of the proceedings, read the titles of bills, &c. In the centre of the room, between the table and bar, is a spacious area. The seats of members occupy each side. On the right hand of

the Speaker is the Treasury Bench, where the members of the Administration sit : the side facing them is occupied by the leading members of the Opposition. There are no certain seats for any members, those for the city of London excepted, who may sit on the Speaker's right hand. The Speaker wears his hat on, unless on particular occasions. All the members must be seated, except the one addressing the chair : they also wear their hats at pleasure, save when speaking.

The permission of reporting the debates is by courtesy ; and having premised so much, I will now enter the House of Commons on the first night of the Raphael inquiry. I was at the entrance to the strangers' gallery, about an hour and a half before the doors were open, and already found assembled many anxiously waiting for admission. Each successive moment increased the group, and a considerable crashing ensued, on the opening of the doors. The house, when I got seated, was filling rapidly, and before the prayers were said, or the Speaker had taken his seat, both sides presented long sable phalanxes, marshalled in hostile array against each other.

As the impressive voice of the chaplain floated clear, calm, and impassioned, through the long area, bearing to the ears of the assembled members the words of peace, and christian charity, I thought how little weight those kindly admonitions would have, when party spirit reigned dominant, and the

fierce conflict of men's political passions, drove from their hearts the love of their neighbour. Colonel B. having presented the Carlow petition, which was read by the Clerk, Mr. Hardy rose to present that from Bath, when Mr. O'Connell stood up and "interfered between the two petitions." He appeared much moved, but spoke with his usual fervidness, and eloquence: he boldly stated, that he was "ready for enquiry, and anxious for it," but alluded in strong, and reproachful language, at the indelicacy of introducing his son's name, without giving him notice. "Party spirit," said the father, "is bad; but it is infernal when it tears up by the roots every kindly, and generous, and honorable feeling of our nature, and indulges in an imputation of what? Perjury! and against, before God, as pure a creature as ever breathed,—the member for Youghall." There spoke the parent on behalf of the son who was assailed. Of his own feelings, he says—"Yes! you endeavoured to plant a dagger in my breast, you endeavoured to stake the reputation of my child, but your attacks will recoil upon yourselves, and the character of my son come pure and unsullied through the ordeal."

Presently we find O'Connell leaving the tone of deep pathos with which he addressed the house when speaking of his injured, and innocent son, and which excited my feelings more than mortal voice had ever done before, and resorting to the humour of his country, with which none is more

highly gifted. It is in reply to Mr. Hardy, who did not send him a notice, or copy of the petition, because it would hurt his feelings :—“ The hon. member for Bradford, by way of excuse for not letting me have a copy of the petition, seems to insinuate that he did it to spare my feelings ; well now, this is the oddest way of sparing a man’s feelings that I ever heard of. The honourable gentleman would not hurt me by shewing me this petition in private, which at the moment he intended to shew to the whole British Empire. This is the tenderness of the butcher towards the calf—he would not shew him the knife for the world.”—(much cheering and laughter.) In the course of a reply Mr. Hardy explained how he became connected with the petition—repudiating in toto the idea that Mr. O’C. had appropriated the money to his own use.

Lord Stanley’s voice having mingled in some of the cheers, Mr. O’Connell said, he had “abundant experience of the delicacy of the noble Lord’s political enmity. He was at all times ready to meet any charge which the noble Lord might think proper to prefer against him,—for refutation would be unnecessary, as no charge could be adduced having a particle of foundation.”

Lord Stanley, in answer, made an eloquent and fluent, yet hasty and ill-tempered reply.

“ He always considered the honourable and learned gentleman’s political character and posi-

tion to be fraught with danger to the empire. Politically they had been always opposed, and it was a great gratification, that during Lord Grey's administration, he (Lord Stanley) had had the opportunity of essentially thwarting some of the honourable and learned gentleman's political schemes. He (Lord S.) would never sit on such a Committee, as might be appointed, lest his political feeling might warp his judgment. The honourable and learned gentleman had named Tuesday, yet an interval of three days was to elapse before that proposition could be disposed of. It was not for him (Lord Stanley) to say how those three days were to be employed."

Mr. O'Connell had proceeded, in reply, to state, " that when the noble Lord talked of having thwarted him in his exertions for Ireland, he (Mr. O'Connell) could only say, that no man ever made greater advances in that, or any other country, under such supposed unsavourable circumstances." He was continuing to state, that "there was something in the noble Lord's matter, or manner, wanting that temper and impartiality which all statesmen ought to possess—somehow it happened the Irish people did not fall in love with him," when Lord Howick rose to order.—He begged "the discussion would cease for that night,—regretted the expression which his noble friend had made use of, with whose generous feelings he was well acquainted."

Mr. O'Connell had no further wish to occupy the time and attention of the house; but his zealous friends, Messrs. Hume and Sheil, would not depart without casting a brave defiance in the teeth of the opposition—Hume's was the vehement force of thunder—Sheil's the vivid and scorching glare of lightning.

Grappling at once with Lord Stanley, Mr. Hume began:—"The noble Lord says, 'I know not what may be done in three or four days'—Did the noble Lord think that they were all so stupid on this (the Ministerial) side of the house as not to understand the insinuation? The noble Lord intended to imply that the honourable and learned member for Dublin asked for the postponement in order that improper means might be taken, in that interval, to prevent justice being done—(cheers, and cries of No! No!) No! what, then, did the noble Lord mean by saying, that he knew not what might be done in three or four days? If the noble Lord did not intend to make such an insinuation, let him state it fairly to the house, otherwise he (Mr. Hume) would tell him that he made a most unfair, and unparliamentary attack—(cheers). When he heard the noble Lord Stanley say, that during his official career he had done every thing in his power to thwart the views of the honourable and learned member for Dublin, he (Mr. Hume) thanked God he had no longer the power—(cheers). Much had Ireland to rue the in-

fluence which the noble Lord once exercised there. Hundreds of families had to lament the loss of lives arising from the noble Lord's mischievous policy—(cheers). The noble Lord now admitted that he was the individual who did every thing in his power to raise the influence of Mr. O'Connell, by increasing the grievances of Ireland—(great cheering and some laughter). What said a noble Lord in another place?—‘that the honourable and learned member for Dublin had more power than any other individual in Ireland.’ Who gave him that power?”

Mr. Sheil being loudly called for, answered the appeal. “It was really,” he said, “of little consequence whether the debate should take place on Monday or Tuesday. The only effect would be, that the noble Lord Stanley would be under the necessity of postponing, for a few hours longer, that display of *generous feeling* for which his noble friend on the Treasury Bench had given him so much credit, but of which he (Mr. Sheil) could not help observing, that the noble friend of the Secretary at War had given a somewhat peculiar specimen. The noble Lord Howick had stopped the honourable and learned member for Dublin when he was replying to an assault made upon his character, and insinuations worse than any direct imputation. The noble Lord had stated it was not for him to conjecture how the interval between this night and Tuesday was to be employed. *Generous*

insinuation!—(loud cheers.) How characteristic of the instinctive magnanimity of the noble Lord, who adopted this mode of dealing with a political rival, to whom he acknowledged he bore no very kindly sentiments! But the noble Lord deserves not only credit for generous feelings, but for perfect frankness. He told the house, that he so far distrusted his own biases and prejudices, that he would not consent to serve on the Committee. If he be disqualified as a judge, what weight ought to be attached to him as a witness, and what impression ought his impassioned oratory to make on the house? Why did he rise at all? Could he not have waited for a more becoming opportunity? and was he hurried to-night into a premature disclosure of his motives, in order to correct the learned member for Bradford, who declared that he acquitted the honourable member for Dublin of all personal motives? One word more on an observation of the noble Lord. When a member of Lord Grey's government, he opposed Mr. O'Connell—where was he (Mr. O'Connell) now?"

The pause was broken by the deep tones of Mr. O'Connell's voice replying—"here I am." "As for the noble Lord," continued Mr. Sheil, pointing his finger with the steady aim of a marksman about to bring down his aim,—"I bid the house to look there! Behold him sitting in direct and ostentatious opposition to his old colleagues, whom he still designates as—'his noble friends'—(loud

cheers). Let the house behold that *juxta-position*—(vehement cheering)—let the house look at the noble *Lord*,—contemplate and ruminate on that *juxta-position*,—honourable to the right honourable *Baronet*, member for *Tamworth*, and to the noble *Lord*, member for *Lancashire*, the great sustainer of the *Reform Bill*, which annihilated the party on the opposition side of the house. I hope not entirely ignominious and suicidal."

Henry VIII. seized on with avidity. Its existence, after a duration of seven centuries, was now about to be put a period to by this destroyer of churches. It was restored for a brief space, as I have before said, by Mary, but deprived again by her successor.

Little was done towards its improvement from the finishing of Henry VII.'s chapel to the reign of George I. It suffered much during the Commonwealth from the profane hands of the soldiery. In July, 1643, the abbey was converted into barracks for the troops, who certainly turned the temple of the Lord into a den of thieves, having broken down the rails from the altar, and supped from off the communion table, drinking ale, and smoking tobacco. They broke the organ to pieces, and, when in want of drink, pledged the pipes for ale at the public houses. They used to dress themselves in surplices, and other canonical robes, making a mockery of religion, and a jest of prayer.

In the reigns of George I. and II. the western window and the towers were completed—these last by Sir C. Wren. During the reign of George III. the repairing Henry VII.'s beautiful chapel, on which time had left its marks, was entrusted to Mr. James Wyatt, and cost about £42,000.

The interior would require a catalogue, as it abounds with monuments to heroes and statesmen, kings, queens, priests, &c.

Opposite the abbey are the courts of law.

Westminster Hall was built by William Rufus, in 1098, and in the following year, on his return from Normandy, he kept his feast on Whitsuntide here "very royally." It became ruinous during succeeding reigns, and was repaired by Richard II. in 1397, who added to its height, and otherwise much improved it. When complete this king held his Christmas festival within the hall, accompanied with the profuse extravagance for which his court was remarkable. It is said that on this occasion, no less than twenty-eight oxen, three hundred sheep, and fowls past reckoning were consumed. The number of guests each day amounted to 10,000, and two thousand cooks were employed. Westminster Hall is the largest in Europe: its length is 270 feet, its height 90, and its breadth 74. It has no pillars. The roof, curiously carved, consists principally of chesnut wood, and is of gothic construction. Many of its ornaments suffered in the late fire which burned the Parliament houses. It is to be preserved in its present state, in the projected works for the new houses of Lords and Commons.

The Courts of Chancery, Exchequer, King's Bench, and Common Pleas, have been held in different situations, or apartments, of this hall, since the reign of Henry III. It has been also used for state trials—those of peers, and other distinguished persons—such as the late Lord Melville, Warren Hastings, &c. In this hall are held the

coronation feasts of the kings of England. The House of Lords is a plain building. A throne was erected in 1820 of the most splendid description, consisting of an immense canopy of crimson velvet surmounted by the imperial crown, and supported by pillars richly gilt, and decorated with acorns and oak leaves. The seats of the Chancellor (who is the Speaker of the House of Lords), of the Judges, and officers, are woolsacks, and Peers are ranged according to their rank: they sit on benches, covered with green baize. The Archbishops, Dukes, and Marquesses sit on the right hand of the Throne; Earls and Bishops on the left: the other Peers on the cross-benches.

I was much struck on entrance with the solemnity which pervaded every proceeding, so different from the spirit of the Commons, and fell into a train of reflection which produced the following disquisition on the relative merits of the two houses principally considered, in relation to oratorical display. From the tone and manner in which I saw affairs were conducted—and nothing could be more pointedly striking than the contrast between the assembly in which I now stood to that where I had recently been—I came to the conclusion, which, I believe, is borne out by the opinions of all those who have expressed their sentiments on the subject, that the House of Commons is a far superior school for legislators than the Lords.

The former is all bustle. The very look of the

place betokens activity. There is certainly nothing to invite repose save the benches up in the galleries. There is an appearance of business characterizing the ordinary routine of the house. The numerous questions brought before it by the members, each of whom generally seizes the opportunity to address a few words to the chair, which few words not unfrequently produce a few words more, and there necessarily ensues a collision, which, if it has no other effect, affords a number of honourable gentlemen the facility of debate. In the Commons the members use their privilege of free speaking to some extent in expressing their approbation, or dislike, and not a few possess very capital powers of imitation, cock crowing, braying, &c.

“How well the subject suits”

their honourable minds I am not prepared to say ; but suppose, “a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind,” and that many by frequent practice attain very respectable success in their respective accomplishments. There is also more to rouse the energies, and excite the powers of a young man than in the more grave and mature deliberations of the Peers. With the latter there is something formal, and discouraging, which to my mind must depress the fire which should inflame the exciting language of the orator. How can it be possible that the calm indifference and gravity of decorum, with which the “potent, grave, right reverend signors” regard the Peer delivering his sentiments, does not re-act

on him, and prevent his soaring above the cold, tame, deliberate, placidity, by which he is surrounded ! If I were to presume to speak from my own experience, slight as it is, I should say, that to make a speech effective does not altogether rest with the orator : of course a great deal does, but his hearers may do much ;—they must feel, and echo back his sentiments, or show that they disapprove of them with energy. The tame audience obtains a tame speaker, however boldly he may have commenced, however impassioned his opening tone : he requires a stimulus, and falters through want of incitement : he is like the steed who requires the spur ;—apply it freely, and he perseveres—omit to use it, and he becomes heavy and torpid.

The House of Lords, however, boasts an advantage which is not to be met with in the other House, or indeed, perhaps, I may say, in any place, where constant appeals are made to the passions, instead of the senses of the hearers. It is a desire to prefer argument to display. The stranger who having heard so much of the House of Commons, the first assembly of gentlemen in the world, expects to find it faultless, will be doomed to disappointment. Its defects on what is termed a “field-night” may perhaps fail to strike the superficial observer. The brilliancy of the language, the aptness of quotation, the purity of diction, the ease of delivery, the gracefulness of gesture, and, above all, the apparent earnestness of conviction which distinguish most

of the leading debaters do not allow him for a moment to suppose that all their eloquence may be quite beside the real question before the House—that not one word out of every hundred goes to the point—that in the House of Commons every debate is characterized by a certainly culpable neglect of attention to first principles, which causes the honorable members to prefer earning for themselves a reputation for oratory, instead of attending to the real interests of the country, or the wants of their constituents, by investigating solely the matter before them.

It may perhaps be urged that we are now so grown in constitutional manhood as to render the puerile recourse to generalizing a work of supererogation. But with great submission I maintain, that we cannot generalise or treat logically a subject, embracing perhaps a number of abstract propositions, without resolving them to first principles, and that were they habitually resorted to, a material, and decided alteration would take place in the debates. We would have more practical speeches, and fewer theoretical ones—less grappling with terms, and avoiding the substance—more attention paid to the real merits of the question—less frequency of departure from the subject altogether—a slighter proportion of weight given to the produce of the skirmishing debater, who appeals to the memories rather than the judgment of his hearers, and by a skilful use of quotations at-

tempts to shake a proposition he cannot censure. With a well stored imagination, provided with ample funds on which to draw, he comes forward to rebut solid arguments. Finding them invincible, by a happy ingenuity, he charges the honourable member with inconsistency, and supports his declaration by offering to "read to the house the very speech delivered by the honourable member opposite who then opposed this motion." He who has the readiest invention, the most perseverance, the greatest fluency, is richest in quotations, can aid the discomfiture of a political opponent by such a charge as I have just alluded to, or furnishing the remainder of a mutilated quotation, turn the tables on his honourable friend opposite,—is he who receives the highest meed of parliamentary approbation, and a character in society which I should certainly desire to possess, that of a successful debater.

March 2nd.

I went to a ball in the neighbourhood of Belgrave-square. Rather an adventure happened to me, *en passant*, which I may relate. It was 10 o'clock when I left the house in the neighbourhood where I had dressed; and while walking along C— Place, the houses being all uniform, my ears were, naturally enough, on the alert, for the sound of carriage-wheels, indicating the full tide of a large party. Vehicles rolling up to a

door, and depositing their fair occupants at the same, announced my proximity to the scene of action, and in I walked. There were three servants in the hall; but previous to my entering the drawing-room I desired to be shown into the tea-room. This was accordingly done, and I took tea, after which, having been duly named, I entered the drawing-room, and bowed to the lady of the house. But lo ! I had never seen her before—in a word, I had made a mistake—this was not the party to which I was invited. A very nice young lady was sitting to the piano, and about to favour the company with a song, so I could not find it in my heart to disturb her. At the conclusion, however, I turned to the gentleman of the house, and said, “ Sir, I dare say these mistakes often occur at your London parties ; but, really, this is not the house to which I have been invited.” So far from manifesting any impatience at the intrusion, he begged I would remain where I was, and being partial to music, I staid, and listened to three very delightful songs. After which, thinking I had no longer a right to the hospitality of those strangers, and that it was fitter for me to go to where I had been regularly invited, I retired, and went to Mrs. W—’s.

There we had also some songs and music, until near 12 o’clock, when each took his partner to the ball-room. We commenced with country-dances. Miss — opened the ball. After the dance my fair

companion said her mamma expressed a wish to be introduced to me. I replied it would make me very happy. So she presented me to Lady T—, a most estimable lady-like person. Quadrilles, waltzes, &c. followed. The supper, which was laid most judiciously in the green-house, abounded with every delicacy the season could furnish, or wealth procure. There were no less than three confectioners in the house. The wines were in profusion, and the plate splendid. After supper, dancing was resumed, and continued till past four o'clock.

As a people, the English, in general, appear to me quite as fond of dancing as my more mercurial countrymen. Quadrilles form the chief item in the *ballet* list; and I usually have some trouble to get up that most fascinating of all dances—the waltz. There is commonly a country-dance, or cotillion, by way of finish; and once I danced Sir Roger de Coverley, which carried me, in idea, among the fine old English gentlemen of an hundred years back. I love old customs and associations. They recur to our minds with the freshness of youth, and recall the elasticity of spirit we possessed in boyhood. If the amusements of our ancestors were not so scientific as our own they were certainly better adapted for carrying into effect the end and object of all amusements—the promotion of health by exercise of the body.

I would now venture to approach a subject of a very delicate nature, but am so impressed with

the danger of the consequences that I do think I had better refrain altogether from the attempt, than hazard an opinion, and have an entire nation up in arms against me, which would most inevitably be the case, no matter to which side I would yield the palm—"on the merits of English and Irish beauty."

It is impossible for the visitor of the drawing-room not to be struck with the exquisite loveliness he there beholds, adorning many a graceful girl;—sparkling eyes, rosy lips,—teeth, white as ivory,—complexion, the hue of the ripening peach,—a bosom pure as the unstained snow,—and her figure—a breathing *Venus de Medicis*—all dazzle and entrance his heart. Then they are all highly accomplished—not one but can perform on the harp, or piano—perhaps the guitar—and sing like syrens. Their dancing is the perfection of motion. They draw, and speak the languages—many, to the utter astonishment of the natives; but the worst is, you fail to discover, beneath the multitude of accomplishments which embellish, the workings of the innate mind.

In the ultra-fashionable society, in this country, there is rarely a community of feeling—all is self. "Good nature," said a leader of the *beau-monde*, "is quite *mauvais ton*. It is bad style to take it up, and will never do." Such being the principles of the leaders, it is not to be wondered at if their unthinking followers copy so bright an

example, and care for none but themselves:—hence they become selfish, haughty, and vain, but by no means independent. The veriest criminal who toils in the galleys is not more circumscribed in his views than is the slave of fashion,—always cringing to those above, imperious to those beneath,—without originality, without a vestige of that social intercourse which spreads around the tide of social talent, and diffuses a shower of complacency over all within its circle; as far removed from stiffness and prudery as from rudeness and positive vulgarity,—which excites, while it never wearies,—delights, while it never fails to continue and promote the kindest feelings.

I am happy to be enabled to state that cards are an amusement rarely resorted to by young people in this city. I should not have said amusement, because it is only in the lack of every thing else they become so, and I for one would vote imposing a much higher duty upon them, or a tax on every one playing who has not attained a *certain age*, or is otherwise incapable of enjoying rational society. The moment they are introduced, conversation is put a period to,—all improvement is prevented,—every thing ceases to occupy the attention of the party, but—the game.

On the contrary, the English girls enter into the spirit of the dance with the same vigour as my own animated countrywomen. The evening, though to many affording a repetition of scenes which might

be expected to tire, is, in reality, looked forward to with interest, and hailed with anxiety. The hope of again meeting the one whose attentions were most assiduous — the thoughts of again hearing the whispers, which breathed the choicest expressions of constancy and affection — of once more being addressed in the low soft tones, scarcely daring to trust to the lips what the heart would fain tell by looks — by mute, yet eloquent looks, which in their silence say —

More to the heart than thunder to the ear —

all combine to bid the fair and trusting girl don her choicest robe and braid her flowing tresses. Though her words may be few to the mere acquaintance, and her stupidity and vapidness pronounced a downright *bore* by the smart beau who cannot extort perhaps a single smile in return for all the pains he takes to persuade her she is the Star of the night, — fairest where all are fair — yet beneath that outward coldness there is an intense passion burning, which, at the presence of one who has not yet arrived, will expand into life, and light, as a flower unfolds its petals at the approach of the sun.

I have a positive contempt for the individual, who, for his own amusement, or vain glory, plays with the feelings of an inexperienced girl. I know well that at the moment when engaged in the light conversation which usually follows the dance, or

is carried on at the supper-table, or in the recesses of the window, or angles of door-ways, the gallant gay Lothario has no idea of any thing serious—that never enters his imagination—he aims at being merely agreeable, and no more. But let me ask, does the thought never flash across his mind ? what, if these expressions, which he throws off with the ease of a well-accustomed flow of language and the force of a brilliant imagination, were to be construed literally by the artless girl to whom they are, perhaps for the first time, addressed ! If, at the moment when he

Steals her soul with many vows of love,
And never a true one,

the remembrance of the broken hearts, who have pined and wept in secret over blighted hopes and slighted vows called into birth by expressions no stronger, or glances not more earnest than those now so lavishly bestowed, were to be reflected on his sight by memory's mirror,—would not he start as from the sting of an adder, and gaze as at a precipice, on whose verge he had heedlessly strayed ? Yes ; if he were a man and a Christian, such would be his feelings. I am certainly taking upon myself a presumptuous office in thus becoming a censor of morals, but as I believe that this particular instance alone requires to be sufficiently often pointed out, in order to be reprobated and put an end to, I am induced to

advert to it. Another motive also concurs, which is my extreme vigilance, and overweening anxiety for the happiness of mankind's better half. To effect this, it requires their co-operation, and as a thousand daily instances

Of prospects too untimely crost,
Of passion slighted or betrayed;
Of kindred spirits early lost,
And buds that blossom but to fade—

might be cited to prove the mischiefs of the present system, it only remains, having proved a mischief to exist, now to shew how it may be remedied.

The ladies must first come to the determination to listen to no speeches, which do not bear the impress of probability. This may be done by obliging the eloquent suitor to abstain from all metaphors, similes, comparisons, or flourishes of rhetoric, and deliver his sentiments in good English prose. Next, by seriously manifesting a shew of decent dislike for the conversation or society of the man that has been the avowed and unblushing cause of woe to the unhappy female who trusted to his honour. This, with great respect, I would strenuously insist on, because it is most in vogue and frequent in practice. Have we not daily examples of that person being received with a kind of praise and false triumph, who, by his acts has violated the most sacred ties, trampled on the tenderest feelings, set alike at defiance the

laws of God and man, and throwing aside the better feelings of his nature, rooting from his bosom all that is dear to honour, faith, love, or religion, and hurried away by his own vicious and corrupt inclinations, has destroyed at one fell sweep years of innocence and a life of happiness ? Can he be an object of envy, who consigns at the moment of a woman's frailty, the joy of a husband, the mother of children, parent of helpless little ones, the confiding girl, the artless innocent—to what ?—alas ! to a life of infamy—to a grave of scorn—to days of tears—to nights of anguish—to years of penitence, unavailing before men ; and oh ! what is worse than all, robbing her of that commisseration which is the solace of earthly woe, denying by his deed that sympathy which the world withholds from the sufferer in this instance, until she descends into a premature grave, unwept, unmourned, unrequited :—for

Every fault a tear may claim,
Except an erring sister's shame.

Beware, then, how you excite hopes which you do not mean to fulfil. Guard your language, and your conscience will be quieted ; no visions of cankered beauty, or faltering step, or sad and altered mien where before all was joy and life will haunt you. You shall thenceforward have no “stricken deer,” in whose breast thou hast planted

the *lethis arundo*, the death-bringing shaft of despair, which causes her to pine and droop day after day, like a plant severed from the roots, which fed its fibres, and at the time when her sorrow is most poignant, and her life sands nearly run, forgiving you your inconstancy, and pardoning your neglect.

Some callous, hard-hearted man of the world may exclaim, "What a ridiculous theme to write on,—man's ingratitude, and woman's constancy!" Did not this author ever read Virgil? and then he cites,—

—————Varium et mutabile semper
Femina;

or, illustrates his doctrine by,

Seek constancy in winds, or corn in chaff,
Believe a woman, or an epitaph.

To him I answer, that he knows not woman's affection. He has never experienced the sincerity of real passion,—the anxious meeting, the blissful interview, the sad farewell,—the deep, and dull, and desolate feeling of isolation, which leans upon the heart, after parting from the object of deep devoted love. Yet in candour I must admit that the sex are mortal: they have, as we all have, weaknesses: no human being is free from them. But let these unbelievers in woman's faith, and

woman's trust,—those censors of a less vicious race than their own, take heed

Ne scutica dignum horribili sectere flagello.

There certainly appears to me a radical fault in the education of young ladies in Great Britain, and that portion of his Majesty's kingdom, called Ireland, which, for the sake of all bachelors, I wish were not the case. For the sake of the rising generation it ought to be attended to; and considering what is, or doubtless should be, the aim and end of mothers in general, it does surprise me that such a state of things has been suffered to exist. I allude to instructing girls in artificial, instead of useful accomplishments.

Women were formed by nature, and designed by their Creator, to be the companions of man; and this is a fact, which few females ever consider in its proper signification, or else neglect it until it is too late to remedy. Surely, had they this fact continually before their eyes, they could not fail to try, and obtain a knowledge of some of those requisites which would render them useful helpmates, when the days of their companionship should arrive—when they enter into the holiest partnership that exists; nay, more than partnership, for that beholds two distinct parties, united by a community of joint interest, yet laying aside that particular interest, capable of acting in a several

transaction, but the husband and wife are the same.

Sunt animæ due in carne una,

as Lord Coke puts it. They would, or ought, methinks, lay aside much of those hardly gained accomplishments, only useful to render them objects of envy or pain in a ball-room, but incumbrances in the married state; become more skilled in domestic economy; learn a few practical rules of arithmetic, which all young ladies have a fearful abhorrence of, and, instead of four hours practising the piano, spend half the time in judicious reading—not the common run of fashionable novels, but works which give an insight into the manners and customs of different countries, and a concise view of the history of their own land; so that the mistress of the house may not be ignorant in company.

Indiscriminate novel-reading is the ruin of half the young people who spend their hours poring over their fascinating pages. Such only should your daughters read as may tend to illustrate some historical event, too dry to be otherwise dwelt upon,—or, some class of society *always* more elevated than your own; and then be careful that the rank and authority of the author are such as to render it a guarantee of its genuineness.

These are the few observations which I have, I fear, obtrusively made on the fair sex—I trust with good effect—certainly with good intention. Plato

says "He that fisheth with poison catcheth fish but evil and corrupted; so they that attempt to gain husbands or wives by charms or deceit may easily get them; but they were better un-gotten."

Saturday, March 5th.

I had accepted Mr. T—'s kind invitation to dinner, and accordingly prepared for the nonce.— I had been remiss in calling there, since last I found myself under his mahogany, but a civil speech would set all to rights; and I finished the delicate operation of dressing, when 'twas time to step into that memorial of fallen greatness, a hackney coach. Has any one ever reclined in the well-cushioned seat, or surveyed the faded linings, without calling up, in his imagination, how many, and different of his fellow beings have rested on the one and looked on the other? through what gradations it has passed, since the strawberry-leaved coronet graced its pannels, until "it lisped in numbers, and the numbers came," rejoicing in the figures 318? What stately dames and high-born gentlemen were its first owners! and, since it has fallen from its high estate, to mix with commoners, what a volume of human life might we not read, could we but find a key to its pages! These reflections occupied me, as the coachman whipped his horses round the square, and by a sudden stop announced his arrival at number ---.

"This is the house, Sir."

"It is," said I—"knock."

He did so: the open door shewed the well-lit hall. I extricated myself from the straw-littered voiture, gave the obsequious Jarry a trifle over his fare, as the night was rainy, and hurried into the hall, to divest myself of my roquelaire.

I was shewn up-stairs, my name repeated to the proper officer; the *battants* of the drawing-room flew open, and Miss T. rose to receive her brother's guest. The group soon increased, and about seven o'clock dinner was announced. I presented my arm to the lady of the house, and she, having the *pas*, led the way to the *salle a manger*. Our dinner, consisting of soup, fish, meats, removed by sweets and pastry, passed over without any thing particular.

We talked of the opening of the opera and the falling off of the theatres, the inroads of rail-roads, and the scarcity of game, and other important topics, broken at repeated intervals by challenges, not to fight, but to drink wine, and demands to give or receive nutriment. The entré of the dessert, and finger-glasses, and the circulation of the decanters, after which the ladies left us to ourselves, produced an approximation of which the fire was the focus, and we talked of politics and literature.—I mentioned I had been much instructed, and entertained by reading "Boswell's life of Johnson." One of the company

expressed something like a dissent; whereon Mr. T. said "I pity the person who cannot read that book." I talked of a work on the Rhine, which I contemplated producing, as I intended spending the summer there, with a young friend, an artist: he was to lithograph the drawings, and I to furnish the letter-press.

Mr. T. "As a speculation, I advise you against it. All that ground is engaged: the scenery is quite familiar to us. Take the embellishments from even Bulwer's work, and see how unimportant it is."

We talked of Mrs. Trollope's "Paris." All present were unanimous in holding one opinion of her—that her abuse of those whom she sought as friends was discreditable. I objected to her inveighing against any person, irrelevant to the work in hand, and said the words of O'Connell to the proprietors of Tory papers, saying he was "nine-tenths of their stock in trade," were equally true with regard to her "Paris and the Parisians." I concluded with that sentence of Dr. Johnson to a lady using her pen in much the same way—"She is fitter employed at her toilet than writing—better be reddening her own cheeks than blackening other people's characters."

A gentleman present related the following anecdote of her:—He was sitting in the cabin of the Ostend steamer at breakfast with the captain, on beefsteaks and porter, when a dumpy red-faced

little woman entered with a graceful lady-like girl, her daughter. They had occasion to pass near where the pair were at breakfast, and whether it was a qualm of sea-sickness, not very placable to gross food, came over her, or that the viands were different to what she was accustomed to at that egg-swallowing, tongue-devouring, tea-drinking, matinal meal, cannot be told ; but, resting her eyes with an air of aversion on our informant, she exclaimed—“ The man must be a brute ! ” and with her companion turned hastily away.

“ That, sir,” said the captain, “ is Mrs. Trollope.”

Strains of the most enchanting music now floated over head, and as I pride myself on having, what our great moralist says few have—“ Intellectual resources sufficient to forego the pleasures of wine”—I rose to move, and accordingly returned to the drawing-room. We had, indeed, “ the feast of reason, and the flow of soul ;” the former in the enjoyment of intellectual conversation, and the latter in delicious music. The Misses T. performed, one on the harp with grace and feeling, the other on the piano with brilliant execution : in addition we had a violoncello ; and two flutes breathed magic harmony, from the skill of the performers. During the evening we had the music of *Der Freischütz* ; *Adelaide* of Beethoven ; the Witches of *Macbeth*, &c.

“ Music,” said mine host, “ is almost the only

thing in the world I do not tire of. I would leave the conversation of the wisest man to listen to it."

"Shakespeare," I observed, "made it the standard of a man's honesty."

"Oh yes!" he said, laughing, "but I do not go quite so far as him"—"treasons, stratagems, and spoils," are too much. We have had good men who did not care for music:—Doctor Johnson for instance."

"To be passionately fond of it," said I, "we must be accustomed to it from our infancy: almost all our great composers were offsprings of musicians."

"I have ever loved it," he replied.

"Dr. Johnson," said Mrs. T. "had not the advantages of polite society in his youth, to which may be attributed his want of the graces of manner which distinguished him. We are not, however, surprised at this, when we reflect upon his origin—how unaided he struggled, and worked himself into society, by the powers of his great mind."

"I spoke with her of the C——s."

Mrs. T.—"We were near neighbours at S—— Hall, and I used to be much in their delightful society. They had ever the art of sending away their guests pleased with themselves."

"That," said I, "is in my opinion the highest point to which politeness can reach; because, when

satisfied with yourself, you are always induced to be so with others."

" I think," she answered, " you Irish are particularly fortunate in doing so. You certainly are a more social people than we are—more lively."

" I bowed, and expressed a wish that she would put it in our power to shew how much we had the will to return her kindness."

Mr. T.—" You are a poetic nation, and good orators."

" Yes ! but our thoughts flow sometimes so fast that we cannot find words for them : hence our bulls."

During supper there was a spirited contest on the superior powers of Handel and Beethoven, as to which was the most finished composer ; and the sublimity of the former was well contrasted with the poetic brilliancy of the latter eminent musician. While the debate was continuing, Mr. T. threw in a simile which is too good to be lost.

" Handel," said he, " was like the English dray horse—slow and stately—Beethoven like the race horse—rapid and graceful."

At twelve o'clock I left the abode of that delightful family, with the fixed impression of having there spent the most intellectual evening I had passed since my visit to this centre of greatness.

As in my way homeward I passed Westminster Abbey, black, and huge in its breadth of shade,

thoughts of the remarkable men entombed therein came from the mingled chaos of my feelings, and, fixed into a kind of order, wrought in succession on my mind a vivid epitaph. The noble Earl of Chatham rose in my memory—servid and statesman-like ; of whom Grattan said—“ With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England.”

“ Nor were,” continued the same master limner, “ his political abilities his only talents : his eloquence was an era in the senate, peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments, and instructive wisdom.”

Here lie the remains of Wolfe, the brave, the generous, young, talented, devoted Wolfe ; snatched by death from the arms of victory.

As I emerged from the sable mass, the bright moonlight streamed full on the rich mouldings of Henry VII.’s chapel. It was a solemn scene—I murmured unconsciously the poet’s words :

Holy moonbeam thou’rt reclining,
On the grey Cathedral’s crest,
And thy silver rays are shining,
O’er many a sainted breast,
Where thy placid light is sleeping,
Warriors, heroes, rest below,
And the sculptured mourner weeping,
Tells her silent tale of woe.

Holy moonbeam !

On one side of me rose the venerable abbey,

which was destined to contain the ashes of all the illustrious dead, for the last eight hundred years. Kings and their consorts; queens who had singly ruled the realm; statesmen before whom councils bowed; generals in whose name armies conquered; admirals at whose fiat navies sunk; lawyers whose decisions strengthened justice; doctors whose opinions foiled disease; orators who ruled men's passions; genius which illumined nature; science which dragged into light hidden wonders, and divines who preached faith, and guided the soul to heaven, here invoked the

“ Passing tribute of a sigh.”

I turned, and beheld on the other hand, white as the morn's rays fell, the courts of law, and the houses of the British senate. Here, in the sight of their graves, was the stage on which many of those noble characters had played their parts, ere, by the voice of Him whose call must needs be obeyed, they were summoned to another—I trust, a better world. In this, the voice of the orator infused new vigour into the breast of his auditors, strengthened those who were with him, or overwhelmed those against him: in that, the tones of Pitt and Addison are alike equally silent in the chamber of death.

Here, the learned Earl of Mansfield breathed forth those decisions which pointed him out as the

first lawyer of the age : there, he is indeed surrounded by the ensigns of his office—emblems of his dignity : the figures of Wisdom and of Justice still linger near the chair in which is seated the venerable Judge : it is an inanimate representation : that master spirit is no more.

Behind me lay the city, half its inhabitants immersed in sleep after the fatigues of the week ; the other running the whirling round of dissipation, till, caught in the vortex, they are plunged beneath the treacherous tide. Before me lay, in long and wide perspective, the ample Thames, sending from its sombre bosom a hoarse yet not unpleasing murmur, like the fretful breathings of a child ere composed to rest. I paced along its margin and looked on the smooth expanse glimmering near the shore in the vista of gas-lights, and, in the centre, reflecting the myriads of stars, and the triumphant moon as she sailed through the sky above. A thousand thoughts came o'er me, which always do when I look on the Thames—of the Armada, and the destruction of that misnamed invincible fleet ; of the valiant men who so often embarked, never, never, to return ; the men of genius who have lived along its banks, and the noble city which it enriches. Palaces crumble into dust, new structures arise, kings pay the debt of nature, kindred mourn the loss of friends, and are lamented in their turn ; yet thou, puissant stream ! art the same ; unchangeable, as unchanged. Race succeeds race upon earth,

new empires rise, the revolutions of ages affect thee not, nor the vicissitudes of nature.—Thou art old ! thou art young ! Daily does the sun set on thy wave ; proudly wilt thou meet him to-morrow. Time, which causes an alteration in all else,—in man, and his works, in the pomp of towns and the fertility of valleys, seems to be at a stand still with thee ! Roll on, thou mighty river, sweep thy course, old father Thames ! Truly has the imaginative Bulwer said,— “There is no moral for a great city like that of the river which washeth its walls.”

CHAPTER X.

Sunday—Promenade in Hyde-Park—Visiting—Patrick's Day in London—Sermon—Wise change of an Artist—Advice—Environs of London—Cockney Villas—Abode of Guy Faux.

Sunday 13th.

MORNING, bright, sunshiny, and calm—the first for four days. A fine Sunday brings with it something cheering, particularly for those to whom it is the only day when they can enjoy recreation, when they are not engaged in the various duties attending their station in life.

After breakfast I prepared for prayers, and got into Chelsea Chapel some time ere the preacher had mounted the pulpit. Notwithstanding all that bigotted or ignorant writers can say on the subject, I am of opinion that religious ceremonies tend much to inspire devotion, awe for the majesty of God, and respect for his ministers. As the excellent music came in divine strains, it kept my mind awake to the sacrifice which the priests were in the act of offering on the altar. The sermon was clear, lucidly arranged, and came home to the breasts of all who heard it.

Having a few hours to spend before my engagement with Rev. T. S. with whom I was to dine, I

strolled into Hyde-Park, intending to call on the R——s. Hyde-Park seems to me to be the great promenade of London. It contains four hundred acres, more or less, and is adorned with a very fine piece of water called the Serpentine, why, or wherefore I know not, unless (*lucus a non lucendo*) for contrariety sake, it being nearly a straight canal. But people do a great deal from a spirit of opposition. This park is sometimes used for reviewing the horse and foot guards on field days. The entrance, close by Apsley House, is very magnificent; and, on an eminence near Hyde-Park Corner, is a noble statue of Achilles, inscribed to the Duke of Wellington and his brothers-in-arms, by their countrywomen. It is cast from the cannon taken in his victories. From this entrance to Cumberland Gate is a fine carriage-road, and broad foot-paths, where, particularly on Sundays, from two until five, the crowds are immense.

I do not know exactly whether it is a keen perception of the ridiculous, as displayed in the failings of others, or the inordinate desire which prompts me to seek human nature in every variety of form, and every shade of society, that impels me to observe the behaviour of those with whom I happen to be associated, or glean *en passant* from their countenances what knowledge I may. Certes do I find much delight in the concourse gathered *pour aller se promener dans Hyde-Park*.

Sunday being levee day for all stragglers at the

R——s, whose house being directly in front of the entrance to the park affords the best view of what is going on in the world below, without partaking of any bodily exertion, I, of course, found them at home. They amused themselves looking over some pen sketches which I had finished, while I in return looked over their performance. Our pursuits were occasionally interrupted, however. Lady — and her daughter were announced.

When last I beheld them in the same rooms it was a gay scene; lights, music, busy feet, were now dispersed, and Lady — came to pay a farewell visit ere leaving town for Cheltenham. Her daughter, a gay, lively hoydon, seemed loath to leave the capital. I was much struck with her pensive air, and the tone of *naïveté* in which she uttered, as she surveyed the scenes of so much gaiety ! “ Oh ! what charming rooms these are ! ” Ah ! thought I, there speaks the memory of sighs, and vows, and tender words. Some visitors from time to time dropped out, and more dropped in. Leaning on the window frame, I surveyed the busy throng, who, like ants at work, passed and repassed continually before my eyes ; my fair companions kindly pointing out such characters as either from their rank or other cause had become conspicuous. “ See, there’s Marquis Conyngham, and his little son, Lord Mount-Charles. How beautifully he sits his poney ! ” “ This carriage driving close by, contains the Duchess Countess of Sather-

land : she is the Dowager, and is going to see her daughter, Lady Surrey, next door." When tired of the spectacle, I turned to a table, where Miss J. R. had some autographs for me to look at. They were many and rare. Geo. III ; Geo. IV ; Cardinal Wolsey ; Nelson and Bronte ; a drawing of a brooch with explanation by Sir W. Scott ; Talleyrand, Bulwer, &c. As I was not to keep my Rev. friend waiting, I rose and took my leave.

I was at his house before he had returned from catechising the children, and amused myself with a survey of his drawing-room. It was unique : the impress of his sister's hand was still visible every where. The upright cabinet piano, the harp, music books, vases, all shewed the female nicety. He had requested some ladies of his acquaintance to drink tea, and give me some music, but they having declined, begged in their turn he would go to them, which he agreed to, and sent word he would take a gentleman with him. Accordingly, in due time, we proceeded to the abode of his kind friend, Mrs ——, where, after making a valuable addition to my acquaintance in this vast city, I concluded a rational evening in very agreeable society.

Thursday, 17th.

An organ playing close under my window the Irish national air brought to my recollection that the anniversary of the Saint's festival was at hand, and I rose to do honour to Patrick's day.. To an

Irishman, be his creed, or complexion what it may, Patrick's day is hailed with something more than ordinary sensations. In a religious point of view, it calls to his remembrance, how, under the mission of the christian teacher, his ancestors left the broad road, which they had traversed so long in darkness, and entered on the narrow path leading unto salvation. In a social light, how many fond pictures does it recall ! How many of those natural emotions which cling to the heart, like tendrils round the vine, and which cannot be shaken off without the destruction of the parent stem ! And, if at a distance from your home, and the family whose name you bear, in whose affections you are linked ; and, if in a foreign land, and with strangers, no matter how kind : oh ! how the pent heart loves to burst the narrow prison of reality, and soaring away in thought, to cast itself on the bosom of that circle in which it had so long reposed !

Such were the reflections which came o'er me, as I prepared to visit the Irish Chapel ; and placing my harp brooch as prominently as possible, I repaired thither. It was a source of gratification for me to perceive no trace of that drunkenness, or riotous demeanour in the Patlanders, who promenaded the streets, luxuriating in large bunches of green shamrock, placed jauntily in their hats, which, I grieve to say, too often marks their devotion to some other shrine beside that of their Patron Saint in their native land. They passed on orderly and decently,

as if anxious to shew their English neighbours that though Patrick's day was one of rest, it was not one of profligacy. Meanwhile, Soho Square brought me to my destination, and, just as I had reached the entrance, a carriage drove up, and deposited at the door a man, venerable from his years, and distinguished as the R. C. Bishop of London. I kept close to him ascending the stair, but lost sight of him in the crowded church. The Irish Chapel is long and lofty, has a broad aisle, and ample side and front galleries, yet was completely filled. I never saw a place of worship so thronged. The ceremony of the grand High Mass was imposing, as usual, and the music very fine. Hushed, and stilled, as the sea, when the wind is at rest, and no voice breathes o'er the surface of the mighty deep ; was that congregation, when the preacher, Rev. Dr. W——, mounted the pulpit, and his voice, clear though not melodious, but bearing the impress of truth and deep research, stilled every rising distraction, and kept the mind awake to hearken to the words which were to follow.

A succinct and beautiful account of our Saint's mission—his first difficulties—his bloodless success, and the undeviating tenacity and unflinching strictness with which the doctrines he preached have been since kept by the natives of Ireland alone formed the leading points of one of the most impressive discourses I ever had the good fortune to hear.

Having promised my Irish-hearted, though English-born friend, Mr. C—, to eat my Patrick's day dinner with him, I entered his mansion at the appointed hour. I found him kind as usual; and in a short time, a few more guests having made their appearance, brought that cheering announcement—"Dinner is on the table." I had the pleasure of drinking to "my absent friends," and have no doubt they in old Erin reciprocated.

Mr. D—, to whom I sat next, is an example of successful industry. He, I understand, practised as an artist for a short time in London. Having, from his love of the arts, visited every city in Italy, but not finding that return which every buoyant spirit, in the heyday of his imagination, believes must attend his embarkation in a favourite pursuit—either seeing praise bestowed on some less worthy object, or his greatest work overlooked by chill neglect—withdrawn in time from the deceitful bubble, public applause, ere his years were wasted in pursuit of a shadow, or his heart sickened by oft-baffled projects; and leaving his *pallette*, with what appetite he might, embarked for that "El Dorado" of settlers, America. Here has he married, has purchased three hundred acres of arable land near a ready market for grain—a populous neighbourhood—is a magistrate of the country—looks forward to much higher offices in the course of time—and all after three years' settlement. Oh! you, ye paupers, or at least comparatively so, to what ye may be,

whose all is expended on the blacking, which adds lustre to your boot, but reflects none on your character—on the oil in your whisker, or the clothes on your back!—whose ephemeral existence is unknown beyond the pavé of the street, or the atmosphere of the billiard-room, be guided by the example of Mr. D—! Emerge from the degraded position in which bad habits have placed you, and become what you can never be, until your existence is altered—useful members of society—if not at present in the old world, at least in the new. We sat in the drawing-room after coffee, looking at some admirable caricatures—Heath's *Flowers of Loveliness*, &c.—until Miss C— made a move to the piano. We had some sweet songs—an Italian duet—and Mr. C— begged, on my behalf, his daughter to favour us with that exquisite Irish air—“The harp that once through Tara's halls.” She obligingly complied, and I heard the desolation of the halls of my ancestors embodied with such melting strains, that though the words filled me with tears for the loss of departed greatness, yet they bore with them the antidote of the present, and I felt the soothing power of the music come o'er my senses like a healing balsam, poured, with a leech's skill, into the wounds which the words had made. On my return was a letter from my mother, enclosing one of introduction from the C. Bishop of our diocese, to the above-mentioned Bishop of London.

Saturday, 19th.

Walked for some time on the Wandsworth road: It is a pleasant road, the Wandsworth—the green fields by its side—the neat villas—the suburban habitations of the citizens, rejoicing in the various denominations of “houses,” “places,” “parks,” “lodges,” “capital mansions,” and “cottages ornée,” with the constant passing and repassing of coaches, carriages, omnibuses, cabs, drays, *et hoc genus omne*—all conspire to render it a scene of bustle and variety.

The day was bright, and excessively warm for the season. Winter to all appearance had totally disappeared, to hide her snowy head in the icy north; and gay, enlivening, vernal spring burst forth in all her flowery exuberance. The fields to my right, as I strolled onward, lay in broad expanse of grassy verdure, striking away to the horizon; broken but by rows of tall trees, and dwarf hedges, towering over which occasionally might be seen the lofty tunnel of some manufactory, from which the black smoke rushed in a dense column, defiling for the moment the fair face of Heaven. Some few farm houses comfortably ensconced within the range of out-offices appeared not inappropriately in the picture. In the fields adjoining the house might be seen some milch cows, a few fleecy, well fed-sheep; and the gambols of horses rejoicing in a holiday, broke the repose which reigned throughout. Looking for a moment towards that part of the

cloudless canopy when the air, denser than the rest, told of the myriad-voiced city, the eye beheld faint outlines of houses, churches, and manufactories confusedly blended together. Wind-mills revolved rapidly, and the agitation caused by the numerous bodies replete with life or motion seemed to reach the skies. The dome of St. Paul's on one side, and the pinnacled towers of Westminster Abbey on the other, seemed secure in their elevation, to regard serenely the busy insects beneath.

Meanwhile, as I walked along, the comfortable boxes of the cits claimed a share of my attention ; and by the brass plates at the gate, or white paint on a green or black board, as the case might be, I was duly informed, not only who was the proprietor of the subjoined domicile, but the title it bore in the archives of the worthy owner. I was thereby enabled to come to the conclusion that *houses* bore the name of the occupier ; *places* that of a member of the royal family, a peer, or cabinet minister ; *park*, something in reference to scenic beauty ; but *lodge* takes the widest range, being confined to no particular class or order, and owing its cognomen to the whim or taste of its proprietor.

Par example :—A shape like a soup-tureen, guarded by salt-cellars, and set off with ranges of passages that lead to nothing, and tall clumps of chimneys to rank it of the true Elizabethan style, claimed my notice, and likewise that of the

rest of his Majesty's liege subjects as "Appleby House," "Henry Appleby, Esq., owner," "Office, Cornhill." Now the avenue leading from this gate, the lodge of which was something in the form of an egg-cup reversed, may have been full fifty yards more or less, and on either side, was a row of dwarf box, four inches three-eighths high ; then came evergreens, wall flowers, and minor shrubs, a rolling stone, and a watering pot, and Appleby House is described.

Clarence-Place came next, and was the commencement of a succession of 'Places:' Gloucester-place, Chester-place, Grenville-place followed. Lines of houses, a basement and upper story, doric pillars at the door way, and four feet square ground, railed off most symmetrically, completed the *coup-d'œil*.

How shall I venture to describe Cowslip-park ? Turner ! your paint brush—Stanfield ! your pencil : what a subject for a transfer to your canvass ! How you would luxuriate in dotting off the daisies, or arranging in beautiful disorder the tortuous windings of an infant rose-bush, such being all the growth of timber that greeted my sight, in the miniature demesne of Cowslip-park. The house itself was an index of the maiden ladies who resided within its virgin precincts : white as the unstained snow, the walls presented their petite proportions ; the glass of the windows, like the chaste minds of the residents, without a stain. Could I say more of Cowslip-park ?

Lodge, thou art a puzzle ! What Lodge shall I present as a type of the many which surround me ? Harmony-lodge, where the music-master lives ; Mazurka-lodge, the abode of the dancing master ; Tuscan-lodge, the residence of the dentist ; all are appropriate, neat, compact, and set made, like Lord J. R.—. I shall not cause envy by particularizing any, but treat them all generally.

A lodge—when not a porter's lodge (which I presume every body knows to mean the abode of the gate keeper, usually, and properly built near the gate, for the convenience of the porter to give the entré and exit to his master's guests), is commonly understood to mean a diminutive habitation, where there are no saloons, forty feet by thirty, no bed chambers twenty-five feet from the ceiling to the floor, everything on a small scale, literally *multum in parvo*. Lodges are pleasant residences for single men, but rarely for married ; because, though man and wife are but one, it is sometimes convenient to have two rooms, and children are such a bore in a small house, and take up so much space when they increase, and multiply, that I really shudder when I hear of Mrs. and Mrs. Such-a-one taking that most delightful residence, called "Hymeneal-lodge."

After passing city-ward through Vauxhall turnpike if you proceed on straight towards the Bishop's palace at Lambeth, keeping close by the sooty Thames, your eye rests for a moment on the black dingy walls of what once was a red brick house,

occupying the space from the street to the river, and the sight as if anxious to shut out so disagreeable an object, passes it with a glance: not so, however, the inquisitive mind; for this was the mansion of Guy Vaux or Faux, of Gunpowder-plot notoriety.

I have been told (I do not vouch my authority as being quite conclusive) that this residence gave the name to the most celebrated place of amusement, perhaps in the world, Vauxhall Gardens. Certainly it is very probable that an extensive portion of ground, perhaps comprising the entire of that occupied at present by the gardens, may have been attached to the dwelling; for we are aware, that though now in the suburbs, it was once some miles from London, and large ornamental plantations encircle the habitations of wealthy men in the vicinity of the metropolis even at the present day: if so with such an increase of population, what may not have been the extent two hundred years ago?

CHAPTER XI.

Changing quarters—Dr. Johnson on town life versus country
 —A genuine Irish bull—Cab-driver—Moorfields chapel—
 Greenwich—My stud—A big leap—Elephant and Castle—
 London a Babel—Greenwich Hospital—Park—Sports
 of the fair—Return steam-boat—The Tower—Custom
 House—Charity ball.

Monday 21st.

PACKING up! What a cheerless employment when preparing for a removal from one house to another. Busy mortals! why cannot we remain where we are? Restless! fond of novelty, of variety, we get tired of one situation and shift to another. The whole two months I passed in the quiet retreat I had retired to, from the bustle and distraction of the mighty city, came at a retrospective glance before my eyes, smooth and tranquil as a mirror-like stream, and I, like a swallow, hovering on its surface, was now preparing to migrate. Where? Into the centre of that very turmoil, the vortex of which I was before so glad to retire from.

“No wise man,” says Dr. Johnson, “will go to live into the country, unless he had something to do which can be better done in the country.” Now I had nothing to do which should cause me to prefer the country to town. Ergo, I ought to live in town and be wise. “Beside,” adds the same learned man, “a great city is the school for learning life;” and “the proper study of mankind is man,” as Pope says; all of which induced me to forego the placid quietude of retreat, for the more boisterous region of Fleet Street.

There are few opportunities of increasing your stock of knowledge, as refers to mankind in the country. You are perhaps amply recompensed by the acquaintance you make with nature, and being in the enjoyment of that contentment, which the rural life alone, in my opinion, is capable of conferring: but to a mind restless of repose, weary of monotony, and desirous to gain new acquisitions, the babel and roar of the city is melody, and the confusion of many voices, the music of the spheres. Therefore, I confided my valise and “*nain sel*” to the care of a pigmy cab-driver,—bade adieu to the green bushes, and hall-doorpainted to match,—enjoyed in idea the laughs I indulged in, when reading the practical jokes of Daly in “*Gilbert Gurney*,” or the sympathy I felt for “the most unfortunate man in the world,” and closed the door of my imagination, as I bowed out the retreat for ever and aye.

My Jehu, who sat in his crib by my side, was cast in the John Day mould, which the honest frequenters of Newmarket will tell you to be, in turf parlance, "feather weight, or catch weight." I being somewhat of a proficient, gentle reader, in such matters, may undertake to inform you, should you be so lamentably deficient in education, as not to know the signification of feather or catch weight. The first, then, means light as a feather; and the second whatever weight you can catch—even lighter than a feather. Therefore to perpetrate a bull, if you could manage (I own the proposition is difficult) to catch *no weight* at all, if it would answer, so much the better. This attempt at coining a bull, reminds me of a good genuine one I happened to make one night. I noted it down when the laugh was against me, for thy special amusement.

The conversation was the distracted state of Ireland. I undertook to prove that the agitation was not owing to the restlessness of the inhabitants, but the secret means used by the apparent peace-preservers to foment the inquietude; and wound up a harangue, stating how, after the real discontent had ceased, a show was still kept up from party motives, by instancing that "The Orangemen of Ireland kept up the rebellion *three years after it was all over*."

The cab-driver was a smart, dapper, little fellow, and moved at such a pace as nearly to terrify

me, when dashing past some slower but more weighty machine. He was, however, a capital whip, and I observed the excellence of his horse's paces.

“Lord bless ye, sir, this 'os 'as been a phenomenon in his time.”

Rather a long word that for a cab-man, thought I: “let us hear how?”

“Vy, mas'r, don't you know this 'os run fifteen miles in harness, and never faster nor a trot, within an hour.”

“Indeed,” says I, “than he's a good one.”

“You may take your davy o'that, sir, a real good un.”

We now approximated St. Dunstan's church, at the foot of which I discharged my phenomenon, first paying all wages due. The most remarkable feature has been lost to this building by the removal of two wooden figures placed in front, about the year 1671, fashioned like savages, who used to strike the hours and quarters on a bell with their clubs. An historian has remarked—“They were more admired by many of the populace on Sundays than the most admired preacher from the pulpit.” This speaks little for the piety of the writer's contemporaries; because, at this church preached Baxter, Donne, and other eminent divines. The building is of ancient origin. Stow mentions burials in it in 1421. Close by it is my present locale—Clifford's Inn.

Good Friday, April 1.

“A gloomy day of penance and sleet.”

Easter Sunday, 3rd.

Rose at half-past seven, to hear early prayers, and comply with the Easter duty: morning cold and threatening; black clouds, drifting across the sky, and frequent showers. After breakfast I set off for the Catholic Cathedral, Moorfields, which I was fortunate enough to reach before the rain commenced.

It resembles, both in its external and internal appearance, the Church of the Conception in Marlborough-Street, Dublin; but I am partial enough to give the preference to the latter.

Behind the altar is a beautiful fresco painting of the Crucifixion, the figures natural size, and extremely numerous: the light is admirably disposed, and once, when the sun shone for a brief space, 'mid the veil of murky clouds, and darted his rays exactly as the painter could have wished, I almost started, so visibly was the awful scene of a nation's wickedness and folly displayed before me.

The altar is adorned with six very fine marble pillars.

On the ceiling are painted the blessed Virgin, and the infant Jesus, with the four Evangelists: also are here portrayed the principal events in the life of our Saviour, by an Italian artist, M. Aglio.

The architecture of the interior, I own, disappointed

me—I expected more: in this it falls far short of our Irish Chapel: the square pillars appear cumbrous and inelegant—more adapted to a fortress, or prison, than a peaceful church. We had an excellent sermon suited to the day, by the Rev. — Wood. My venerable friend Doctor B——n,* Catholic Bishop, officiated at the altar.

Being detained a short time after mass by rain, I observed among the departing congregation a few habited as Quakers, and, surprised to see some of that stiff-necked sect, as I previously had considered them, frequenting a catholic place of worship, I inquired of a person near me, "Who are they?" "Quakers," was the satisfactory reply. "Are they catholics?"—"Yes." "Very odd," I observed, "that they retain the primitive simplicity of dress, for which their sect is remarkable, if they have changed their religion." My informant did not seem inclined to interfere in other people's business, so I was left to my own musings. I dined at a place of public resort, and closed about the dullest evening of my life by going to bed at 10 o'clock.

Easter Monday, 4th.

Epping, or Greenwich, which shall it be? Oh ye quadrupeds! "Princess," "Roderick," "Fencer," "Snip," on whose backs I've passed many a fleeting hour, when pursuing the deer, or fox, or timorous

* This estimable prelate is not the only person mentioned in my pages, who has been called to another, I trust, a better world, since I traced these lines.

hare, in my native land, had I but one of you here, sound wind and limb, and in good training, depend on it the Cockneys would have cause to look to it! Let me think,—Snip: with thee I jumped over Mr M—, steed and all, though I'm not quite certain as to the horse, when riding with the F— harriers, of which gay club I was a member. Fencer! on thy shapely back I could surmount the highest fence that the industry of man, or the growth of furze could present; and yet at a small one, thou didst stumble and break thy neck. I had thee in hand, Fencer, but my equestrian skill availed not, thou didst die.

Woe worth the chase—woe worth the day,
That cost thy life, my gallant bay !

Roderick! named after me, thou wert the arrantest villain I ever crossed. Like the deer in activity, as the doe in speed; but as the fox in cunning, and the pig in stubbornness, thy good qualities merged into thy bad ones, and the brightness of the former were more than dimmed by the imperturbable gloom of the latter. My Monarch mare! my Princess! latest and best, how I should rejoice to have thee to-day. I know not how to describe thy all-excellence, thy every perfection:—suffice it to say, that when I was on thy back for five miles, going with fox-hounds, nought could beat us. As an instance of the surprising activity of this animal, which, as she is sold, cannot be regarded as a puff, I may be

allowed to repeat an anecdote. I preferred going in a carriage with some ladies to the F—— races on the second day, 1835, and accordingly accommodated my friend, Mr. O'D——, as a particular favour, with my favourite huntress. He joined some sporting gents who knew the mare's capabilities, and wishing to show off the horse, pressed O'D—— to ride over a fence.

"Here, take this one," said T. D——, of C——, pointing at the same time to a strong bank, about five feet from the road, on which they were, to the top ; the fall about eight feet, the field inside being low. To try was to succeed with the mare. O'D—— kept his seat well, and cantered some distance up the field, to have a good gallop at the now stiff fence on his return. We have said that the fall was low ; consequently, he had an imperfect view of what was going on along the road outside, and was utterly unconscious that when he turned my Monarch mare in the far side of the field, to race her at the fence, in order that she might take it at the top of her speed, a chaise and pair, containing two ladies going to the course, and driven by a postilion, were approaching, at a jog-trot, the identical spot selected by my friend to make his re-appearance : on he came, unheeding of all—a tight seat ;—horse in hand—in full career.

The well-trained animal rose at the leap ;—with an effort she was on the top—the carriage, postilion, and horses beneath. Did she stop ? No !

O'D. was unnerved. He sat powerless! Rising with a rebound, the agile and courageous animal cleared every obstacle, and landed with her rider on the off-side of the off horse!! A moment restored all to self-possession. My friend apologized to the ladies. They were glad he had received no injury, and the driver addressed him with the humour of his country,—“ Be my sowl, master, it is’nt your fault that your neck is’nt broke !”

I could multiply instances of wonderful performances, but the “ word were idle now.” I need only repeat, that, were I mounted as I once was, to Epping I would hie. I think it unbecoming a sportsman, and a gentleman—for I lay claim to both cognomens—to run the chance of a comrade’s mishap; so things being as they are, I forego, for the present, *hiring an unter for the Hepping ’unt*—Then ho ! for a Jarvie to Greenwich fair.

Elephant and Castle,—thou focus of confusion! have I reached you at last? What a crowd of vehicles starting for all points! North! South! East! West! London, thou art a true Babel! The Frenchman, the German, the Italian, Spaniard, Portuguese,—nay the bearded Jew, and turbaned Turk, add to thy overgrown population. Thou art not merely the metropolis of one people, one nation; but, as the most emphatic orator of the present day says, “ Thou art the seat of that dominion, which holds the sea as its vassal, and before which India bows down her dusky brow.” All men look up

to thee as a head. Thy senate hold in their hands the balance of European power. Thy society is the *ne plus ultra* of refinement. In thy countless inhabitants—in thy prodigious luxury—in thy gorgeous palaces—in thy pomp and pride—in thy trade, which has gathered with adventurous hand, all the products of the Eastern world, and the West—exerting its commercial influence on the Northern and Southern hemispheres, and bearing to thy feet all that can fill the desires, the caprices of thy population, delighting the senses and gratifying the pride, by presenting before our eyes the fact and result of that sway, which reaches the remotest corners of the globe, thou art, indeed, the mightiest! Well may the Englishman exclaim with the Spaniard, “The sun does not set on our dominions.”

Having fixed myself beside the driver of the vehicle, for the benefit of the view *en passant*, we set out for the fair. The suburbs extend for a considerable distance. We saw the rail-road, carried on arches, like the Roman aqueducts, formerly—they had no steam in those days. By degrees we drew nigh our destination. Omnibuses set down their hundreds; steamers their cargoes of human beings, and we were at Greenwich.

The town itself is an assemblage of houses without apparently much order, or regularity, as indeed could not be expected, so near a large city; from the smoke, and turmoil of which, it is free. There are, however, many good streets, and some shops,

which would bear a comparison with many, either in Regent-street, or Bond-street. I lost no time, but proceeded at once to the Hospital.

It is the most magnificent building I ever beheld; founded by William and Mary, in 1694, for disabled seamen, and stands on the brink of the Thames, about five miles from London. There are four grand ranges of building, distinct, and erected on a terrace, 860 feet in length, with a square 273 feet wide, adorned in the centre by a statue of George II. Nearly the entire structure is Portland stone. The chief attraction to strangers is the painted hall, which presents, perhaps, the finest collection of naval pictures in the world. This has an elegant porch at the entrance, and a flight of steps leads up to the saloon or great hall, 106 feet in length, 56 wide, and 50 high. On the walls are portrayed, by eminent artists, the most distinguished of our naval actions, while the portraits of our brave Admirals are placed, many above the scenes in which their science or personal bravery was displayed. On the south side are the windows, two rows in height. Between them are Corinthian pilasters, supporting a rich entablature. On the north side are recesses, corresponding with the windows, in which are allegorical figures of the Virtues. The ceiling is superbly painted, and cost, with the hall, 6,685*l.* In this part stands the funeral car, which conveyed the remains of Lord Nelson to St. Paul's.

There is, also, a representation of his death, in alto relievo, designed by Benjamin West, with a beautiful painting in the hall.

Directly opposite, after leaving the hall, is the chapel in Queen Mary's building, which is entered by an octangular vestibule, in which are four niches, containing,—Faith, Hope, Charity, and Meekness, executed in Coade's artificial stone, from designs by West.

From this I ascended a flight of fourteen steps, and obtained entrance to the chapel, through a beautiful door with large panels of mahogany. The body of the chapel is 111 feet long, and 52 wide, with seats for 1,000 pensioners.

Over the altar is a fine painting by West, of St. Paul's escape from shipwreck, on the Island of Melita. On each side at top, are angels large as life, by Bacon ; one bearing the cross, the other the eucharist: they are of white statuary marble.

The only persons in the church at the same time with myself, and the pensioner who showed us the interior, were an old man and his son, who gaped at every thing they saw and heard, as if they wanted materials—for twelve months' conversation.

On seeing the agitated appearance of the apostle, my first idea was, that the picture was Moses receiving the tablets ; whereon the old man asked me, with the greatest deference to my information, “ If it was Moses that painted the picture.”

“ Not quite, my friend,” I replied.

Thence I hurried to the Park, where the sports of the turf were in full operation. This is very extensive, (*being, I think, a royal chase*) intersected by long avenues of venerable trees, and broken by the unequal state of the ground into a variety of prospects—that from the Observatory is very fine. Immediately beneath, is the palace-like structure of the Hospital. The building is washed by the noble Thames, which here winds its meandering way until, lost in the dense congregation of the crowded vessels, it is no longer visible. On this side, the entire horizon presents but one blended mass of houses, and domes, and steeples, standing in dim relief from the clouded air; while on the other, green fields and waving woodlands form a striking and pleasing contrast.

As I stood on the pinnacle of the lofty hill, and my eyes rested on the interminable array of temple and tower, and beheld from my leafy abode of forest trees, the ships, not of Europe alone, but of the whole earth, gliding along that ample river, bearing the riches of the world into this storehouse of nations, methought how on such another scene we read in Holy Writ the devil tempted our divine Redeemer, and showed him all the kingdoms and glories of the earth, promising the power of each if he would but acknowledge him superior.

The principal amusement here appears to be running down a precipitous steep; and it generally

happens that male and female come simultaneously on their heads. This, of course, affords great amusement to the spectators, who laugh at each disaster when 'tis not their own. After walking about for some time in the Park, I resolved to look out for a steamer in which to return to town.

I had foregone the novelty of going down to Greenwich in one, from the knowledge of their being crowded; but this being obviated by the fewness of those returning so early, decided me in going up by one. Just as I reached the quay, a boat was in the act of landing her live cargo, and about to retrace her way immediately. Mercy on me, what a crowd! Where did they all sit?—four hundred and eighty human beings in that boat! Such was actually the case. We had not, however, more than thirty on our return. There being nothing remarkable, either architectural or otherwise, the passage from Greenwich to London will not detain me long to describe.

For a short space, immediately after leaving the pier, while the sun shone on the green fields, and the gay parties on the heights were visible,—the music playing on the poop, and the white sails of the vessels, as yet unblemished by London smoke, might have led one to believe it was some quiet watering-place, instead of within five miles of the modern Babylon. But soon the scene shifted, and from the moment we passed King's and Queen's Stairs, in that part of the river de-

nominated “The Pool,” adieu to all romancing. Then came a succession of docks, each a nursery for the growth of forests of shipping. Bull Head Dock, Shadwell Dock, Wapping Dock, St. Saviour’s Dock, and stairs without end. If they were collected, perhaps, like Jacob’s ladder, they would reach to heaven. Hanover Stairs, Church ditto, Princes ditto, Battlebridge ditto, *ad infinitum*. Next King Edward’s Stairs, close by Wapping, so celebrated in naval song, is the Thames Tunnel: a boat with a flag some distance from the shore marks the length already excavated.

The large building to the right is an interesting object—the famous Tower of London. The aspect it presents from the river is venerable and imposing, yet not picturesque, or with any claim to architectural beauty. The portion most prominent is what is called the White Tower, a square building, quadrangular though not equilateral, no two of its sides being equal. This was the original Tower, built, it is supposed, according to tradition, by Julius Cæsar, though evidently of that style of architecture used in England among the Saxons at the time of the Norman conquest. Indeed there is evidence of part being erected by William the First, A. D. 1076, in order to secure a safe retreat to himself and followers, should the English revolt from his dominion. William Rufus made considerable additions, surrounded it with walls, and a deep ditch, in some places 120 feet

wide, into which the Thames was introduced. Henry the Third, A. D. 1240, added a stone gate. Edward the Fourth built the Lion's Tower for the reception of foreign animals. Charles the First and Second also improved it in many places.

“ Port your helm !” “ Starboard !” “ Larboard !” resounds on all sides. What a thoroughfare ! Not Ludgate Hill on a Saturday afternoon presents a more animated or thronged appearance. Vessels bearing on their pennon, some the ensign of France, others the American, many the Russian, Spanish, Portuguese, crowd the channel ; while steamers, alive with human beings, hastening to the gay scene we had left, tell of the populous city. The magnificent façade of a noble building now appears in sight—the Custom House. The front looking on the river, as well as those east and west, is faced with Portland stone. The building before us consists of a centre and wings : in the front of the former is a portico of six Ionic pillars, elevated on an arched basement : the columns are surmounted by an entablature and balustrade—the wings retain also the pillars of the Ionic order. The entire cost upwards of 250,000*l.* A little above this superb edifice is the New London Bridge.

A foreigner entering London, I have often thought, must be impressed with a lively sense, even from the objects I have just described, of the power and opulence of England.—May she long continue to be the first nation of the universe !

Wednesday, 13th.

Being in the neighbourhood of Foley-place, called to see Mr. M——. At home! I was shown into his study: here were many beautiful pictures, and some very rare Mosaic. In the course of conversation, he asked me if I was to be at the ball to night.

“Ball,” I repeated,—“What ball?”

“Then, you have not heard of it?”—“No,” I replied.

“The last Catholic Charitable Assembly for the season is held to-night in Hanover-square.”

“Oh then, I must obtain a ticket!”

“I will get you that,” said my friend: so sitting down, he addressed a note to the Secretary, which procured me the requisite; and at half-past ten, I made my entré, for the first time, into an English public ball.

The room in which the gay company were congregated was well adapted to the purpose of the evening; the floor was smooth as a kid glove, the length considerable, the height lofty, and the breadth ample: there were nearly five hundred present; and, to do them justice, I never beheld people better disposed to enjoy themselves. Dance succeeded dance, in quick succession: the only thing I regretted was the absence of much waltzing. We had Spanish dances, quadrilles, gallopes, lancers, &c., until five in the morning. The conduct of the stewards, their unceasing attentions, the excellent arrangements, with respect to refreshments, were

examples, which all attending places of public amusement would wish to see closely followed. I know stewards whose only care is to provide for themselves, and would suffer their next friend to sit still all night before they would put themselves to the trouble of procuring a partner.

Daylight was already awake when I left the house; and the grey tints of morn in the sky when I reached Regent-street. How noble seemed the Quadrant; not a voice resounded amid the pillars; not a step, save mine, sounded along the portico. How unlike a few hours since, or in a few hours to come! All was mute, and I could have fancied myself in some deserted city of olden time, it was so strangely desolate.

CHAPTER XII.

Dinner at Mr. W—'s—A Reminiscence of an evening—Bagatelle—A Flare-up meeting prevented—Scene shifts—Fieschi's infernal machine—The Colosseum—Panorama of London—Recreation—Drive to the Downs—Epsom race-course—The Derby—Pleasures of June—Ascot races—Heath course—Race for the gold cup—A Farewell.

Thursday, April 21.

Just received a truly friendly invitation to dinner, from Mrs. W—, Cadogan-place. It offering more inducements than Gray's Inn Hall, I accepted, and arrived at the door, by the hour mentioned in the note.

I was presented to Mr. W—, also the eldest daughter, whom I had not before seen. Mr. W— is a gentleman of ancient family, and large fortune; a thorough English squire, a keen sportsman, and an active justice of the peace. Miss W—, is an extremely lady-like person, her manners gentle, yet dignified, and her features pleasing: her sister possesses much more animation.

Our conversation after dinner related principally to foreign countries where Mr. W— and a gentle-

BAGATELLI

After sitting for some time
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man—one of the guests—had lately been sojourning. Our host spoke in disparaging terms of the inns, and accommodation in general, and gave an anecdote in support of his words.

It was in Switzerland, and after a fatiguing day, they arrived at an auberge in one of the canton towns. By chance they procured a salad; and, on one of the party wishing for some sugar, such a thing was applied for.

“There is none.”

“What! no sugar?”

“Not a grain in the house.”

The absurdity of an inn being without sugar, so different from home hotels, struck Mr. W—as a circumstance, if not impossible, at least highly improbable, and he inquired if none could be had.

“If a *café* is yet open, we may procure some.”

“Do, then,” said the impatient salad-dresser.

Away went the *garçon*, and the company talked of the luxury of continental travelling. He soon returned,—

“*Avez vous le sucre?*”

“*Non, Monsieur; le café est fermé depuis long temps.*”

“*Sacré!*” I suppose, was returned for the information.

The beauty of the Italian ladies did not take them long to discuss, it being agreed, on all hands, as much inferior to what our own fair ladies

possess. After sitting for some time in the dining-room, I left the talkers-on, to gaze at—beauty.

The Misses W. were, when I entered the drawing-room, performing some of Bishop's music,—one on the harp, the other on the pianoforte. We had some singing, looking over albums, &c. Mr. W. produced a large collection of very interesting autographs, and also five volumes of medals representing scriptural subjects: on one side was the cast of the design, and on the reverse the portion of Holy Writ intended to be described. The die, I think he said, cost £10,000. After tea some amused themselves with cards: I played bagatelle with Miss —. What a contrast to the scene where I had last joined in that game!

On Tuesday evening we—that is to say, six youths—walked forth together, and one proposed to play a game of bagatelle, which was agreed to. The proposer offered to show us the house; and as my friend wanted to make a call in the neighbourhood of Blackfriars Road, we appointed to join. Some of us had never been in the place; but my friend and myself, being fond of adventure, accompanied the rest, and made our way through a common public-house—bar, pewter pots, barrels, puncheons, the steam of gin and the fumes of tobacco—into a kind of stair utterly dark. After ascending a little, a door at the top opened, and admitted us into a long room, such as every

public-house presents, furnished with benches, chairs, a table, on which were pewter flagons, pipes, and some few glasses. Tawdry pictures, framed and glazed, were set round the walls: Duke of York on horseback—the tail of the animal, *a la* Dick Tinto's original attempt, forming the fifth leg; the Emperor of Russia on a charger not half the size of his cocked hat and feathers. There were some frequenters of taverns sitting smoking, while round the object of attraction, the bagatelle table, were four of his Majesty's subjects, who had never been there before, introduced by one, for the credit of my country let it be told, an Englishman.

A match was soon made—three at a side. For the preservation of the scene, we staked *two pots of half-and-half*, an infernal compound of ale and porter. *Hinc ille lacrymæ.* We lost, scoring but 92 to 106. One of my party thought we lost only one measure of liquid. He had taken too much. The other side took up the dispute, and said it certainly was two. I was appealed to—my idea was, that we lost two.

“ Oh !” said this young man, “ it is not the paltry loss I care about, for I'll treat you all to a bottle of wine.”

The person with whom I went imagined this an insult and said, “ Sir, we do not want you, or any one else to treat us—we only require what we have won.”

“ I don't care,” said the other, “ I'd as soon treat you.”

“ Your conduct, Sir, is ungentlemanly.”

“ I tell you, you are a blackguard.” A fight began. My friend pulled out his card-case to get a card, when the combatants were separated ; I seized hold of it, wrung it from him, and put it into my pocket. However, he went up to the other, and gave his name and address.

Matters remained in this unpleasant state for some time. Seeing no disposition on the part of any other of the party to settle the affair in an amicable manner, I resolved to act the good Samaritan, and heal the wounds which discord had made. I addressed my friend, who had struck the blow. “ B—” said I, “ this foolish affair has commenced in this room—here it must end.”

“ He called me a blackguard,” replied B.

“ You said his conduct was ungentlemanly.”

“ Of course, when he offered to treat me.”

This was the root of the evil, and should be dug out.

“ Mr ——”—I commenced to the antagonist of my friend—“ this despicable place is unworthy of producing any serious event : nothing should be noticed having occurred here.”

“ What, Sir, must I take no notice, when told that my conduct is ungentlemanly ?”

“ Pray, Sir, keep calm—that gentleman conceived you insulted him, when you offered to treat him.”

“ Then, Sir, the gentleman conceived very badly, for I offered to do no such thing. What I said was intended for the room generally ; and not

to him, or any one else in particular. And what I wished to be understood to say, was, that I considered the subject in dispute, the second pot of half-and-half, so trifling, that if any wished for wine I should be happy to give it."

I communicated this to B.

" Well," said he, " if the gentleman says he meant nothing personal in the words, *I'll treat you*, of course I retract the word 'ungentlemanly,' and the affair rests here." And so it did: both recanted, and I joined their hands, and saw cards given in amity.

There is a vast difference indeed between the tone of the rooms, as well as the circle of society. Where I now stand, all is peace and temperance. In the front drawing-room are musical instruments, the melody of whose cords hath not yet left mine ear. Luxurious furniture betokens wealth, and the beauty of the ornaments shew taste in the application. In the back drawing-room, or rather the same apartment the *battants* being open, stands the bagatelle table. A lamp placed near throws a bright, yet mellow light, over the entire board. A graceful, youthful lady, and your humble servant, are the antagonists; while a smiling little maiden of eight or nine years old, places the balls for us to strike. All is concord, mirth, and happiness. Where I was last was it thus? Alas, no! The fierce passions of men's minds had driven reason from her throne. The stage was worthy any tragedy to be

enacted. A tap-room in a pot-house—a broken bagatelle-table, lit by one greasy candle; bare, comfortless, walls; the fog of tobacco smoke; the wet froth of porter; and the fiery smell of gin; and then the inmates!—

I know that there are gloomy spirits of the night,
And desperate mutterers of stifled treason;
Disbanded soldiers—discontented ruffians—
And desperate libertines who brawl in taverns.

I looked on the face of one, and beheld it pale with anger. His voice was calm, yet his lips quivered, and while his hand was raised steadily, the breast within was burning. I turned me to the other, and there I saw passion urging on, and conscience drawing back. Ebriety, so late distracting his brain, seemed now utterly paralyzed and becoming more sober; his features seemed sharpened with rage, yet he inwardly struggled to suppress it: the contest I saw was fearful; and when I heard the wretched youth exclaim—"I have a young wife and infant boy!" I almost vowed they should not fight. Thank God! I prevented it.

Friday, April 22nd.

I took a stroll through the streets with W. C—, and went to look at an exhibition of what was represented to us as the identical infernal machine, devised by Fieschi, to destroy the king of the French. The construction is most simple,

being nothing more than twenty-eight gun-barrels secured on a frame-work by two clasp bars of iron laid across them. The touch-holes being in line, a train laid must have exploded all: the charge was a greater quantity of powder than usual, and four ounces of lead cut into slugs. Close by the frame, with a match in his hand, as if in the act of perpetrating his infernal crime, was the assassin Fieschi: his features wore a satanic grin, which must have accompanied him in his last moments, as the cast was taken from the guillotined head. His forehead was rather high, but flat, and angular at the temples; his face seemed much care-worn, intersected with deep indented lines; his stature was low, yet burly. On a couch in the same room was a cast, shewing him wounded; one of the four musquets which burst having struck open a portion of his scull.

Thursday, April 28th.

I went with A. C—— and W. C—— to view the Colosseum. The building is almost circular, with a dome. In front, looking on the park, is a fine Doric portico, with a large door in the centre. On entering this, a staircase leads to the circular saloon, occupying the basement of the building, with the exception of the staircase, leading to the summit, which rises like a pillar from the centre. This room is the receptacle for productions of the fine arts, and contains a large collection of casts,

with some excellent busts and statues. You ascend the staircase to the top, and witness the celebrated panamoric view of London, painted on 40,000 square feet of canvas: it represents the city, as seen from the different galleries of St. Paul's, the staircases facilitating the exhibition. In this, the most scrupulous accuracy is preserved, and the impression produced on the mind of the beholder is, that he has never before witnessed so wonderful a performance. In the highest gallery here is placed the identical ball, which surmounted St. Paul's for a number of years. Here are also a fountain and Swiss cottage.

May, 1836.

None but those, who, like myself, have experienced the change consequent upon the transition from a careless jovial country life, to one of sedentary town habits, can form an idea of the joy which seized hold of me as I took the box seat of a flashy turn-out to go to Epsom on the Derby day. Though the difference is very great between living in London and in the country, it is of course lessened, if, while in the former, you can enjoy some of the benefits which result from a residence in the latter—that is, taking plenty of exercise—and, on the other hand, increased, if you cannot. I was in the latter alternative; and from being a “mighty hunter” in my own country, following the chase day after day, and knowing no delight equal to

putting the active hunter over all the break-neck fences in the neighbourhood, was irretrievably consigned to live in close contact with the moth-eaten tomes and musty parchments of a law library—
But,

“ Coke ! Littleton ! avaunt, ye threaten here in vain.”

“ Ya hip !” exclaims the coachman at my elbow : catching dexterously his off-leading rein, and whipping his horses in safety within an inch of a Leviathan-like waggon, he cleared the moving mountain in the most faultless style ; and indeed we had need of a good whip, for any thing to equal the crowds that poured in one continuous stream along the road I never witnessed. In addition to the interest of the race, the weather was, of itself, almost sufficient to tempt the most plodding citizen to breathe, for a few hours, the unsmoked air of the Downs. When we emerged from the dull cloudy atmosphere, which absolutely formed a screen between the sun and the metropolis, and beheld the green and grassy slopes, we seemed to have entered on quite another region. A few soft filmy clouds hung on the verge of the horizon, lending a soft and quiet tone to the otherwise garish colourings of the landscape, for the sun shone fiercely, and were it not that the fleecy masses occasionally drifted by and interrupted his rays, they might have been more overpowering than agreeable. Pleasant were the hues of green fields

and purplish hills ; and the sight of numerous groups of horsemen and carriages, with gay damsels who had come forth to grace the scene, reminded me of my native land, and I could have almost fancied 'twere the same. I lent wings to my imagination, and they carried me to the Fermoy race-course, where all were known to me. Each new panorama presented additional charms, and appeared the more deserving of notice from the number of its scenic beauties. Here,

The green hills
Are clothed with early blossoms, through the grass
The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills
Of summer birds sing welcome as we pass :
Flowers fresh in hue, and many, in their class,
Implore the pausing step, and with their dyes
Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass ;
The sweetness of the violet's deep-blue eyes,
Kiss'd by the breath of Heaven, seems coloured by its skies.

But, lo ! skies, and flowers, and buds and blossoms, fade before the glorious spectacle we behold. Is this Epsom ? Are we really on the Downs ?— Yes ! I can see the lines, with the judge's stand at the lower end of the course, and the grand stand at the upper ; while the intermediate space is excessively crowded. Range after range of vehicles ; carriages some twelve abreast ; beyond these booths with gaudy streamers—tents, with flags—waggons decked invitingly. This is truly a flood-tide in the ocean of race-going. The coup-d'œil is magnifi-

cent: we have no conception of such a scene in Ireland. What a galaxy of beauty does the stand present! As I always like to know what horses are to go, and, if possible, "get a wrinkle" from some one up to trap as to the favourite, I directed my steps to the saddling place, and after paying a shilling, entered what is called the Warren. Here I had a much better opportunity of looking up the points (as we say in Chambers) of the horses, than when in active motion. Bay Middleton struck me at once. He stands sixteen hands and one and a half inches high, was foaled in 1833, and already the winner of The Riddlesworth, Bruton-street, and the Two Thousand Guinea Stakes, in all nearly 5000 guineas. As far as I could venture an opinion he appeared *tout en ordre*. He is the property of Lord Jersey. Gladiator, though, perhaps, a little inferior in condition, is a noble animal—his colour is chesnut, his legs capital, and splendid quarters: perhaps there is too much of the daylight through him—he does not look quite compact. There are so many, I can do little more than learn their names. Venison, Lefroy, Alfred, Recruit, Master of the Rolls, Idiot, Taishteer, Athenian, *cum multis aliis*. After the bell rung I hurried to the ring, not, indeed, to bet myself, but to see how affairs were managed, and learn the odds. It occupied a considerable square, and thence arose a din that would have caused a rookery to cry "silence." "7 to 4 against Bay Middleton!" "7 to 2

against Venison!" "8 to 1 against Slane and Wags!" "11 to 1 against Gladiator!" "50 to 1 against Recruit!" These are only a few of the items in the market bill—the rest are duly registered in the proper books.

The course, at this hour, when the horses were about to start, presented the appearance of a vast piece of tapestry with raised figures, as natural as life. Men, on horses and in carriages, are all in breathless anxiety as to the result of what will cause many joy or sorrow—the decision of the race. As I dare say all race-courses are more or less subject to the same result, arising certainly from either the carelessness of the stewards, or the interference of the race-goers, I may, perhaps, avoid dwelling upon the want of order or regularity which attended the start on this occasion. I may content myself with observing, that I never saw any thing to exceed its confusion in Ireland, and that a proper attention to this subject would be no harm before the next Derby day.

When the jockeys mounted, and came to breathe their horses, the course was so thronged they were oftentimes forced to shout forth before the people could get out of the way: this certainly no ways tends to soothe fiery horses; and yet I am told, that ample funds are provided for all contingencies. At our Fermoy course, humble as it is in comparison, we manage affairs much better. The military send a company or so to keep the lines. Could

not the same or something similar be done here ? After being off, and back several times, away they went in a bunch. From my utter ignorance of the horses, I cannot be expected to give a detailed account of the various alterations in the race ; but every jockey seemed to contest the splendid prize unflinchingly. Gladiator had a bad start, and was at the tail for a few seconds, but made vigorously for the crowds of racers, and soon collared them. Taishteer and a few more had put their best leg foremost, and were evidently cutting out work for the rest : it was quite impossible they could continue at the pace. Coming home the interest was really exciting—the stillness awful ! When they turned Tattenham corner, and entered on the straight ground, I saw it was up with most of them. In came two, all to be placed—

Lord Jersey's b. c. Bay Middleton, by Sultan out of Cobweb 1
 Lord Wilton's ch. c. Gladiator, by Partisan, out of Pauline 2

The fortunate rider of Bay Middleton was Robinson ; of the latter, Scott.

Wednesday, June 1st.

It is the leafy month of June,
 Ere yet the lark hath hushed her tune,
 And fair athwart summer sky,
 Light fleecy clouds sail softly by ;
 And new-fledged birds are in the bowers,
 And bees are humming round the flowers,
 And o'er the mead is heard the stir,
 Of the blithe chirping grasshopper.

PRINGLE.

*Ἡση δηφιλεραστοσεν ἀνθεσιν ἀριμον αὐθος
Ζηνοφίλα Πειθοῦς ηδν τεθηλε ροδον.* MELEAGER.

*Grata Cupidinibus, flos flores inter honoros,
Zenophilæ suadæ, quam rosa lœta viret.*

These were among the lines which recurred to my memory, as on this day I repaired to Ascot Heath. The glorious season had indeed arrived which was destined to make ample amends for the cold weather, of which we had till lately such abundance of experience; for now the chilling winds of March, and the uncertain clouds of April, and the unsettled days of May had blown over, and lo! the “leafy month of June” had burst into life and beauty, giving a glow of warmth and of pleasure to each bosom, by the promise of fine weather—causing the sick man to look forward to a speedy release from the thraldom of his chamber, and the one in health to take advantage of the present hour of sunshine, and enjoy, in common with all other created beings, the beauties which nature affords. Certainly every one who has given himself the trouble to consider the ordinary effects of external impressions on the mind, must ere this have come to the conclusion, that the weather has vast influence on the spirits, and we feel grave or gay, sad or lively, according to the state of the atmosphere, and independently of our not being able to enjoy ourselves as we would wish in out-door amusements on a wet or dull day, we commonly feel superadded, a kind of torpid-

ness of spirits, which incapacitates us from feeling a desire to share in them, should the weather turn out more propitious ; the reverse is the case when the weather is fine. I have applied myself assiduously to my book when the sun invited me forth ; and as my mind was in the fields or on horseback, I had to terminate my study and obey the cheerful summons. Behold me then journeying on the same impulse from London to Windsor.

I took my seat in a coach which started from the White Horse Cellar, not being possessed of any private mode of conveyance at this side of the water, and consequently having no alternative but to choose one which plied *pro bono publico*. It was early in the morning, and the vast incense to Mammon, which the London manufacturers daily pay, had not yet risen from the slumbering fires ; the sun had long shone forth, and gilded, by his golden light, dome, and spire, and tower. As we cleared the city, garden and field were yet bathed in the pearly dew-drops : we continued our route pleasantly, without interruption of any sort. The superb palace, worthy the kings of Britain and Ireland, stood surrounded by its noble park and extensive forests, and the standard of St. George flaunting in the breeze. I had pointed out to me the direction in which lay the field of Runnymede, so dear to English freemen, and I half exclaimed aloud—

Where is the coward who would not dare,
To fight for such a land !

But as my more legitimate work at this present writing, at least what I intended at the commencement, was to give an account of the races, I am laying myself open to very grave charges of manifold digressions, by delaying any longer the fulfilling of my purpose—so here goes.

This was the second day of the races, and being usually one which does not excite much interest, did not attract a great concourse of spectators; neither did the royal party grace the course; but there was nevertheless a fair sprinkle of handsome equipages.

The first race was a sweepstakes of 100 sovereigns: but two horses started—Lord Egremont's Hilga, and Lord Tavistock's Sister to Oak Apple. Natt, the jock of the former, took the lead and kept it.

The second was won by Lord Exeter's Aurelius, Connelly, in a canter, beating three others.

Third by Hilga; again Natt riding. A capital race between him and Knobsticks, rode by Connelly. This was a 50*l.* plate.

The fourth and last sweepstakes of 100 sovereigns.—Old mile.

Col. Peel's Arsenic (Davis)	1
Lord Exeter's Toga (Darling)	2
Five Paid.	

This race appeared to me won quite easily.

Racing may be well termed a “world of slippery turns;” and I believe the truth of this will be best vouched by those who are most in the secret. I do

not pretend to know much of the turf professionally, thank God ! but it must be remembered, lookers on often see a good deal of the game, and I have been a constant attendant at courses. Great was the surprise here, when this morning's publication of *on dits* announced a fresh edition of the Plenipo romance. Sheet Anchor, a horse with a number of friends being freely backed at 5 to 4, was on Monday all right, or represented to be so. Next day rumours were heard, and now it came like a peal of thunder, startling the quietness of nature, on the ears of many of the race-goers, that he was not to go for the Cup. I have just said I am not connected with the turf other than a spectator, but cannot help observing such things *look odd*.

June 2nd.

I was on the course at an early hour. It was evident, from the note of preparation, that a vast crowd was expected. Some were selecting, and keeping places. Rows of empty carriages, placed doubtless over-night, occupied the space from above the judge's chair down to near the road. The course appeared not near so smooth as at Epsom, though here also a great deal of money is received. The accounts of receipts and disbursements of Epsom are published annually : I am told this is not the case here (*tamen quære?*). Crowds had collected and myriads congregated. I might repeat all I have said yesterday about the weather ; but, as it

is shorter to refer my reader to the page or so back, I need not reiterate. About a quarter of an hour before the time announced for opening the day's performance, the royal cortège was descried, in the direction of Windsor Castle, ascending the rise of the New Mile. Our gracious monarch and her gracious majesty set a good example to their subjects, by attending the races. They were courteously received; though, in my own mind, I could scarcely help contrasting the quiet reception they met with, and the exuberant warm-heartedness a popular nobleman receives, on a similar occasion, from the more boisterous sons and daughters of Erin.

After two races, which did not seem to excite much interest, the serious business of the day drew nigh—it was for the GOLD CUP.

The following horses started, and were placed:—

Marquis of Westminster's Touchstone, 5 yrs. (J. Day)	1
Mr. Theobald's Rockingham, 6 yrs. (Macdonald)	2
Mr. Robinson's Lucifer, 4 yrs. (Robinson)	3
Lord Exeter's Aurelius, 4 yrs. (Connelly)	4
Eight paid.	

6 to 5 was bet against Touchstone; 6 to 4 against Rockingham; 6 to 1 against Aurelius; and 9 to 1 against Lucifer. This was the best start I saw yet: Aurelius went from the post full in front, and commenced making the running for the lot; and sharp work it was. No change occurred till they past the Swinley post, when Rockingham went up

for a little; and, after passing the plantations, Lucifer went a-head, yielding, however, soon to Rockingham, who was again in front. Touchstone now stole along, and lay on Rockingham's quarter a good second. From this, out, it was clear Lucifer and Aurelius cried, "Hold, enough!" The last mile was a terrific struggle between the two first, and nothing but a first-rate could have lived at the pace. Within half the distance Day made his rush, collared his opponent, passed him, and won by above a length. Their condition was so splendid, none seemed much distressed after their desperate race. The termination of this match was the signal for luncheon; after which, having attained my object in seeing the two crack races—the Derby, and Gold Cup—I retired.

June 7th.

I have completed my term, and have five months before I am required to be here again. Resolved to see some of the world during that time, I have paid my debts and visits, got my letter of credit from my banker, and those of introduction from my friends; packed up my luggage, shut up my common law and equity, and, with my passport *tout en ordre*, start for France in the morning. Then, ye British Isles, farewell!

CONTINENTAL DIARY.

INTRODUCTION TO MY TOUR.

It may perhaps be asked, why, with so many works on continental travels already before the public, authors still persist in deluging them with more? I answer, because the tide of advice contained therein has not yet flowed in a right channel, and, when the inundation has ceased, instead of leaving satisfactory traces behind, nothing remains but the shelving rocks of doubt and fear—doubt as to which is the safest book to use as a guide—and fear of undertaking the journey at all, having *no means of ascertaining the probable expense*; hearing, on the one hand, accounts of unequalled extravagance; and, on the other, no less extraordinary histories of economy.

How often has the angry traveller thrown down his book in disgust, after vainly seeking in its pages—abounding in picturesque descriptions of the sublime scenery around him—for some no less useful information concerning the hotels of the next town. A judicious friend, who urged me to

give these volumes to the public, when I told him I retained my bills, and an exact account of my expenditure, well observed — “ It is quite a mistaken notion that writers of books of travel serve tourists when they merely give their impressions of scenery. When I go abroad, I like to form my own ideas of the places I visit, and the manners I observe in those with whom I associate. Be honest, and give us some idea of the expense. Authors have been either too proud, or too poor, to do so— too proud to think of troubling themselves to give us information; or ashamed to tell us where they sojourned.”

In obedience, then, to this wholesome advice, I am resolved to break the mystic tie, that, in my opinion, has alone prevented thousands of our intelligent countrymen, and fellow-citizens, from sharing the advantages of travel, which, from the want of due information on money matters, has been hitherto, in a great degree, confined to the higher ranks; and if I be the humble means of breaking down any of those prejudices, with which, we were accustomed to regard our continental neighbours, and a spirit of toleration, worthy the advancement of this enlightened age, ensue, I shall, indeed, have the proud consciousness that neither my time nor observations have been misapplied.

The inducements to travel, are, of course, various. Pope says—“ The proper study of mankind, is man :” this, therefore, ought to be the greatest.

By traversing other countries than his own, the man desirous of information respecting his fellows, acquires it—not through the exparte pages of books, or the interested colourings which men, guided by their own views, influenced by their own passions, or blinded by their own prejudices, may give—but he can judge, and learn for himself, see with his own eyes, hear with his own ears—his mind will become expanded, and his intellects enlarged, by the contemplation of all that was great and glorious, in former ages: he will behold the children of earth, playing their various parts, on the wide extended stage of the world—may retire with them behind the scenes into their private dwellings, and compare their peculiar customs and usages with those of his own nation.

He no longer ties himself by those notions which he received when guided by theory only : he has now the light of real practice, and personal knowledge to guide his steps, and lead him in the right path ; he sees the great wheels of religion, laws, government, and education, rolling in their natural course before him, and by minutely observing their reaction on the manners of the people, will be enabled to form an idea of their worth, from that most correct of all sources, if well explored, personal observation.

It is natural, I believe, for people residing in one nation, to take up silly prejudices against those of every other : these are either softened down, or

totally obliterated by personal knowledge ; the sojourner is soon acquainted with the *character* of the inhabitants ; he quickly strips off the varnish with which vanity glosses its own actions, or the dark tints, which so often serve to shade others ; speedily discovers the good from the evil ; and living in the interchange of good feeling with those whom he was wont to consider hostile, his better nature is roused, his charity is awakened, and his good will to mankind enlarged, in the proportion that it was narrowed before. He cultivates the acquaintance of those whose home is far from his—friendship is cemented by a similitude of character in dwellers of other climes. Geographical degrees are boundaries which do not form an obstacle to the esteem, or affection, existing between man and man ; and he will feel far happier, if he has completed his tour in the spirit of love with all men, than by disputing his way, leading one to imagine that the angel had uttered the same denunciation against him as on Ishmael : “ and he will be a wild man, and his hand will be against every man, and every man’s hand against him.”

France will excite the curiosity of the tourist, by, first of all, the knowledge how often her power has coped with ours ; next by the display and show of that nation, whose superior taste is the criterion for fashion to be modelled by—where politeness is proverbial. France too has exhibited energies never dormant, but so restless as to make the

throne of the citizen King anything but a bed of roses. In sciences, power, and the arts, she is the rival of Great Britain ; in the first perhaps the superior ; for though, by our more ready means, we are enabled to advance any work when we get it, with all its bearings, fairly in hand, yet our more lively neighbours surpass us in ingenuity of conception, and skill of execution. Paris is the Frenchman's idol, his country his boast. Montaigne, speaking of the capital, says, *Je l'aime tendrement jusqu'à ses verrues et à ses taches. Je ne suis François que par cette grande cité, grande en peuple, grande en félicité de son assiette, mais surtout grande et incomparable en variété, et diversité, des commoditez : la gloire de la France et une des plus nobles ornemens du monde.* Switzerland ! the home of freedom, where Tell roused the hardy mountaineers to deeds of strife, and led the patriot band to victory, claims our peculiar attention. Its towering mountains, flowing torrents, and peaceful fertile valleys combine to exemplify the sublime and beautiful.

The rush of water
Through the hollowed channel toiling,
Caverns wildly rent asunder !
Down it gushes—bursting, boiling
White with foam, and loud as thunder ;
While o'er the frantic gulf below,
An Iris flings her glittering bow,

is a familiar sight to those who have visited Helvetia. The majestic Alps, the wide-stretched lakes, the icebound glaciers, the roaring avalanches,—stupendous works of the Creator's hand,—cause the mind to feel that subdued, soothing melancholy, which constantly attends our witnessing the great scenes of nature for the first, and it may be the last time. When new and unexpected beauties strike our vision what a host of interesting feelings are awakened in the mind ! We remember what we formerly read, and think on events, linked with the scenes we now survey. Ideas of the years since elapsed, and the miles journeyed o'er, recall the memory of distant, or departed friends to whom we would rejoice to communicate our new sensations ; and then we dwell upon vanished hours and moments never again to return.

The majesty of nature imbues the mind with solemn, rather than gay thoughts. The Swiss, brought up amid stupendous scenes, acquire an elevated, and sometimes gloomy tone of imagination ; shewing itself in romantic sentiments and deep abstraction.

Leaving the land of the mountain, the traveller may visit "the Garden of Europe"—Italy. What emotions fill the soul, when, looking from the heights of the Saint Bernard range, the tourist surveys the outlines of the land which contains magnificent Rome !

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood and Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride;
She saw her glories, star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
When the car climbed the capitol; far and wide,
Temple, and tower, went down, nor left a site,—
Chaos of ruin!—

But turn we from works of Art to those of Nature. The Grand St. Bernard route I have named, because it is one of the most interesting, and the visit to the Convent will hardly fail to correct any notions, however excessive, conceived against monks. And surely if such institutions were a little more general, they would tend to correct many abuses which have arisen since their suppression. In no way can true religion be better exhibited, than by benevolence, and charity; and all must allow, that these were the distinguishing features of monasteries, even in this country.

If the vaults were supplied with the stores of plenty, they were not allowed to accumulate, and become useless, but were applied with bountiful hand to the stranger and destitute. A liberal welcome awaited all: whoever sought the abode of charity, went away contented, after experiencing kindness, and witnessing temperance. They promoted the spirit of industry by setting an example, for no ground was better cultivated than that attached to the monasteries; they mitigated the

ferocity of a barbarous age, and, by a liberal patronage of learning and the arts, kept alive the dying embers of literature, which, but for them, would have been totally extinct. In every religious house was a Scriptorium, where the brethren transcribed with exquisite beauty, and preserved the works of learning: all their elaborate performances are now highly valued, the illuminated pages of which afford ample subjects for our eminent artists to copy, and disseminate. Doctor Warton says—“The monks of Cassano were distinguished, not only for a knowledge of science, but of polite literature, classics, music, logic, and astronomy: the most eminent scholars which England produced in philosophy and divinity, were educated there.”

Beholding the various monuments of departed greatness, the most insensible mind must feel at least the weakness of mortality. The classical visitor will experience emotions of pleasure which the uninformed can have no idea of, when he views objects, the names, and uses of which, were known to him from his youthful days; and though the acquirements brought with them at that time no particularly agreeable sensations, he is now overpaid by associations, which serve but to enhance the pleasure.

After the decline of the Grecian States, Rome spread her eagle wings, and mounted to the very topmost pinnacle of power. Europe, Asia, Africa, the then known world, owned her sovereignty. The

grasp seemed too much for one mortal mind. The Empire was divided : with division generally comes dissension ; and “ a house divided against itself cannot stand.”—Rome became “ the mother of dead empires,” and, after the barbarians who poured themselves in hordes, until they destroyed the overgrown power of the Roman empire, had themselves divided ; a new sovereignty was established, and the stronghold of Paganism became the seat of the head of the Christian Church. Under the peaceful protection of the Sovereign Pontiff, the Italians gave themselves up to the fine arts, or speaking in classic parlance, the temple of Janus was shut, and the arts of poetry, painting, and sculpture, cultivated with such success, that they were brought to a degree of perfection never attained by the natives of any other modern kingdom. Learning in all its branches began to enlighten mankind, and music softened the roughness of the age : in this pursuit the Italians shewed great proficiency ; commerce, likewise, was woed to their shores, and wealth came in its train : the merchant kings of Venice, spread the name of their city over Europe and the East. But happily for Britain, a change took place in the destinies of nations, and England is now in the ascendant, where it is the duty of her sons to strive and keep her.

The constitution of Germany is worthy of examination, for the true way, and, indeed, the only way to derive advantage from travel is, to know

beforehand, something of the country you mean to visit. Here a vast body of independent princes, ecclesiastics, and some few sovereign cities, rule, with nearly feudal rigour, over a large tract of fertile country, occupied by a hardy race of people, remarkable for steady industry and solid sense. The entire of Prussia presents the appearance of a complete military establishment. In Belgium the sojourner will learn to admire the brave people, who, with one vigorous effort, cast off the dynasty that cramped their energies, and ruled with a rod of iron. And returning, after completing his tour to his native land, the Briton may survey with pride and admiration the venerable constitution of his ancestors, and, thinking on the unstable governments of other countries, be ready to exclaim with Blackstone,—“The protection of the liberty of Britain is a duty which we owe to ourselves who enjoy it—to our ancestors who transmitted it down—and to our posterity who will claim at our hands this, *the best birth-right and noblest inheritance of mankind.*”

As my observations are more particularly addressed to that class of tourists whose means or inclinations induce them to dispense with the encumbering luxuries of a posting establishment, travelling chariot, tutor, avant-couriers, and servants *ad libitum*, I trust the observations which personal experience enables me to give, may be found, as they are meant to be, useful.

In France, where the public mode of conveyance is the Diligence, for short or daily distances you are seldom likely to be detained for a place ; but for the distant parts, such as from Paris to Geneva, it is better to put down your name at the bureau a few days before. The places are, the *coupé*, *l'interieur*, *rotunde*, and *cabriolet*. These vary a trifle in price ; but all are reasonable—much less than the English stage. The *coupé* is decidedly the best ; but for a tourist who is prepared to “rough it,” he will particularly enjoy the *cabriolet* on the top, where he has a fine view, is protected from wet, and has the advantage of the *conducteur's* information respecting the locality through which he travels. The *conducteur* is the person appointed by government to regulate the movements of the Diligence : he employs, and pays for post-horses, looks after the luggage, way-bill, &c., for which he is paid according to some established rate—generally you include it in the fare. I have found them a very civil class of men in most cases, but in a few instances, have thought it would ensure more attention to the traveller, if, as the guards of English or Irish coaches, they had to depend on the good-will of the passengers.

I have inserted a few practical hints for any gentleman who may prefer riding from one country to another, and purchase a horse for that purpose. The feet of the animal are the principal objects to be attended to : these it would be well to have care-

fully examined a week or ten days before setting out, and, if hard or brittle, stuffed with tar ointment, or tar and hog's-lard melted together. This cools the feet, and cures sand-cracks. The shoes should be rather new, and the nails well clenched. The horse may be brought into marching order by gentle trotting, from two to three hours every morning: it is less wearisome than walking. Oats his principal food: at night he might get eight pounds of good sweet hay. The saddle should fit well, not lean on his shoulder orgall his back—this is very material: the bridle I recommend is a bit and bridoon.

I now turn to those regular tourists who propose really to see the countries they visit, by travelling much on foot—and this is indeed the most delightful mode. I never felt so thoroughly independent, as, when attired in my *blouse*, staff in hand, and knapsack on my back, I entered some town, inquired the way to the auberge, and there took up my quarters for the night, to resume my wholesome pilgrimage on the morrow. Your spirits are never better than when engaged in exercise: that appetite, which at home grows dull from satiety, is here sharpened by novelty; your sleep is unbroken; you escape from the cares which at home occupy you; and a redundancy of health is the necessary consequence. The same rules with respect to motion, which I have observed with reference to the horse, hold good with regard to man. Be not over anxious to get on at first: if not

accustomed to walking, it is better, like the horse, that you get into the habit by short journeys of twelve to fifteen miles a-day (four to five leagues), —these you may increase according to your ability. You must also be particularly attentive to your feet. My first orders, on taking possession of my chamber at the Swiss hotels, always was,—“*De l'eau de vie et de l'eau chaud pour mes pieds.*” In the mountain parts, where I could not procure cognac, I used *kircherwasser*, a very good substitute: with this I rubbed the soles of my feet continually, otherwise I must have suffered from disagreeable blisters, which experience had taught me to guard against. From the pedestrian mode of travelling, we are naturally thrown more on the society of the inhabitants than any other, and consequently are better able to form our estimate of their various qualities. Thus, we find the Swiss are shrewd; the Germans heavy. In a short time we learn to look with satisfaction at the progress made by means of those locomotives which nature designed for man. In ascending the abrupt sides of mountains let your motto be “*Festina lente!*” hasten slowly, and you will be sure to proceed without fatigue; moderate your pace, and your breath will not be taken from you, nor the circulation too much accelerated: let your object be, to retain sufficient strength to enable you to enjoy the prospect, when you have attained the summit:—if you are tired, you cannot do this.

Attend to the experienced observations of the inhabitants, who are in general versed in atmospheric changes, the mountain *cols* or passes, the impending avalanches, and practicability of the glaciers. I perhaps owe my life to the information of a peasant on the last topic. When snow is to be traversed, by all means start early ; indeed, in all cases where the object is to see as much as possible, it should be a rule with tourists to be always on the alert. On rainy days rocks are often displaced, and sometimes block up the road. The traveller, not accustomed to stupendous precipices, is often terrified at the appalling chasm which unexpectedly yawns at his feet : he must nerve himself against a fascination which, in some instances, has proved fatal : let him accustom his eye to measure the depth, and the danger wears off. When in company with a guide, always permit him to lead, and pay implicit obedience to those warnings which his experience enables him to give. To relieve the eyes from the glare of snow—which, however, is rarely met with in extensive patches—a green veil is advisable. For requisites, a few pair of duck-trowsers, some coloured shirts, lamb's-wool stockings, a coat to wear at *table d'hotes*, and other necessary articles which may fit in a knapsack, and not be over-burthensome, are sufficient. In addition, a broad-brimmed straw-hat, light umbrella, and Macintosh cape.

Actual Expenses of a Tour on the Continent, comprising Fares of Conveyances, Price of Guides and Hotels, in 1836.

	English Money.
	£. s. d.
London to Boulogne	0 5 0
Boulogne Hotel (British), bed, 2 f.; dinner and wine, 3 f.; Breakfast, 1½ f.	0 5 6
Passport, 2 f.; other expenses, say 4 f.	0 5 0
To Paris by Diligence, coupé 28 f.; on the road, 5 f.	1 7 0
Paris and its sights; Hotel Windsor, a fortnight, say	8 0 0
To Geneva, by Diligence, coupé 50 f.; other expenses, 20 f.	2 17 6
Geneva and Lake; Hotel des Bergues, a week, about	5 0 0
Fare to Chamounix, Diligence to Sallenches and carriage on	0 15 0
Hotel de l'Union, 2 days, with guide	1 0 0
Martigny, Grand Maison, 5 s.; to Mont St. Bernard, 10 s.	0 15 0
Cité d'Aosta, 4 days, 12 f.; Hotel la Poste	0 10 0
Return to Martigny, with bill at hotel	0 17 6
Diligence to Leuk, 10½ f.; Hotel Maison Blanc, 5½ f.	0 15 0
Expenses to Thun by the Gemmi	1 0 0
Hotel at Thun, Freyanhoff, 2 days, and visit to Berne	0 19 0
Steam-boat to Interlacken, 3 f.; porter to hotel. 1 f.	0 3 4
	24 15 4

	English Money.
	£. s. d.
Brought forward	24 15 4
M. Seiler's pension at Interlacken, 5 f. per day,	
2 days	0 8 4
Guide for the Oberland, 6 f.; ditto, 7 days	1 15 0
Grindelwald: Bear Inn, 6 f.; Meyringen, Sauvage, 8 f.	0 12 6
Grimsel, 10 f.; Andermat, 5 f.; Fluelen, 8 f.	1 0 0
Boat to Fiznau, 8 f.; guide to Righi, 2 f.; hotel, 6 f.	0 14 0
Boat to Zug, 4 f.; carriage to Zurick, 12 f.	0 14 0
Hotel at Zurick Corbeau, (very dear) 10 f.	0 8 4
Steam-boat to Ritchterswyl, 7 f.; Uznoch Hotel, 5 f.	0 10 0
Boat on the lake of Wallenstadt, 2 f.; coach to Ragatz, 5 f.	0 5 10
Tamina Hotel, Ragatz, 6 f.; expenses to Alstet- ten 7 f.	0 10 0
Alstetten Post Hotel, 5 f.	0 4 2
St. Gall Inn, 6 f.	0 5 0
Constance ditto, 6 f. 2 days	0 10 0
Steam-boat to Schaffhouse, 5 f.; guide to the fall, 2 f.	0 5 10
Ship Hotel, 6 f.; Diligence to Basle, 15 f., (en route)	1 0 0
Basle Hotel Cigogne, 5 f.; Diligence to Strasburg, 13 f.	0 15 0
Hotel at Strasburg, 6 f.; diligence to Baden, 5 f.	0 10 0
Ball at Baden, 3 f.; Sun Hotel, 6 f. 4 days	1 4 0
Diligence to Carlsruhe, 3 f.; hotel, 5 f.; steam- boat to Manheim, 12 f.	0 18 0
Manheim Hotel Rhin, 6 f.; Heidelberg, Roi du Portugal, 6 f.	0 10 0
	<hr/>
	37 15 4

	English Money.
	£. s. d.
Brought forward	37 15 4
Fare from Heidelberg to Frankfort, 12 f.	.. 0 10 0
Frankfort, Hotel d'Angleterre.	.. 0 7 6
Boat to Mayence, 1 f. Hotel Cheval Blanc, 7 f.	0 7 6
Wisbaden, Hotel d'Angleterre, 7 f.	.. 0 6 0
Steam-boat from Mayence to Coblentz, 15 f.	.. 0 14 6
Coblentz, Hotel Bellevue, 7 f.	.. 0 5 10
Ems, Hotel d'Angleterre, 8 f.	.. 0 6 8
Coblentz to Cologne, by steam-boat, 10 f.	.. 0 8 4
Cologne, Hotel des Flanders, 8 f.; Cathedral, 10 f.	0 15 0
Diligence from Cologne to Brussels, 30 f.	.. 1 5 0
Aix-la-Chapelle Hotel, 6 f.; Leige ditto, 6 f.	0 10 0
Brussels, Hotel du Morian, 6 f.; 7 days	.. 2 0 0
Diligence to Field of Waterloo, back, and guide, &c.	.. 0 7 6
Rail-road to Antwerp, and back, 4 f.	.. 0 3 4
Diligence from Brussels to Ghent, 6 f.	.. 0 5 0
Hotel Ghent, Lion d'Or, 7 f.; Theatre, &c., 7 f.	0 12 6
Diligence from Ghent to Bruges, 4 f.	.. 0 3 4
Bruges Hotel du Commerce, 8 f.; 2 days, 16 f.	0 15 0
Canal-boat to Ostend, 1 f.; Hotel d'Angleterre, 7 f.	.. 0 6 8
Necessary passport expenses throughout	.. 0 10 0
Incidental expenses at hotels, porters, &c.	.. 5 0 0
	<hr/>
Steam-packet to London	53 14 0
	<hr/>
	1 10 0
	<hr/>
	£55 4 0

In the above list, which may be relied on as accurate, concerning the prices for which a traveller may live at the hotels, the critical reader will per-

ceive, that in reducing the French francs into English money, I have not been very nice in my calculations. On the contrary, I preferred to make an allowance, because the charges may be a little higher than at present (not that such can be anticipated); but I would always prefer being found over, than under. For my own part, whenever I said to myself, "now my bill here will be so much," and it was not within some francs of the supposed amount, I considered I was so much the richer.

There are of course several hotels in each of the towns: I have merely given the names of those which I have frequented. At Geneva there are a great number, but none equal to the Hotel des Bergues in accommodation and attention. Many of the large continental inns are divided into stories (*étages*;) the first very dear, the second less so, third still cheaper, and fourth least of all. It may be prudent to inquire the terms previous to occupying. One reason why the English have been made to pay so dear for the pleasure of travelling is, they have never been known to inquire the prices; another, their disregard of cost; and thirdly, their observations on the cheapness of everything. Inn-keepers are dependant for support on the patronage of those who resort to their houses: the check then on their charges is the dread of losing that patronage—for who will resort to an extravagant inn? This acts on them with regard to natives, but strangers have not this advantage. A native of a

far country inhabits his house for a day or two; and a knavish innkeeper thinks he has a right to charge high, for the chances are, he will never return again. By inquiring then into his charges beforehand, you obviate this danger. No persons travel cheaper than Germans—they always inquire the prices. As it was none but English aristocracy who formerly travelled, of course the cost of mountain inns was nothing to them; and by their profuseness they have established a name for the wealth of the British people, which all the economy they can now exhibit will never erase. It is only natural to imagine that when any of those high-born lords or ladies received their bill from mine host, and on looking over the items, saw for a dessert, composed of the finest fruits, some inconsiderable sums, perhaps amounting to sixpence, they audibly expressed their surprise at the cheapness, saying, “Why, bless me! this would cost half a guinea at least in London.” To remedy this mistake, the wise landlord presented his bill next time to Milor Anglais, with dessert, some dozen francs: it is paid of course without demur, and thus established as custom.

The monies best adapted for continental travelling are gold Napoleons. A letter of credit on the various towns where you may want a supply, is a good mode. I had one from Messrs Wright and Robinson, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. The Swiss money varies so much as to make it puzzling.

Their small coins are *bâzen*, seven of which are equal to a French franc; ten to a Swiss franc. The French money is, however, current everywhere. The Rhine money is Prussian thalers, groschen, fennings, and schillens. Belgian same as French.

As concerns language, the French is universally useful; but from the numbers of English, who now over-run the Continent, that language is becoming generally known. All along the Rhine, throughout Germany, France, and in the more frequented parts of Switzerland, there is scarce a single hotel that has not a waiter who speaks English. The natives, if they happen to know any of the language at all, will be most happy to converse with you.

At hotels, the usual charges for beds are, from a franc and a half to two francs: if you use wax light, a franc more. Breakfast, tea, or coffee, bread and butter, &c., a franc to a franc and half; with eggs or beefsteak, two francs. The prices of table d'hôtes are various. In Paris, including wine, three francs; in Geneva, with wine, four francs; at Baden, with wine, three francs and a half, &c. The Germans and Belgians dine early. At the table d'hôte at one o'clock, you dine for two and a half francs; at three o'clock, three francs; and at five, four or five francs. Generally along the Rhine, you pay two francs for dinner at the table d'hôtes, without wine. A carte is handed you with the prices of all the wines in the house, and if you like you can have of either, or each, half a bottle—Cham-

pagne, Hermitage, Clarets, Château Morgeau, or Lafitte, go as high as seven francs. Rudesheim, Hockheim, the Moselle wines, and Bourdeaux wines, may be had very good for about four francs per bottle, or two for *demi bouteille*. A great saving of expense is made by taking advantage of return carriages. This may be easily done along the Rhine: the landlord will give every information.

Trusting the perusal of my Tour, may be found partaking of the *utile et dulce*,

I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Your very obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONTINENTAL DIARY—FRANCE.

Voyage from London to Boulogne—Companions—Fine Day—Various sensations on beholding France—Boulogne—Museum—Church of St. Nicholas—Promenade—Start for Paris—Irish cure for sea-sickness—Route—Abbeville—Old lady's story—Gratitude, A tale of the Three Days—Morning—Beauvais—A recognition—Breakfast—St. Denis Avenue—Port St. Denis—Paris.

Wednesday, June 8.

A LIGHT shower had moistened the ground at day-break, but when seven o'clock came, and the cabriolet stood at the door to transport myself and luggage on board the steam-boat, the sun shone merrily on the bosom of the noble Thames, and the free blue sky overhead betokened that delight to travellers—a fine day.

It is an old remark, that the weather has vast influence on the spirits: this has, I opine, been more or less felt by every one who has been exposed to its power, and without the prejudices of the Roman *dies fasti* and *nefasti*, I own, I ever hail it as a pro-

pitious event, undertaking a journey on a fine day. The yellow beams were brightening the sober dome of the stupendous Paul's as I hurried past. I reached London-bridge, turned into the Wharf, and unaccompanied by a single acquaintance, stood alone in the vessel to bear me from my native soil to other lands and climes.

Without an idea of loneliness in my breast, for man being a gregarious animal, soon herds with other flocks, I addressed a few words to a pretty black-eyed girl beside me, and her answer convinced me our communications should be very brief, for, alas ! she spoke in French, and I was anything but a proficient in the same. However, I learned that she was from Paris ; had been for four weeks in London, and now was gladly returning to her own gay and beautiful country. Many passengers came on board, and we were on the eve of starting. I felt perfectly satisfied I should make all my own acquaintances, when my excellent friend the Rev. Mr. D—— stepped up to shake hands with me, and begged to introduce a Rev. Friend, with whom he was taking a run to Boulogne. I own I was glad, for I am not so devoid of feeling as not to reciprocate kindly sentiments ; nor would I imitate the conduct of a traveller, who, on his return to England, being asked by a friend if he had had a pleasant tour, replied,—“ Excessively agreeable, my dear fellow, it would have been, but for one drawback.”

“ What was that ? ”

“ On taking a berth in the steamer from Marseilles, I placed my luggage on board, and had made myself comfortable—you know I always do so alone—when, who should I see enter the cabin, but my most intimate acquaintance, W—— D—— : you know him. Instantly I had to pack bag and baggage out of the unfortunate vessel ; and was detained a fortnight before I could procure one in which I might be quite alone. Was it not disagreeable ? ”

Having secured a comfortable seat on deck, we waited impatiently for the moment of departure.—First, a vast body of smoke came up the tall chimney of the vessel with a hissing noise, which every moment began to grow hoarser and hoarser, until at last we appeared to quiver and vibrate to the sound. Imperceptibly we glided onwards, reached the centre of the river ; and then the vessel, like an unchecked horse, appeared to put forth speed. The quay seemed receding from us, and the arches of the noble bridge diminishing. Vessels confined to their moorings were hurriedly passed by ; the square-built Tower was seen for an instant—the mark of the tunnel,—and as the city was left behind, the windings of the river, like the folds of an enormous serpent, were gradually uncoiling themselves before us.

The day was very fair ; sea and sky felt the inspiring influence of the sun ; and waves and fleecy

clouds grew brighter when he shone. Greenwich, Blackwall, Tilbury Fort, and Woolwich, were passed in quick succession. The land on both sides presented a rich prospect ; and the dancing waters, and breathing winds, brought life and colour to my cheek. I had, for a short time before leaving London, felt my energies cramped, and my mind shackled by the city life, and mounted now to the very bowsprit to let the fresh breeze, as it stole o'er the surface of the mighty deep, breathe on my brow, and infuse more vigour into my frame. Margate appeared on the heights, Herne Bay, Ramsgate ; and about three o'clock an angle of the coast showed us Dover and Shakspeare's cliff—the castle appeared crowning the heights—and leaving the British coast behind, we soon beheld the land of France.

What various feelings, doubtless, actuated the breasts of many on board, on beholding the plains of the Gaul. For my part, my mind ran chiefly on historical recollection—how William crossed, and, with the Norman knights, achieved the conquest of England, by the downfall of the Saxon. What great changes followed, by the introduction of the feudal laws ; and soon after the revival of the trial by jury. Then the melancholy fate of Henry II.'s son, and three hundred young nobles who were shipwrecked ; the powerful armies who, proud in their strength, and conscious of their valour, had spread woe and terror into the heart of

France. And turning round, I beheld the cliffs of Dover in the horizon, while the French land lay at no great distance in front. I wondered how strange it was that two nations, such very close neighbours, should be so often engaged in the fiercest rivalry. My historical reminiscences dwelt longest on the hapless Mary Stuart, who, leaving the land most suited to her habits, a young and beautiful widow, found but unmeet companions in the hardened Knox, and the jealous and piqued Elizabeth.

We arrived about 8, p. m. at Boulogne, where, owing to the bad arrangements on the Quay, it was some time before I could get out. We were then marched between crowds of spectators to the Office of Passports, where, doubtless, owing to my number of envelopes, for I do not think I am a very suspicious looking person, I underwent a rigorous search. Nothing, however, was discovered; so I soon made my way to the British Hotel, where I joined my friends. After some refreshment, cooked in an unmistakeable French style, and, feeling tired, anxious to proceed to Paris on the morning, I retired to my room.

Thursday, 9th.

Rose at half-past seven, and sallied forth sketch-book in hand. I promenaded the Jetty to its extreme end, and cast my eyes in the direction of England. The fish-women I observed cleanly and industrious. The costume of the men is striking: a red night cap envelopes the head, and hangs down

not ungracefully ; pea jacket, canvass trowsers like bags, and long boots. After breakfast I went with a gentleman to the Museum, which abounds in curiosities. The pictures up stairs are very fine, particularly some wrecks. Here is also a good collection of casts from the various *chef-d'œuvres* of antiquity ; and the birds, beasts, and reptiles, may challenge competition for the excellency of the arrangement. On our way we went into the Church of St. Nicholas, and here I witnessed the impressive ceremony of prayers for the dead.

There lay in the centre of the long aisle, just at the transept, a coffin covered with a winding sheet of silk, or satin, strewed with flowers—near it was a large black pall. Before the richly decorated altar, several priests in embroidered vestments, were chaunting in tones, solemn, and slow, the *De Profundis*, accompanied by a hoarse sounding instrument. The Church is large and lofty. There are two side altars besides the principal one—all magnificent.

The town itself is of great antiquity, and is reported to have been founded by Julius Cæsar, and that he sailed hence to conquer Britain. One object of Roman origin yet remains—the tower of Caligula. Boulogne is divided into the higher and lower towns, connected by the Grande Rue : the view from the height of the lower town, of the harbour, and sea, is very fine. Here is also a pleasant walk on the ramparts ; and—what must particularly interest a native

of Britain—the tower commenced by Napoleon, in order to commemorate his victory over the British isles. Around it are scattered many blocks of fine marble, brought from Marquise. There is a fine prospect from its summit.

I was fortunate in obtaining a coupé seat in the Calais diligence to Paris, and had for my companions two ladies—one elderly, the other, young and plain—both agreeable. The senior lady had been highly amused the day previous. In the packet from Dover to Calais in which she was, there happened to be an Irish gentleman, his family, their servant-man and his wife. She was on the deck, and overheard the following conversation between Denis and Judy.

Judy.—“Och, it’s all over wid me. God be wid you Denis, take care of the childur, I’ll never see ‘em again?”

Denis.—“Whist Judy *a ragal*, you arn’t half so bad as you think, you’ll be well in an hour.”

Judy.—“An hour, mostha Denis, it’s asy talking, wil in an hour—oh! oh! I’m very bad—hold up my head, or I’ll be sick intirely—an that would be very bad!”

Denis.—“Asy, Judy, asy—is there a drop in the bottle you’d like to be afther taking, and you’ll find it will remove the squakishness.”

Judy.—“A drop in the bottle, shure you well know there isn’t, did’nt you finish the last of it before you left that place, ‘Over as they call it—oh dear! what ill I do at all, at all?’”

Denis.—“ Whist, *a cuss la ma chree*, an I'll look in the carriage for something to pacify you.”

He went, not unobserved by his master, who, as well as the narrator, had heard the dialogue. While screened from observation by the awning, he sat with his son watching this amusing scene, she heard him direct his son's attention. “ Now look at the fellow ? What can he be doing in the carriage ? Oh ! he returns with a shawl—what can he mean ?”

Judy.—“ Denis, darlint, are you there, oh ! the breath is laving my body. I fear it's all up wid me now—take care of the childur, and never trust them on the salt say.”

“ Judy,” says Denis, “ let me tie this handkerchief tight about your neck, and I'll engage it will keep down the say-sickness.” A smothered laugh from the young gentleman was repressed by his father. Meanwhile, Denis completed his remedy, and it would in all probability have been a little too successful, had not his master, when he saw the woman's countenance assume a swollen aspect, started up, “ You villain,” says he to his innocent servant man ! “ do you mean to strangle your wife ?”

“ Please your honour, is it Judy you mean ?” was the truly Hibernian reply.

“ To be sure,” said his master. “ Take off that shawl this moment: what possessed you to tie it on ?”

“ Poor Judy was getting sick” your honor.

“ Well, sure that wouldn't kill her ?”

“ No, sir, but I paid two shillings to give her a good bruk'est this morning, and shure the money

would be lost if she hadn't the worth of it, so I knotted the shawl to keep all quiet."

"Well," said his master—"I always suspected you were a fool, but now I'm sure of it."

Having left Boulogne, we pursued our way over hills and dales. In the distant perspective is seen the tower of St. Etienne. To the left of the village of Isque is an old encampment, perhaps Roman—on the summit of the hill is Samer. Here is nothing remarkable, and the road is common-place enough until approaching the forest of Tingry, we look on a noble prospect—Samer behind, throned on the hill, Tingry to the right, and Sacequelle to the left.

After ascending a hill, the road leads for two miles through the forest of Longvilliers, and in a little time we arrive at Montreuil. This town contains between three and four thousand inhabitants, and is accessible only by two gates—one on the Boulogne, the other on the Abbeville road. It is beautifully situated; yet the interior of the town is very bad—streets narrow and dirty. The road by which we journeyed was now skirted by woods—and now by vineyards—at one time we passed over a flat, or thundered down a slope, while at another, we slowly toiled up the summit. At Nampont we changed horses, and passed for three miles through the forest of Cressy, near which, I suppose, our Edward III. gained his splendid victory. Noyon is a pretty village; and about five miles farther we behold Abbeville. The river Somme divides this

town into two parts. The Church of Saint Wilfred with its two towers, numbers of statues, niches, and all the accompaniments of fretwork, presents a most beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture: this town numbers eighteen thousand people. It was near midnight when we reached this place, and some good coffee left us more inclined to talk than to sleep.

My younger companion was going, I think, to some institution in Paris. The elder on a visit to her daughter, who had married a commissary of police. She had spent a good deal of her time in Paris, and very obligingly communicated her information. I asked her had she been there during the revolution of Charles X.: she replied with tears in her eyes, at the remembrance, that she had, and in the most feeling manner related the following tale, which, as well as I can recollect, I give in her own words, though fully conscious, if ever these pages meet her eye, that she will find it has lost much by the want of her powers of narration.

GRATITUDE,—A TALE OF THE THREE DAYS.

“There were two men brought before my son, charged with having broken into a jeweller’s shop and stolen sundry articles of great value. As both were known to be notorious bad characters, and evidence was produced sufficient to satisfy many persons’ minds as to their guilt, little doubt existed among the public of their being found guilty, if

committed for trial. But not so thought the husband of my Emily. Mercy with him ever sat beside the seat of justice, and whenever a doubt existed, the prisoner received the full benefit of it. He was not fully convinced of the truth of the charge—the identity of the parties was not clearly proved—and putting his hand upon his breast, he said, ‘Must I upon the slight grounds of suspicion and known bad character, send two fellow-creatures into the presence of their Creator, with all their imperfections on their heads. No! they may live to repent—I must acquit them.’ Calling the penitent pair before him, he entreated them as they valued their peace here and hereafter, to abstain from evil courses, to leave the broad road of sin, and turn to the narrow path of virtue. He explained the very near escape they had of death, and trusted they would make such use of the time allowed them to mend their ways, and set as good an example thenceforward as they had hitherto acted badly. With tears streaming from their eyes they kissed the hands of their mild judge, and having promised amendment, they departed.

“In three weeks afterwards the commissary, Le Clerc, received a splendid gold snuff box, inscribed simply, ‘A token of respect’—no doubt from those he had rescued.

“May 1833 passed quietly away, and June followed: July approached, and still nothing unusual appeared in the capital. The Fleur de lys floated

idly from the column of the Place Vendome, and the Palace of the Tuilleries; but a change was about to come, and the restless spirit of the Parisians, kept by agitation from mischief during the era of Napoleon, was now about to wake in wrath. Political affairs were coming to a crisis; and on Sunday the 26th July, Henri, Emilie, and I, went in the carriage to the garden of Tuilleries. We had scarcely left the vehicle and entered, when we found ourselves objects of alarm; gay groups drew aside at our approach, and the husband of my child seemed shunned as a noxious reptile. Presently he was called aside, and surrounded by a group of gentlemen. I could only hear the words *Ordinance, Charles X., Prince Polignac.* It was enough. Emilie had almost fainted—I bore her drooping to the carriage, and in the evening we were joined by Le Clerc.

“Though man is brave in action, he is ever restless before; he cannot disguise his feelings like a woman; the ardent spirit boils within his breast, and his looks, his words are troubled. He said, notwithstanding all the remonstrances, the King had signed the ordinances,—had refused to listen to any advice save that of the Prince Polignac. Even an English noble of high rank had addressed a letter entreating him ‘not to expose the lives of so many foreigners to danger by so doing;—that he had mixed in all parties, and there existed but one feeling—revolution!’ All was of no avail. It was to be, and it was.

“Never, oh ! never will I forget it ! The evening of July 27, we had dined late, and ordered coffee to be served in the saloon looking on the Boulevards. I loved to look from the windows on the half rural streets with their green rows of trees, and the gay folks walking beneath—but minstrel and music were hushed, the air was calm, and the breeze of evening rustled the tender boughs of the trees in front. My child was with me, and her husband, who, though of a different clime, was equally my child in affection. We talked of other days, and happy England ; and in sweet converse time flew so fast that we heeded it not, and darkness fell before we thought it was night, for the lamps hung in the centre of the street, cast their light into the room broad and clear as day.

“Suddenly and fearfully, a low, yet crashing sound, like the roar of distant artillery, ran through every street in the wide extended city ; not in succession, but at once, and every object, late so bright, was dark and black as jet. It was the cutting the lamps, which, raised on high, fell headlong to the ground. Emilie looked on her husband, who opened his arms to receive her, and he whispered words of hope and courage ;—but they were lost in the various cries which now filled the avenue leading from Port St. Denis to Port St. Martin. It was a fearful sight to behold the infuriated mob, unchecked by control, and excited to madness, hold unbridled mastery over all... The pavement

was torn up, and barriers formed in each street. Ladies going to the Opera were ejected from their coaches, and the vehicles themselves overturned at the extremity, and placed so as to form a portion of a breast-work for the protection of the citizens. Every missile that could be procured was put in requisition, and the tri-colour cockade was worn in the hats or breasts of all. At once my ears detected the awful sound of cannon; peal, succeeding peal, in terrible rapidity. My daughter heard it too, and clinging close to her husband, who knew not what to do, tried to make me believe it was but thunder. At this frightful moment the door opened, and Antoine, Le Clerc's faithful secretary, appeared, blanched with fear: he fell at his master's feet.

“‘How now, Antoine—what’s the matter?’ demanded Le Clerc.

“‘Fly, Monsieur! Fly,’ replied the terrified assistant.

“‘With this uniform on me—never!’ proudly replied his master.

“‘Alas, sir! they will take your life,—the bureau of the *Prefet* is destroyed; he has escaped, but his poor family—’

“‘What!—what of them?’ eagerly demanded Henri, his personal fear quite absorbed in the dread that aught should befall his dear Emilie.

“‘Madame, only a few days after her confinement, with her helpless baby and eight children, are

conveyed in an open waggon to some distant place : I know not what may befall them.

“ Then, indeed, we saw the soul of Le Clerc shaken ;—his spirit bowed, but it was for a moment. ‘ I will first do my duty to my king,’ he said ; ‘ and then, Antoine, you accompany me to my bureau.’ He ordered his cabriolet to the door instantly.

“ ‘ Your bureau !’ repeated the secretary, doubtfully,—‘ alas ! you have no bureau.’

“ ‘ How ?’

“ ‘ I left it on fire.’

“ ‘ Fire !’ we all repeated in a breath ; ‘ on fire !’ calmly said Le Clerc, ‘ and I absent—that should not have been : however, I must see what can be done to retrieve.’

“ The vehicle now drew up at the door. ‘ It is absolute madness,’ muttered Antoine, who prepared to accompany his daring master.

“ Receiving his parting salute, with a firmness that infused steadiness into her husband’s bosom, Emilie took her seat at the window to watch his last glance. He kissed his hand twice as he stept into the vehicle that was bearing him to danger, and then I had reason to feel proud of my daughter.

“ Though the partner of her joys was gone, and the soother of her cares had departed,—perhaps never to return, had it not been by the blessing of God otherwise, no cry, no tear escaped her.

She knelt down on the cushion, and raising her eyes and hands to heaven, prayed that her Henri might escape: even when suspicion seemed confirmed, she did not despair, for she possessed the consciousness that Heaven would hear her prayers.

“ We now suffered moments of horrible suspense ; the rattling of musquetry and clashing of sabres, resounded simultaneously on both sides ; for the Port St. Denis and Port St. Martin were the two points where the battle raged most violently. At one moment the fierce conflict appeared to cease, but it was only a deceitful calm, a prelude to a fearful storm ; for the next instant it was ten times more violent than before, numerous reinforcements having arrived on both sides. The combatants at every step drew nearer, and as once, with agonizing curiosity, I bent a glance on the usually peaceful Boulevards, I thought my eyes would refuse to witness the sight.

“ The ground was disputed inch by inch, and broken by the ripping up of the pavement in many parts : each mound contained a combat. Over the slain the ruthless victor hung ; and as he drew his reeking blade from the corse of him who, once, perhaps, had been his loved companion, wildly sought a new opponent. Oh ! civil war ! how terrible thou art ! to think that men, born in the same realm, speaking the same language, kneeling at the same altar, worshipping the same God, should take each other’s life for the difference of a few

colours. It was monstrous ! but we must see what has become of Henri.

“ You may be sure the tales of Antoine, his companion in the cabriolet, were of no consoling or agreeable nature. Many of the bureaus of the police had been attacked at the extinguishing of the lights, and with such impetuosity, that, bravely as they were defended, the assailants took possession. The more resistance they received, of course the more they were revenged, and the slaughter of many atoned for the bravery of a few. Le Clerc now approached the neighbourhood of Rue St. Honore, when the combat raged fearfully. He could see the citizens, seated on the very roofs of houses, fire with unerring precision on the troops beneath, who could neither see nor retaliate on their foes. About the Port St. Denis the slaughter was immense, and, in a few minutes, Henri perceived that, unless he could escape, his life would pay the forfeit of his temerity. He was thinking of turning his frightened horse, when the reins fell powerless from his grasp. A large body of the ruthless *sansculottes* had surrounded him unawares, and commenced the demolition of his vehicle ; one, more prompt than the rest, jumped on the step, and, aiming a violent blow with the handle of a carbine, knocked the hapless commissaire to the ground.

“ Oh ! Emilie, could you behold your dear husband at that moment ! his person defiled with mud, his hair matted with the blood that flowed from

the wound in his neck, his powerless arms unable to restrain his snorting horse, which stood almost ready to drag the vehicle over his inanimate body; the fierce countenances of the rabble that disputed for the honour of giving him his death-wound! how thy tender soul would have been rent! but, thank heaven, you were spared that sight.

“A movement, not hostile, takes place in the crowd—a way is opened for two men, apparently of authority: they are received with reverence, and, at their orders, the firing is, for a moment, suspended. Merciful God! can it be!—yet it is.

“‘Our father, our brother, our preserver!’ they both exclaim. ‘Oh! M. Le Clerc, arise, get up. Water! wine! for the best of men.’ One washes the wound with the tenderness of a mother to her infant babe, while another pours some wine down the throat of my son—he revives—looks shuddering on the countenances of the throng, and at last fixes his eyes on the two who nurse him: a beam of recognition irradiates his pale countenance. ‘M. Le Clerc, you are safe.’—‘Thank God!’ he replies, and sinks, exhausted, in the arms of those who proved their gratitude.

“Meanwhile every sound, every murmur, agitates and alarms the inmates of our dwelling. Every knock announces some bearer of tales, a hundred-fold more terrible than the former; but what were they to us? So long as Henri’s name was omitted we felt a kind of selfish indifference to all the

world beside: at length our trial came. Two brother officers of Le Clerc, in disguise, rapped at the door, and were admitted—a low wailing sound was their first announcement. Emilie did not faint, but she sate so still, and pale, and statue-like, that one would have sworn she was marble. She asked no question—there was no need—their looks told all. With the tears streaming down their cheeks they told, in broken accents, of the friend they had lost. He was the peace-maker in their contentions—their counsellor, when they sought advice—their pattern when they required an example. He had been dragged from his cabriolet and put to death on the spot—I heard these words, and knew their import, but my faculties were benumbed, and my tongue refused its office; nor could I weep. Another knock announced an arrival—a man entered—he wore the robe of a *sansculotte*, and had the tricolor in his button-hole. They were disposed to prevent his entrance, but he showed his face—he was Antoine. He had been sent by the thoughtful preservers of Henri, when they conveyed him to a house till he should recover, to signify his preservation; and it was requisite he should be in the same garb as those who infested the streets. His tale was like a bewildering dream to our ears. Then, indeed, Emilie and I wept prayers of thanksgiving. The officers clasped Antoine successively in their arms, and, by the break of day, we had the happiness of again beholding our dear Henri.

“Our house was protected by special command during the rapid revolution, and M. Le Clerc had the heartfelt gratification of experiencing that his mercy was not thrown away—his confidence not abused, and that he owes his life to those whom he, perhaps, rescued from an early and ignominious death, by their possessing that best gift of human nature—gratitude.”

Friday, 10th.

The gray dawn of morning began to appear in the east, as the old lady had concluded her tale, for which we returned her thanks. How refreshing the gentle breeze after the dews of the night ! The dusky clouds rolled from the face of heaven, and when the sun rose, rejoicing, like a giant, to run his course, the little birds opened their throats, and poured forth their matin hymn. As the morn advanced we met the labourers going to their daily toil, and the ploughmen yoked their horses to turn up the rich glebe.

During the night we had passed through Ayriane, a small town situated on three rivers—it has some oil mills, and manufactories of packing and sail-cloth ; Poix, a market town, with a post-house ; Granvilliers, in the department of the Somme ; and we were now approaching our halting place for breakfast, Beauvais.

Beauvais, termed La Pucelle, or the virgin city, because it has been never taken, though often besieged, is the chief town of the Oise, and situated on

the Thuain : it has springs of mineral water, and several manufactories ; one for tapestry, established in 1664, nearly equal to the Gobelins. The great square, the town-house, and the cathedral, are worth notice. In the church is the tomb of Cardinal Forbin, by Causon, and three tapestry hangings executed in the town. The church of St. Stephen also deserve notice, on account of its painted windows—the picture of Christ carrying the Cross, and a tomb, supposed to be a Roman monument. Here I had the gratification of discovering a fellow-countryman and old acquaintance, which added much to the pleasure of the remaining journey. Our breakfast, quite à la Francaise, struck me as being very extraordinary. Never did I behold such medley of dishes—fish, flesh, fowl, vegetables, fruits, wine, tea, coffee, preserves, cakes, all covered the board, and it required some consideration what to partake of,—all looked so very good.

Continuing our route, we passed by a chateau, beautifully situated among picturesque woodlands, through Noailles, Brisseux, Beaumont to St. Denis, a small city about six miles from Paris, celebrated for its ancient abbey, in which repose the remains of the French monarchs. At the period of the great revolution it was exposed to the ravages of the populace, who plundered, and finally left it without either roof or altar. The ashes of Louis XVI. and Maria Antoinette, have recently been removed thither. The monachal buildings at-

tached to this abbey, are converted into a seminary, for the gratuitous education of daughters of the Knights of the Legion of Honor. Here are several manufactories. Leaving St. Denis, we now entered on a straight avenue, lined on each side with a row of trees, and paved in the centre with square stones. Here we also perceived the method of lighting the streets in France: ropes are passed from one side to the other, and lamps suspended in the centre: whoever travels in the middle enjoys the light, while the passenger near the sides splashes along in total darkness. After continuing the straightforward progress till we reached the Barrier St. Denis, the diligence stopped, and one of the guard looked in, according to custom, to see if we had any illicit goods; after which the horses were put in motion, and we entered Paris.

We passed through the irregular Fauxbourg, St. Denis, into the street of the same name, with nothing to interest our curiosity, until we reached the port, or gate. This handsome monument was built in 1672, by the citizens of Paris, to commemorate the victories gained by the French arms under Louis XIV. Francis Blondel was the architect. It stands 72 feet wide, by 73 $\frac{1}{2}$ high: on each side of the arch are pyramids and bas-reliefs, filled with trophies, rising above the entablature: on one side are figures of Holland and the Rhine, on the other the taking of Maestricht. We turned thence into the Rue St. Honoré, and entered the

yard of the diligence.' Here it was necessary to undergo the ceremony of opening our luggage for the inspection of the custom-house officers ; after which, I put myself into a cab and drove to my hotel in the Fauxbourg St. Germain.

CHAPTER XIV.

Passport Office—Notre Dame—Jardin des Tuilleries—Palais Royal—Gaming, fatal effects—St. Roch—Champs Elysées—Parisian Ladies—Innocent Recreation—A Tragic Anecdote—Place Vendome—Place des Victoires—Theatre Français—Jardin des Plantes—Concert Musard—Pantheon—Gobelins—St. Germain du Pres—St. Cloud—Louis Philippe: His Escape—The Louvre—Conservatory of Arts and Machines—House of Fieschi—Bibliotheque de Roi—Autographs—Soirée.

Saturday, 11th.

My first occupation was, to arrange the letters entrusted to my care, and put them in the post-office. I then went to the bureau of the *Prefêt* of Police about my passport, and was desired to call in the middle of the approaching week, as they had not yet received the passports from Boulogne. Not very far from this office is the celebrated cathedral of Notre Dame.

This splendid temple, which was three centuries building, was commenced during the reign of Robert, son of Hugh Capet, about 1010, but was not finished before the close of the year 1390.

It is in the form of a Latin cross, 390 feet long, 144 wide, and 102 feet under the principal vault. The portico in the principal front is 120 feet wide: it contains three portals, adorned with ornaments of cast iron. Immediately over the centre portal is a rose window, which lights the nave. There are two towers, 40 feet square, 204 high, the tops of which afford a fine view of Paris. They contain the great bells: Emanuel, the largest, weighs 32,000 lb., its clapper 976,—it is 8 feet diameter, 8 feet high, and 8 inches thick. This is rung on public occasions.

The interior fully corresponds with its external magnificence: the paintings, by the first artists, would fill a catalogue. The vestry is well worthy of inspection. A real piece of the true Cross is here preserved—the Regalia of Charlemagne—many of the golden vessels, and the mantle worn by Napoleon at his Coronation are here exhibited. I returned home by Pont Neuf, completed in the reign of Henry IV. It is adorned by a bronze equestrian statue of that great king.

After dinner, went and walked in the gardens of the Tuilleries. These gardens, the most delightful, perhaps, in the world, owe their origin to Louis XVI. and were planned by Le Notre. Every object is disposed of to the best advantage, and though all is symmetrical, the regularity is so agreeable, it does not fatigue; and where such variety exists there can be no monotony. The groves—statues—parterres, basins and walks are truly delightful.

In front of the palace is a broad terrace, ornamented with white marble statues: the principal walk extends the whole length of the garden, running up to the Champ Elysées. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the perspective, the arch of the Etoile forming the point of sight. Looking also thence to the palace, the prospect is no less pleasing. The pieces of sculpture that adorn the walks, are each worthy of attention; but they are too numerous to attempt a list. This is the promenade of people of all nations; and every European language is heard amid the walks. It is the St. James's Park of Paris. In the evening I went to the Palais Royal.

This general rendezvous for natives and strangers was commenced by Cardinal de Richelieu in 1629, and increasing in extent, according to his fortune, became at last so magnificent, as to be deemed a fit bequest for royalty. Louis XVI. resided here during his minority, when it was called Palais Royal. In 1692 it became the property of the Duke of Orleans, the inheritor of which title, in order to save himself from ruin, converted this splendid residence into a bazaar, where are daily exhibited scenes of extravagance, vice, and dissipation not to be surpassed.

Its form is a parallelogram, enclosing a garden. At one end is a double piazza, with two rows of shops, nearly half a mile in length. These promenades are always filled with loungers. Every in-

duement is held out to tempt the visitor : shops of jewellery, prints, books, china, millinery, clothiers, clock-sellers, money-changers, gambling houses—all proffer temptations to invite the unwary to expend money ; and many and fearful are the scenes of vice, and its accompaniment, remorse, daily enacted within its unhallowed precincts.

“ I have seen,” said a friend with whom I conversed on the subject, “ many a scene sufficient to fill a volume. I recollect watching a man whom I once observed playing here, in a manner the most reckless. He staked a handful of gold every time, and regularly lost—fortune was quite against him—yet he played on. I saw him stake his last coin, and he could not sit still while his fate was deciding. He retired into the little garden, and, placing his hands on the back of a chair, looked into the room, where he had wasted so many hours. His excitement was immense, the play of his features, and the glare of his eyes, distracted between fear and hope, poverty or riches, was really fearful. Again his turn came—he lost ! the gold was swept from his place, and added to the accumulated heap of his antagonist. In his madness he raised his clenched fist, and struck his forehead such a blow as felled him senseless to the ground.”

It is an universally received opinion, that man’s fall from virtue into the depths of vice is not momentary, but the result of some time ; and that

which is looked at without a shudder when habituated by an acquaintance with previous malpractices, would cause an abhorrence, if surveyed by a mind trained in the ways of virtue. This is my opinion; but as there are exceptions to every general rule, the following tale, connected with the iniquity of the Palais Royal, and related by a female friend of the family, is an instance to that effect.

“Never, my dear young friend,” said Madame De C—, “go to the gaming table. Many a young man has been ruined by merely looking on to see how others play; and if any person should undertake to shew you the lions of the Palais Royal, depend on it he is not your friend, and if you have not resolution, will lead you into mischief. I once knew an amiable family overwhelmed with grief by an occurrence of this sort.

“I well remember, it was of a Sunday evening that I went to pass a few hours at Madame St. Lazarre’s: she was my oldest friend. I had known her before her marriage, and my union with the friend of her husband drew tighter, if possible, the bonds of intimacy: she had three children, two lovely girls, and a boy, named Alfred. On the death of M. St. Lazarre, he appeared to have bequeathed to his son the affection of his wife, for if it be in the human breast to conceive a greater fondness than the maternal affection, she bestowed it on her boy. But though it is a mother who says it, I believe a greater affection does not exist; far,

far exceeding, all other endearments of the human heart ! Of course, sir, you have read many instances where it has triumphed over peril, when dangers could not daunt it, nor worthlessness weaken—where even ingratitude, that most keen return, could not stifle it. Oh ! if children knew what parents suffer for their sakes, we would have few instances in the world of what I am going to relate. The wish of the parent ought to be the will of the child ; and, as they often postpone enjoyments for his sake, so the child should endeavour to accommodate himself even to the weaknesses of his parents. Thoughtless and presumptuous at the moment, thinking themselves wiser than those who are older, they laugh at the advice of their elders, and it is not till after years they regret having given them pain. Then, when it is too late—when those we have loved are departed—when the lips we pressed in childhood's hours are hushed in the deep slumber of the grave—when the voice that taught our infant accents is mute, and can no longer speak a pardon for our transgressions,—oh ! then, do we accuse ourselves with wilfulness and abruptness, which at the moment of committal, would have been a matter of boast, or indifference. But I digress. In the drawing room of their Hotel in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, I found as usual, my old friend, surrounded by her family—a beautiful group, for Madame St. Lazarre, though not very young, possessed much freshness of looks, and all the liveliness of her coun-

trywomen. Her daughters were extremely pretty, with that animated expression you so much admire in the Parisians. The elder, Antoinette, was soft and fair, her eyes beautifully blue, and her figure graceful as Hebe's. Rosalie, the merry Rosalie was younger; a brunette, black hair, dark piercing eyes, and petite figure. Alfred rose to meet me, and his fine manly person seemed displayed to advantage near his graceful sisters: his countenance was open, with an air of dignity; his forehead lofty, and white, as yet unbroken by wrinkles, and untraced by care.

“We had some music: the girls played and sung; after which it was proposed to go to the opera.

“‘When?’ I inquired. ‘To-night.’ ‘I do not like to go to-night,’ I said. ‘Why so?’ ‘It is Sunday.’

“The subject was then dropped, and a visitor was announced—‘Le Comte — to call on M. Alfred.’ Le Comte, an officer in the Garde des Corps, was a young man of fashionable and prepossessing appearance: he was dressed with exquisite taste; his person arranged according to the latest fashion, and every hair in his black moustache elaborately curled. His conversation, as might be expected, was on all the light topics of the day; the arrivals of *gens comme il faut* and departures; the *fêtes* and new *ballets*. He rose after pouring forth an infinity of nothings, and Alfred accompanied him to the door. While descending, they appeared in earnest conversation; and as if struck with a

sudden thought, I said, ‘Girls, put on your bonnets, and we’ll go to the Opera.’ They appeared rather surprised at my sudden change, and on their brother’s re-entry, communicated to him my desire: he appeared a little embarrassed, and said:—

“ ‘ I regret, Madame, you did not accept of my offer before, for I have now entered into an engagement to call on the Comte this evening.’

“ I feared something of the sort, and regretted my scrupulosity.

“ ‘ I suppose you cannot accompany us.’

“ ‘ I regret much my engagement prevents me having the honour this evening—but to-morrow—’

“ To-morrow!—I did not then go.

“ After chatting with us for about half an hour, lively as usual, I perceived Alfred getting impatient, casting hurried glances on the time-piece on the mantel-piece, and when but a few minutes after eight, he rose to fulfil his engagement.

“ ‘ You are resolved to be punctual,’ I said.

“ He coloured and muttered something about regularity.

“ He kissed his sisters, and at parting, his mother said, ‘ Now Alfred, dear, you will not stay late.’

“ He answered evasively. ‘ Have I ever been, mother?’ and bowing gracefully, he withdrew.

“ His mother commenced at his departure praising him for his regularity and good conduct. I hoped she would always have the same story, but

could not help saying, 'there was something about the Comte I did not like.'

"'Oh ! I assure you,' said Madame St. Lazarre, 'the Comte is considered one of the nicest young men about town : his society is very much courted, and his invitations and connexions are of the first respectability.'

"'All doubtless very true,' I replied, 'but, *mon amie*, I would like some steadier society for my son than the *nicest young man about town*.'

"'That would be very well,' she answered somewhat smartly, 'if he was intended for a priest or negociant ; but thank God ! my son is independent, and can keep company with his equals.'

"There were two things to hurt *me* in this speech. She appeared to speak derogatorily of the profession which my son had chosen, a merchant, and also, I conceived my Louis fully equal, in point of companionship, to any Comte in the service.

"I rose to take my leave. 'May God grant, Madame St. Lazarre,' I said, 'that your son may always remain uncorrupted by the society of those you call his equals.' I said this with feeling, and Madame felt I was displeased. '*Mon chère Annette*,' she uttered, throwing her arms round my neck, 'I shall be well satisfied if Alfred follows the example set him by Louis,—of virtue and probity. And believe me, nothing gives me greater pleasure than

to see them together ; but, believe me, you wrong the Comte, for he has no interest in the breast of Alfred, save merely as an amusing companion.'—After the clock struck ten I took my departure.

" Meanwhile, an hour nearly before the time appointed, Alfred knocked at the door of the Comte's hotel, Rue de Rivoli, and was admitted. The Comte expressed his joy at his arrival, as he said it gave him the opportunity of introducing to his acquaintance some of the most delightful society in Paris. Alfred was not prepared for this—however his polite conducteur would admit of no excuse ; and up stairs he went. In the Comte's apartment, looking on the magnificent promenades of the Jardin des Tuilleries, were six or eight gentlemen, if I may so style them, enjoying the most costly wines. They talked, sang, and jested, with humour and gaiety. Young St. Lazarre was soon quite at home with them ; and, in the invitations to drink wine, he wondered how quickly he finished a bottle of Champagne. Each person in the company told a good story, or sang a gay song ; and the Comte himself seemed to have laid aside his dignity and mingled in the general merriment. The evening was beautiful—they could hear, from the street beneath, the voices of the passengers, mingled with the tinkling of guitars, or the tones of itinerant organs—occasionally the words of a song soared upward, and the burthen was taken up and chorussed in the room. The gardens had not

yet closed, and groups, composed of every nation, sauntered amid the orange bowers, or sought relief from the heat in the shade of larger trees. Gay ladies and gallant men excited a remark from the company, as, in their promenade, they passed in review before them. Between the street and the river was the Palace of the Tuilleries, the Place du Carousel, and the magnificent Louvre. The setting sun was tinging the greenish waters of the Seine with a golden hue, by the powerful alchemy of his beams, and a pavilion of purple clouds hung from the sky above. Alfred, I am certain, would gladly have looked longer on this happy and lively scene, but it was shut from his view by the introduction of lights, and closing of the shutters. Liqueurs were also produced ; and as Alfred was a stranger to the Comte's establishment, he had to express his opinion upon the Curaçoa, Noyeau, Eau d'or, Eau de vie de d'Antin, and various *crèmes*, which tended not a little to disturb his head.

“ As some of the guests wished to have a game at cards, the Comte, ‘ not keeping such articles,’ he said, sent his servant to borrow a few packs ; and as the numbers were incomplete, Alfred was forced to play. He would fain be excused, but he made up the table, and as he might play for anything, or nothing, he sat down. The stake was named — next to nothing — five francs. Alfred shuddered, — they played *ecarté* — Alfred won : he played on, and won : his companion cursed his ill-luck, and

to recover, insisted on redoubling the stakes : he did so, and lost—again he doubled, and Alfred won. In an hour he won fifty Napoleons. Eleven o'clock struck, and he started ; his mother had begged he would not be out late, and though he did not promise, he had satisfied her fears. She might be waiting for him, yet what could he do ? he had won more money than he thought would be honest for him to retire with : he wished the owner had it, but to offer to return it would only cause a suspicion of its not being fairly won, or at least subject him to a duel. He consulted the Comte.

“ The Comte was engaged at a small scrutoire, talking very earnestly with the person whom Alfred had won the money from. He started when he approached.

“ ‘ Why, M. Alfred,’ said the plausible noble, ‘ you are the terror of the room ; my friend the Marquis Villemont is bankrupt ; do you wish to ruin me too, that you approach me ? ’

“ ‘ No,’ he replied, ‘ I was wishing to retire, as I promised my mother to be home early.’

“ ‘ Retire ! at this hour ! ’ said the other, with affected surprise, ‘ why, have you forgotten you are engaged to me ? ’

“ ‘ For the evening,’ said Alfred.

“ ‘ And this is but the evening, surely,’ replied the Comte ; ‘ but come, most dutiful youth, to appease your scruples I will send my servant, with

directions that you will take a bed to-night at my apartments, and they need not expect you.' Alfred stood for a moment irresolute, but the money he had won hung like a clog to keep him, and he consented : that moment decided his fate.

"At twelve o'clock a most luxurious supper was brought in, the viands sufficient to entice the most palled appetite ; the wines were exhilarating, and in the intoxication of success, and the mirth of the company, aided by large draughts of wine, Alfred quite forgot home. They sang, and shouted, and voting the Count's apartments too dull, away they went *en masse* to the Palais Royal.

"Success seemed to attend him no longer, Fortune appeared to have shaken hands with him at the Count's, for at three o'clock Alfred not only lost back every one of the Napoleons he had won, in the preceding part of the evening, but all the ready cash he had about him. The Comte had lent him money, he did not know how much, and now, with the determination of a frenzied being, he laid himself open to ruin, in the vain hope of recovering the sums he had lost. Unfortunately it happened, that the preceding day—or I should say the Saturday, for it was now Monday morning,—Madame St. Lazarre had entrusted her check-book to him, and desired her banker to honour his checks as hers. She begged he would go round and pay her bills : he did so, but accidentally, or on purpose—let us hope the first—neglected to re-

store the book. With the property of his widowed mother he now made free. The fortunes of his sisters were also in the bank, and under the same control; their mother was their guardian. Greedy as cormorants the needy gamesters flocked round the unwary young man. The Comte took care to get a large order for the sums he pretended to have lent him: it was the first paid at the opening of the bank in the morning, and from the numbers pouring in during the day, his losses were very great,—little less than 8000*l.*

* * * *

“I looked in, *en passant*, at Madame St. Lazarre’s, on the morning of Tuesday, and found a sad and shuddering scene. The body of Alfred taken from the Seine, had been recognized in the Morgue,—his sisters, pennyless through his means—his hapless mother—I can now weep for her. Years have passed, but the Palais Royal is still in vogue, and gambling dangerous as ever: I need say no more:—Beware!”

Sunday, 12th.

The natural love of the Parisians, or perhaps, I may say the French in general, for spectacles and amusements, and the facility afforded them for the indulgence of this taste on Sunday, induces the citizen, after he has complied with his religious

duty, to devote the remainder of the day to his amusement.

At about eleven, I went to the church of St. Roch, the foundation of which was laid so far back as the year 1653; but, from want of sufficient funds, the completion of the building occupied near a century. Its interior architecture is Doric: sculpture has not been spared to render its decoration rich and splendid. The chapel, dedicated to the Virgin is circular, with a cupola painted in fresco by M. Pierre. On the altar is a group in white marble, representing the infant Saviour in his cradle, and the blessed Virgin, with St. Joseph, large as life, standing by the side.

The elliptical vault of the second chapel, supported by massive pillars, and the mysterious gloom and sombre shade of the walls, are well calculated to imbue the imagination with religious awe, when our Saviour is adored upon the cross.

In the transept are two of the best paintings possessed by any of the churches in Paris. One, by M. Vieu, represents St. Denis preaching the gospel in ancient Gaul; the other, by M. Doyen, —a cure by the intercession of St. Geneviève. As it was a *fête* day, we had an abundance of ceremony, processions of the archbishop, accompanied by music and incense.

After prayers I went to call on a friend in the Rue de la Chaussee d'Antin;—walked for a little

on the cheerful Boulevards, and went in the evening to the Champs Elysées.

This is a gay and ever-crowded promenade, being the most magnificent entrance to Paris, and many avenues afford agreeable walks, rides, or drives. The busy mechanic or well-employed negociant, repair hither to rub off the dust of office or of the workshop, and fair dames enliven the scene by their smiling looks and pretty faces. Among the French, the power of the women has ever been great. They have been ruled by female intriguants, though they will not allow a woman to occupy the throne. No political event of any importance has taken place but was more or less influenced by females. During the fearful era of the Revolution, Parisian women proved that heroism is not confined to man; and Charlotte Corday dared to show that love of country in a female bosom, beats with fervour, and nerves the arm with an energy and courage that laugh to scorn the whisperings of fear. To the wounded they proved ministering angels; they dived into the depths of dungeons, and sought out the mansions of despair. They breathed hope to the afflicted, and the prospect of release to the prisoner; and when their own turn came to fall by the guillotine, they set to others an example which men might be proud to imitate. The wife beside the husband, the child beside her sire, seemed to lose the consciousness that she had to make the sacrifice of

her life, and only tried to comfort and strengthen the spirit of her fellow-sufferers.

The countenances of the Parisian ladies in general may not strictly be entitled to the term handsome; but above all the faces I have ever seen, they are the most engaging. There is an indescribable air of vivacity, and at times to languor, about them, which is truly captivating, and which, joined to their natural ease and gracefulness of manners, makes them very dangerous society for a susceptible heart.

In the domestic duties, the lady superintends every department,—delivers the tickets at theatres and places of public amusement,—presides in the shop, café, coach-office; nay, in the medicine store of the apothecary.

It is certainly a lively scene to witness the Champs Elysées about eight o'clock of a summer evening. The cafés are crowded with well dressed persons, who generally sit on chairs about the porch, and enjoy the cool breeze as it plays through the alleys of fine trees extending to the Place Louis XV. In the distance, you may see the Chateau de Tuilleries, and the more elevated parts of the city. A ring is collected, not perhaps as in England or Ireland at the moment about two filthy fellows boxing, but round a man, who, standing on a little box, accompanies his guitar by a rich and harmonious voice. When he ceases you hear the chords of a harp, a violin, or organ.

The sky above is clear, and as night closes, the stars twinkle, advising all to go home. There is no rioting, no tumult, as is usually the case when spirituous liquors are quaffed; and here, though the most expensive with us can be had cheaper than whiskey, or viler gin, I have not seen a person drunk.—Would I could say the same for my own country!

I could not walk on the Champs Elysées without my mind recurring to the fearful tale so familiar with the public,—of the mason, who returning home one day from work, was accosted in this place by three men, whose faces he could not distinguish: they proffered him 25 Napoleons if he would consent to have his eyes blindfolded and execute a piece of work without delay. He agreed, and was led along for some time, then placed in a carriage and driven a long way: at length they halted; the mason was taken into a house, and when the bandage was removed he found himself in a room hung with black. Near a niche in the wall were stones, mortar, &c.: the mason would have inquired what he was to do, but found himself quite alone.

Presently, however, the door was opened, and a number of men entered, dressed in black and masked; they dragged along a beautiful young woman, whose piteous cries proved the compulsion under which she moved. In spite of her prayers and tears for mercy, the inhuman wretches tied

her with cords in the niche, and desired the mason to proceed and wall her up.

The poor man, horror struck at the sight, refused ; upon which they began to threaten him. He begged to be allowed to retire, on which they drew their swords and vowed if he delayed, death would be his fate ; and on the other hand, by his speedy compliance his reward should be doubled. Thus induced, he unwillingly commenced his task ; and in a short time the tragedy was completed, and the niche sealed with solid stone.

The mason received fifty Napoleons, and, more dead than alive, was conveyed in the same privacy to the Champs Elysées : he found himself on the spot where they first met, his eyes uncovered and alone.

It was near the dawn of day ; and when he was assured that it was more than a dream by the presence of the gold, the bewildered man repaired to the Governor of Paris, Marshal Junot, Duke of Abrantes, to tell his horrible tale. It was at first disbelieved ; but the appearance of the money, gave it the colour of truth : the police were sent on the alert. Every means of disclosure, however, proved fruitless, and conjecture only imagines it to be some family vengeance. The above tale will be found at length in the *Keepsake* of 1830, by the Hon. G. A. Ellis, to whom it was related by Gen. Hulot, *aid-de-camp* to Junot, Governor.

Monday, 13th.

The bright and cheering sun-light streaming full through my windows, told the presence of a new day, and I arose. I had breakfast at half-past eight. The French appear early risers. In the forenoon I delivered my letter of introduction to Mr E——, whom I found extremely kind and attentive : he has settled here, having married the daughter of a Peer of France.

Passing along the Rue Castiglione, I entered on the Place Vendome, adorned in the centre by a triumphal column, 133 feet high, and 12 in diameter, erected in honour of the French armies. An equestrian statue of Louis XIV. formerly stood in this place.

The shaft of this pillar is entirely covered with brazen bas-reliefs, furnished by the cannon taken by the French. On the summit is a gallery to which the ascent is by a staircase placed in the interior ; above rises a small dome surmounted once more by the statue of Napoleon. The whole expense of this column amounted to about 1,000,000 francs.

The Place des Victoires was commenced by the Duke of La Feuillade to ingratiate himself with Louis XIV. Its form is circular, 240 feet in diameter. The houses are uniform, and adorned with Ionic pilasters on an arched base : in the centre is a marble equestrian statue of Louis XIV.

In the evening I went to the Theatre Français. It struck me as being about the size of the Theatre

Royal in Dublin, but much superior in internal decoration. The order of architecture is Doric. The performance was very good indeed,—the costumes and scenery very appropriate,—the house respectable and quiet. The best actresses are M^{es} Mars, Plessis and Anais.

Wednesday, 15th.

I accompanied Mr. E—, who kindly devoted a portion of the day to me, as far as the Jardin des Plantes. This national institution is not, as its name would imply, confined exclusively to plants alone ; but beside the specimens of botany, collected from every quarter of the globe, there are specimens of soils, manures, buildings for the use of agriculturists, a menagerie with some of the most rare animals, an aviary, museums of mineralogy and metallurgy. All are well worthy a minute investigation. The Musée d'Histoire Naturelle would take volumes to describe properly.

After dinner I went to Musard's Concert in the Rue St. Honoré. The room is well adapted to its purpose, and cooled by *jets d'eau*, playing at each end. It was numerously attended, and the music excellent. During the night we had frequent flashes of lightning, accompanied by loud peals of thunder.

Saturday, 18th.

I dedicated a portion of this day to the Pantheon, or new Church of St. Geneviève, commenced

in 1757, under the patronage of Louis XV. This edifice was planned by M. Soufflet, whose ashes repose in the vaults.

It is in the form of the Grecian cross, 340 feet long, and 250 broad : in the centre rises a dome 62 feet in diameter. It is surrounded on the outside by 32 Corinthian columns, which give it a light and elegant appearance—above is a cupola, terminated by a lantern. The total height of the building is 282 feet. From the top is an extensive view of the city and the surrounding country ; and the splendour of the edifice towering majestically over the neighbouring buildings, causes the heart to expand, and feel the greatness of that Deity to whose honour such a temple is raised. Under the pavement, which is of Chateau-Landon marble, extends a vast sepulchral gallery.

On the 3rd of April, 1791, this building was appropriated by the National Assembly to receive the ashes of those who deserved well of their country. Mirabeau was the first who received the honour—Voltaire next, and Rousseau third. During the reign of Napoleon, marshals, cardinals, ministers, great officers and senators, were interred in the vaults. The principal portico bears this simple, but expressive inscription :—

AUX GRANDS HOMMES LA PATRIE RECONNAISSANTE.
DEDICATED BY A GRATEFUL COUNTRY TO ITS
ILLUSTRIOS MEN.

The church of St. Etienne-du-Mont is one of the

religious edifices in Paris best worth the inspection of the tourist. It was originally a chapel of ease for the vassals of the royal abbey of St. Geneviève. The present portico was built in 1610, by Queen Margaret, wife of Henry IV. at her own expense. The extraordinary height of the arches, sustained by slender pillars, has been long admired. The appearance of the stone lobby, and the small towers leading to it, strike the eye of the stranger, who cannot but be pleased with the two staircases, the steps of which appear supported in the air by basket work. The pulpit is well worthy of inspection : it is carved of oak : a colossal Samson, sitting on a prostrate lion, seems to support the enormous weight ; at each angle is a figure, and between the columns are carvings from scripture ; on the top is the Angel of the last day, with the trumpet in his hand to rouse the dead. The correct design, and variegated colours of the stained glass windows, are also well worthy of notice. Here is a beautiful marble altar, above which is a Gothic shrine, containing the relics of St. Geneviève, and on the basements some fine pictures. Pascal and Jean Racine are buried here.

This being the day for the exhibition of the *Godéins*, without seeing which no traveller should leave Paris, I went thither, and at two o'clock, the doors being open, was admitted. The products of this celebrated manufactory are known over Europe. The artizans have succeeded by ingenuity

to represent the finest painting in so masterly a manner, as, when viewed at a little distance, these productions do not seem one whit inferior to the originals.

Sunday, 19th.

Went rather early to prayers,—heard mass in the ancient Abbey of St. Germain-des-Prés. This was built in 543, by Childebert I., son of Clovis, on the ruins of a temple, dedicated to Isis. St. Germain, bishop of Paris, lies interred in one of the chapels :—he was declared its patron. Boileau and Descartes are also buried here. The splendour of this church, formerly unequalled, entirely disappeared during the convulsed period of the Revolution. Beautiful paintings, gold, precious stones, all were plundered : the principal altar has lately been re-established. Pius VII., during his stay in Paris, laid the first stone of the chapel of the Blessed Virgin behind the choir. After prayers I had agreed to go with a few fellow-students to visit St. Cloud, situated on the banks of the Seine, about two leagues from Paris.

The day was lovely, and we got on very agreeably in the *voiture*. The Bois de Boulogne was as usual crowded with saunterers—some driving about in gay and fashionable equipages—others on horse-back; while many walked through the shady lanes, or, stretched on a grassy bank, enjoyed a survey of the good company. We soon passed through the village, which is rather considerable, and having

arrived on the bridge over the Seine, beheld the object of our destination.

The chateau, which witnessed one of the chief events in modern history—Buonaparte declared Emperor—is beautifully situated on the left bank of the river. Below it is the town, and, from its elevated situation, the gardens command extensive views. Having left our vehicle, my friends and I proceeded through one of the gates, and walked along an avenue. The trees are splendidly grouped—fine elms wave over the river, and trim hedges bedeck the margin of the *jets-d'eau*. There are some few cafés near the river, and the announcement of a ball induced us to inquire the hour of its commencement and price of admission. As both will sound foreign to British ears, I give them:—

Commence at six. Admission 25 centimes, alias 2½d.

We proceeded thence to the chateau, which, after the Tuileries and buildings in Paris, appeared very plain. In front is a piece of water, containing the largest and fattest gold fish I have ever beheld. One of the guard nationale now appearing with the keys of the gardens, ushering in a lady and gentleman, I ventured to join them, and with my companions, was admitted. He was very communicative—had served in Spain—and, from an elevated situation in the Jardin du Roi, showed us the different positions the troops held, when the allied army surrounded Paris in 1815.

The gardens are extremely well laid out, and kept in excellent order. We saw the place where the royal family practise gymnastics. Close by is a *salle à manger* to take refreshment when exhausted by their exercise. The little tower of the princess is very beautiful. From a place near this we had an extensive view of the country: Melun and the Bois de Boulogne, &c. Paris in the distance, is seen distinctly. I could discern every building of any importance towering above the countless gables of the houses. Above this populated city the air was clear as with us at that moment, owing to the charcoal used in firing, not producing much smoke: it is not so in London. As I intended to dine à Paris, I took leave of my companions, who went to bathe in the Seine, being resolved to dine at St. Cloud, and enjoy a ball for 2½d.

I got out in the Rue de Rivoli, and walked across the Jardin des Tuileries. As I got on Pont Royale, I perceived a vast number of people assembled, a guard of soldiers stationed near one of the entrances to the Palace, and mounted troops riding up and down. It instantly struck me it must be to see the king the crowd waited, and I mingled with the rest. Nor were my suspicions ill founded. He presently appeared in his gorgeous coach, drawn by eight horses, with two postillions. The cortége was very splendid. The moment the king approached, loud cheers burst from the multitude.

His reception was most enthusiastic ; hats were instantly raised, and the shouts of “ *Vive le Roi !* ”—“ *Vive le Roi !* ” rent the air. He appeared much gratified, kept his head out of the window, and bowed repeatedly. I was myself glad to see so cordial a reception to a sovereign, though I was then ignorant of the particular cause. On the previous day an attempt had again been made upon his life. The fate of Fieschi and his associates had not deterred the traitor from trying to assassinate his sovereign. The villain had seized the moment when the king and Queen were airing in their carriage, to fire a pistol contained in a cane at his Majesty. The ball passed within a few inches of his head ; happily without injury, and the assassin was taken.—His name is Alibaud. It is said that a band of miscreants are leagued, and sworn never to desist till they accomplish their purpose. Royalty can have no charms with such dangers. In the evening I walked in the gardens, and saw Mademoiselle Garnerin in her balloon.

Wednesday, 22d.

Went to-day, accompanied by my kind friend Mr. E—, to visit the magnificent Louvre. It fully equalled my expectations, and is indeed a monument to the arts worthy a great nation. The grand staircase consists of four flights of stairs,—two leading to the gallery of Apollo, and the others to the great hall of exposition. This staircase is ornamented with two columns belonging to the Doric

and Tuscan orders, which support a ceiling decorated in the same style: the walls are lined with pilasters of the same order. The gallery is divided into nine parts by arches supported by columns and Corinthian pillars, with chapters and basements of gilt bronze. Between the pilasters are mirrors, and in the intercolumniations, vases, altars, and candelabra of great value and beauty. The light comes from the roof and sides, which falls most favourably on the pictures, and gives the interminable gallery a magical appearance. There are upwards of 1200 paintings of merit in this noble museum, comprising works by Titian, Corregio, Nicholas Poussin, Domenicheno, Paul Veronese, Giorgione, Cuyp, Rubens, Albani, Carrachi, Guido, Teniers, Jordaens, Breughel, Vouet, Lebrun, and an infinity of others.

Beneath, the vast galleries of the Museum of Antiques are enriched with the precious collections of the Villa-Borghesa, with many others.

The galleries are divided into eighteen halls.

1. Hall of the Emperors.
2. Hall of the Roman Emperors.
3. Hall of the Seasons.
4. Hall of Peace.
5. Hall of the Romans.
6. Hall of the Centaur.
7. Hall of Diana.
8. Hall of the Candelabrum.
9. Hall of the Tiber.

10. Hall of the Gladiator.
11. Hall of Pallas.
12. Hall of Melpomene.
13. Hall of Isis.
14. Hall of Pan.
15. Hall of the Cariatides.
16. Hall of the Graces.
17. Hall of Hercules.
18. Hall of Medea.

Thursday, 23d.

Called on a gentleman whose acquaintance I had made at the Louvre, and we walked forth attended by a valet de place. We first visited the Conservatory of Arts and Machines in the Rue St. Martin. Here every tool, instrument, and machine, in general use, are systematically arranged : the models are perfect, and the lover of practical science has here a rich treat. This noble and useful edifice also contains a large collection of books peculiar to the study of mechanics, and lectures are delivered in drawing, geometry, and practice of several arts.

We next went along the Boulevards till we reached the house from which Fieschi discharged his infernal machine. It commands an elevated range of the entire Boulevards, and is situated opposite the Café Turc. It is a *Commerce des Vins*, and for the name of the thing we went in and took some brandy and water. The fair lady who presided felt quite offended when my companion asked her if she was

“une amie” of Fieschi’s. On our return we visited the Bourse, which is very fine : the fresco paintings are complete deceptions, they appear in such bold relief from the ground on which they are painted. This noble edifice is built of stone. I went through curiosity into the Court of Bankruptcy to hear French pleading. The judges who presided were grave looking personages : the advocates wore gowns, but no wigs.

In the Café Richelieu close by, we got some capital London porter. In the evening we went to Musard’s concert, and on our way home had an ice each in the Rue de Rivoli.

Friday, 24th.

Called at the Hotel Windsor, and took Mr H— to the Bibliothèque Rue de Richelieu.

This is the most complete collection of the productions of human genius I have ever seen. The library contains upwards of 800,000 printed volumes, 72,000 MSS., 5000 volumes of engravings, and a valuable collection of antiques and medals.

The cabinet of medals and antiques, which you reach after traversing some libraries stored with the works of years, contains the Isiaque tables, the armour of Francis I., Henry IV., Sully, Louis XIV., and some others ; the arm-chair of Dagobert, the remarkable chalice of agate, the sword of Malta ; also, the seal of Michael Angelo ; a collection of Pagan divinities, a number of rare cameos,

and coins of every nation. The reflections with which I surveyed the money of Tyre, of Sidon, of Athens, and of ancient Rome, were of rather a melancholy nature. Those nations were omnipotent in their day ; and where are they now ? We hoard with care the smallest coin that marks them to have ever existed.

The gallery containing the MSS. is adorned with the paintings of Romanelli. Among the more curious autographs are the MSS. of Gallileus, and of Leonardi di Vinci : Petrarch's MSS. of Virgil : Letters from Henry IV. to the lovely Gabrielle d' Estrées : Telemachus in the hand-writing of Fenelon : notes of many of the French authors ; and the memoirs of Louis XIV. in his own hand-writing.

When I returned home, I sat down and delivered myself of a French letter to a friend in London. In the evening I went to M. E—'s soirée, which I found much more numerously attended than the former, owing to the fine weather. We had some enchanting singing, a number of pretty faces, and some excellent dancing. Notwithstanding it was June, and in Paris, I managed to get through seven sets of quadrilles, and some gallopes.

CHAPTER XV.

Père la chaise—Antiquity of Tombs—Abelard and Eloise
—Epitaphs—Approach of a Storm—Dialogue near a
Monument—Julia and Frederique—View from the
Chapel—St. Sulpice—Versailes—Hotel—Reflections
on Inns.

Saturday, June 25th.

I DEVOTED the afternoon of this day to visit the celebrated cemetery of Père la Chaise.

It appears a product of human pride to apportion a fitting place wherein to deposit our remains, when, by the destined decree of Providence, our eternal part shall be summoned to another, I trust, a better world. The oldest, and, as we conceive, most barbarous nations, did not neglect this duty. Pyramids of the greatest magnificence marked the respect of the Egyptians: Greece raised her altars, and Rome her temples, to her brave heroes and illustrious senators: even the savages pay every

homage their uncivilized state permits, to the bones of their fathers ; and the burial-ground which I have just entered, is a meet and fitting resting-place for those who die in the capital of France.

The hour I had chosen was peculiarly adapted to the sombre ideas the scene around called forth : day had not yet departed, the sun still lingered in the west, and as the yellow light of his expiring beams glanced down the long, dark vistas of cypress-trees, which on every side shaded the numerous tombs, I could, with very little difficulty, have imagined myself walking by the light of stained glass, through the long-drawn aisles of some vast cathedral. The tombs appertain to persons of every rank, age, and clime. The Briton, the Russian, the Spaniard ; Protestant, Jew, and Catholic, lie in the one common breast—Earth knows no distinction in her children. If many gave themselves the trouble to think of this in their life-time, we would have much less of animosities, or religious distinctions. Strange!—that which each regards as of the highest importance, he is not satisfied to work out alone, but must trouble himself with taking care of the salvation of other people ! I much fear, often without invoking the same protection as St. Paul, who prayed ;—“ Lord, grant that while I preach salvation unto others, I may not myself become a cast-away.”

I walked along, until I reached the tomb, sacred to the memory of Abelard and Eloise :—this is

built in the style of Gothic architecture ;—light, springing arches contrast well with the solid tomb : the figures of the hapless pair are sculptured at full length on the top. I sighed, as I muttered ;—“ Constant lovers, in life divided, by death united.” I stumbled on the tomb of Talma, the glory of the French stage ; he is not long dead, and his monument is consequently new.—It is very simple, merely a stone bearing his name, —Talma. It is enough ! The names also of such men as Molière, De la Fontaine, Fourcroy, Delille, are alone sufficient to recal their fame. I read with more of reverence and respect these simple names, yet mighty in the strength of their simplicity, inscribed on their tombs by their admiring friends, than the lengthy eulogies and titles with which the vanity of the living wishes to conceal the crimes of the dead.

Several of the epitaphs are inexpressibly touching. “ Here lies the best friend I ever had, my brother Isabey,”—contains more in its brief space than all the tribute the most praise-encumbered stone could express : it speaks straight to the heart, like the sublime inscription on the monument of Abbé le Batteux, “ *Amicus amico.*”

I cast my eyes upwards towards the summer sky, and beheld that a storm was at hand. On one side where the sun shone on the Seine, bathing with a golden glow the waters of the river, all was quiet

and serene; but hanging over the city, and darkening away in the horizon, becoming darker as it grew more distant, the sky assumed a leaden hue—green, and charged with electric fluid. Here and there might be seen over the surface, drifting clouds, called by artists, *riders*,—while in the convex space, horizontal lines of a lighter hue appeared; a few, broken into sharp outlines of ridges, seemed yet more distinct from the darkness of the mass behind. About the centre of the heavens, and in the intermediate space between the fair and foul, floated soft filmy clouds, and in the interstices between, but far above, might be caught short glimpses of the blue sky.

I had paused to contemplate this approaching convulsion of upper air, from a quiet and lonely spot. Amid the thousand tombs which raise their crowned heads, looking each in its shroud of marbled stone, a ghostly visitant of some other world—was one, which, perhaps less remarkable than its fellows for sculpture or heraldic decoration, surpassed many in taste, and all in neatness. It was a plain vault: on one side was an urn in basso-rilievo, and a female mourner bending as if in tears over the precious casket: on another, this expressive tribute:—

“ Dear child, thy father and mother seek thee every where, and can only meet thee under this marble; and in the eternal abode where thou

awaitest them ! Angel of innocence and sweetness we shall meet again ! Here lies J—, aged 20 years. She died the day appointed for her marriage."

"Alas !" I said musingly aloud, "more hearts than thy parents have been sorrowed by thy departure,—it must have been a sad blow for thy betrothed !"

"And in good sooth so it was, Monsieur," said a voice at my elbow. I turned somewhat abruptly towards the intruder. He was an old man, whose neat, though worn garments, bespoke him above the common walk of life. I had not perceived him sheltering underneath a tree ; for while I studied the epitaph, the rain had crept on, and the sky became lowering and overcast. The cypress-trees of the long alleys, and rank grass of the graves waved mournfully to and fro, and the low mutterings of thunder announced the distant storm. I fear my first glance did not prepossess him much in my favour, for he said in good English, though with a French accent.

"Pardon, Monsieur, I seek not to disturb your meditations."

"I hope, sir, I may not have disturbed yours ?"

"They lie too deep," he said "to be easily interrupted."

"May I take the liberty of asking," I said, "if you are acquainted with the history of this interesting monument ?"

He sighed deeply, and replied,—"Sir, I can gra-

tify your curiosity ; but as the tale is somewhat of length, and as the storm is likely to continue, before we have time to seek better shelter, if you please, I will conduct you to the chapel close by, where we will be protected, and I can better relate what I know."

I felt much obliged. The old man led the way up a steep, and arrived in front of the little chapel. All Paris was veiled in the misty rain, and we entered the sacred edifice. The altar, as is meet, was hung with black—many funeral wreaths are close by. I sat down in a chair near my venerable conductor, who repeated his affecting tale nearly as follows :—

“ It was on an evening such as this”—(the thunder was now bellowing over our heads, and the lightning flashing vividly through the dark aisle of the chapel) “ that a young man ran in a manner almost frantic over the Pont Neuf, and never ceased until he reached the second floor of a small house in the Fauxbourg St. Germain. His dress bespoke him of gentle birth ; but his agitated features, and long black hair, wet with the rain, and matted by the storm, betokened some great mental anxiety. I happened to be in the room with my patient, where from the window, I witnessed his rapid approach ; but until the hurried knock at the door, I knew not the object of his haste. I hesitated for a moment to admit him, for he seemed an unmeet visitor for a sick-chamber. A fair, and lovely girl, in the

dawn of youth, lay on her pillow, from which, she could never rise. The icy finger of death had set his clammy seal on her beautiful features, and blighted was the lily in the dawn of its bloom. I had kept the room still during the day, and but now her aged parents had retired to take a little repose, for the watching of preceding nights had wearied them ; and it was with difficulty I could prevail on them even to take the brief repose necessary for the preservation of their own health,—so anxious that while their child existed not a moment should be passed unhallowed by her presence."

"Silent was the room, and dark, but, as now, at intervals there came the blue and searching flare of lightning preceded by the loud thunder, and the wildness of the storm abroad formed a strong contrast with the peaceful scene within :—the more to mark the difference, I had moved near the window which looked over the Rue Dauphine and the Pont, when the rapid gait and wild air of the youth alluded to, struck me. His hurried knock again beat in my ear as I debated with myself the propriety of admitting him, whoever he might be. The low silver tones of the dying girl murmured, ' Doctor, some one knocks !'

"I moved silently towards the door, and gently opened it. I placed myself in the way, or the visitor would have rushed in ; and seeing his half maddened air, I closed it after me, and demanded on the outside what he wanted ? 'To see my love !—

my bride !' he passionately exclaimed, ' my dear, dear Julie ! Say that she lives, old man ! breathe but one word of hope, and I will kneel down and bless thee—I am Frederique !'

" ' I was touched with his fervour.'

" ' She lives as yet,' I replied, ' but——'

" ' Oh ! name it not, name it not,' he interrupted, ' rob me not,' I beseech you, of expectation. Alas !' he cried, ' was it for this I left thee to gain honor and fame in another land ? and now that the reward is won, thou, my beloved, art lost.' The tears fell, and oh ! how bitterly, as he said these words—not the tears that come like a cooling shower to relieve the overflowing heart, but the scalding rain of the stormy tempest,—index of the fiery war that shook the very foundation of his being—they brought no relief.

" ' Are you a man,' I said, ' and yet so weak ? how do you think I can permit you to see her, if you indulge in such feelings ?'

" This recalled him at once to himself.

" ' I will be calm,' he said, ' and, now while there is time, I would fain see my betrothed.'

" We will retrace a little.

" The parents of Julie de Mortier and Frederique D'Esterre, were old and dear friends. M. de Mortier was an avocat of reputation, and the father of Frederique a negociant of extensive business. The intercourse between the two families was so great, for both possessed apartments in the same hotel,

that from their earliest youth the infants of both parties were brought up together. They had long regarded themselves as brother and sister, and might have ever continued to view each other in this holy light, which possesses neither the fervour nor refinement, however it may the permanency, of love, had not the absence of Frederique to a school at some distance, while it eradicated the childish affection, replaced it in due time by one more passionate and absorbing.

“ Julie was deprived of her playfellow when he was ten years of age, and she eight ; she cried for a while as for a toy, and mourned him as the soother and consoler of her little cares. In a short time she too was sent to a *pension* for her education ; and after an absence of eight years, when they met again, all traces of the acquaintance of their infant moments seemed wholly lost or forgotten.

“ Time, which ever makes changes, be they for good or ill, had not passed unheeding over the young pair. Julie, the round faced, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed child of eight, at sixteen had expanded like a blushing rose into life and light. Her figure was the most graceful, her expression the most winning that can be conceived ; and as her mind was blest with equal grace, she was in truth a most charming girl. Frederique had gone on steadily improving, and when his education was completed, stood the first youth in the College ; not only in learning, but in the more ornamental arts. He was

a good musician and exquisite artist : this I had an opportunity of judging from some of his pictures, which brought great prices, and were judged worthy a place beside the divine productions of Titiano, Vecellio, and Leonardo da Vinci.

“ The first time I had seen them together since their re-union, methought I had never beheld a more beautiful pair : it was on a pleasure party to Versailles. Julie was in high spirits : the natural gaiety of her temper cast a ray like sun-light on all around ; her step and gait, like a young fawn, bounding and elastic ; the ringlets of her fair hair danced in the light breeze, while she clung to the form of her childhood’s companion as trustingly as of yore, but from a constraint at times, as if she recollected herself, it was evident she did not regard him in the same light ; some concealed ideas passed within her breast, which at intervals sobered her gay spirit, but rendered her dearer to her companion, who fondly pressed the hand confided to his. We loitered by cascades adorned with the work of artists of olden time, or sauntered to the Trianons—monuments of the luxurious libertinism of our kings. I joyed to behold the affections of my young companions, so tender, so confiding.—There is something ethereal in a love, above the common wants and yearnings of this lowly world,—something like what we may suppose to engage us in after life, if ‘tis decreed we join in another sphere the beloved companion of our days in this. I love

to trace back my thoughts to such epochs as these, which lead me out of the hackneyed path into the bright fields of fancy : they are to the mind what sleep is to the body,—a rest, a repose : unconnected with the observances of daily life, they refuse to mingle in its associations ; and unalloyed by baser thoughts wander at their own sweet will through the magic regions of an ideal world.

“The lives of the maiden and the youth glided on, as their loves, uninterrupted and happy. Frederique, with the consent of his father (for his mother had died some years before), had proposed for the hand of Mademoiselle Julie, and was accepted ; but on one condition, that on the day of marriage his father should allot him a sum equal to the fortune of Julie, as a commencement in the world,—10,000 écus. It was reasonable, and was agreed to. Frederique had entered his father’s bureau, and, by his diligence and attention, had gained the esteem of all the merchants of the Bourse. He was to be made happy when he had attained the age of twenty-two, and now he was only twenty. He had to wait two years ; but enjoying daily the society of his beloved, mitigated the pain of delay, and all was apparently well. But who shall countermand the decrees of Providence, or who shall blame its enactments ? A storm, one night, wrecked the entire of Frederique’s hopes, by overwhelming the vessels of his father, and in the next day’s Gazette D’Esterre and File were—bankrupts.

“ As you have seen the summer sky, broken and disturbed by a violent storm, so the sound of that fearful knell gave a shock to the frame of the tender Julie. M. D’Esterre, the elder, set off instantly to the port where the goods were freighted, and finding the entire of his property utterly ruined, died in a few days of a broken heart. His affectionate son, distracted by the multitude of his woes, struggled, though ineffectually, to cheer the sinking spirits of his father, by a prospect of happier days ; but his blessing was all the old man had to bequeath, and that he fervently bestowed on his son. When the last rites of filial duty were paid, and the remains of his father rested in the tomb, Frederique felt, indeed, alone. He was poor, even pennyless—he had no friends—the poor seldom have ! His home was gone ; he knew not where to turn him ; yet, one bright star, lighting up the darkness of his way, shone out the night of desolation,—it was *woman’s love* ! Oh ! there is a charm in the love of woman, far surpassing all this world can bestow. Friends may change—relations turn aside, the great ones of the earth look with coldness, but the love of woman is unchangeable as unchanged,—circumstances will not alter, nor poverty diminish, her affections,—nay, the more the object of her solicitude is depressed, does her care increase ; the more he stands in need of her soothing aid, are her desires aroused to meet that

need ; the more he requires her assistance, is she prepared to bestow it ; and happy is he who can oppose in trouble, or affliction, or want, or despair, to the mocking scorn of this bitter world, the protecting segis of woman's love.

“ Monsieur de Mortier was a worldly man ; the nature of his avocation, and some reverses of fortune in early life, so far from giving him a fellow-feeling for companions in distress, had left him the finer feelings of humanity somewhat blunted—the milk of human kindness was dried up with him ; and, when he discovered the extreme improbability of Frederique's being able to fulfil that part of his engagement, touching the monies, like a prudent father, as he conceived, he forbade his daughter to hold any further intercourse with her betrothed. In vain she pleaded their long, and early affection, his devoted fondness ; the friendship which had so uninterruptedly subsisted between the families ;—all was vain. Even her mother pleaded with her ; but the father swore, with a terrible oath, that unless the money was forthcoming the marriage should not take place ; *and the heart was crushed in the bosom of Julie.*

“ Finding the servants refused him admission, and that even Madame de Mortier was not permitted to see him, Frederique stood that night beneath the window of Julie. There is a small court-yard in front, and along the walls are a few trees, and plots of flowers and evergreens. He

crept in silently, before the gate was shut, and, concealed among the shrubs, watched with the utmost anxiety every light, as they shone from window and from hall. At length all were extinguished, and the moon, as if to favour his design, hid her beams beneath a dark canopy of clouds. He knew well the room where he had often played in childhood, and grief for the departure of those days, so innocent, and free from care, almost unmanned him. At last he ventured to rise, and, lo ! the casement was open, and Julie, his own, his beloved Julie, was leaning on her hand, and plunged in a deep reverie. She started at the slight rustling he caused among the boughs, and knew him immediately.

“ ‘ Ah, dear Frederique,’ she said, in a low tone, ‘ how could you be so imprudent as to come hither ? My father may be so rash as even to take your life.’

“ ‘ And welcome, my sweet love,’ he replied, ‘ it is better to be dead, than live on without you.’

“ ‘ Hush,’ said Julie, ‘ speak not so loud, or we will be discovered—have you heard his oath ?’

“ ‘ All,’ he replied, mournfully, ‘ all, and I am prepared.’

“ ‘ You relinquish me, then,’ said she, in a tone of despondence.

“ ‘ Relinquish you !’ he said aloud, forgetting in his transport their situation : ‘ Never !’ and added in a lower voice,—‘ ah ! Julie, is this your confi-

dence? is it thus you doubt the affection of Frederique?

"She saw he was hurt. 'I misunderstood you then—what meant you by saying you were prepared?'

"'Prepared I shall be at the appointed time to claim you as my bride.'

"'And with 10,000 écus?'

"'Certainly!'

"Joy flashed from the eyes of the young maiden. She uttered a pious 'thank Heaven!' that sent the blood flowing in a glad stream to the rent bosom of her lover, and then inquired how it would be procured?

"'By my own right hand and flowing pencil,' returned the youth triumphantly; 'and my canvass, graced by such forms as thine, will rank 'mid the boasts of Rome, or the relics of ancient art. Yes,'—he continued in the same strain, 'there is that within the breast of Frederique D'Esterre, poor and houseless as he stands this night, which tells him he will win, by his sole powers, honor, and wealth, which is modern fame,—far, far greater than if he continued the merchant's son. And, with the bright reward of my toils ever before my eyes, privations will not frighten me, nor envy deter, and the sooner to meet, dearest Julie, I came to bid thee farewell; for to-morrow I go to the Eternal City, the fountain head of the arts; and fear not my return, for our love is holy, and shall be blest.' Tears fell from Julie while her betrothed uttered these words. Young

and inexperienced as she was, his bold project and ambitious views infused its spirited tone into her fine imagination ; and enthusiastic in the highest degree, she too, could participate in the love of enterprise that is ever combined with romance. She glanced in a moment over the probability of its success, and carried away by her love, was assured of its realization. Once she asked herself, would he forget *her* in his engrossing pursuits ? but one reflection on his constant love, one brief thought on the strength of his affection—like the tear of Sterne's recording angel—fell upon the ungenerous idea, and blotted it out for ever.

“ I cannot tell how they conveyed their adieus, but the next day Frederique left Paris, and Julie looked more contented than I could expect. Some weeks passed without any thing worthy of note, and about this time M. de Mortier, believing all trace of Frederique banished from the breast of Julie, introduced a new suitor for her hand. How little did he judge her heart ! Though her face was calm, and her lip smiled, her thoughts were far away,—in the sunny land of Italy, by the tomb of the Cæsars, at the easel of D'Esterre.

“ All the perfections of the new admirer may be told in one word—wealth. He was rich, and no more. The gold which filled his coffers, neither made his mind amiable, nor his person agreeable ; but what of that ? he had the means of procuring every thing, for in these mercenary days there is nothing which

money may not purchase, and this constitutes its value. But I am wrong in saying 'everything.' No! fair and innocent girl, you showed yourself proof against it, even unto the grave. It failed to purchase the love of Julie.

" From the time of the introduction of M—, she underwent the most determined persecution to induce her to alter her purpose. Perhaps, I am wrong in applying so harsh a word to parents, as persecution; for I believe, after all, M. and Madame de Mortier intended to procure their child's happiness. Happiness consists of different things in the estimation of different people, and like beauty, what will suit the taste of one, may be disagreeable to another. The father and mother conceived, with a great many people in this world, doubtless very wise, that happiness in the marriage state consisted of a good establishment—carriages, and horses, and all the etceteras of fashionable life. The daughter, on the other hand, weighed the love of her betrothed in the balance, and found it turn the scale. Horses, retinue, equipages, jewels, liveries, all were but as a feather in comparison. The result of her refusal was severity—the consequences of severity, a pulmonary consumption, the seeds of which, I had long feared, were early sown in her frame. Now that fear seized the minds of the parents, and they perceived the life of their child really at stake, the prudent zeal for her welfare, they had hitherto so unhappily shown, was bent, and turned aside,

by the dread of losing her. Her union with the object of her choice, was now granted, and a letter announcing the consent, forthwith despatched to Rome, where the name and works of D'Esterre, were already sounded by the trump of fame. M—, the hitherto patronised lover, was next forbid the house, and every means of raising the depressed spirits of Julie resorted to. But all was of no avail. You cannot blow again the taper to light when the wick is quenched,—you cannot impart life to the body when it is already dead.

“ I was called in, and was shocked to find the ravages this bitter enemy to the human race had made. The hectic flush coloured the round and polished cheek,—she was oppressed with a hollow cough and labouring of the chest ; cold shiverings frequently seized her ; the slightest breeze caused her frame to tremble,—and yet with the fatal delusion of her disease, she was not conscious of her danger. Persons afflicted with this malady, even when on the verge of the grave, still often continue to possess the flush, the glow, the energies of life.

“ ‘ Doctor,’ she said, her languid face brightening with smiles, ‘ I am so glad to see you, and so will Frederique—you are a great favourite of his—he will be here in some days, when our marriage is to take place—he will be twenty-two and I twenty.’ In this way she prattled on,—every thought was connected with her lover.

“The rustling of the leaves and the voices of dancing waters brought melody to her alone, when they reminded her of him absent. D'Esterre's image brightened each object. Truly he was

The ocean to the river of her thoughts.

“Day after day she drooped and drooped—and oh! it was a heart-rending sight to see her for whom the winding sheet was wrought, selecting wedding garments, and giving from that bed she was shortly to leave for her eternal abode orders about the bridal. Her parents were like two distracted beings, and in the bitterness of their hearts accused themselves of being the cause of their child's early death. She would talk of Frederique, and wonder at his stay, and counted the hours, until the morn came, which, two years before, by the consent of both houses, had been appointed for the wedding, with the unlucky stipulation.

“The wished-for morrow came. Interested beyond description in the fate of Julie, I arose with that benumbing load upon the heart, which is grief's worst heritage to experience. The day was cold and wintry; but had it been fine, I would have regarded it the same, as all was black to me.

“I went early to the abode of de Mortier, and in her sick chamber, stretched on her couch and arrayed in her bridal robes, was Julie. She smiled as she saw me, and asked me if I believed in

dreams : ' for that last night she dreamt Frederique told her to be ready, for that her father should keep his oath, and give her to the man who would produce 10,000 écus on this day : and here I am you see. But where is Frederique ? he used not to be so late, and it is very cold.' Here a shivering seized her, and the cough came on.

" ' My dear Mademoiselle,' I said, ' your dress is too light--put something warmer on you.'

" ' Fie, Doctor, would you have me married in a chalet dress instead of this beautiful lace ? I am sure he will like it--only look at its length.' She attempted to rise, but fainted. I had her put into bed, and the room kept quiet. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon when D'Esterre arrived, as I at first said. He was so altered I did not recognise him, and the wildness of his appearance quite startled me. The priest had also just come, and after addressing a few words of Christian fortitude to Frederique, to enable him to support his loss, passed in to administer the last rites to the innocent Julie. During their interview I learned from D'Esterre some of what I have related--their last interview--his setting out for Rome and early struggles--his attracting the notice of the Cardinal, who nobly patronised his works.

" ' And now,' he exclaimed, ' when all is past--when I have triumphed over the rugged paths, and gained at last the hill top, dragging up the laborious steep the wealth which I sighed for,

and the fame I have earned,—to find my hopes blasted and my labour vain!—for who will be unto me as a partner in my joys, or support in my afflictions?—it is maddening to think!

“He had not received the letter, nor heard of the death-blow to his hopes, till he reached Paris, which accounted for the distraction of his mind. He said when the news was first told him it was like driving a heated iron into his brain. I besought him to be tranquil, and not to increase the grief of Julie or her parents (whose subsequent conduct I concealed) by any explosion of sorrow on his part.

“The door of the chamber was shortly opened by the good priest, who had prepared Julie. I accompanied Frederique inside. M. and Madame de Mortier were there, but he saw them not—that bed contained his *all*,—that wasted form was the tomb, in which his dearest affections—fondest hopes, and most fervent aspirations, were destined to be interred. There lay Julie! his—so fair, so delicate: the sun, as he declined in the heavens, crimsoned the frail cheek, and then sunk to gloom. The heart of D'Esterre sunk also.

“‘Ah! my beloved,’ said Julie, motioning him to her, ‘I told them you would come, but they would not believe me. Is the priest ready to marry us?’

“ ‘ Yes, sweet love,’ replied Frederique, pressing her chilly lips, ‘ all is ready.’

“ ‘ Why does he not begin then,’ she muttered, impatiently.

“ The poor clergyman was perplexed—‘ it were wedding the dead,’ he said—‘ it cannot be.’

“ ‘ Shew my father the gold, Frederique, and he will not object.’

“ Her father trembled, and uttered a loud cry, as Frederique cast a heavy purse of bright pieces at his feet.

“ ‘ Frederique, you have kept your word,’ she said seriously, ‘ and I would gladly keep mine, but it may not be.’

“ ‘ I feel,’ she continued, ‘ that we must part, but only for a time: this is a consolation which has cheered many a sad hour, and you will not forget me,—Frederique—you will think of me often, and perhaps shed a few tears over the grave which contains your betrothed Julie.’

“ Frederique would have replied, but tears choked his words, and he could not articulate. He remained silent for some moments, when Julie took a feeling farewell of her parents; and as if exhausted by her emotions, reclined in sleep or insensibility, on the breast of her Frederique. The twilight now spread its shade around, and the infant moon, an effulgent queen, shed her mild lustre upon the dying girl.

“ The stillness of the air outside was only equalled by the breathlessness within. The war of the elements had ceased—no one stirred or spoke—Frederique watched the closed eyelids, and fancied he perceived the breathing of that snowy breast. Alas ! that movement ceased—that breath was fled. She had quitted life without a sigh, enveloped in the arms of constant love, and assured, by the consciousness of innocence, of eternal rest. ”

* * * * *

The old man ceased, but I prayed to know what became of Frederique.

“ After spending some time around that tomb, he was induced by the earnest entreaties of Cardinal —— to return to Rome, where he has realized a large fortune, which he devotes to religious purposes. I understand it is his intention to end his days in a monastery.”

“ The best release from a wounded spirit,” I said, “ is the continual meditation on the sufferings of our Redeemer.”

In a few moments the old physician took his leave. I too left the chapel, and gazed from the porch on the departing storm. The view is extensive. Around me were the million tombs mingled with cypress-trees, loaded with the shower; for now large drops, collected into beads, shone with a thousand colours in the sun, as the light beamed from behind. Farther off lay Paris,—its roofs

gleaming in the sun's-rays, as they fell on the wet tiles. The various public buildings and churches raising their spires and domes to the sky. Montmartre was beside me, with its rows of houses like terraces, and I could see Mount Calvary in the distance. The rest of the scene was still curtained by the clouds, which were pouring their contents on the city beneath. All near me was in repose, but in the horizon the conflict of nature still raged. A philosopher has said that it is in the storms or disturbances of the elements that man most feels his littleness. This may be true, inasmuch as we can do nothing to stay or arrest their progress,—or when we know that the mighty clouds, the loud winds, the lightning and thunder, are peculiarly reserved by the Supreme Being for his own disposition. Soon as the rain had entirely ceased, I again sought the tomb of the hapless Julie, and musing on her untimely fate, returned to my hotel.

Sunday, June 27th.

The church of St. Sulpice, in which I heard prayers this day, is one of the most noble buildings I have ever seen. The first stone was laid by Anne of Austria in 1646, and it was not finished until 1770: it was, however, consecrated to holy use in 1745.

The majestic portico, which astonishes the spectator by its splendid proportions, is the work of

Servandoni. The front, composed of two orders placed above each other, is 184 feet in width : the Doric columns, 40 feet high, and 5 feet in diameter, have an entablature of 10 feet : the Ionic 39 feet high, $4\frac{1}{2}$ in diameter, with 9 feet of entablature. The length of the church is 336 feet : there are two lordly towers, each with a telegraph ; the northern corresponding with Strasburg, the southern with Italy

The principal altar, standing between the nave and choir, is very grand : a circular gilt bronze balustrade surrounds it : the form is an ancient tomb of marble. The tabernacle representing the Ark of the Alliance, is ornamented with twelve chandeliers. A richly decorated chapel, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, terminates the circular point. In a niche is her statue in marble by Pigale, — the light is magically effective ; the cupola exhibits the Assumption, painted in fresco by Lemoine. The pulpit is very elegant, placed between two pillars ; on the side pedestals are gilt figures ; the canopy is surmounted by a figure of Charity. The vessels at the side doors for holy water are of Egyptian granite, formed into urns, and those at the end of the nave of two immense shells, presented by Venice to Francis I. There are some fine paintings here : — St. Charles giving the Eucharist to the pestiferous. The medallion on the fore-part of the altar represents a Guardian Angel leading a

young child, covered with a royal mantle. The child is supposed to be the young dauphin son of Louis XVI.

Monday, June 28th.

A gorgeous display of royal magnificence is the prospect we now gaze upon. The offspring of power! the child of art! no where can the eye light on so noble a pile, so uniform a palace as Versailles. On either hand the kingly mansion stretches forth its wings from the main body, like the pinions of some powerful bird, astonishing the world by the beauty of its plumage. Nor is this gem of imperial residences set in a mean casket.— Around, and about, are the terraces, designed by the celebrated Le Notre; long, and shady walks, adorned with the finest statues; and the eye may seek variety from gazing on wood and stone, by viewing the splendid sheets of water, or marking the bounding cascades.

I had left Paris about twelve o'clock, with a couple of friends, to visit this justly praised chef-d'œuvre. We had fine weather setting out, and though the sky lowered considerably, and the dark clouds rolled their sluggish masses, pregnant with showers towards us, we procured a conducteur, and repaired to the palace.

Placing yourself opposite the entrance to the

town with the palace to your back, the view is extensive: from this point, there are five routes visible: —

1. Paris: in this glance you take a view of the king's stables, capable of containing a thousand horses, — to the right is the hotel de la Marie, — to the left is the Normal school of the Academy of Paris, the Tribunal of Commerce, and the ancient Hotel des Gardes-du-corps: the imposing barrier of the forest of Meudon closes the avenue in this quarter.

2. North-east is St. Cloud; to the left is the Royal College; to the right the ancient Gymnase.

3. South-west is Sceaux.

4. To the right is Alle du Potage.

5. To the west St. Germain.

There are usually shown twenty apartments. The beauty of the frescos and painted ceilings, with the profusion of gilding, render all gorgeously splendid: I shall merely state that the *salle de paix*, the *salle de guerre*, and the long saloon connecting them, lined on one side with plate glass, are very superb. We proceeded next to the chapel: — this beautiful building is of moderate dimensions, but very lofty, and furnished with regal splendour; the cushions are of scarlet velvet, and the carpeting of the altar the celebrated Gobelin tapestry. The statues of two Louis in their royal robes, kneeling on cushions, are executed in marble, in the most perfect manner. After leaving the

chapel, our conducteur led us to the orangerie. This noble parterre contains, I believe, more than 6000 trees at present, which perfume the air by the odour of the flowers. It is adorned by a colossal statue of Louis XIV., by Desjardins; also the piece of water, called *des Suisses*, and *bois Satory*. In the plot of grass, between the water and wood, is the statue of Marcus Curtius precipitating himself into the gulf, by Cavalier Bernin. The rain came on as we approached the terrace, which, affording no shade, and we being clad in summer costume, and totally unprovided with defence, did not mount. There are four bronze statues—Sylene, Antinoüs, Apollo, and Bacchus. At the basin of Latone we were fortunate enough to find a tree, the spreading branches of which quite sheltered us, and, at the same time, we had a view of the various pieces of water.

In the centre of this basin was a well-designed group, by Marsy, of this goddess, and the two infants, Apollo and Diana. About this group are inhabitants of Lycia, metamorphosed into frogs. Along the terrace are eight fine vases, representing, in relief, scenes from ancient history,—also a number of statues. The basin of Apollo is very fine: he is seated in his car on the water, directing four steeds: around are tritons and dolphins. The group is by Tuby. There are some very unique statues near this. The Salle des Antiques contains Meleager, Antinoüs, Hannibal, Octavius,

Severus, Antonine, and a few more. In the garden of the king is a superb column of Languedoc marble, supporting a statue of Flora. The statues in the Bosquet des domes are well worthy of inspection. In the Salle d'Encelade, the figure of that giant is by Marsy. The *jets-d'eau* at the basin of Neptune are by far the most splendid. In the centre is the god of the sea holding his trident; on his left is Amphitrite, and around Nymphs and Tritons; to the left is Proteus, and to the right Ocean, seated on a Unicorn. When the works play, which owing to the vast distance the water has to be brought, and the great expense consequent thereon, seldom happens, nothing can equal the splendour of the coup-d'œil,—forty-five distinct jets of water, all form in the air so many strings of pearls, deriving every hue of light from the beams of the golden sun. The rain now mingled with the artificial display, and as it increased we retired to the Hotel de France.

It is an old remark, that there is no place, next to a man's own house, where he can feel so comfortable as at an inn. The reason is obvious: it derives its support from those who frequent it. In no private house can he enjoy the same freedom:—there may be abundance of luxuries—grandeur—style—anxiety to make every one feel easy, yet it is impossible—the more anxiety and care shewn, the more is the restraint felt. The master wishes to entertain his guests, and they in return are

desirous to be agreeable to him. No man can command as in his own ; while, on the contrary, at an hotel there is a general freedom. The coffee-room is liberty-hall, where, the more you ask for, the more welcome you are ; the greater noise you make, the higher you are thought of ; and in proportion to the trouble you give, the better you are attended to. No class of servants attend better than waiters—they have their reasons. Doctor Johnson, that illustrious observer of human nature, said, “ a tavern chair is the throne of human felicity. As soon as I enter the door of an inn I experience an oblivion of care, and freedom from solicitude. When seated, I find the master courteous, the servants obsequious to my call, anxious to know, and ready to supply, my wants.”

I conclude this brief essay on the enjoyment of an inn, by the following appropriate lines :—

Who'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found,
His warmest welcome at an Inn.

Yet, as there is no general rule without an exception, I should be unworthy of boasting of Erin as my country, if I did not mention, that the above does not apply to her.

As the weather cleared up, after dinner, we en-

joyed a pleasant walk in the evening ; visited the grand and petit Trianons, the Jardin Anglais, Swiss village, artificial works, and the other beauties of this enchanting place. Delighted with our excursion, we returned that night, and reached Paris by eleven o'clock.

CHAPTER XVI.

St. Germain-en-Laye—Barrier of Neuilly—Banks of the Seine—Aqueduct at Marly—Deserted Palace of St. Germain—Forest conversation—Dinner in the Garden of the Hotel d'Angleterre—Hospital of Invalides—Chapel—Grand Opera—A dash at French Character and History.

June 30th.

WITH the same party that accompanied me to Versailles I visited St. Germain-en-Laye, distant about four leagues from Paris. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the drive. After leaving the city we entered on the Champs Elysées, and went past the splendid barrier of Neuilly, the Arc de l'Etoile:—it is not yet opened, but the beauty of the sculpture, and the taste of the ornaments, where they can be seen, fully justify any opinion of its excellence.* A perfectly straight line of road is now before us, bounded on each side by waving trees, as far as the Bois de Boulogne. Our

* It has since been opened—during the fêtes of July, 1836.

vehicle paused for a moment on a little bridge near Neuilly, and the prospect was enchanting. The Seine is here broken by islands, and above the curving of their banks arise the green woods, clothing the sides to the water's edge with elm, and willow, and spreading chesnut. Afar off to the right we could see part of the royal residence, the light gleaming on column and casement; and the blue hills in the distance closed the view.

We kept by the side of the river nearly the entire way, until we got to Marly. As we approached, the splendid aqueduct crowning the mountain top reminded me of the wonderful works of yore,—the polished Greek, and stately Roman. It is of modern erection, 600 yards in length, which raises the waters of the Seine to the height of 600 feet. The proud palace, and its splendid park, planned under Louis XIV., are long since, with their founder, fallen into dust,—*sic transit gloria mundi!* Between the road and river, but close on the latter, are the water-works which supply Marly and Versailles with 27,000 hogsheads daily. A little further on is St. Germain.

After leaving our carriage we visited the old chateau, wherein many of the French monarchs resided. It is now a barrack, and in a decayed state. Henry II., Charles IX., and Louis XVI. were born here. It is said that the last king, beholding from the windows his last resting-place,

the Abbey of St. Denis, could not abide here, and went to Versailles, since which time it has ceased to be tenanted by kings. James II. of England, on his abdication, spent his last days and died here. From the palace we went to the terrace, which is truly magnificent, being 2,400 yards in length: the view is almost boundless. There is a fine forest also, covering 2,600 acres, which, on the 30th September, and three following days, presents an appearance extremely picturesque. Tents are pitched in the greenwood glades, and tables placed under the trees, where the hungry may be fed, or the thirsty gratified. Gay equipages drive in all directions, and in one moving mass may we see phaetons, britzckas, chaises, and landaus, mingled with the less elegant chariots of the bourgeoisie and peasants. Dancing is carried on during the evening, and generally consumes the night.

Walking along the sombre glades of the forest with my two companions, we happened to fall into a conversation on the speculative destinies of man hereafter—on heaven and hell. My male friend's philosophy consisted in affirming that we suffered in this life for our misdeeds, and denying a place of punishment hereafter. While his sister more boldly doubted the existence of reward. "We may," she said, "inhabit some other planet, and thereby gain, perhaps, a change." What more she said I do not recollect, for it sounded harsh in mine ears to hear the decrees of the Eternal called

in question in the midst of his glorious works; and the philosophic speculations of Plato and Socrates, who knew not the true God, ill accorded with the sentiments of one, whose own fault it is, if he does not walk in his ways,—for in those has he been instructed. I cannot think my friends were serious.

The town of St. Germain appears populous, and has considerable business,—if I can venture an opinion from the number of shops. At any rate it forms a strong contrast to Versailles, whose empty streets, and vacant passages, remind one of a city of the dead.

The day was excessively close, and the pretty garden of the Hotel d'Angleterre invited us to enter. We had a table spread under some shady trees. I had not dined in the open air since I left the lovely lakes of Killarney; and now the thoughts of my native clime, and the friends far away, came like gleams of sunshine on my heart. It is pleasant to think, when with strangers, that in another land there are hearts in whose affections thou hast a place, in whose prayers thou art remembered, and in whose wishes for happiness thou art not forgotten; and, when thou art tired of wandering, and returnest like the dove to the ark, will hail thy coming with gladness, and thy stay with delight.

“Tis sweet to know there is an eye to mark
Our coming, and grow brighter when we come.”

But the kind friends I was with, of my own country too, took away from my breast any pain of absence, and the present was calm, tranquil, and happy.

Our resting-place was well chosen. Tall, luxuriant trees, the acacia and elm, spread their protecting boughs over our heads, and completely screened us from the sun, which now cast his powerful rays around. On the gentle wind that stirred the leaves, bathing our brows with balm, were borne to our nostrils the odours of the myriad flowers which grew in profusion around, or were stored in the adjacent conservatory. The splendid cactus, geraniums, violets, pinks, carnations, and trees of blushing roses breathed forth their stores of perfume for our gratification. While partaking of our dinner we had nature's melody, the music of birds, and when 'twas time to depart the sun was low in the horizon, and the moon floating in the heavens. About nine o'clock we left St. Germain. The coming of night brought no relief from the sultry heat of day—the air was intolerable,—warm weather had set in, and in Paris it is no joke. We arrived in the Rue de Rivoli at half-past eleven o'clock.

July 3rd.

Notwithstanding the heat of the day, I fulfilled my purpose of visiting the Royal Hospital of Invalides.

The truly beneficent idea of collecting the veterans under one roof—for, in the preceding reigns of Charlemagne and Philip Augustus, they had been scattered as pensioners through the rich abbeys—originated with Henry III. It was not, however, carried into execution until Henry IV. came to the throne; and this humane monarch, who wished each of his subjects to have a fowl and loaf of bread every day, established in 1596 “The Royal House of Christian Charity.” Here were provided with accommodation those brave veterans who so often had followed his white plume over the stricken field—and here they suffered neither want nor distress in their old age. The present majestic edifice was erected by Bruaut, in 1671, in obedience to the directions of Louis XIV., who wished to raise a monument worthy himself and the warriors he meant to recompense. It occupied eight years in building, and extends over a surface of 106,464 feet. It is surrounded by Boulevards planted with trees, and intersected by numerous avenues. A broad esplanade lined on both sides by trees, with a fountain in the centre, gives a noble perspective to the principal front looking towards the Seine. The court is enclosed by railing, and also a ditch mounted with cannon. The principal front is 612 feet in width; three stories high. It is pierced with arcades, and the advanced building in the centre is decorated with Ionic pilasters, supporting an arch in which is

placed an equestrian statue of Louis XIV., accompanied by Justice and Prudence in basso-relievo, by Couston, Jun. The Church consists of an extensive nave, with two embasements, ornamented with a number of Corinthian pilasters. Behind is the superb dome, considered the *chef d'œuvre* of French architecture. The architect was Jules Mansard. It was thirty years building, and is of exquisite finish. The paintings by the first artists, and the sculpture perfect. The pavement of the Chapel is decorated by beautiful compartments, mingled with arms of France, cyphers, and the riband of the order of the Holy Ghost. There is a fine monument of the brave Marshal Turenne in one of the Chapels to the right; opposite are the remains of the great engineer, Marshal Vauban.

This regal building contains 7000 veterans, governed by a Marshal of France. They have a fine refectory and library. In the Chapel are a number of flags taken by the French troops. I failed to discover one of Great Britain.

July 11th.

I devoted my last evening in Paris to the Grand Opera. The edifice is very fine, but much inferior in internal decoration to the King's Theatre in London. The piece was the Jewess, which I had before seen at Drury Lane as a spectacle. It was also very good as an opera, the music adding much to the grand effect of the splendid pageantry.

Madlle. Falcon and M. Nouritt were the principal performers—both very fair.

The theatre was crowded to excess, and fully proved the French love of spectacles and sounds. They require some external impression to keep their minds from agitating mischief. I rather suspect the generality of the French people are turbulently inclined, and it is but by giving them employment they can be kept in tranquillity. There are many Republicans in France; and it was well observed by Rousseau, “If you had God for your King, and angels for ministers, you would still wish for a Republic”—yet, when they had one, they could not keep it. In my opinion, a republic, France will never be—some spirit bolder than the rest will always take the reins.

In dress and behaviour the women deserve to be copied; the former is such as the greatest prude could not find fault with. This, however, I suspect is but lately the case; for I recollect a dialogue between a lady and milliner, which I read some time back. The former, newly arrived from the country, repairs to a milliner, and inquires—

“How must I be dressed to appear in the fashion?”

Milliner.—“Oh! Madame, done in a moment. Have the goodness to take off that bonnet.” “Well.” “Off that petticoat.” “There it is.” “Throw away these pockets.” “There they go.” “Now that handkerchief.” “It is done.” “Also

that corset and sleeves." "Will that do?" "Yes, Madame, you are now in the fashion—to be dressed in the fashion, you need only to undress."

Their behaviour I have observed to be modest, and even retiring. Of course, there are exceptions; but such is the general case.

It is a melancholy task to search the historic record of bygone days, all glowing with bright deeds, giving, as it were, an earnest of a nation's glory, and looking thence at the present state of things, to sigh and grow sorrowful at the contrast. There is, perhaps, no country in Europe so rich in chivalrous recollections as France. True it is, when the blast of the war-trumpet sounded the charge, our noble English knights were ever found in the foremost rank, and, during the time of the Crusades, when the holy ferment thrilled through the breasts of all, their renown was the greatest where their Saviour shed his blood. But, happily for this country, the nobles of England have been less engaged in domestic warfare than their continental neighbours. In truth, England has oftener been found fighting the battles of others than her own, like the courageous schoolboy; and, perhaps, with the same unthinking generosity, bestriding the body of a fallen ally, and opposing a bold front to the assailant.

Now that I was on the eve of leaving the city, the old days of Paris seemed to come in retrospective vision before me, presenting a memento of

departed worth. Here the Roman General, Labienus, preserved the dominion of Cæsar against the Gaul. Here the strong arm of Lothaire spread woe through the ranks of Germany. Here the romantic Court of Pepin sent forth its adventurous knights, and in the halls rung the voices of troubadours singing the lays of love.

Looking on the green stagnant waters of the Seine, how rapidly does the mind recur to the great events which its sluggish stream hath witnessed : the fierce and bloody struggles for power on the one hand, or freedom on the other. How oft has its surface reflected the figures of thousands of warriors going forth to battle and to victory ! How oft has its tide been crimsoned by the blood flowing from the inhabitants slaughtering one another !

Paris, it has been well remarked, has not yet been identified with France. This is true. It appears solely supplied by resources within itself, in its immediate vicinity. It effects a revolution alone ; deposes a sovereign by the power of its citizens ; crowns another by a similar movement. In its history it presents to our view instances of the most heroic achievements—noblest patriotism—absorbing love of liberty. At the same time we behold the basest treachery—disgraceful butchering—moderation thrown aside—the laws disregarded—religion insulted—with a voice invoking the aid of all in upholding the natural liberty of

mankind, while the hand was inflicting the fellest crimes.

The literature of France has ever been of a high order. Its clergy, the supporters of every measure advancing the welfare of the people ; in their pulpits the zealous and eloquent ministers of religion ; in their closets the talented and able advocates of good government. The French lawyers have almost ever inclined to the side of freedom. The army, when left to itself, ranked with the people. But the nobles have kept aloof. Let them become identified with the interests of their fellow-subjects, and assist the other branches of the community in establishing a permanent and durable state of political power, and then we may expect to behold that tranquillity in France, which, from the period of her earliest annals to this present hour, we might search for in vain. If we would seek to learn something of the internal management of a country—how its principles of government are carried into execution, and by whom, we always cast our eyes on the aristocracy. If we see them conferring *on every branch of their fellow-subjects* a portion of those privileges they themselves enjoy—not content to possess blessings unless they can make others partake of them—we rejoice in tracing the power of such a nation, and give the wise rulers the just meed of applause for their anxiety to promote the welfare of those beneath them. This the French

nobles have never yet done. Before the revolution they resembled our feudal lords in their vices and not in their redeeming qualities—petty sovereigns ruling over their tenants with absolute sway. They have not now the same power ; and I should hope the lesson they have learnt at such a price will prevent the necessity of another. Revolutions are ever to be dreaded : it is dangerous to try the patience of the people beyond just limits. Let the lords feel they owe something to the people find it is their interest to promote the well being of the people—and not in vain shall the convention have been sealed by blood, or the Three Days of our own times have been fought and won.

I had now been a month in this gay capital ; and as all who could leave were migrating, some to the German spas, others to Switzerland, and more to Italy, and England, I resolved to take advantage of the fine weather, and prosecute my route to Switzerland, having before I left London proposed to visit that magnificent country, and return by the banks of the Rhine.

END OF VOL. I.

IMPRESSIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD;

OR,

A Year of Real Life.

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OF THE KING'S INN, DUBLIN; AND
GRAY'S INN, LONDON.

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STERNE.

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IMPRESSIONS

AT

HOME AND ABROAD.

CHAPTER XVII.

SWITZERLAND, SAVOY, AND PIEDMONT.

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July 12th.

THE rays of the setting sun fell slanting on the twin towers of the ancient Notre Dame, gilding the richly chiselled parapets, while the body and lower parts of the sacred edifice were wrapt in shade,

as I was whirled rapidly past. I had left Pont Neuf behind, with the Louvre stretching its long line of perspective till it joined the Palace of the Tuilleries. A bright streak of sun-light gleamed from the surface of the Seine, smiling a farewell. The heavy Diligence rattled over the bridge, turned an angle by the river side, and I soon beheld the Jardin des Plantes. This was quickly passed. The bridges built by Napoleon, and called by him after his victories, were next left behind in succession ; and the calm, mirror-like water reflected the rich woods which clothed the banks on the opposite side. We drove by Charenton, where are the remains of an ancient chateau, once the abode of the lovely Gabrielle d'Estrees, celebrated as the object of Henry IV's attachment, and Merrie, or Tout Merrie, so called by our Henry VI, the conqueror of France, who, on beholding this beautiful spot, was so struck with it, as to inquire its name. It was then a mass of huts, and the answer was :— “ it had none.” “ Then,” said the King, “ I call it Tout Merrie—all smiles.” It is a little village which supplies Paris with roses.

. Before we arrived at the first change the weather looked threatening—dense black clouds hung from the troubled sky, and loud gusts rushed through the heated and heavy air. When the vehicle stopped, I put out my head, and beheld, in the direction of Paris, the sky of pitchy blackness, and every symptom of approaching storm. As I

was waiting, in expectation of hearing the warning thunder, I was agreeably surprised at seeing the skies brighten in the direction we were taking; and, after a light shower, which served to cool the air, and lay the dust,—the weather assumed its wonted serenity. Night soon hovered round, and descending, enveloped us under her wing, where we lay in security till—

July 13th.

Morning dawned, and the daylight shewed us a flat and uninteresting country—by Sens and Joigny. In the latter, I think, we breakfasted. After our meal, glad to stretch my legs, I walked for a considerable distance before the vehicle, with a young Frenchman, as impatient of confinement as myself.

Having remounted, we went through Auxerre on the Yonne, and Chablis, to Tonnerre, where we dined. Here our passports were demanded. I had a countryman next me at dinner, whom I had previously remarked in the Diligence Office, speaking English to every one that came in his way. He is a gentleman of fortune, who spends part of every year on the Continent; and when at home he is a good landlord, and active magistrate.

We continued our onward course until the following morning, where we arrived in time to breakfast at Dijon.

July 14th.

Dijon is the most considerable place we met with since we left Paris. I observed here a splendid

Hotel de Ville, handsome theatre, and several spacious churches—in short, all the appendages of an extensive city. I did intend remaining here for a day or two to repose, after the fatigues of the journey I had undergone, and prepare for the ensuing ; but my Irish friend said it was less trouble to continue—and I took his advice ; so after half an hour's sojourn, behold me again *a la diligence*, pursuing my way over the vast plain, intersected by the canal of the Soane, to Lyons. We reached Auxonne, a strongly fortified town of the department of Loire, where, I understood, many English were kept prisoners during the war, and we arrived at Dole to dinner. I was particularly glad to reach Dole, for I could see the blue mountains of Jura, rising like a wall between me and Geneva, and my eyes were tired of viewing nothing but a succession of vineyard and forest, which, with the tillage country, was all I could see in France. I must make one exception however.—Near the caserne of St. Helen's the road winds round a steep hill, lined on either side by noble trees. The barracks are on the side, and the summit is crowned by woods. The prospect from the summit of the opposite hill is really splendid.

The approach to Dole is pretty: it stands at the foot of a gentle hill, and the church in the centre, with the houses grouped round, gives the town a condensed appearance.—It is of great antiquity.

Having again taken to the highway, we entered on a more hilly country than heretofore. Our vehicle, which we exchanged at Dijon, was of lighter construction, and the horses absolute beasts of burthen. I saw in the far distance what I thought a white cloud ; but, from what I have seen in a recent publication, suspect it was Mont Blanc, which, at the time, I thought impossible. Night once more approaching, I descended into the coupé to sleep, with nothing to disturb me save the oft repeated *sacrés* of the conducteur at the slowness of our gait. Towards midnight we reached Poligny, a rather large town, and in the morning Lons le Saulnier.

15th July.

Thence indeed the road was interesting. About five o'clock the conducteur informed me I might have some coffee, and having partaken of it, we proceeded at once into the most sublime country I ever expected to behold.

We crossed the foaming Aar by a narrow wooden bridge, and rising from the brink, near 3000 feet, towered Jura. The way wound up the side, steep, and difficult: on one hand lay a yawning glen of perhaps 1000 feet in depth; while on the other, the broad bare summit of the hill towered to an equal height. The accuracy of the horses surprised me: where a false step or plunge might send us to the other world, they traversed with safety and with speed: not a stone, and often but a slender bush, divided us from the profound abyss.

As we mounted higher, and the view increased, each step added to the wild grandeur of the scene. At the highest point of the pass, where the mass of rock has been cut through to permit the passage, is a little chapel, like the emblem of hope, to cheer the weary wanderer on his path.

We soon beheld the blue waters of the lake of Gex, and were now surrounded by a wilderness of mountains: a turn of the road brought us to a prospect, which, if stern grandeur be a component part, I should say is of unrivalled beauty.

There is a gorge or steep glen, through which the Rhone rushes, formed on one side by a mountain of Savoy, and on the other by Mount Jura. The road lies above the river, at least 1000 feet, and continues by the side of the hill, till it is closed by a strong fortress—Fort de l'Ecluse—which completely shuts the passage; for rising high in the heavens over our heads are the most insurmountable barriers, in the shape of rocks, ever formed by nature in her wildest mood.

We had a delay before entering the fort, which I did not regret, as it afforded me time to take a sketch and make the above observations. The carriage at length moved on, and we passed through. The Swiss character of architecture was now developed in every house—long tiled roofs, wooden chalêts, steps leading up to the door, under cover of the overhanging roof, all betokened the necessity of providing against the

great falls of snow. Oxen I also observed used in great numbers, yoked to carts.

“The dews of summer night did fall,” as we left Bellegarde, and the same sun, which four days before cast his parting rays on me, as I left the capital of France, seemed now disposed to do the same on my entrance to Geneva. The world of waters lay in calm repose before me, encircled by mountains, and high over all towered the majestic Blanc. I repeated Byron’s lines :—

Mount Blanc is monarch of mountains,
They crowned him long ago,
On his throne on high and his robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.
Around his waist are forests braced,
An avalanche in his hand.

We reached the gates—delivered our passports—entered the town of Voltaire, Rousseau, Calvin, and Madame de Staél—crossed the Rhone, and dismounted. I hurried over the bridge by Rousseau’s Island, and found repose in the Hotel des Bergues.

GENEVA.

Saturday, 16th.

I arose after a sound sleep, and enjoyed the delicious prospect from my windows. The limpid Rhone was flowing underneath, broken into currents by the waving windings of a weir for fish. The new quay was close beside me. The bridge

joining the Quai des Bergus to that of the Rhone, afforded me an ample fund of variety, when I would be amused by looking at the promenaders. From the opposite side rose the town, roof above roof; to the extreme left were the Mole and Mont Blanc, and extending thence to the right, the Saleve. Breakfast being despatched, I walked by the Place Bel-air, up the fine street of that name, and arrived at a square, on one side of which was the Musée Rath, a very chaste building, of which M. Vauchen was the architect. It is an academy of drawing, and contains, besides casts, busts, and bas-reliefs, some good specimens of Genevese paintings by St. Ours and La Risse, a portrait of Cervantes by Velasquez, the Death of Calvin, and a few of Salvator Rosa's productions.

Opposite to this is the theatre, quite large enough for Geneva, and also the entrance to the Botanical Garden, which is a very agreeable promenade. I walked for some time on the ramparts, and was fortunate in making an acquaintance. I sat down on a bench, at the other end of which also sat an elderly gentleman of respectable appearance: his countenance bespoke intelligence and sociality. The weather is a master-key to unlock the sentiments of the human breast: if the lock is well oiled, the key will answer—if it is rusty, it will not turn.

“*Il fait bien frais, Monsieur,*” I said, touching my hat—“*Oui, Monsieur,*” he replied, politely re-

turning my salute, and from that out we were particular friends. There is in some people the attraction of affinity, that catches you perhaps before you are aware—a sort of fellow-feeling. With a thousand others my acquaintance might have thus begun and ended on the same seat—but M. K—— possessed more the power of pleasing and making you feel the enjoyment of his society to permit such an event on my part. He had seen much of life: slightly an invalid and ordered to travel, he spent most of his time in wandering from one important city to another, and the facility with which he spoke most of the European languages, rendered the change of clime of very little moment. He was unmarried. As we were staying at the same hotel, and moving together in that quarter, our eyes caught the word “Ferney” on a Diligence about to start. I mentioned a wish to see the chateau, where Voltaire had composed the greater number of his works. My companion was willing to accompany me, and we stept in. A few minutes got us under weigh, and we emerged from the town.

Ferney, about two leagues distance from Geneva, is a small town, which owes its existence to the celebrated deist. His house is delightfully situated, commanding an extensive view of the lake, town, and neighbouring mountains.

Que le chantre flatteur du tyran des Romains,
L'auteur harmonieux des douces Géorgiques,

Ne vaut plus ces lacs et leur bords magnifiques,
 Ces lacs que la nature a creusés de ses mains,
 Dans les campagnes italiques :
 Mon lac est mon premier.

Thus he sung when—looking perhaps from his arbour, where he constantly wrote, or dictated—the lofty mountains met his gaze. The house is extensive, and his bedchamber is shewn in the same state as when he departed for Paris, no more to return. After viewing the garden, we went to the abode of the Jardiniér, a fine old man, who possesses an infinity of relict of Voltaire. Amongst the rest were shewn us his wig and cane. Here is a tree planted with his own hand. The Chapel on which he placed the inscription “*Deo erexit Voltaire*” is still standing, but the inscription has been effaced.

We found our vehicle impatiently awaiting our return, which brought us into Geneva in full time for the table d'hôte. There are few places that afford more variety of human forms, of every shade and character, than a continental table d'hôte. English, Swiss, Irish, French, Scotch, Dutch, Italian, German, here meet for a common purpose,—to eat their dinner. A rightgood one was, as usual, provided, and all seemed to enjoy it. I sat next my new acquaintance, and near us a Hollander and his lady, who had also been in London ; so I was quite at home. After dinner we walked in the broad space outside the walls,

where the troops exercise, and on our return M. K— and I had an ice in the Café Bel-air.

Sunday, 17th.

Before service commenced I found myself opposite the altar of the Catholic Chapel, which was filling rapidly. It was a gratifying sight for me to behold in this stronghold of Protestantism, the sacred ceremonies of our venerable faith observed, if not with the splendour I had recently seen in France, at least with becoming decorum. After the sermon and service were concluded I walked about the town. The Cathedral is very fine : it is ornamented with a noble peristyle of the Doric order, by Alfieri, father of the poet, on the plan of the Rotunda at Rome. In this are many tombs, that of Agrippa d'Aubigné seems the most remarkable.

About four o'clock I walked by the borders of the lake, in the direction of the Canton Vaud. I ascended a hill, but could not gain a good view. On the top of one further on appeared the roofs of some houses ; and I was informed by an old Vaudoise that it was the village of Coligny. On referring to Abel I was informed that a splendid view may be obtained at some distance ; and, as the clock striking five bade me abandon all hopes of the table d'hôte for that day, I walked right on. My aged companion was a fine sample of his class : his iron weather-beaten features, and well-

knit limbs, scarcely bore token that ninety-two winters had shed their snows upon his head : he said his health was good. A neat little tower of Gothic construction now appeared, crowning the summit of the hill I had been ascending, and I could discern the tops of the lofty mountains stretching into the sky. I entered the field in which the tower stood, surrounded by a small grove of trees, and saluted a man who sat by the door of a cottage.

My question of “Can I ascend the tower?” was answered by a smart little red-headed girl, who presented herself with the key in her hand : she opened the wicket and I went in. The twilight of evening was already deepening the shadows on the lake, when I reached the summit of the tower of Coligny : having emerged from the mellow gloom of its stained glass windows. The sun, yet far above the broad back of Dole, shed a bright light around : the view that burst on my sight for the first time was new and beautiful.

In front lay Saleve and Voiron—behind, the slightly peaked Mole ; and, filling up the entire of the back ground, his imperial brow sprinkled with the frost of age, towered the mighty Blanc. The Canton Vaud lay at my feet—miles of vineyard and corn field stretching away into the world of hills. Then came the quiet bosom of the vast lake, reflecting the white sails of the gay vessels, which floated like sea-fowl on its surface : the shores

of Lausanne bounded the horizon ; and rising from the margin, continuing one mighty range on the other side, was Jura. It was the finest view I had yet seen, and quite satisfied with my walk, hungry, and a little tired, I enjoyed a good dinner, and retired to rest.

Tuesday, 19th.

About 10 o'clock I went in a carriage to Carouge, a small town of 400 houses, and about 3000 inhabitants, situated half a league from Geneva. It is built on the borders of the Arve, in the midst of a richly populated country. Leaving the vehicle, I walked through the town, in the direction of Vieri, to ascend the Piton or highest point of the Grand Saleve. By some misdirection I missed the Pas des Echelle, and went by the Croissets : however, not before I obtained a bottle of vin rouge and some bread, both which were absolute requisites. The path I found excessively rugged, and difficult—sometimes I climbed up the bed of a torrent, and at others forced my way through briars and bushes ; but I forgot all the annoyances when I reached the top. The view is of ravishing beauty and magnificence : hill seems seated on hill, mountain piled on mountain, to add to the height. From the spot where I stood, 3,070 feet above the lake, I saw the waters of Leman, the valley of Bornes, the course of the Arve, Bonneville, the Mole, and above all Mont Blanc. To the left, the silver *aiguilles* and the Giant, part of the lake of Anneçy, and

the Sion Mountains. To my right, the gorge formed by the impetuous Rhone and Fort de l' Ecluse. At my back was the chain of Jura, the town of Geneva, and the continuation of the lake. In the transports of the moment I seized my pencil, and wrote the following hurried lines—I dare not call them poetry :—

Lines on beholding Mont Blanc from the Summit of Piton,
19th July, 1836.

Mont Blanc is chief of mighty Alps ;
Below his vassals wait,
At his feet they stand submissive,
To minister to his state.
And when in wrath he shakes his head,
And on his brow the frown,
The Avalanche leaves its icy bed,
And headlong thunders down.

I gaze upon the snow-clad height,
I look upon the hill,
I muse on scenes the mass beheld,—
On scenes of human ill ;
For war raged in the valleys green,
Where peace should ever be,
And Roman legions swept between
The mountain and the sea.

Imperial Cæsar led the bands,
The laurel on his brow ;
He saw, and conquered, when he came :
Where are his triumphs now ?

The world he won disowns his name,
And centuries roll between ;
But thou, proud King, art still the same,
And are as thou hast been.

Thy snows assumed a brighter gleam,
When Freedom's halo fell ;
And mixed with thy eternal fame,
Are Mecthall, Furst, and Tell.
And Winkelreid's heroic stand,
In midst of war and strife,
To save his much loved father-land
He sacrificed his life.

Nor is the time far distant now,
When Gallia's thousands spread
Their meteor eagles o'er thy brow,
And flutter'd on thy head :
Led by their chief, Imperial Lord,
Not Cæsar's mighty name
Had more of conquest in the word
Than his—renowned by fame.

All—all are gone ! Napoleon's sun,
Like Cæsar's, erst has set ;
A few brief years and even I,
Scarce in my manhood yet,
Must pay the debt we all must pay,—
Even thou, when 'tis thy time.
But proud I'd be if I could say,
That on this earth, for many a day,
My name shall last like thine.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Tour of Lake Leman—Disembark at Villeneuve—Chillon—Byron's Prisoner—Vevay—Lausanne—Return to Geneva—Concerning my passport—Commence my pilgrimage—Road to Chamounix—Cluse—Cave of Balme—Chede—Arrive in mist—Mont Blanc in the morning—Early Mass—Ascend the Flégère—Panoramic prospect—The Alps—Impressions—Mt. Blanc—Mer de Glace—A slight mistake—Swiss peasantry—Chaléts—Pass of Tête Noir—Trient to Martigny.

Thursday, 21st.

As I intended to go to the Oberland by Chamounix and the Col de Balme, I could not think of leaving Lake Leman without visiting Lausanne and the neighbouring coast. Accordingly, I was on board the Winkelried by nine o'clock, and we were soon tolerably filled. Passengers hurried along the quay, and the bell having tolled, we shot a-head under the influence of steam ; the Isle of Rousseau was soon left behind ;—the Bergues and the quay opposite appeared in the distance, and the mists now began to cover the summits of the mountains. The lake widened considerably as we

advanced, bounded on either side by the lofty ridges of mountains, on whose brown and rocky sides thick mists were fast curling. At about 12 o'clock, Ouchy appeared on our left, and we moved near the shore to land some passengers. It is a small place, about a mile from Lausanne, which we beheld on the heights. The country around seemed very picturesque, numerous villas beautifying the scene.

Leaving Ouchy, we went to Vevay; and at four o'clock arrived at our final destination, Villeneuve. Though the rain poured in torrents when we landed at Villeneuve, I could not resist the temptation of going immediately to Chillon, so dear to me by the memory of Byron's beautiful poem. The way was along the banks of the lakes, and as the waves rolled near in long curls, the surf breaking with the roar of the sea, it seemed as 'twere the voice of a departed spirit mourning the absence of some kindred shade. It was getting late when the round towers of the ancient Castle frowned through the trees above the dark and troubled waters. By the road side, lies, on one hand, a lofty and precipitous mountain; and, on the other, the wide spread lake. Chillon presents a formidable aspect, being embattled, and defended by a moat, portcullis, and flanking towers. I was met by a guard at the gate, who called the *maitresse* to shew me the interior. I passed through a strong iron barred door, under an archway, into a small

court-yard, and thence mounted up stairs into the habitable part, or main keep. Here I was shewn into a good room, having a look-out on the lake, and was the same view that Bonnivard saw from the dungeon beneath.

And then there was a little isle,
That in my very face did smile
The only one in view.
And on it there were three tall trees,
That rustled in the summer breeze.

One, however, is now wanting. Here are many views of Chillon in lithograph, and some lines in French, complimentary to our noble bard. From this room I was shewn into another of equal dimensions, where the Duke of Savoy died. It is supported on rude massive columns; near it is a gallows used for the suspension of criminals. However, I was so anxious to get to the dungeon, that I listened with an impatient ear to the accounts of the famous persons who dwelt rather compulsatively in the Castle, and was right glad when my guide led the way into the dark and damp depths of

Chillon's dungeons deep and old.

We passed through cells, as my guide book has it, "*plus profonds encore et plus tenebreux*," by an entrance of two rocks, or large stones, to that in which Bonnivard, the heroic defender of Genevese liberty, was confined for the space of six years,

and where Lord Byron has laid the scene of his beautiful poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon." It is a large cavern, supported on seven cumbrous columns.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould
In Chillon's dungeon, deep and old.

I was shewn the one to which Bonnivard was chained. The lake rises much above the floor of the cell. The poet draws a pang even from the inhabitants of the elements :—

The fish swam by the Castle wall,
And they seemed joyous each and all ;
The Eagle rode thro' the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast,
As then to me he seemed to fly.

The female who accompanied us said, she perfectly remembered Lord Byron. His name, deeply cut by himself in one of the pillars, is likely to last for many years. I looked at the letters with much attention.

Leaving the chateau, I passed by Clarens.—

Clarens ! sweet Clarens, birth-place of deep love !
Thy trees take root in love,—the snows above—
The very glaciers have his colours caught—
And sunset into rose-hues sees them wrought—
By rays which sleep there lovingly : the rocks,
The permanent crags, tell here of love, who sought
In them a refuge from the worldly shocks
Which stir and sting the soul with hope that woos, then
mocks.

Lord Byron alludes here to Rousseau, who resided in this neighbourhood.

Vevay, where I slept, is the second town in the Canton Vaud. I found a right good inn, the Faucon. This town was called by the Romans Vibiscum. In 1476 it was sacked, and partly burned, by a party of Bernese. There are a few good buildings:—church of St. Claire, Hotel de Ville, and Halle au Blé, seemed all worth noticing. It was here that Charles Labeyle, the architect of Westminster Bridge, was born. There is a *fête* in the neighbourhood, which is well worth seeing, called *Fete de l'Abbaye des Vignerons*. The environs afford some charming promenades—the remembrance of Rousseau's Heloise is fresh in the mind of the spectator. Near Vevay is the Chateau de Chatelard.

Friday, 22nd.

At six o'clock in the morning I left Vevay for Lausanne. The road, which is by the banks of the charming lake, affords many exquisite prospects. St. Saphorin is the first town on the route, and, at a little distance, we saw the ancient Chateau of Ghoollies, close by the water's edge. Near this is a small cascade, formed by the torrent of Forestay. At the top of Jorat, are the ruins of the tower of Gourze, a fortress of the tenth century; and leaving this behind we arrived in a short time at

Cally. We passed through some small towns, and reached Lausanne in time for breakfast. It is a considerable town, being the largest in the Canton of Vaud, and numbering about 18,600 inhabitants. The character of the people seems laborious, but content. This was the Lausonium of the Romans. The buildings most worth seeing are,—first, the cathedral, one of the finest gothic buildings in Europe, founded about A.D. 1000, by Henry, then Bishop, and consecrated, in 1275, by Pope Gregory X. It is in the highest quarter of the town, and presents an imposing aspect, with its noble towers: the length is about 316 feet, by 230 high; the breadth of the largest choir is 120 feet; the interior is ornamented with galleries and columns, also many fine monuments. Here are shewn the tombs of Pope Felix V., who abdicated the Papal throne in 1449; the monument of Sir Otho de Grandison, representing a Knight in full armour; that of Princess Orlow; and by far the most beautiful, the monument of Harriet, wife of Sir Stratford Canning, who died here in 1817: the artist was Bertoline, of Naples. From the cathedral I went to look at the ancient Chateau, built in the middle of the 13th century. It is a large strong building, commanding the town, and flanked by round towers: there is a gallery pierced for fire-arms, running round the building. On one side is a shady promenade of

acacias; facing is the church of St. Maire, also of great antiquity: it is now the Caserne of the Ecole Cantonale.

Passing the house where Gibbon composed his Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, the most elaborate work on history ever written, I descended the hill near the church of St. Francis, and walked by a succession of country houses, lining both sides of the road, to Ouchy. It is a small village, the Ostia of Lausanne.

I had taken my place in the coupé of the diligence for Geneva, and had for companions a very interesting looking young lady of Neuchatel, and a Vaudois gentilhomme, who had travelled over many lands. He had been with Leitch Ritchie in Moscow, and knew much of Lord Byron's movements when he resided near Lake Leman.

Morges, which we entered after leaving Lausanne, is rather a good town, with 2,500 inhabitants. The houses are regular, and the streets tolerably wide. When again *en route*, the road winding by the shores of the lake, gave us the most enchanting landscapes. From the opposite side rose an immense horizon of lofty mountains, the triple head of Mont Blanc appearing hoarly above all. From the white summit of the latter a green range of hills sloped, covered with verdure to the water's edge. There now appeared in sight the ancient Chateau of Vallens. We had the road bordering the lake to Rolle, a small post-

town; and we next went through some pretty scenery to Capel. There is an excellent hotel at Secheron, on the lake, about twenty minutes walk from Geneva, which town we entered about seven o'clock.

I had now made a tour of Lake Leman, and having nothing further to detain me in that quarter, I engaged a place in the diligence to Chamounix, to start next morning. This announcement was received with consternation by the Commissionaire of the Hotel des Bergues.

“Have you actually engaged your seat, Sir?”

“Positively, and given a five-franc piece by way of earnest.”

He shook his head, as much as to say,—“It is a very bad case.”

“What’s the matter?”

“Your passport, Sir.”

“Have you not got it for me?”

“Yes, but you did not say you were going to Chaumonix.”

“Why, I did not know that made a difference!”

“Oh! yes, it must be *vised* by the Consul of the King of Sardinia, and I fear it is now too late; but I will try.”

I laid my head on my pillow with perfect consciousness of being able to take my departure in the morning; and my conclusion was right—a five-franc piece does wonders on the Continent.

Saturday, 23d.

After I had despatched my heavy luggage to

Basle, I looked with complacency on my well-filled knapsack, and said,—“Now, I am independent.” The horses were ready to start, and we passed without the walls of Geneva. I had beside me two Englishmen, brothers, who had been twice before in Switzerland ; and had now come to wind up, by a complete survey. Both proved very agreeable companions, and we enjoyed the drive much. Chesne is a village in the canton of Geneva. Not far is the Douane, where we had the misery of undergoing an inspection of luggage, and passports :—these are the woes of *voyageurs*. Contamine is near the Arve, and travelling thence to Bonneville, we had some fine mountain-scenery. The Mole in the middle, Brevon to the right, Taninge, and the peak of Marchele to the left.

We had a capital early dinner at Bonneville.

On leaving this town, by the bridge over the Arve, we saw the pillar surmounted by the statue of Charles Felix.

On the side looking to the river is a bas-relief of the Arve, enchain'd with this inscription :

Arvam
Agros effuse vastantum,
REX CAROLUS FELIX,
Descripto alveo oppositis aggeribus,
Coercuit
Anno MDCCXXIV.
Optimo et Providentissimo Principi
Focunates.

This pillar is intended to commemorate the successful embankment against the overflowings of the Arve, which oftentimes used to commit the utmost havoc upon the neighbouring lands. The view that opens before us is one of great beauty. Abel says, “Ceux qui ne sont pas accoutumés aux vues des Alpes, et dont l’âme est faite pour sentir les beautés de la nature, seront vivement frappés du magnifique tableau qui s’offrira à leurs regards, s’ils partent de Bonneville avant le lever du soleil.”

From this to Songi, the road runs through a perfect Swiss valley, composed of prairies and gardens, sunk between lofty mountains ; and, thence to Cluse, they appear to touch each other. This little village is very picturesque, and nothing can exceed the splendour of the route. In the words of M. de Saussure,—“ Elle n’offre pas seulement des tableaux, du genre terrible ; on envoit d’infinitimement doux et agréables ; de belles fontaines, des cascades, de petits ridents, situés au pied de quelque roc escarpé, on au bord de la rivière, tapisssés d’une belle verdure et ombragés par des beaux arbres.”

On leaving Cluse, the little bridge over the river, and the ancient Château de Mussel, crowning the height of an elevated hill, form a very picturesque prospect. The river is very rapid, and tumbles over the rocks, which form its bed, with a regular wave-like succession. The Brezon and Saxonet, two high mountains, rise from the valley like guar-

dian spirits. All these mountains abound with products, which form the amusement of the botanist, and natural historian.

The road continues to wind with the banks of the river, and noble pine-clad hills stretch away from the other side, towering to the skies. To the edge of the horizon dark clouds rested on many of the peaked summits; and a long line of dense vapour rolled after us up the valley, portending rain.

A short league from Cluse, the Cavern of Balme is seen leading into the womb of the mountain. A visitor may advance 640 steps. It is ten feet high, and twenty broad. There is a spring in it which flows into the Arve. We had two cannon fired to rouse the echoes, which resemble thunder. They do not, however, at all equal those of the Eagle's Nest, Killarney.

The Nant d'Apenes, at the other side of Maglain, is a cascade which falls from the towering height of 800 feet. It loses much of its force from the distance, appearing in the air but a light feathery vapour, and wanted a supply of water to make it magnificent. Sallenches now appeared on our right, at the base of the hills. Not requiring to go thither, for the sake of again returning, I descended, with my two fellow-tourists, at Saint Martin.

After a short delay in the auberge at Saint Martin, occasioned by having to send to Sallenches for a *char*, such being the strictness of the govern-

ment that the inn-keeper dared not send one of his own, we set off for Chamounix by Servoz. The light vehicle which we now occupied, drawn by a pair of excellent horses, was a much quicker mode of conveyance than the snail-paced diligence. We could see the site of the baths of Saint Gervais from our road, but not the town. Passy is a good village, surrounded by trees; and, as we penetrated the valleys, the colossal size of the mountains roused up the noblest sensations in our breasts. Chede and its lonely little lake are highly picturesque. At Nants we passed by some perilous places, where the torrent rushes with fearful violence. A black and gloomy hill and steep glen were then before us, called Nant Noir. We climbed up the pine-clad side, and, looking into the vast abyss, beheld scenery wild beyond description. From Servoz we crossed the torrent Dioza, by a wooden bridge, and proceeded by a very steep road or path called the *Montées*. The Nant de Nazin is excessively difficult, and at times not without danger. The torrents of Tacconay and Boissons descend from glaciers of the same names. Thick mist of rain clouded each object so completely that we could not see Mont Blanc; but the Brevon lay on our left; and about eight in the evening we reached Chamounix, which was discovered by an Englishman some years before. Our hotel was the Union.

CHAMOUNIX.

Sunday, 24th.

On getting up at half-past five, and beholding the eternal snows glistening in the morning sun, what sublime sensations entered my mind ! Before me lay for miles, on earth and in air, the king of mountains, robed in his virgin mantle ; the peaked summits piercing the blue skies 15,000 feet over my head. All the others seemed as children nestling round their parent : Mont Blanc the sire ; they, the offspring. The little chapel was already open to give the guides their morning mass. I should pay my tribute to my Creator, and I entered it.

There was something more than usually sacred in the appearance, at least to my mind ; for in no place do we receive religious impressions so deeply as when in connection with the great works of nature. This makes the service at sea so solemn ; and here, at the base of mountains raising their lofty crests thousands of feet, I thought the simple edifice more apostolic than the richest Cathedral I had ever seen. Many of the females, wearing long white veils, seemed not inappropriate ; they appeared the proper garments for children of the snow. These were about to communicate. When mass was over, I joined my acquaintances at the Union. After breakfast, as we could not depend on the weather, and this day being unusually

fine, we had a mule and guide to ascend the Flégère.

The road led by the north bank of the Arve for about two miles, when we diverged on a track that brought us to the foot of the mountain. There began the ascent. We toiled over the tracks of torrents and pine forests for two hours, when the joyful appearance of the pavilion, or little auberge, was hailed as the repose of our labour. Here we were received by the garçon ; and, while he is preparing coffee and eggs, we will stand at the door and point out the various peaks.

“ Monarch of the hills, mightiest where all are mighty,” how shall I describe thee ? The scene before me, as I look from the door of the little chalêt, is one of gorgeous magnificence. I do not know another word in the English language which conveys better the idea of splendour; or I should use it. Before, beside, behind me are—

“ The Alps
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity.”

As the eye looks first into the depths of the glen some six thousand feet below, and then the sight, soaring upward, becomes fixed at last on the jagged peaks starting high and abrupt into the calm, pure, azure vault, and reflecting from their

polished sides the rose hues with which the sun-light colours them, while all is still around, the mind is awed by the vastness of the spectacle, and the beholder feels, as I now feel, the inadequacy of language to express the ideas struggling for utterance within his breast.

Silence is the handmaiden of contemplation, and here her presence is peculiarly grateful. No voice speaks save that of nature ; it is her breath which stirs yon avalanche, "the thunderbolt of snow ;" her voice which speaks in the dash and flow of the leaping cataract, the roar of the foaming torrent, the sighing of the leafy woods, the crash of the falling trees. You hear no mortal sound ; but, at times, the scream of the eagle, the cry of the chamois or marmot, bursts on your ear, yet recalls not your thoughts from the scene on which you gaze—for theirs is the language of nature—and you suffer the current of your ideas to run in an effacing channel, which overwhelms for the time all baser or more earthly passions, introducing new associations and reflections, in which meaner impressions have no sympathy, wherein

"Earth and earth-born jars,
And human frailties, are forgotten quite."

Such is the case at the present moment. The colossal panorama before you alone occupies your thoughts. Mont Blanc has been connected in your mind, since the days of your childhood, with every

object in nature bordering on the sublime. He is now before you!—the king!—the chief!—the “monarch of the mountains!”

“ High o'er the rest displays superior state,
In grand pre-eminence supremely great.”

You behold, not in the representation of the artist, or the description of the tourist, that vastness of size and sublimity of appearance with which he has so often been depicted to you by the pencil of the one or the pen of the other; but you have now the delight of viewing him in the reality of his own stern and surpassing grandeur. You see him face to face; look upon a king whose dominion has remained unaltered for ages; obtain, from the elevated position in which you are at this moment placed, a more correct idea of his altitude than when below in the valley; for there the immensity of his extent and bulk does not permit you to conceive a true estimate of his height. You view, with the reverence due to age, the hoary frost silvering his venerable head; survey, with unmitigated admiration, the glittering peaks and slender aiguilles shooting up, without a spot to dim their lustre, into the cloudless sky above.

Mont Blanc is considered the highest mountain in the old world; and, according to the best received authorities, reaches to the height of 15,700 feet. It may be seen, when the weather is favourable, from a distance of above seventy miles, and

commands a view from its summit of 150, which, as may be well supposed, must be of the most varied and interesting description. As there is, however, no pleasure without some alloy, the cold at the top is so intense, and the atmosphere so rarefied, as to permit the spectator to have but a short glimpse for his pains. I have heard that it was in contemplation of some one to design a map from the top, which, if it could be perfected, would be very curious; but I much fear, until we establish a balloon communication, and relieve the artist every quarter of an hour, or devise some method to fortify him against being frozen, we cannot have the plan, which would take in a considerable portion of Europe. Various adventurous tourists, to the number of twenty-five or thirty, have at several periods made this hazardous ascent. Accidents of a serious nature have occurred, as might be expected from the nature of the undertaking. Perhaps one of the most favourable ascents ever made was that about a month since, by Mr. Alfred Waddington, attended by six guides, and accompanied by a few volunteers. He had a clear atmosphere, and consequently a favourable prospect from the summit, being able to distinguish the town of Dijon, in France. He suffered, for a short time, from the effects of the cold. The period of his ascent occupied three days.

To the left of Mont Blanc is a high, dark, rocky mountain, appearing, in height, a formidable

rival to its lordly neighbour. This is the Aiguille Vert, and must be considered as much nearer to us than the former. Its height is about 13,000 feet, and it consists of a huge pile of granite rock cemented by icy layers.

The elegant and taper spire indented on the top, close by the Aiguille Vert is the Aiguille du Dru ; and it appears quite apart from the surrounding mountains. It consists of reddish granite, placed in lines as if regularly built. Three splendid glaciers come tumbling their crystal waves into the foreground of the picture—the Mer de Glace, the Glaciers, Boissons and Bois. The Mer de Glace is particularly worthy of attention ; the huge masses of green ice, the yawning chasms, (whose ribbed sides show a variety of colours beautifully blent,) the rocks of dazzling crystal, all tell of the omnipotent architect who made

“ A savage sea,
The glassy ocean of the mountain ice,
And rugged breakers, which put on
The aspect of the tumbling tempest’s foam,
Frozen in a moment, a dead whirlpool’s image.”

The whole of this vast ocean of glacier is supposed to extend to a length of twenty leagues, and to be in constant and continual progress to the valley : towards the right, the outline is preserved in the same splendid boldness. The village of Chamounix is seen in the glen through which the

Arve glides. The extreme left is a “gathering of all beauties, streams, and dells, mountains, and rocks.” Vast tracts of forests cast a gloom around by the dark hue of the pine, which forms a strong contrast with the pure white snows in the immediate vicinity. Steep mountains raise their towering summits, and the sheet of spray flies from the loud-voiced torrent as it pitches its boiling wave over the precipitous cliff. Romantic chalêts and cottages lie scattered over this scene of chaos, adding to the effect by increasing the variety. In this direction is the Col de Balme and Martigny, with its neighbouring mountains: close by are the Brevon, and the Aiguilles Rouge; the entire forming a scene unique in nature, such as memory recurs to with delight, and leaves with sorrow.

I partook with my friends of homely, but excellent fare, such as the chalêt afforded—bread, butter, cheese, coffee, eggs, and honey. After our meal, Mr E— and I climbed up still higher, until we reached snow: we found the Alpine rose at that height in profusion. On our return we enjoyed our dinner at the Union. Among the variety of dishes was served up chamois.

Monday, 25th.

As the entire attractions of Chamounix were comprised in the view of yesterday, and the weather beginning to be precarious, I shouldered my knapsack, and staff in hand, set out as a pilgrim for Martigny.

The way leaving the town was the same as the day before, as far as the bridge on the Arve, which I crossed. I was then within a very little distance of the Mer de Glace ; but as a long road lay before me, and lowering clouds, I did not ascend its banks. The Arve was my guide, and I marched through the Valley of Chamounix to Argentiere, where there is a very fine glacier: here, being a little fatigued, after three hours walking, carrying a pack with four pounds weight of silver in it, I required some refreshment, and entering a house which bore a sign, demanded "*Avez vous quelque chose pour boire ?*" The *garçon* smiled at my mistake, and begged to explain that it was not an auberge, but the Douane.* I, of course apologised, and mounting my traps, made the best of my way off, fearful of receiving an order to shew the contents. Near this I turned off from the route of the Col de Balme, which being robed in clouds, would be useless to expect a view from ; and met a young chamois-hunter who, for a frank and half, gladly consented to ease me of my pack and act as guide through Tête Noir to Trient, where I proposed staying the night : not having entered an auberge, I availed myself of his invitation to some milk, brown bread, and butter, all very capital. Though the lower orders of Swiss peasantry cannot be said to enjoy the good things of this world : still, I

* The revenue station where passports and luggage are examined.

have observed that they possess many comforts which, to my own countrymen of the same class, would be down-right luxuries : except in a few instances, I have not seen an appearance of poverty. Superfluities they have not. The cow or herd of goats, with a few dwindled sheep, constitute the entire of the peasant's live stock, and these supply the wants of his family. He has land in abundance, and it may be superadded a small patch producing maize or Indian corn, potatoes, and flax. In the season, the influx of strangers offers a great temptation to the mountaineer to lead the desultory life of a guide : for this purpose he leaves his chal t and repairs to the town. They live almost gratuitously at the auberges, and in return exert themselves to procure those they accompany to resort to the one they patronize. The black bread of which I have eaten, delicious cheese, and milk or sour wine, constitute the Alpine peasant's food. On this the men grow hardy, robust, and enduring. It is astonishing the fatigue a guide will go through, day after day, carrying one or two heavy knapsacks.

The numerous chal ts on the hill tops strike the tourist with surprise. These it must be understood are merely temporary habitations occupied during the summer, and in winter covered by ten feet or more of snow. Around may generally be observed good feeding land, which explains the cause of their singularly chosen site.

The chalêts are the most picturesque looking buildings possible. I am surprised some of our men of taste and fortune do not scatter a few through their extensive lawns ; the effect would be singularly beautiful. Many of the Swiss chalêts are decorated with carved wood, and bear inscriptions in the German characters, commonly the name of the owner, date of erection, with a verse or two of the scriptures.

We continued to descend an extremely wild gorge into Val Valorsine. Le Beut frowns from his cloud-capped peak and the Eau Noire (Black-water), tumbles over vast rocks to join the Rhone. The Tête Noir is the passage uniting the valley of Valorsine and Trient ; it is singularly wild : the part termed Maupas, a corruption of Mauvais pas, is frightful. A precipitous descent of four or five thousand feet is on one side, and but a few slender rotten branches by way of protection. The gallery hewn out of the rock was frightfully dark ; many rocks lie suspended over the passenger's head when he gains the open air. I arrived at Trient by three o'clock, and ordered refreshments for self and guide. There were many reasons why I should push on to Martigny : I had abundance of time, the distance being but eight miles. The accommodation here was wretched, and the people having, I suspect, but few visitors, were resolved to make the most of them. This is a growing evil in this country : from the concourse of strangers, the peo-

ple are getting avaricious, and positively will do nothing without payment, “*Point d’argent, point de Suisse,*” “No money no Swiss” is the universal motto. The road from Trient to Martigny is excessively difficult: after leaving the former, I mounted a steep hill which looked into the valley, a noble scene, and passing through a gorge between two hills, I commenced a descent much more fatiguing than the previous ascent. After an hour’s work, in which I got about half way down, I beheld Martigny near the angle of a vast valley, closed on all sides by a lofty horizon of mountains: the Rhone runs nearly right in the centre, and stretching parallel, the road to Riddes straight as an arrow. It was a perfect map; villages lay scattered through a rich country, dotted with clumps of trees, and vineyards looked beautifully green in the setting sun. I went forward with new vigour having my post in view, and arrived about 7 o’clock, after a walk of twenty-four miles; in my opinion, having traversed some of the toughest work in Switzerland.

Martigny, in Latin Octodurus, is a small town in the Bas Valais: it appears entirely composed of inns. I staid at the Grande Maison, a large barrack of a house, formerly a convent. The *salle à manger* would remind one of an old baronial hall, the roof being arched and groined. Not a little tired, I retired early to rest.

CHAPTER XIX.

Pissevache cascade — Proceed to St. Bernard—Liddes—The Praue — Convent — Music-Chamber of Napoleon — The Monks — Dogs — Morgue-Museum—Antiquity of the Pass — Auberge — Troublesome wise—Enter Italy— Brief account of d'Aosta — Triumphal arch—Cathedral—Amphi-theatre—Cloisters—Parting glance—An obstacle—Retrace my steps — Party at the convent—John Bull — Cause for antipathy to books—French marriages—Martigny—Diligence to Leuk—Fellow-travellers—Sion Cathedral—Path to the Baths—Overtaken by night.

Tuesday 26th.

GRAND MAISON, Martigny.—I have just returned from seeing the finest sight that has as yet met my eyes in Switzerland, (Mont Blanc always excepted) namely, the Pissevache. This sublime cascade is about three miles distant, or an hour's walk. The road is in the centre of a glen through which the Rhone glides, and the sides of the valleys are composed of mountains lofty and barren. From a dark ravine, the small river urges its impetuous course to the verge of a precipitous rock, whence it

plunges into the basin beneath, by a perpendicular fall of 280 feet. It is impossible to describe the sensation produced of awe and fear, when you behold the immense body of water tumbling headlong from the dizzy height in dense volumes: the sheets of spray rising like clouds of smoke from the basin, and covering the air to a considerable distance with moist vapour. It well repays the trouble of a walk, for anything so sublime I never before witnessed.

Wednesday, 27th.

Leaving Martigny this morning at six o'clock, I set out for St. Bernard. I traversed part of the line leading to Chamounix, by the village of Martigny, until I reached the bridge over the Dranse, where I turned to the left. Keeping by the banks of the river, the road wound between some stupendous precipices, and I continued for a considerable space of time to traverse the vast gorge. This is extremely picturesque, high mountains tower on either side, and the torrent rapidly tumbles through the glen. The village of St. Branchier afforded me a breakfast in the little auberge, and I travelled with the stream and passed through a small gallery cut through the rock. The next place I came to was Osières, a small town on the banks of the Dranse. I could see peeping over the horizon the Cormayeur and the Col Ferret, while the Glacier of Valsorey cast a light gleam over the scene.

The mills in the neighbourhood of La Valette deserve to be pointed out to the attention of the lover of the picturesque, each turned by a roaring torrent which comes tumbling down the rocks. I passed through part of the valley of Bagnes, which is ten leagues in length,—the mountains stretching high in the air on all sides. At Liddes I staid to rest and dine ; the auberge is one of the best and cheapest in Switzerland, a combination very rare indeed. I met at table two Jesuits, who arrived from the Convent of St. Bernard, whither I was going, and also an Irish party of two ladies and a gentleman, whose connexions I was acquainted with, Mr. and Mrs. W— and Miss B—. After dinner we mounted mules and rode together to the convent.

Aleve and St. Pierre are two inconsiderable places. The road in this district is splendidly rugged. One time it resembled very much the pass of the Tête Noire, in the fearful depth of its glens. We entered shortly on the mountain region, called the Prau, and soon every trace of fertilization was entirely lost ; the Alpine hills towered to the clouds, while vast masses of snow lay imbedded in the ravines. We caught sight of the glacier of Menoue, above which soars Mont Velan, the highest summit of the St. Bernard range.

Vast and naked rocks were now all to be seen ; huge masses of gigantic masonry appeared to wall out the milder world, and seemed proud of the

grandeur of their own sterile regions. Sometimes we had to cross the prostrate avalanches which had descended to destroy, (two victims had perished this winter) and often were we forced to deviate from the path, and make a detour, where the mass of snow totally obstructed the passage. At length, by the direction of my muleteer, I looked up, and beheld the mansion of Charity ready to receive me. It is a large substantial building, devoid of ornament, security being all required ; near it is a smaller one, built to break the force of the avalanches, which divide and descend in lesser portions on either side.

Leaving my mule in the stable, enjoying the provender which his owner brought with him, as is the custom, I mounted the stairs, and, was shewn into the stranger's refectory ; two members of the Jesuit order were already arrived, and in a short time the Irish gentleman, his wife and her young friend made their appearance ; my mule being fresh, had left them behind in the ascent. A lady from Turin was also of our party ; and when we sat down to an excellent supper, with some of the best wine in Switzerland, our worthy president, the brother of Mt. Bernard appointed to receive strangers, left us nothing to wish for. In that spirit of hospitality, which has rendered their name celebrated throughout the universe, he ministered to our wants in the most benevolent manner. After our meal and the customary grace,

the piano being opened, Mrs. W— was kind enough to sit down and play our national air, St. Patrick's Day, with several others. She sang too “Away to the mountain's brow,” and if not with such execution as her namesake of stage notoriety, at least with as much as to charm the inmates of the Alpine Convent of St. Bernard.

When it was time to retire to rest and repose after the fatigues of the day, and prepare for those of the morrow, the brother apprised me of the honour which awaited me, that “my chamber was occupied by the Emperor Napoleon when on his way to fight the Austrians at Marengo.” I need not say it gained more interest in my eyes from that event; for I regard every memento of that singular man, as something which had once occurred, and never likely to occur again. My chamber was long and lofty, rather narrow for its length, with the roof arched. It looked on the eternal snows, and a small lake flowed, or lay extended before my windows. There was nothing in the furniture that betokened imperial possession, if I except some half dozen leather-covered chairs, and a long table, where a board of officers might deliberate upon the downfall of nations. “And this room,” I said to myself, as I paced its length, “contained Napoleon!—within these humble walls had been that mighty spirit, whose love was to destroy,—that restless mind whom no conquests could satiate, no victories suffice—till, like

the tired wrestler, fatigued with triumphs, he became a prey in his turn,—and these lowly men, the monks of St. Bernard, will yet be remembered, when the name of Napoleon shall be heard of no more.”

July, 28th.

I slept well and soundly. I had no kingdoms to conquer, no enemies to chastise, and I half regretted being obliged to rise when the servant announced *dejeuner* at eight o'clock. However, a long day's walk was before me, and I dressed and descended to the *salle a manger*, where I found the party of the preceding night, the Jesuits alone excepted. After the usual salutations and inquiries, I sat beside the kind monk, and partook of an excellent breakfast.

We rose *en masse*, and descended into the ground surrounding the Convent, where we were joined by another of the order. The number of the *chanoines* is not fixed, varying from twenty to thirty—about ten usually reside at the Convent, and in the winter the Prior at Martigny; he exercises the functions of bishop. The chief duties of the order are the exercise of hospitality to travellers, who pass to and from Italy by that route—and during the winter, and severe months, accompanied by large sagacious dogs, the monks explore the paths, and render aid to all who may require it. We were attended in our walk by the

brink of the lake, by five or six of their splendid dogs—they resemble somewhat the English mastiff, but the head is much larger. They trotted through the snow, and though near 7000 feet above the sea, stood in the cold water quite unconcerned. We looked into the morgue, or receptacle for the dead, and saw several skeletons,—many of those, unfortunate travellers.

On our return to the house we visited the chapel, which is of considerable size and richness. There are many excellent paintings, and a fine monument to General Dessaix: also a good organ; there is a box here for charitable donations. We saw next the cabinet of Natural History, which does great credit to the brethren, by the systematic arrangement of the products of their district. The beasts, chamois, marmots, squirrels, &c.—birds, eagles, hawks, various fowls, and an infinite variety of small birds are preserved with the utmost regularity. The ores, metals, stones, and minerals, are ranged in cases round the walls,—the whole bespeaking taste and talent. The library was next shewn; besides theological works, are those of Sir Walter Scott, and others of our English authors.

As the party was lessening, I retired to my chamber, and assuming my pack and staff, resumed my pilgrimage to the Cité d'Aost. My way lay along the borders of the lake. One of the finest of the dogs insisted on keeping me com-

pany, as if he felt it his duty to protect me as far as the bounds which divide Switzerland from Italy; when that was past I stood quite alone. If it is in the storms of nature that man feels his littleness, as has been elsewhere observed, I think it is in the calm of nature that he most feels his greatness. I stood a solitary being amid the giant mountains; but I was superior to them. Since the earliest ages they had been subservient to man, nor could their highest eminences bar his progress. During the time of Augustus this was the route by which the legions of Rome poured their numbers on Helvetia, on Gaul, and Germania. The troops of Aulus Cæcina, in A.D. 69, marched by this pass against the Emperor Otho in Italy. And from the 15th to 21st May, 1800, the French army of 30,000 men, commanded by Napoleon in person passed by this route, cannon and cavalry. Each piece of ordnance required sixty-four men to draw it across the mountain.

The Convent of St. Bernard was founded by St. Bernard of Menthon, in 962, and is maintained by the annual collections made in the neighbouring Cantons. The privations of the brethren may be easily imagined: living in the midst of eternal snows,—never feeling the genial warmth of the summer sun,—having neither trees nor vegetables, at the height of 7,542 feet above the Mediterranean,—it may be truly said to be one of the most

exalted dwellings in the whole world. Mont Vélan is 10,327 feet in height.

As I descended the mountain I observed an infinity of mineral substances, some resembling gold, others silver strata; the former is called moraine. Also might be remarked mica, granite, quartz, and other objects interesting to the geologist. I went over the Plan de Jupiter, where it is believed the Romans had anciently a hospice, and continued by the fertile meadows of Vacherie. There are ample fields for the botanist, abounding with crocus, gentian, rhododendron, and other Alpine plants. On arriving at St. Remy, a little village beautifully situated at the foot of the Alps, I was ushered into the Douane, where my knapsack was inspected, to gratify the curiosity of the soldiers of his Majesty the King of Sardinia.

When that task was over, I asked if they required my passport, but was told not,—that that duty belonged to an office about a league further on, so I bade them good morning, and continued to proceed. The road was highly picturesque, winding by the side of a deep ravine, through which runs a torrent, while the dark firs clothe the sides of the vast mountains in their sombre garb. These pine-forests are a great protection to the villages against the fury of the avalanche. I walked through St. Oyen, a wretched village, as I conceived, not to return for some time, and arrived

at Etrouble, very wrongly designated by Abel, as *un grand village*; it being, in my opinion, the very reverse. This was nearly half way to Aosta, and wearied with the heat and difficulty of my descent, I would fain rest and refresh me; for this purpose I entered the auberge, a miserable hole, and passed through an empty kitchen, into a room containing some tables and chairs. Here laying down my knapsack and staff, I sat on a form, and by the glimmering light which fell through the closed window-shutters, I thought I perceived a servant girl. I inquired could I have some wine; she was silent, and I was proceeding to demand some in a louder tone, when my eyes, now accustomed to the gloom, discerned the outlines of a bed, in which lay a female;—it, of course, put an end to my hopes of refreshment, when the girl said that the master was out, and the mistress ill; I mounted my traps and set forth again on my route.

My passport had not yet been demanded; and knowing the extreme scrupulosity about such affairs in Piedmont, I really felt afraid to proceed. At the little bridge, I inquired from a young man in a sort of costume, where was the Douane.

“*Ici, Monsieur,*” was the reply. “Can I see the person on duty?”

He called the officer, who presently appeared.

I explained in French how my pack had been

looked over on my descent from St. Bernard ; but that my passport had not been demanded.

“ Did you pass through St. Oyen ? ”

“ Yes,” I answered. He seemed surprised.

“ Did you meet the carabinier ? ”

“ No ! ” He shook his head,—it was as I feared.

“ You must go back, Sir.”

I inquired particularly, if it was possible to proceed without the signature of St. Oyen. “ Quite out of the question,” was the decisive answer ; so leaving my pack and coat in the douane, I set off in my blouse to retrace my steps to St. Oyen. Fortunately the distance was not above a mile, and I soon beheld the carabinier sitting on a bench. He appeared equally surprised at hearing that I had passed, and proceeded forthwith to write the requisite permission. Finding an auberge close at hand, I dropped into it, and in a few minutes was hard at work discussing bread, cheese, and some capital white wine. I was thus employed when the carabinier returned with my passport. On my inquiry if he would have some wine, I never witnessed a more graceful bow than he made, declining my offer ; and when the aubergiste came, after receiving a mere nothing for my fare, to take me by the hand, and wish me a *bon voyage*, I felt there was a kindness and politeness about these rustic people that is seldom met with in our colder climes.

Resuming my pack, I set off again on my march by La Cluse, Pignaud and Signays, until, about

six o'clock in the evening, I espied the Cité d'Aost at the entrance to the Val d'Aosta, and heard the Italian language sounding in mine ears. Instead of "*bon soir*," I now said, "*buona notte*," and having arrived in the city, established myself in mine inn.

I had scarcely finished supper and some very good wine, before I heard my name mentioned, and Mr. and Capt. E—, the two brothers with whom I had been at Chaumonix, made their appearance. They had been the other way making the tour of Mont Blanc, and were now going to St. Bernard, and thence by Martigny and Villeneuve to Lausanne and Fribourg,—after to the Oberland, where we hoped to meet. They had seen me from the windows of their hotel, and came to inquire how I got on.

CITÉ D'AOST.

July 29th.

I awoke this morning more exhausted than I had ever before been, and passed the greater part of the day writing, and touching off many of my sketches, which previously I had but the outlines of. About two o'clock I moved out to look at some of the antiquities with which this place abounds. It was built by the Emperor Augustus, and called after him *Augusta Praetorium*. There are various portions of the old walls standing, some massy gates and towers. What particularly struck

my attention was a triumphal arch adorned with pillars of the Corinthian order. An inscription informs you that "the Sallines long disputed these walls. Rome victorious here reposes her laurels." Near it is a bridge built of marble, also by the Romans. Returning, I passed underneath two arches, one in each wall, connected by a very strong tower; also an inscription: "The Emperor Augustus built this town in three years, and gave it his own name, 723 years, U. C."

Sunday, 31st.

I have just completed my final inspection of this abode of antiquity, and discovered a great many ruins which had before escaped my observation. I heard mass in the Cathedral Church, which is of very considerable size, and adorned with a number of paintings; also some very rich carvings, and boasts a splendid marble pulpit of various colours. The entrance to the church is richly ornamented, and there are two towers, one on each side. After service I entered on a picturesque path leading outside the walls, and near the port beheld a fine round tower; the lower parts however, are much dilapidated, but the top is yet nearly perfect. The material with which the walls were built, was a rough clayey granite, externally faced with well-burnt brick, hard as our fire brick,—the cement used is durable as stone. The scenery without the wall is very picturesque; vast Alps tower on every side,

raising their snowy heads in long chains to the horizon. The valley is varied by vineyards and corn-fields,—many handsome chateaux lie interspersed, surrounded by dark woods, stretching far up the sides of the mountains in their rear. I kept along by the ancient walls, till I reached the arch of Augustus, which I have already described, and having lingered in the shade of this memento of Roman greatness, I turned into the town. I made my way through narrow lanes, until I stood before the few remaining walls, of what the ancients were accustomed to regard as their chief place of amusement, and on which the most enormous sums were expended,—the amphitheatre. Here, where the blood of beasts, and doubtless of brave men had often flowed, the wind whistles plaintively through three compartments, each containing three windows and arches in triple rows. A few cabins are reared against the stately ruin, seeming to mock its fallen greatness.

I own I viewed with melancholy interest this vestige of a nation's cruelty; but it suited the customs of the times, and the sight of blood was nothing strange to the warlike Roman.

Leaving the amphitheatre, I made towards a high tower, and was sketching some antique structure close by, when several Monks passed me. I saluted them, and on entering their convent, they sent a servant with a chair, in case I should wish to sit down. When my drawing was completed I

went into the ancient quadrangle, near the church of St. Francis. It is a perfect square, surrounded on all sides by a portico, supported by springing arches, on light gothic columns. They are made of black marble, and have a beautiful effect. Round the walls are coarse paintings, representing the most important events in the saint's life,—and over one door a beautiful bas relief Crucifixion, with the Virgin, and Magdalen at the foot of the cross; near is a richly carved door. The whole is in a state of shameful neglect, being abandoned to the use of carpenters, and sawyers; huge piles of wood are placed against the pictures, and many are totally defaced, others more or less obliterated.

CONVENT OF ST. BERNARD.

Monday, 1st August.

A bright sun shone cheerfully on chapel and tower, as I looked on the ancient Cité d'Aosta for the last time, from the hill winding above, on my way to the Val Pellina. I rested my knapsack against the wall, and leaning on my staff, took in the magnificent range at a single glance. The Cité lay beneath, and from end to end the white walls lay bleached again by the rays of the new-born day.

The venerable arch appeared at one angle like the advanced sentinel of an army, and the stately

remains of the amphitheatre, glorious even in decay, stood out boldly defined against the clear blue sky. Circling the horizon, far as my eye could reach, towered the giant Alps, many with rocks bare and rugged, while some of a milder nature had donned a garment, and stood robed in firs. A rich tillage and vine country, intersected by purling streams, and varied with trees and chalêts, the inhabitants beginning to stir abroad, completed the charming landscape.

I walked slowly onwards, musing as is my wont, on the decay of human greatness, and the vast power the Romans once possessed, when I overtook a pedestrian, whom I engaged as guide, and also to carry my pack, it being *un peu pesant*, in the heat of an Italian sun. I did intend going from d'Aosta to Sion, on my way to the Gemmi, by what appeared in Keller's Carte, a practicable route, namely, the Val Pellina, and Col Tourmente, avoiding thereby the retracing my steps to Martigny, over the Grand St. Bernard. In accordance with this route, we diverged from the road, and entered a narrow path leading to Gignod. It was extremely beautiful, but difficult, winding by the side, or rather the top of a thickly wooded glen, through which rushed a foaming torrent, crossed by a pretty stone bridge. To this we descended by a foot-way, alive with lizards, and I suspect a few vipers lurked in the sedgy weeds bordering the stream.

As the guide had not gone the entire route before, I thought it prudent to make inquiries. We met near the bridge with a very intelligent old man, who knew the road well, and who assured me I was about to commit a very rash act, in going the route. He said I could have no knowledge of the difficulty, and the extreme peril I should encounter. This was all new to me; I was aware there was a glacier, but the old man said, on the bare glacier alone, I would have to walk six hours, and that it was full of flaws,—in fine, that this passage was very seldom attempted. Under such circumstances it would be folly to proceed, so I reluctantly ordered my guide to shape his course to St. Bernard.

By some mischance we missed our way, and had to climb a steep ascent, before we could discover the road; happily we had not gone far astray, and made a good journey. At St. Oyen I hired a mule, and after the tedious ascent reached the Convent.

I was the only guest in the house, at the hour approaching to supper, and was meditating passing a solitary evening, when a stout young Englishman made his appearance. He was the precursor of many others,—two French, then a party of two ladies and three gentlemen, one a perfect specimen of his class, a truly original, undisputable, unmistakable John Bull. We mustered a tolerable large

party to supper, which was served in the usual style of comfort.

Our worthy Briton was of the middle age and size ; his round rosy cheeks betokened good living, and his burly corporation body shewed that the good things of this life had not failed to increase his dimensions. I had the pleasure to sit next him at supper, and his remarks were quite entertaining. He wondered much what possessed him to visit the Convent, and how he consented to be frozen among the snows of St. Bernard. I inquired if he rode a mule up the mountain.

“ Ride, a mule !” he repeated, “ to be sure, sir, I ride every where that it is possible for a beast to go. Sir, I rode my mule down Mont Anvert, where I went to see the Mer de Glace : I have no idea of paying for a mule and not using him.” The Swiss scenery, he said, “ nonsense, all humbug, not equal to Kent :” the passage of the Tête Noire he, however, allowed to be very fine. In the morning, when the strangers were visiting the curiosities of the Convent, some one asked him would he not go and see the library. “ No, Sir, I hate the sight of books : a foolish old uncle of mine, Sir, left his books to the Bodleian : Sir, his library was worth 20,000*l.* !” Among the guests, was a celebrated botanist, a professor at some University—quite an enthusiast: “ Nothing,” he said, “ but an avalanche should ever deter him from seeking plants ;” he had been collecting while mak-

ing the ascent, and spoke of having met the best specimens under the snow. He took great care to obtain the roots of each plant, for there is some new classification about to be made from the roots. The ladies with their spouses were from London. I was again placed in the chamber of Napoleon, and as fortunate as before, enjoyed a sound sleep.

Tuesday, 2d.

I rose at six, and breakfasted ; for the young Englishman, Mr C—, was about to return to Martigny, and as I was going thither, I wished to enjoy the pleasure of his society. He had travelled much ; was lately returned from the Pyrenees, and previously spent a good deal of his time in Paris ; we talked over French manners and customs, and gladly gave the preference to English. He said the way in which matrimonial connections were formed in France was truly disgraceful : the young lady having no option, but to take the person proffered by her parents. Such, thank God ! is not the case with us ; for though the parents must always be supposed to have the interest of their child at heart and judge dispassionately ; still, I would be sorry to take to my bosom the woman who only acceded to the commands of her father and mother. We were very fortunate in the weather ; the day was lovely, not a cloud disturbed the serene sky, and the snowy peaks were clearly

pencilled against the azure canopy. We encountered many parties in our descent, the females riding astride with very short stirrups. On our arrival at Liddes, we had dinner, and met with a very fashionable gentlemanly man, who was of Lord E—'s party, and said Lord E—thought the ascent of St. Bernard so difficult, he feared to attempt it. This fear of fatigue is very rare indeed with Englishmen, whom the guides prefer to any other nation when danger is to be braved, or difficulty surmounted. I heard an anecdote of Prince Polignac, when he was returning from the Jardin, being so overcome as to throw himself down, and refuse to go on if the guide did not take him on his shoulders, which the poor man was forced to do for a mile and a half. My companion was much amused, when in the books at the inns, any person made a feat of having made "the tour of Mont Blanc," and said it would be a good thing to write underneath, "Miss Campbell did that;" which this young lady with her mother actually did, a few years back. At Liddes the party, including John Bull, whom we had at the convent, overtook us on their return into Valais.

We set off for Martigny about three o'clock, and passed several English about to ascend : one, at least could not be mistaken, he sung out from a *char*, "have you been highly gratified?" to my great amusement. He guessed our being English, from appearance, not, of course, knowing what our

language was. About seven o'clock we reached Martigny. I staid with Mr C— at the same hotel as before.

Wednesday, August 3rd.

Not to lose time, I had engaged my place the night before, and now stepped into the Simplon Diligence as it drove up to the door to go to Leuk. I was fortunate in having for fellow-travellers two of my St. Bernard acquaintances, Mr. and Mrs. P—, who were also going to make the tour of Oberland. The road lay through the fertile valley of the Rhone, nearly parallel to the bed of that river and abounded with a variety of fine prospects. After leaving Riddes, a small village, we crossed the river by a fine covered bridge leading to St. Pierre. At Ardon there is a manufactory for iron, where I understand they forge iron of an excellent quality;—about two hours farther still in the Valais we arrived at Sion.

Sion, called by the Germans, Sitten, and the Sedenum of the Romans, is the capital of the Canton Valais, and the residence of a bishop; it numbers about 4000 inhabitants; the streets are broad and well built. It is situated in the valley of the Rhone, near the place where that river unites with the Sionne. The country around appears fertile and well cultivated: meadows, vineyards, and gardens vary the scene.

The cathedral or church of the Blessed Virgin,

is a very fine building of the Gothic order and great antiquity. Close by we perceived the church of St. Theodule, built by Cardinal Matthew Schianer. The chateau of Torbillon, built in 1492, was formerly the residence of the bishop, but is now a picturesque ruin, having been burned in 1788. The chateau of Majorie is also in ruins. There is a convent of Capuchins near this town, one of the friars left with us; he was the first in the costume I had ever seen, and in his close scull-cap, venerable beard and loose brown woollen robes—secured round his waist by the white cord of St. Francis,—presented a strikingly picturesque appearance.

On our way thence to Leuk, we drove through Sierre or Siders, a tolerably large country town, and saw the ruins of the strong fortress of Alt Siders, and the chateau of Beauregard boldly perched on a rock; it was destroyed in 1414 during the proscription of its lord by the Valaisans. In the environs of this town, is produced excellent Muscatel wine, also the Malvoisie. Leaving behind Sierre, we crossed the Rhone, and kept the river to the left. The forests of Pfyne clothed the hills, and the broad course of the river afforded a scene of extreme ruggedness; behind the gorge of La Dala, peered the broken head of the Gemmi. As the vehicle did not go up to the little village of Leuk, we descended at Susten, and em-

ployed a cart to transport us three and luggage, which was cleverly effected.

After having partaken of refreshment, it was arranged that Mr. P—— and I should walk to the baths of Leuk, while two mules carried, one Mrs. P——, and the other the luggage.

The road winding through the steep gorge of La Dala, afforded a succession of the most picturesque scenery I have ever beheld. The stream flows in torrent style through the centre of the glen, and waving trees line the banks ; we mounted up steeps and descended valleys. The portion termed the gallery is narrow and fearful, if not dangerous. As it was late when we left the village, the shades of night soon hurried round us, and the stars lit their lamps in the expiring rays of the sun. As the darkness increased, each twinkling light became more brilliant ; and when we entered the close pent valley, in which the baths are situated, a galaxy of glowing satellites encircled the silver moon. The effect of light and shade on the mountains was splendid ; before us lay the valley, embosomed in the vast hills, whose gloom was unbroken, save by the few lights that streamed from the unclosed casements. I could hardly discern the outlines of the mountains where all was dark ; but on the lofty peaks of the Gemmi, the moonbeams fell, and as the sharp masses lay clearly defined in the cold grey light, they

shewed a complete wall of rock, bare, steep, and precipitate. Long before we reached the little town, we were cheered by its lights; and on our entrance, the sound of gay music, and the shuffling feet of dancers caught our ears—not being exactly in dancing humour, we hastened to the *Maison Blanc*.

CHAPTER XX.

Prepare for the Gemmi—Ready excuses of a waiter—Leuk-bad
 —Unique Road—Cross the summit—Government extortion
 —Lake of Thun—Storm amid the Alps—Bern—The members of the Diet — Forbearance of young ladies — Fellow-countryman — Bernese peasants — Voyage on the Lake of Thun — Interlacken — Road to Lauterbrunnen — Bösestein — Inscription — The Staubbach—Wengern Alp—Jungfrau — Avalanches—Valley of Grindelwald.

Thursday, 4th.

AT five o'clock I was up, and stirring: we had arranged the last night to start in the cool of the morning, Mr. P—, and I on foot, his lady on a mule as yesterday, and having passed the Gemmi, to hire a carriage at Kandersteg to take us in the evening to Thun.

Even at this early hour, the bathers in their loose gowns were astir, passing to the baths, where they remain for a considerable time. We had breakfast at the hotel before we started, and I was quite amused at the adroitness, with which the waiter got out of the following difficulties. I took up a slip of paper, lying on the breakfast table, and

observed it was the bill of a person, who had exactly the same as myself. Supper, bed, and breakfast, but it was much lower than my bills generally were; so I resolved to see and compare mine with it. When the waiter brought mine to me, it was half as high again as the other, and I asked the *garçon* why he charged me so much more for chamber.

“ Oh ! Monsieur was up high.”

“ Well so was I.”

“ But Monsieur slept in a room with another.”

“ You have charged me much more for déjeuné.”

“ Oh ! Monsieur breakfasted on bread and milk.”

There was no catching the fellow; so I was forced to desist.

Leuk-Bad, or Baden as it is simply called by the natives, is situated 4,404 feet above the sea, in the heart of a fertile valley, enclosed by mountains : its thermal waters are the most celebrated in Switzerland, being well suited to remove disorders of the skin, and bowels; their temperature is about forty degrees of Reaumur. The great source is called the source of St. Lawrence.

When we got a little on our route, and observed the perpendicular height of the Gemmi, rising like a wall before us, it appeared miraculous how we were to surmount this formidable barrier. Gradually however as we advanced, the path unfolded itself like the mazes of a labyrinth, and we pro-

ceeded in a zigzag manner, up the face of the giant rock. Abel is not wrong when he says the way is unique in its kind; for I dare say the universe does not present a similar passage. Sometimes the rocks are left like regular flights of stairs, and often nothing but a plain surface, of slippery rock, affords to man and beast an uncertain footing,—there is very little protection in the way of parapet, for often the road runs on a precipitous descent of many hundred feet, where a false movement would be certain destruction.

When we had reached to a considerable height, the valley lay beneath, with the Leukenbad in a cluster of houses: on the opposite side lay the mighty range of Alps, separating the Valais from Piedmont. The path now became so truly perpendicular, that Mrs P— dismounted, having proved her courage in horsemanship by riding over some of the most breakneck passes I ever witnessed, quite enough to terrify the most daring rider: she now walked for some time. We roused the echoes, and they proved tolerably good;—after an hour and half fatiguing ascent we reached the summit.

This truly remarkable passage was constructed by the Tyrolese in 1736. When at the foot of the mountain, you are ignorant of the way to ascend, and when at the top, you know not how to get down. A vast range of glacier, and peaked aiguilles greeted our vision on the summit. Those of Laumern, Strubal, Ragli, and farther off, Ander-

hink, in the Simmenthal. The torrents flowing from these icy seas, cast themselves into the little lake of Daube, along whose muddy waters we proceeded for near two miles, — it is frozen during eight months of the year. About half a league from this is the auberge of Schwarrenback, inhabited only in summer, and in winter covered by eighteen feet of snow. This was the place where Werner laid the scene of his poem. “14th February.” We rested here to bait the mules.

The auberge is clean, and considering its situation comfortable: it stands on the brink of a steep glen; the bare, and rifted rocks, starting like furious giants, high towards heaven. Eternal snow descends in fleecy masses from their severe brows. As we proceeded the way became excessively rugged, owing to our traversing the broken back of a mountain, which fell a tremendous *lavange* in 1782. It was part of the Rinderhorn, and now the disjointed mass looks as if it had been chopped in two by some powerful hand. After passing by some chalêts, Ober Winterick, and Unter Winterick, we commenced our descent, down a steep, but picturesque gorge, from which the torrent of Nuschnen tumbles: it forms in one place a considerable cascade; the path bordered with various shrubs and blooming flowers in vast profusion, is extremely steep and rugged; yet, beautiful as it was, I saw with great pleasure the valley of Kander underneath. About half a league from the foot of

the Gemmi is the village of Kandersteg, the only village in the entire vale. About two hours walk to the north-east is CEschental, which abounds with various romantic scenes. A pretty lake lies in a valley, surrounded by meadow and woodlands. At the auberge of the Kander we were provided with an acceptable and comfortable dinner, having partaken of which, we set off in our voiture for Thun.

The government of Bern, taking care to keep as many good things as possible to themselves, have assumed the direction of the voitures, and by a most iniquitous tariff contrive to squeeze thirty-six francs out of travellers for a drive of five hours, being actually one hour in time less than the Sardinians charge for going from Sallenches to Chaumonix, and, much as that government like the cash, they have the conscience to charge but fourteen francs.

Frutigen, three leagues from Kandersteg, is the best village in Switzerland ; the houses are large, roomy, and well built. Near this is the Chateau of Tellenburg, anciently the residence of a ballie. From Schernackthal we had a good view of the snowy Blumlis-Alp, and skirted a large mountain named the Frau.

Evening came on, as we advanced, and the lovely lake of Thun was darkened by the twilight shade. Along the crests of the enormous mountains which we had left behind, dark masses of

clouds were rolling their vapoury forms, and the Blumlis-Alp, which I had but a moment before gazed at with delight, was now one huge veil of mist. Before us lay Thun, at the extremity of the lake, its embattled chateau, and the taper spire of the church yet receiving the streaks of sun-light, while the lower buildings of the town seemed to cower before the coming storm. Along the lofty peak of Jungfrau, there drifted three or four specs, looking on the fleecy snow like drifting rocks ; but were in reality electric clouds ; a yellow sulphury hue seemed to pervade all, and a crash of rolling thunder, accompanied by a few heavy drops of rain, announced the storm at hand. We were fortunate in being near the town, and were snug in the Freyanhoff, before the worst. From the gallery of the hotel, we can see the following mountains : The Jungfrau, Glitscherhorn, Ebenfluh, Grosshorn, Breithorn, Blumlis-Alp, Frau, Frindhorn and Dolderhorn.

There is something awful in a storm at any time, or in any place, but much are its powers increased, among the vast and snow-clad Alps.

The sky is changed, and such a change, oh ! night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
And awful in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman. For along
Leaps the live thunder — not from one lone cloud ;
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers from her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud.

It was fortunate we were under shelter, for much as we paid for our carriage, I much doubt if the crazy canvass, forming the head, would resist a single drop of the heavy and incessant rain. The thunder rolled, and lightning flashed for a considerable time.

Friday, 5th.

Accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. P— I visited the capital of Switzerland—Bern. The road partakes more of those of France, than any I have as yet seen in this mountainous country : it is level, and runs through a good tillage country, without an eminence of any magnitude to be met on the journey. Neuhaus is half-way, where there is a good inn. The descent to Bern is very picturesque. On the opposite side of the Aar is the town. From the midst of a cluster of streets, the Cathedral raises its venerable head. A strong chateau is also to be seen, with many other public buildings. At the base of the hill the river winds in a circular sweep, like a moat round the walls of a fortress. We crossed its only bridge, passed through a gateway, and entered Bern. This city may, very fairly, be classed among the other capitals of Europe ; the streets are long, and spacious, —the houses solid, and regular, — the trottoirs are covered, so that one may walk from end to end, in the worst weather, without being incommoded. The several fountains are worthy inspection, being

adorned with statues. Those of Justice, Samson, l'Abbaye des Tireurs, Superieures, le Cigogne, David, l'Ogre, and one in the Rue Aarberg are very curious. The last represents an ancient warrior with a small bear climbing up his knee.

The cathedral, which we visited, is a fine building of Gothic architecture, its interior is imposing from the style of its arches and pillars: the tower near the principal entrance is 191 feet in height; an extensive prospect may be had from the gallery; the aisle is 160 feet long, by 80 broad; the choir is separated from the nave by a wall; the vestry-room contains an immense number of curiosities, vestments of Charles le Temeraire, the covering of his tent, banners, and a number of pictures in tapestry.

L'Eglise Française is also a fine building, situated near the arsenal. The library contains 45,000 vols. and 14,000 MSS. Here are likewise a cabinet of medals, and a museum.

The gates are very large. On either side of one, are immense bears carved in stone, which have a very good effect. A little from this port I perceived a handsome building, adorned with pillars, where the Secretary to the Prussian Embassy has his bureau. Passing through these gates to the principal street, I was much struck with a huge figure in armour, carved in stone, and placed in one of the towers.

I did not know that the Diet was sitting this

day, and was puzzled thinking who were the dignified looking men, that promenaded the streets, followed by servants in cocked hats, and attired in party coloured garments : — some wore cloaks half red, and half white, others red, half black, and various colours ; these were the members, each followed by the livery of his canton, and their appearance was truly singular.

As this city is constituted the residence of the secretaries to the various embassies, I had to get my passport for the Rhine viséd by the Canton of Bern, the British Secretary, and the Prussian. I succeeded in all but the last, not having called at his bureau until after his hour of business, and though it could have been a very trifling inconvenience, indeed, for him to return a few hundred yards, and permit me to depart, he would not consent. I could hardly refrain manifesting my disgust, when at the same time of putting me to much trouble, he took off his hat, and made me a low bow. I left my passport with the porter of the hotel in Bern, to have it forwarded to Thun, and returned in the evening to the Freyanhoff with a very pleasant party, all of Great Britain.

We had supper in the *salle-a-manger*, and a good deal of amusement, reciting the various blunders, occasioned by the misapplication of foreign words. After having retired to rest, a young gentleman of our group heard the following dialogue take place in his native language,

between two young ladies who had sat in another part of the room.

1st Sister. "What vulgar people these English were, who took tea near us below stairs,—don't you think so?"

2nd. — "Oh! I don't know, not particularly vulgar."

1st.—"Dear me, not vulgar! did you ever hear such laughter?"

2nd.—"Well, why should not the people amuse themselves if they thought fit?" It did not, however, come up to the refined ideas of the first, that we should laugh at all. I much regretted that their departure at an early hour next morning for Interlacken, prevented me returning them thanks for their kind forbearance, in sitting still during our agreeable, though it may have been vulgar evening.

THUN.

Saturday, 6th.

The recital of the above conversation at breakfast afforded us sufficient mirth, to shock any ears refined as these of the Misses G——, for I did take the trouble of looking in the strangers' book for their names. After writing up my diary, I walked out, but was forced to return by heavy rain, accompanied with thunder and lightning.

As my friends had departed by the steam-boat

for Interlacken at two o'clock, and I was forced to remain and receive my passport, which I had left in Bern to be signed by the Prussian Secretary. I was again quite alone, however, with my usual good fortune. Solitude did not possess me long. At the table d'hôte were but two persons, a young gentleman, and myself: had we been from the Antipodes we must have made acquaintance; but it happened we not only spoke the same language, but the same land gave us birth; he too wrote the "O" before his name,—*ergo*, we agreed to travel together.

In the evening we walked through the town, and extended our ramble by the shores of the beautiful lake; the rain had ceased, and the usual stillness which succeeds a wet day, now hung over all. As we were to start at an early hour on the morrow, we returned, and got to rest by ten o'clock.

GRINDELWALD.

August, 7th.

At six o'clock, accompanied by my new-found countryman and the guide, I left the Freyenhoff, amidst the bows and *bon voyages* of landlord, and waiters, to get on board the *batteau à vapeur* to take me to Unterseen. The boat lay at some little distance from the town, and moving in the same direction, were many of the peasants, the females in their best attire,—sleeves white, black velvet spencers,

with silver chains, broad black hats, with low crown, hair in long plats, tied with ribbons absolutely trailing the ground. After all that I had heard, I confess myself much disappointed with the Bernese beauties ; their round, plump faces, are anything but handsome, and their figure anything but shapely.

When our passengers were on board, the iron bark shoved off from the shore. The lake of Thun is a perfect basin, surrounded on all sides by mountains, many of considerable magnitude. We could see the pyramidal form of Wiesen ; near are the superb glaciers of the Blumlis Alp ; on the side of the hill is the church of Hilterfingen, founded by king Rodolphe of Stroettigen in the year 933, surrounded by vast woods, and the attention is attracted by the ancient tower of Stroettigen, calling up by its pinnacles and embattled walls, the remembrance of the bygone days of chivalry. Near the mouth of the Kander is a bridge of a single arch, spanning a precipitous gulf, as if by magic. In the direction of the valley of Frutigen, peering above the borders of the lake, are the Balhorn, the Altels, and Rinderhorn, each a different specimen of vast outline. At the foot of Blum, are pretty villages, Oertli, and Herzigmacker. Next was seen at a little distance, Oberhofen, which is very much exposed to the danger of avalanches. Between Gunten and Ralligen, two good villages, are cas-

ecades formed by the Pfannenback, also an ancient building called the Chateau of Ralligen. After leaving Merlingen we saw the superb mass of the Wanderfluh close by the promontory of Nase, and somewhere about this spot, is the cavern of St. Beat.

Passing by a long gulf with some pretty views, leaving to the left the church of Beatenberg, we arrived at last at our destination.

At Neuhaus we procured a voiture, to take us to Interlacken. The road was level as a plain, and bordered on either side with poplars. We passed through the village of Unterseen, situated at the foot of the rocky mountain of Harder. On our left, perched on the side of cliffs, enveloped with trees, are the chalets of Oberhohlen, and Unterhohlen,—and from Waldeck the view is very fine. About half past eight, we reached Interlacken. The houses here partake much of the English fashion,—it being in fact the head quarters of the English in Switzerland. Most of the houses are *pensions* capable of containing several families. — We stopped at M. Seiler's.

The road from Interlacken to Lauterbrunnen is very picturesque: we started from the former place with our guide about ten o'clock, and went through a fertile glen, varied by rocky passes. At Unsprunnen are the decaying remains of a considerable fortress. The village of Wilderswyl is very picturesque; and quitting this, we entered into the

defile of the valley of Lutschenen, with a rapid torrent foaming beside us. Gigantic rocks tower above the stream, and splendid pines nod from the verge of precipitous cliffs. Close by the bridge of Wyler we saw the rock named Rothenfluh, or red rock, from the strata of that colour. It was once crowned by a chateau, belonging to the barons of the same name. At the opposite side of the little bridge, a vast piece of rock, to the right of the road, bears the name of Boesenstein, (wicked stone,) or Bruderstien, (brother stone,) and bears the following inscription: —

“Ici le baron Rothenfluh, fut occis par son frère. Obligé de fuir son patrie, le meurtrier termina sa vie dans l'exil et le desespoir, et fut le dernier de sa race, jadis si riche, et si puissante.”

Two rivers Lutschenen,—one called black, the other white, unite at the village of Zweylutschenen. The former comes from Grindelwald, the latter from Lauterbrunnen; they have their source from the glaciers. Leaving behind this village, and continuing by the Lutshenen Blanche, we proceeded to the valley of Lauterbrunnen. Not far from the entrance is a splendid mass of rock; the Hunnenfluh, and opposite the Sansbach descends in a precipitous steep into the fertile valley of Sansalp. The mountain queen, the fair Jungfrau, rises majestically at the end of the glen, and stands prominent over her compeers,—the Scheideck, Wengen Alp, and Lanthorn. This chain embraces many

more,—but, tired, we hasten to the Capricorn auberge. From the windows of this comfortable mountain inn, the tourist enjoys a fine view of the celebrated cascade, the Staubbach, which falls over a rock 900 feet in height, not above the distance of ten minutes walk from where I sit. This is the lower fall, of which perhaps the best view is had from the route to Grindelwald by the Wengen-Alp. About two leagues higher up, in a dark ravine, broken by ridges of mishapen rock, is a grotto called Staubbach Balme, where the upper fall takes place. After resting for some time at the auberge, we proceeded to Grindelwald, by the Wengen-Alp, for pedestrians one of the most picturesque and difficult routes in Switzerland.

From the moment of leaving the road leading from Lauterbrunnen to the Staubbach, we commenced one of the most toilsome and steep ascents, I ever encountered. This we traversed, and after an hour's continued mounting, arrived at the little village of Wengen. We then had less trouble in crossing a large summit of hill, near Trümleton, and from an angle, the view on both sides was splendid. On our right, lay the valley of Lauterbrunnen, watered by the Lutschenen; the immense gush of the Staubbach streaming like a pennant from the huge rock. On our left the Jungfrau, two Eiger, and the grand Scheideck of Hasli. We wound our way through a forest, and on entering again the plain, encountered a

party on mules: they proved to be Sir R. C—, Lady and Miss C—. While resting for a little at a chalêt, opposite to the snowy bosom of the Jungfrau, and trying a mixture of kircherwasser and milk, the former execrable, my friend expressed a wish to see an avalanche, and scarcely were the words out of his mouth, when with a crash that startled us, a vast one came streaming down on the valley. It seemed to fall in sundry channels, for every crevice in the cliffs appeared to give vent to the feathery mass:—we heard, and saw no less than six of these avalanches on our journey to Grindelwald.

When we stood on the heights by the Eiger, and looked on the valley of Grindelwald smiling in sunset, it appeared certainly a spot where human nature might love to fence itself from the distracting cares of a worldly existence. My companion amused himself by planning a life in such a nook, but I own it would not content me. “Decet omnes homines,” &c., says Sallust, and I confess it my ambition to live not so much for myself as for posterity. The valley of Grindelwald, from the hamlets at Zweylütschennen, to the feet of the high mountains between the Cantons of Bern and Valais, is about four leagues in length; its breadth, however, does not exceed half a league: many beautiful glaciers cover the ravines of most of the mountains of Grindelwald; of these there are three principal. To the right is the grand Eiger, an

immense mass of bare rock ; between this, and the Mettenberg is a glacier. This mountain forms a base from whence rise the towering ridges of Schreckhœerner, the peaks covered with ice, and snow. South-east is the Wetterhorn, whose broad brow entirely clothed in white, presents a majestic and noble appearance. Between the Wetter and Schreckhœners, is the glacier superior of Grindelwald, and on the Viescherhorn, the inferior. This mountain is near the Valais. At the Bear Inn, where we stopped, I found two brothers, Cornishmen ; and having some London acquaintances from that country, we soon became intimate. As we had a long walk before us on the morrow, and had completed a good one this day, we did not sit late.

CHAPTER XXI.

Ascent of the Faulhorn—Sublime view—Parties at the Châlet
 —Descent to Meyringen—Rosenlau—Lines on the Auberge
 —Reichenbach Fall—Proceed to the Grimsel—Cataract at
 Handeck—Hospice—Glaciers of the Rhone—Visitors' Book
 —Promise of sport—Chamois hunting—Miraculous escape
 —Traverse the Glaciers—Mount Furca—Realp—Hospital
 —Mount St. Gothard—Reuss River—Andermatt—Gallery
 of Urnerloch—Ponts-du-Diable—Altorf—William Tell—
 Fluelen—Lake of Waldstetten—Tell's Chapel—Separation
 —Climb the Righi—A glimpse half-way—Crowded
 Hospice.

MEYRINGEN.

August, 8th.

AT six o'clock we departed from Grindelwald to ascend the Faulhorn. The day, or rather morning, was lovely. After crossing some few fields near the village we commenced an ascent in good earnest. We passed right through a wood fringing the base of a mountain, and when we arrived at a considerable eminence the view was indeed splendid. The Wetterhorn lay opposite, the glacier sparkling in the sun, and the lofty

aiguilles of the Shreckhorn was sharply defined against the clear blue sky. Towering above all peered the Jungfrau, with the Mer de-glace descending into the glen,—the entire prospect reminding me much of the view of Mont Blanc and valley of Chamounix, seen from the Flégère. We made a short halt at a châlet on the Bachalp, to drink some milk, and were overtaken by a party on mules, whom we had outstripped in the ascent.

Again *en route*, we had some sharp mountain work, till we arrived on a plain, in which is a small lake, supplied, I suspect, by water flowing from the snow, which, in vast profusion, covers the mountain tops. We passed over many falls, and after five hours walking beheld the pyramidal head of the Faulhorn, with a comfortable auberge at the top of the zigzag approach. This was soon reached, and we gladly sought the interior of the chalêt.

It was occupied but by two persons—a French gentleman and his wife. With my usual—what shall I call it?—tact, or ingenuity, or impudence, I found out that they had a town house in the Fauxburg St. Germain, and another residence in the country. The lady kept a journal, and had been on a tour for three months in England, but spoke the language very little. She possessed much animation and courage. We had scarcely finished a repast, quite requisite after our fatigue, when the party *en cheval* rode up. They were

haute noblesse of my native land, but had not even a servant with them, though they intended to pass the night in the chalêt. I like much this casting aside the trappings of rank in nobility,—it shews an energy of mind which I suspect is rarely to be met with among the upper ranks. Had that sceptic in English good manners, who has lately written on this country, seen the ease and freedom that this party used in mingling with perfect strangers, I should think many of his prejudices would be worn away.

The prospect we enjoyed from the summit of the Faulhorn was considerably damped by thick mists, hanging over the lake of Brientz. We had, however, a tolerable view of the neighbouring mountains, from an elevation of 8020 feet; most of their names are already before the reader. The uncertainty of weather is a great drawback in this country, for it is very dispiriting not to obtain a good view, when you toil up to an eminence eight or nine thousand feet. Lord C— told me they had been equally unfortunate when on the Righi, where they passed a night to behold the sunrise, and lo! in the morning, there was no sun to be seen. We departed for Meyringen, by the grand Scheideck, about two o'clock.

We slid down over immense fields of snow, coming half way up the sides of the Faulhorn, with a rapidity which, I own, was not much to my taste. I got to the rocks as soon as possible, and

preferred the labour of surmounting at my leisure, to being hurried along without. Arrived at the base, we repassed the borders of the lake, and followed our former route for a short time, then fell into a foot-path, which conducted us over some difficult mountains, to the grand Scheideck. From this the prospect was indeed sublime. The glacier of Schwartzwald,—also of Alpigeln, and the smaller one of Henstern, form attracting objects. There is a fine view of the entire valley of Grindelwald, with the Wetterhœrn and Jungfrau, soaring above the clouds. Thence we descended into the delicious valley of Hasli im Grund, and saw a fine cascade. Leaving this we reached the auberge of Schwartzwald, and passing through the ravine of Reichenbach, descended to Rosenlau. Here are two good wooden buildings, one a bath-house, the other an auberge. There are also two picturesque falls in the glen, and an extremely fine glacier. While waiting for the entry of the refreshments I had ordered in the auberge, I amused myself with the Stranger's-book, and read the following :—

A traveller strongly recommends,
To all his countrymen and friends,
Never to gratify their twists,
At this imposing aubergist's,
Till they enquire how much per day,
Or meal, they will be asked to pay.
Nine Englishmen return their thanks,
For bill of two and twenty francs,

For strawberries, butter, bread, and milk,
And broth, that pigs of every ilk,
Would swear was most indignified,
To pass within their swinish hide,—
You'll find the inn within a glen,
About two leagues from Meyringen,
Near to a glacier which you,
Will act most sensibly to view.

G. GRUMBLE.

I took an equally good method with that which sad experience seems to have taught Mr. Grumble, to prevent imposition—it was, to fix a price to every thing I ordered. In the generality of Swiss hotels, the prices appear the same. A franc and half, or two francs for chamber, one and half for breakfast, or tea, and four for dinner. I always consider the best inns the cheapest; they have a character to support, and find it their interest to make travellers comfortable.

After resting a sufficient time at Rosenlauj we kept by the side of the foaming Reichenbach, as it tumbled over its stony bed until we reached its magnificent cascade. It falls with the noise of thunder over a rock of from two to three hundred feet high. At a habitation near the fall, by the road side, we were shewn a fine live chamois. The descent thence to the bridge, over the Aar, is very steep. The path leads through a thick, dark wood, and night had descended in gloom, as

we reached the *salle à manger* of the Sauvage at Meyringen.

GRIMSEL.

August 9th.

A little repose being necessary after our rapid journeys, we did not leave Meyringen this morning until nine o'clock, and repassed the covered bridge over the Aar, on our way to the Grimsel. Our guide led us through a wild and very picturesque forest over the summit of Kirchet to Imhoh. Continuing by the banks of the Aar, we found a track sublimely rugged, near the verge of a precipice overhanging the stream. On the opposite side was the small hamlet of Unterstock, and we arrived by a rough rocky passage called Schlafplatte, at Imboden. A halt was made when we reached Guttanen, a considerable village, where there is a church, and pursuing our route we crossed some bridges over the torrents of the Aar. It makes a pretty fall, near the bridge of Schwartzbrunnen, but the really superb cascade is at Handeck. The rock divides the river at top into two distinct streams: at about half-way down they unite, and the mass of water is resistless. The perpendicular fall is at least two hundred feet, and nature seems to have done her utmost to add to the awe-inspiring wildness of the scene. Lofty

masses of dark rock, frown from the mountain's sides, each in itself a hill. Slender pines nod from the ledges, and totter on the brink of the abyss. Thick mists of spray boil up the steaming cauldron, into whose wreathing depths no eye can pierce; all is rush and roar, and shade. It must be seen, and heard, to be conceived.

We were shown the usual quantity of mountain curiosities, at the auberge of Handeck, on our return:—chamois heads, various articles manufactured of their horns, and also of wood, which when we were tired of examining, we again, in Tyburn parlance, “took to the road,” and not too soon did we proceed to our resting-place. We had scarcely surmounted the difficult ledge of Hellenplatte, and arrived on the marshy pasturage, named Roderishboden, before the clouds descended in dense masses on the hills, the thunder rolled with rumbling mutterings through the mountains, and a vivid flash of lightning swept hurriedly past. Wrapping my cloak closely round me, I strove to keep pace with my guide, who quickened his steps to the Hospice, the light of whose windows cheered us amid the drenching rain, which now fell in alpine torrents. We found a pleasant party of Germans arrived before us, and after hearing some enchanting music on the piano, retired to our couches.

August 10th.

I devoted this day to rest, and writing up my diary; only taking a short walk of three or four miles, over the summit of the Grimsel, to see the glaciers of the Rhone, which are truly magnificent.

Looking down from the summit 6,570 feet above the sea, my sight rested on the white walls of the Hospice, and its twin lakes, connected by a narrow strait of tiny proportion, which reflected on the water the snowy garb of the hills around. We had a fine prospect of the vast mountains of the Oberland, the Finsteraarhorn, the Wetterhorn, &c., but the splendid ridge of glaciers absorbed all our attention. It descends, like a perpendicular wall of *cheveau-de-frize*, for two hundred feet in depth, and three miles in length, until it reaches a plain surface of ice, filling up the valley for leagues. This apparently plane surface, we afterwards discovered, contained those yawning cracks, so dangerous to the traveller.

On our return we found some agreeable Englishmen at the hotel, and had a comfortable dinner, and pleasant evening.

My companion had brought a double-barrelled gun with him, for the purpose of having a day with the chasseurs hunting the chamois, and we had arranged all the preliminaries, so far as ordering the hunters, and providing powder, ball, &c.,

when unfortunately one thing, which no mortal can order, upset our arrangements. The weather was unfavourable, and hunting chamois under such a state of things, is worse than the homely task of looking for a needle in a bundle of straw; so we were forced, much of course against my friend's inclination, to give up our projected sport. We had instead, some shooting at a target, set up near the auberge; and a boat on a small lake near the house afforded O'B. some amusement. I staid writing in the house a good portion of the day, and filled up the remainder by looking over the travellers' book, which contained some good things. One wight having written a lot of trash, commencing with,—

“ We will have a deal of sun,
Although the winter is begun.”

had this distich added in continuation,—

“ And you have writ a deal of fun,
And are an ass if e'er was one.”

There were many names also:—The Duke of Devonshire, incog.—Dr. Pangloss, &c. The entrance of our *chasseur*, and his information, soon caused me to throw aside the book, and I called aloud to my friend—

“ Hurrah! O'B— : here's young Bernhard, who announces a fine day to-morrow, and a herd in the neighbourhood; look to your ammunition!”

Joyously my comrade obeyed; we discussed, over some genuine *Chateau Margot*, our expedition. I was not left without a weapon, and having learned all the requisite preliminaries from our hunter, gave directions to be called at an early hour. He faithfully promised, and, satisfied of enjoying a sport which I had heard much of, and often longed to partake, retired to rest.

August, 11th.

My dreams were of chamois during the night, and of vast glaciers, foaming torrents, and precipitous rocks. At about four o'clock this morning the guide called me according to appointment. My companion was already dressed, and hastily resuming my mountain-costume, I joined him in the *salle à manger*: we had some coffee, bread, butter, and cheese; provided ourselves with sufficient for the casualties of the chase, and not forgetting the kircherwasser bottle, summoned the hunter to attend us.

Bernhard was a fine specimen of his daring class—tall, robust, and sinewy: he was young,—about two and twenty, but his bronzed countenance, and well-knit limbs, shewed that he was accustomed to works of toil, and equal to them. He met us with a frank countenance, and bluff *Guten Morgen*, which we speedily changed to French. “*Cest beau temps pour le chasse, Bernhard, n'est pas?*”

“Oui, oui, Messieurs,” he answered promptly—
“Vous êtes prêt maintenant?”

“Oui.” We moved towards the door, undid the bolt, and we stood in the face of eternal snow.

Day had not dawned in the valleys, and the ice-pent streams glittered like silver through the surrounding gloom. The moon yet shone in the dusky sky, and a solitary star, which seemed to have lost its way, a straggler from the path its brothers had taken, lingered near the side of the faded goddess, as if to keep her company.— Around and about were the giant peaks of the Grimsel and Furca, robed in virgin snow, looking cold and bare in the twilight. “Shoulder arms! quick march!” said O’B—, thinking, I suppose, we had better move on, and we three, for André did not accompany us, sprang up the heights on the south side. When we gained the steep top, I looked down on the narrow glen or gorge from whence we had risen. The hospice was wrapt in quiet rest, unbroken as the sleep of its inmates; the house-dog snored in his den: the twin lakes, with their connecting strait seemed frozen, and all beside told of nature yet tired from the exertion of the preceding day.

New visions broke as we climbed higher. A dull, dirty, yellow light first cast a sickly glare over the eastern Alps—soon a brighter beam flashed, and, with a golden glory the new-born sun presented

himself rejoicing " like a giant to run his course." I love the breath of morn and the first blush of day, so full of innocence and promise, like the joyous hours of childhood.

The chase which I was now in pursuit of for the first time, has been properly described to be the most dangerous and trying, which can occupy the lover of sport. I have had tolerable experience in fox, stag, and hare hunting, with the usual quota of accidents, but cannot say that my life has been often in danger : certainly none of these I have mentioned are, in the thousandth degree so perilous, as chamois-hunting, which I consider as the most toilsome and difficult of all. In the former the labour and danger is more than divided between the horse and rider ; in the latter no division takes place, the man has all the peril and fatigue, and fearful work it is.

Generally speaking the chamois-hunter steals from his chal t at night, and contrives to reach the elevated pastures, where he has reason to suspect the herds feed, before they arrive : he must be very wary in keeping out of sight, and to effect this, always takes care to steal behind some ledge of rock, or make a circuit of a hill, and thus come on them. When near enough to distinguish them, he aims at the head, and as all the hunters are crack-shots, rarely misses. The gun is a rifle-bore, the barrel of great length. If a chamois is wounded, the hunter hamstrings it, and leaves it

until his return. If the road is difficult he slings it over his shoulders. When he reaches his home he sells the flesh at the auberge, makes a dress of the skin, and various ingenious curiosities of the horns.

The chamois is a most difficult animal to get within shot of: flies at the least noise, and betakes itself to the most inaccessible retreats; dogs have no chance of pursuing them. When in their pasture, they feed in herds of perhaps ten, twelve, or twenty; and one always stands sentinel, ready to give the alarm from his post, which is some height commanding a view of the avenues leading to the feeding land. His mode of communication is a hiss, which summons the flock to his side, and if the danger appears sufficient to warrant a retreat, away they fly to the crags and precipices. Then it is that the toils of the chasseur commences. Led away by his love for the pursuit, he thinks not of the danger. The snows bar his path, he treads lightly over them; the glaciers yawn, he springs over the chasms; he sees his prey, and leaps from rock to rock, not knowing or dreaming how he is to return. Night often surprises him in the mountain; he selects some cavern in a rock, draws forth his scanty stock of bread and cheese, and with a stone for a pillow, sleeps all night and dreams of slaughtering chamois.

The scenes through which we wound our tedious way, were of the most stupendously magnificent

character that it is possible for the human mind to conceive : Titanic hills rose right and left, before, and behind us, hiding their peaked crests in the drifting clouds which floated through the sky ; vast patches of snow lay imbedded in the ravines of the mountains, unsullied and undisturbed, where, doubtless, they had continued for ages. The masses were in many places so hard as to be proof against the iron of our *alpen-stocks*. We had traversed a considerable space of ground by ten o'clock, and having entered what our hunter assured us was a favourite walk of the herds of that region, were on the *qui vive* for a chamois. We were tolerably well armed ; Bernhard had a famous weapon, the barrel of enormous length, quite a fishing-rod sort of affair, the bore rather small. His carbine and he were old friends, and had been long used to each other. O'B— had his double-barrelled Parisian fusée, and I a spare carbine of the aubergiste's, which, I was led to understand, had done some service before now. We had travelled the last mile in silence, expecting an animal to be sacrificed to our ardour for the sport, but without success. Half an hour passed on, and O'B— was considering the propriety of making an onslaught on the haversack, and feeling for his bottle of kircherwasser, when Bernhard suddenly fell back, and putting his finger to his lip to enjoin silence, muttered in a whisper scarcely audible, “ *Gardez les chamois.*” Oh ! how my heart palpitated at that moment. I

raised the stock of old Blazeaway to my shoulder, and thought how the same feeling used to pervade my frame, when, some time since, sitting on my Monarch mare by the covert side, I heard the hounds giving music within, and the shouts of "Tally-ho!" O'B— imitated my example, and we both watched the motions of Bernhard. He slowly dragged himself forward on all fours, and perhaps, would not have felt very comfortable if he knew that we, with our guns *on full cock*, were doing the same after him. Where the chamois were all this time was a great mystery to me, but I dare not rise. After groping in this manner for about twenty yards, Bernhard looked back, and raised his finger : he was on his feet in a second, with his gun to his shoulder, so were we ; he blazed out at something, so did we. It was a trick I always had, immediately after firing, to run forward ; I did so in this instance, and beheld the expiring struggles of a well-conditioned chamois, which had fallen from the successful fire of either myself, or my companions, or possibly all three. The rest of the herd scampered off as if they were afraid of a like fate. It may be presumed we enjoyed our cheer after this termination, and soon commenced our return to the hostel. In the evening a fine old man of the better class of farmers was in the *salle à manger*, and, as if shy, he kept retired from my companion and self, who alone were in the room. I approached to admire a very large and noble dog

which accompanied him. He resembled much the accounts we have of the Irish wolf-hound.

“*C'est un brave chien, Monsieur,*” I said.

“Ah! Sir,” replied the old man, “it is kind for Hugo to be good.”

“He comes of a good breed, then?”

“You may say that, Sir.”

“What a pity dogs cannot hunt chamois; they would have been of use to us to-day.”

“Have you had sport, gentlemen?” eagerly asked the old man, his countenance betraying the *chasseur*. I recounted our exploit, and insisted much on its danger.

“*Vous avez raison, Monsieur,*” he replied, and continued,—“It is now nearly twenty-five years since an adventure happened to me, which will show you why I praise the breed of my Hugo.”

The dog hearing his name mentioned, came and sat between his master's knees, placing his huge head on his thigh, and licking the thin attenuated hand.—“It was a fine morning for the hunt, though a good deal of snow had fallen in the valleys; but I went to the hills with a light heart, for I was young and thoughtless. I had my carbine slung over my back, a stout ashen iron-shod staff in my hand. My dog, progenitor of the present, would fain have accompanied me; but I beat him back, and left him in my chalêt. I soon reached the feeding lands of the herds, and beheld everywhere traces of their recent visitations. Impelled by de-

sire of sport, I suffered no impediment to daunt me, and continued to press on for hours in the hope of meeting a flock.

Fortune at length crowned my efforts. I fired; my ball never flew in vain—the chamois fell. I was not then satisfied, but wished for another; leaving my victim, I reloaded, and hastened in pursuit of its comrades; again I came up with them, and the sharp crack of my carbine caused the fall of the avalanches to wake the thunders of these remote regions. But where were the beasts?—fled!—could I believe it? I had failed—actually missed!—shame! Yet no, a quantity of blood distinct on the white snow, shewed I had not wasted lead. My limping game, at some distance behind its fleeing fellows, put the matter at rest. I once more loaded, and hastened after it. I arrived within shot—fired! The beast fell. I rushed to seize it. A rift of ice like that of a glacier was before me. I placed my *alpen-stock* in front, and sprung!—down, down,—I cried, “God save me!” sunk, sunk,—and lay at the bottom senseless. The cold must have been intense; for when I knew where I was, I had neither power to stir hand or foot; I was nearly a mass of ice. Oh God! shall I ever forget my feelings, when I beheld, high, closing above me the green glassy walls of my prison, and knew I was buried in the glaciers of the Rhone. Who will cease to put their trust in thee? I recollect hearing the faint

yelp of a dog, and tried to cry, but could not hear my own voice. The sound seemed to approach me, and I thought my name too was called, but I was incapable of answering. When I awoke from this lethargy, I found myself in my own chalêt, surrounded by my neighbours, who, guided by my faithful dog, had rescued me from the horrible death ; and now wagging his tail, was the faithful animal crying with joy."

We returned the old man thanks for his graphic adventure, which I fear loses much in the translation ; and after patting the descendant of the faithful dog, went to seek repose. I had partaken of all the sport which that part of the country afforded ; and perfectly satisfied with the successful termination, resolved with my friend to resume our tour on the morrow.

12th.

We departed this morning with our guide over the glaciers of the Rhone and Mount Furca. These glaciers are extremely difficult to cross, owing to the immense chasms in the ice, which we found at times to be quite terrific. The water pours regular cascades between the flaws in the ice, and the guide was frequently obliged to get on before, and examine the way ere he could pronounce it practicable for us to follow. After escaping the glaciers of the Rhone, and ascending the Furca, a full view of its splendid glaciers lay

before us ; at the foot of which we procured a mule to ascend the Realp, a mountain extremely steep, and abounding with snow. This lofty ridge being surmounted, we rested a short time after our descent in the village of Realp,—and thence proceeded to Hospital.

This village is beautifully situated in the valley of Ursen, and is 4,566 feet above the sea. The auberge appeared very good ; also the other houses, but we did not enter, being desirous of reaching Andermatt. From Hospital, Mount St. Gothard lifts his snowy head, which is intersected by a road of a truly ingenious description. It cuts up the steep, like the path of the Gemmi, and is the diligence and carriage way to Bellinzone, Milan, &c. We passed over the Reuss, by a very handsome stone bridge, and after half an hour alternate walking and riding, reached Andermatt.

The Reuss, rushing wildly over a rocky bed under the windows of the *salle à manger*, sounded like a cataract, and in the stillness of evening I loved to listen to the loud-voiced cry of the foaming waters. We had however performed a good day's journey, and in all my love of the sublime and beautiful, I could not cheat myself of rest. So after enjoying the excellent fare of the *Trois Rois*, I retired to “ Nature's sweet restorer.”

FLUELEN.

13th.

At an early hour André, our guide, summoned us to breakfast ere starting for Fluelen. This requisite being despatched, we departed from Andermatt, and went along a glen, with dark steep mountains on both sides; the Reuss flowing between. We shortly reached an immense wall of rock, hundreds of feet high, named Teufelsberg. This we entered by a gallery cut on a level with the road to admit carriages, which adit or opening called Urnerloch is 200 feet long by 30 wide. On reaching the opposite outlet, the fierce turbulence of the waters, plunging from rock to rock, with the voice of thunder, fills the eye with delight and the ear with dread. It has cost vast sums to keep this rebellious stream within due bounds. We next arrived in sight of the famous Ponts du Diable. Standing in the angle of the road, you see the two bridges close to each other,—the new much more elevated than the old, and also of a more regular form. The oblique fall of the Reuss, to the foot of the bridge, is 300 feet, and the towering masses of rock and milk-white stream, with its overwhelming din, and the bold spring of the arches exposed to such danger, cause the mind of the spectator to shudder with awe and fear.

The old Pont du Diable is supposed to have

been built in the year 1118, by Girard, abbot of Einsiedeln. The new one is more elevated by near thirty feet. At some distance, by the road-side, is a huge mass of stone, called the Pierre-du-Diable; which, the legend says, the father of mischief was taking somewhere, and having lost his footing, was obliged to let fall where it stands at present. From Gæschenen we had a fine view of some vast mountains,—the Gæschenthal, filling up the entire horizon to the north-east; and, in the direction of Grimsel and Gadmen, the splendid glaciers of the Trift and Gelmer. Here the torrent of Gæschenen unites with the white waters of the Reuss. In this valley is a grotto of crystal, the Sandbalme, extremely curious. We traversed a strong-built bridge called Pfaffensprung, and also a glen, or gorge (Teufthal), savage in the extreme, abounding with rocks and trees, till we reached Amsteg, at the entrance to the valley of Maderan, about three leagues from Altorf. Near this we passed by the ruins of the chateau of Twing-uri, supposed to have been built by Gessler, and, after crossing a torrent, la Schechen, had a fine view of the valley of that name, and, in the distance, the Surenian Alps. After a short league thence we entered Altorf.

Who has not heard of William Tell? His refusing to salute the cap, placed by the tyrant Gessler to receive the homage of the Swiss people,—Gessler's cruelty in proffering death, or the

shooting an arrow through an apple on his son's head ;—and now I am in the town where it all occurred. From the windows of mine inn I behold a tall, square clock tower, painted with the achievements of the Swiss hero. Here stood the pole and cap. At a considerable distance is a fountain, with a man embracing a child, who holds in his hands an apple pierced with an arrow. The sculptor's name deserved to be noted. This is the spot where the child stood. About one hundred paces nearer, in a direct line—though shamefully some houses destroy the regularity of the outline—is another fountain, where the steady marksman fired the well-aimed bolt.

With memorials of Tell's bravery and hatred of tyranny, meeting us at every step, we left the chief town of the Canton Uri, and soon beheld the lovely waters of the lake of Lucerne, or of Waldstetten, or the Lake of the Four Cantons ; for by all these names is it known. Fluelen soon appeared, on the brink of the lake. We were fortunate in having, from our chambers, a splendid view of the waters as the sun-set cast a long line of burnished light over the calm surface.

RIGHI.

14th.

The weather was excessively hot, yet the day was clear, and, impelled by three lusty oars, we got rapidly over the clear amethyst-like waters of

the Waldstetten-see. Just as we were pushing off, I observed a carriage rattle up to the door of the hotel, and in it Mr. and Mrs. P—, with whom I had ascended the Gemmi. It would have been too long to pay them a visit, so we did not put back.

The lake of Waldstetten is about eleven leagues in length, of an irregular form, enclosed by high mountains, many generally covered with snow. Our oarsmen made a pause when we reached the chapel of Tell, built on the rocks, washed by the lake. It is a small edifice, with arches in front, the pillars very light. This was built in memory of Tell's escape, when conducted by Gessler and his guards from Kussnackt to Altorf. A violent storm having arisen, and the guidance of the boat being entrusted to him, as a last resource, by the despairing crew, he made for this rock, and jumped ashore ; thence called Tellensplatte, or Tellen-sprung. Thirty-one years after his death, his fellow-countrymen erected a chapel in this place, and another at Berglom, the place of his birth. Every year a mass is offered up for this brave liberator, at which a vast number of persons assist. The pictures on the walls commemorate the principal achievements of the hero's life.

On the opposite shore is Grütli, or Grutli's matte ; the place where Werner Stauffacher of Schwytz, Arnold de Melchthal of Unterwalden,

and Walter Furst of Uri, determined on the liberation of their country.

After leaving the chapel, our boat glided by the high wall of rocks, many of them curiously veined. My friend tried the echoes of some, but they were weak. Bold outlines of mountains tower above; the Achsenberg is 5,340 feet above the lake. The water is very deep in many parts; between Bukisgrat and the Hakemesser its depth is 600 feet. We landed, for the men to refresh themselves, at Brunnen, a small town on the lake. The scenery in the neighbourhood is quite enchanting. I walked into the church; a spacious edifice. The altars are very richly decorated, and some of the paintings well executed. After staying about an hour, we were again afloat; passed by Gersau, and turning an angle of the lake, pulled for Fiznau, where I was to part, and ascend the Righi.

It is strange how the associating together, for a few days, in a foreign land binds people together. They feel quite united. The same cares occupied both my companion and myself during our progress, and we enjoyed every thing in common. He was an admirer of the same scenery as that which pleased me, and, well versed in poetry and literature, had an unceasing fund. We recited alternately; and now that we were to separate, mutually regretted the loss about to ensue. I landed at Fiznau, and after we had some refreshment at

the auberge, I parted from my companion of a week's tour. He continued his voyage in the boat to Lucerne; I started with a guide to the Righi Culm. The road was steep, and the day still warm; I thought we should never reach the summit, and was ready to sink with fatigue, when, at some distance, after passing the Bainfroid, my eyes caught a glimpse of the other side, which had somewhat the effect on my body that an unexpected pardon may be supposed to have on a criminal. I forgot every thing save the prospect before me. Fatigue, weariness, heat,—all had disappeared; for, starting out as from beneath my feet, and stretching away to an horizon of seventy leagues, lay the north of Switzerland, spread like a map before me. Clear, and calm, and wide were the broad lakes, reflecting on their placid bosoms the rays of the declining sun, and his bright beams yet shone on many a snowy peak. I stood still with delight, and suffered my eye to traverse, again and again, the vast plain, broken by hill, intersected by valley, and watered by lake. At length I recollected the necessity of arriving in time at the auberge to procure an apartment for the night, and made my guide stretch his legs to keep up with me, as, in my impatience, I hurried forward. I hastened past an auberge lower down, and also went by many parties still ascending—some on mules, more on foot—until the summit lay near at hand. I was fortunate in procuring

the desideratum, a good bed, and then began to look about me.

The house was crowded to excess, and numerous parties were every moment arriving. I saw a face that I knew, and instantly our hands were clasped. It was Mr. P—, whom I had seen drive into Fluelen as we pushed off in the boat. In a few minutes his lady arrived, and I was again in company. They had been close after me through the Oberland, and said they tracked me every where, by my name in the books. As the sun set rather favourably we all retired to rest, in the fond anticipation of a glorious rising on the morrow. Those who had beds sought their chambers, and those who were not so fortunate, lay the best way they could, until the new-born day should summon all forth.

CHAPTER XXII.

Sunrise—Magnificent scene—Paired but not matched—Rosenberg—Reflections on the Fall—Lake of Zug—Town—Road to Zurich—“On the Margin of Zurich’s fair waters”—Hurried glance at the City—Thunder Storm—Steamboat to Richterschwyl—Uznach—Monument to Hotze—Fellow-tourist at Wesen—Sail to Wallenstadt—Reach Ragatz—Mountain track to Pfeffers—Sight of the Rhine—Badhaus—Book of Poetry—Warning—Gorge of the Tamina—Lines—Werdenberg—Altstetten—Scenery on the route to St. Gall—Tempest at Trogen—St. Gall—Church—Cantonal troops—Walk to Constance—Thoughts by the way-side—Enter the town—Cathedral—Lake.

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day.

15th.

THE strange, yet melodious notes of a wooden trumpet, announced that it was time to rise and meet the sun. Accordingly the sound of the multitude, preparing to throng forth, banished sleep, if

any could be so foolish as to indulge in it. I was soon attired, and hurried to the summit. Night had not yet entirely faded; in the ravines of the hills thick clouds hung; a vapoury veil deceived many, by presenting the appearance of a lake. Gradually, however, they disappeared; and as the morn advanced, the scene increased in light and beauty. Before me lay a plain of semi-lunar form; for from the towering height the eye appears to take in half the horizon,—this is looking towards the north east and west. The calm water of the principal lakes, those of Zug, Zurich, and Walenstadt, lay in calm repose. Then were to be seen vast tracts of fertile land, dotted by villages and towns; tall white spires of the churches standing high from out the surrounding buildings; large dark forests shewed black patches in the panorama, and winding rivers gleamed like silver chains connecting lake with lake.

Turning towards the south, the tall, and giant Alps raised their snowy peaks, each, in his degree, to catch the first beams of the god of day,—the proud Jungfrau, the Wetter, and Shriechhorn, the Grand Eiger, Mont Blanc in the distance, towered in stately array,—a formidable army. On this side lay the lakes of Waldstetten, Thun, and Geneva. Three hundred eyes were fixed intently, as a small glimpse, like taper-light; twinkled over an eastern hill. Slowly it increased in magnitude, and cloud and mist seemed

to fly its approach, like the coward before the brave ; yet it rose like a bright balloon, until fairly over the peak. The sun appeared at first as though eclipsed. The whole horizon soon exhibited a purplish hue, which gradually assumed the broader light of day, as the sun shewed its natural lustre. The bright beams flashed forth on mountain and lake ; and the whole scene was one best worthy the trouble of visiting of any in Switzerland.

As there was nothing further to detain me at the Righi I joined two Englishmen, who were about to go my route to Zurich, and we started together. Never, perhaps, did two men present more opposite shades of character and taste, than my new companions, and how they continued to travel together, is to me miraculous. The elder (for age is honourable, and must be disposed of first,) was a downright English, bluff, honest gentleman, afflicted, now and then, with a twinge of the gout, and insatiate thirst,—d—g the mountains and bills of this country. A plain, good man, fond of travelling while in a carriage, and of admiring the shores and waters of the lakes, when not fast asleep in his boat. The younger was a man of fashionable appearance and manners, fond of adventure, and the peaks of mountains,—an excellent walker, which, for reasons before mentioned, his friend was not. So one fond of lakes, and the

other of mountains, shewed a dissimilarity of character, not very agreeable in fellow-travellers.

We descended the mountain by the Hospice, and going down the hill by the Art side, came in view of the lake of Lowertz, and the village of Goldau. My thoughts instantly recurred to the awful catastrophe which occurred here in 1806—the fall of the Rossberg. This truly lamentable occurrence, which, at one fell swoop, destroyed two churches, one hundred and eleven dwelling-houses, four hundred human beings, more than three hundred head of cattle, with their sheds, took place after some severe rains on the 2nd of September. One of the summits of the overhanging mountain, named Greipenspitz, was detached from its bed, towards five in the afternoon, and fell with a tremendous crash into the valley, carrying death and destruction in its womb. No strength availed, no power was proof against it. On dashed the mass, till buried beneath its heap, were the villages of Goldau, Busingen, Rothen, and part of Lowertz. It filled up a portion of the lake, and formed a small mountain over the bodies of husbands and wives, parents and children.

The cause assigned for this melancholy event, is founded on the material forming the mountain, which, being that conglomerated substance commonly called *pudding stone*, or gravel, and calcareous sediment, is known not to possess much

adhesive power when exposed to moisture. A vast quantity of water and rubbish having accumulated in the interior of the mountain, burst forth at the period above mentioned, and taking a downward course, rushed into the lake of Lowertz, covering with ruin all that obstructed its mighty progress. The waters of the lake, being filled up at one end, were forced to obtain vent in another, and the consequences were awful. Several travellers of rank, crossing the bridge of Goldau at the instant, were drowned. Houses in the village of Seon were destroyed, and in another village a quantity of fish were swept by the waters and floated through the streets.

On reaching the road we went direct to Imensee, a small village on the shores of the lake of Zug, and having procured a boat, set off for that town.

The lake of Zug, along whose blue waters we were impelled by three oars, the one at the stern pulled by a stout woman, is bounded on the south by the Righi and the dark outlines of Pilato. This mountain is reported by tradition as the place where the Roman Governor who delivered our Saviour into the hands of the Jews, imitated the last act of the traitor, Judas. You perceive the snowy heads of the Bernese Alps, and north-west the long chain of Jura. The banks, especially the right, present a rich fertile country, thickly wooded

and inhabited. After two hours rowing we reached Zug.

This town is not very large, containing but 3000 inhabitants ; the houses are well built, and the few streets it possesses are good. Many of the fountains are adorned with statues. The Hotel le Cerf is a good house : mine host speaks English. We procured a coach to take us to Zurich, and leaving Zug, travelled by a bad road, midst picturesque scenery. Horghen is a small village with a good church. Near Wolleshofen is the field where a battle was fought between the French and Russians, under the command of Suwarrow ; another was fought on the heights of Albes, near Cappel, in the year 1531, the Swiss civil war : the church has some curious old monuments. At Adlischwyl we staid to give the horses some drink, and our younger companion having walked forward, the elder and I strolled into the church-yard to look on the lovely landscape. The day was calm and fine, and methought aught so bright and beautiful as the expansive lake, and its peopled shore, had never met my sight. As for my fellow-traveller he was in extacies. From the walls of the church where we stood "by the margin of Zurich's fair waters", neatly trained vine-gardens lay extended in straight lines to the lake, and we could follow the sheet of water clear as a mirror, till it was concealed from our view by the promontories of high mountains

at its farther end. With scarce an intermission, the shores on either side presented successions of villages, each boasting its handsome church ; the white-walled houses reflected in the water beneath. Groves of trees and woodlands waved above, affording protection and shade to the dwellings nestling underneath. A few white-sailed barks rested like sea-fowl upon the smooth waters ; and it was with a sigh we left the quiet scene to enter the carriage. Having overtaken the pedestrian, we again moved forward at a rapid pace, and in a short space of time, towers and spires announced a city. Our German coachman had to procure an interpreter to know our hotel, as none of us spoke German : we drove to the Corbeau. Zurich is a good-sized town, abounding in many excellent institutions. The Bibliotheque, founded in 1628, contains 60,000 vols. ; here is shewn an original manuscript of Quintilian ; a portion of the Codex Vaticanus ; manuscripts of Zuingli, &c. This is open to the public : there is also a collection of medals, and a museum of natural history. The hotel de Ville is a fine building. The cathedral bears evidence of being very ancient. I observed from my window at the hotel a curious tower in the water. This, it appears, is called the tower of Wellenberg, and was the prison of Count Hans of Habsbourg, and others. During the night we had a fearful thunder-storm, the lightning flashed incessantly for at least six hours ; I never before witnessed anything so

vivid as the flashes. The lake seemed a sea of fire. I know not if Zurich is more exposed to these storms than other Swiss towns; but I recollect it struck me on entering, that every house was provided with conductors to carry off the electric fluid. In this city are porticos on arches along the streets the same as at Bern. The Linth is the chief river; there is a fine canal. Here I parted with my two Righi friends; and had the pleasure of meeting a worthy countryman, Mr. P—. An eminent member of the English bar Sir W— F—, was also staying at this hotel.

16th.

I arose at five this morning, as the steamer was to start by six, and I did not like to remain in Zurich, more particularly when I cast my eyes on my bill, which was really enormous. It is the only town I can complain of in Switzerland, and for one so numerously frequented, it is odd there are not more inns. As the clocks were striking six, I shot off from the plucking Crow, and soon reached the Minerva steamer, as she was about to depart.

The shores of the lake presented the same gay inhabited appearance I have yesterday described; and after about five hours' voyage, I landed at Richterschwyl. In this place the lake presents the most extended appearance. About a league distant from the shore is the little isle Ufenau, or

Hutten's Grab, covered with grassy knolls and arbours. When I had finished some refreshment in this village, I mounted my knapsack, and walked along the side of the lake, until I reached a small hamlet; here I procured a boy to act as guide, and carry my pack to Uznach. We left Rapperschwyl, a good town with a long causeway; to the left, went through Alowe, and about five in the evening, arrived in Uznach; having gone from one end of Zurich lake to the other. Uznach, a place of some importance in the Canton St. Gall, is situated in a fertile country on the road from the lake of Zurich, to that of Wallenstadt.

RAGATZ—CANTON GRISONS.

17th.

I was not *en route* until past ten o'clock, owing to the rascally innkeeper trying to impose on me; however, lost no time in reaching Wesen. I passed in my way the villages of Keltbrun, Maseldrangen, Doerfli, and Schoenis. About a quarter of a mile from the latter, is a rude stone by the roadside, a monument to Hotze. The inscription is as follows—

HIER FIEL UND STARB DER K. K. KOMMANDANT GENERAL HOTZE, BEI DEM UEBERGAUGE DER FRANKEN UBER DIE LINTH, DEN 25. 7. BER 1799.

At Wesen, which is situated on the shore of the lake of Wallenstadt, I rested in the Auberge Epée, and was again fortunate in meeting an agreeable companion,—Captain H—, aid-de-camp to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, at Hanover. We procured a boat, and, in a short time were careering over the waters of the lake. This lake is four leagues in length, and about one in width; its depth varies from 4 to 500 feet, and, for navigation, is considered the most dangerous of any in Switzerland, owing to the force with which the winds descend from the high mountains.

I must certainly say, that I never beheld boats less prepared to stand boisterous weather, than those on this water, they being clumsy and ill-made, more resembling rafts for timber, than vessels of conveyance. The shores of this lake present many interesting objects to the tourist. Near the hamlet of Quinten, the torrent of Seren falls from a mountain of the same name, above 1,500 feet in height. Further on, the Baierbach makes a superb fall, the rocks themselves are in many curious peaks, and some of vast elevation. We were more than four hours reaching Wallenstadt.

This is a poor town of St. Gall, built at the base of Mounts Sichelkamm, and Ochsenkamm. I heard, with much pleasure, the carriage ordered to convey us to Ragatz, for of the two auberges we entered, 'twas hard to say which was the better. One was so bad that we left it in disgust, and on

asking for coffee at the other, we were told there was coffee, but we could get no milk.

About two hours after leaving Wallenstadt, we reached Sargans. Night now closed round us, and it was quite dark when we arrived at Ragatz. After supper we went to rest in the anticipation of a fine day, for the baths of Pfeffers, and the unique gorge of the Tamina.

August 18th.

Before leaving for our regular walk with the guide, Captain H— and I, went a short distance from our hotel, to see the river called by its name. We entered a narrow glen, and beheld the foaming Tamina plunge over a precipitous fall. It is well worth seeing. On our return we found the guide in waiting, and he led the way by Valens to the Pfeffers.

The ascent is by a steep footpath, but when you get on a little way, the superb prospect quite banishes the feel of fatigue. You see at the base of the towering Falkniss, 7,605 feet high, the town of Mayenfeld, in the Grisons, and between you and it, flows "the wide, and winding Rhine." I will never forget my companion's delight, as he hailed his old acquaintance.

"*Mon papa Rhine!*" "*fader Rhine!*" burst from his lips. It was the first time I had seen that celebrated river; so I really felt interested. We had a

good view of the town of Pfeffers, and its ample convent of Benedictines; the domed roof, and cupola of the steeple, causing it to look like an eastern mosque. Between the spot where we stood, and the convent, was a deep glen, with bare steep rocks; and, carpeting the top, a green velvet sward, on which the town and convent is built.

It was a splendid prospect.—In front, towered the Galenda, and we could hear the Tamina plunge and leap amid the rocks.

On our way from near Valens to the baths, we were accompanied by the priest of the village, who informed us of the derivation of many names. Strange as it may appear, Pfeffers is derived from *via vere*; in Romance, the language of the Grisons, *Faveria*; in German-Swiss, *Pfeffers*. The clergyman pointed to our view the old Roman road, winding by the side of the hill.

We now entered the steep and narrow glen in which the bath-house is built, and commenced descending by a zig-zag path, not unlike the Gemmi, or St. Gothard. The guide directed our attention to a broad high wall of rock, on the very verge of whose summit, we could see a little hut. This is a store-house for the Bath hotel, where they procure provisions in winter, by means of buckets, and a windlass, one bucket going up empty, while the other descends full. Directly at the base, and low as we could look, was the sharp roof of a long

house, nearly filling up the narrow gorge. As we drew nearer, walls and windows came in view; terraced walks were formed ingeniously among the surrounding rocks, and this was the Pfeffers, situated in the gorge formed by the Tamina.

“What on earth would the people do, if one or two of these rocks were to fall on them?” I asked.

“Nothing,” replied my companion.

“True,” said I, “it would indeed be *rocks, et præterea nihil.*”

We had now entered the mansion.—In the *salle a manger*, which is a very good room, were three books. One containing the names of those visitors taking the bath. The numbers, already this year, are near 500. Another for mere casual visitors; and the third for the reception of the poetry which the genius of the place may cause the beholder to give utterance to.

I looked over it, and found the vast majority of the last to be German, some Italian, a few in Latin and Greek, and but four lines of intelligible English, which I copied.

“While in those parts you chance to reside,
Dare not to explore without a guide,
For gulphs there are, and will some swallow,
If blind lead blind, and blind blind follow.”

My fellow tourist made it a point, with me, that I should add something, so I promised, and after

dining at the *table d'hôte*, we walked together to the springs.

The gorge of the Tamina may, indeed, be well called a scene unique in nature. Leaving the bath-house, we entered a chasm between two rocks, of immense height, and our new guide, having applied a key to a wicket, opened the door, whereupon the Tartarean recess received us. A slight fissure resembling a crack in a ceiling, gives a dim and feeble light to a long, tortuous gallery, at the base of whose sides, some hundred feet below the narrow planks, on which we walked, the boiling river foams as it leaves the dark den.

We walked for a considerable distance with much precaution along the uncertain causeway, until we reached the source of the hot spring. When the door of this was opened, and we went in for a moment, it was like an oven, or steaming cauldron. Ready to expire with heat and suffocation, I regained the fresh air ; and while my companions were absent for the moment, composed the following few lines, which I wrote in the book of the house :—

GORGE OF THE TAMINA.

Where wild Tamina pours its boiling way,
High rocks preclude the glories of the day ;
On either hand they raise their tow'ring height,
And wrap the gorge in gloom obscure as night ;
Sunshine ne'er gleams thro' the slight fissured walls,
Nor on the wave the moon's pale radiance falls,

Profoundest gloom seems here to reign supreme,
Mocking the efforts of the day-god's beam."

After bestowing a copy of this memento on the gentleman who instigated its composition, I took my leave with more than ordinary regret for the loss of so valuable an acquaintance, as he was going into the Tyrol, and I returned to Ragatz by the monastery and village.

ALTSTETTEN.

19th.

I left Ragatz this morning at about half-past six, and soon beheld the ruined tower of Freudenberg, crowning the summit of a vast rock. Behind it rose the dark pine-clad mountains, while a noble valley watered by the Rhine was in front. This is all worth noticing as far as Sargans, where I diverged from the road I had formerly taken to get to Werdenberg. I had the splendid Rhine flowing by my side, as I passed Trublich and Sewelen; and it was not more than two o'clock when I reached the auberge in Werdenberg. This is a good town on the Rhine,—the Shloss well and commandingly situated. As I could not stay here with so much of a day before me, I profited by a vehicle going in the direction of Altstetten, to take a seat in it. We passed Haag, Saley, Senwald,—without seeing much worth noticing. Near Oberried the road runs between two narrow rocks ex-

ceedingly high on either side, with barely room for the passage between. On emerging from this gorge you get a view of Oberried, and some high mountains in the rear, which form, I think, as pretty a landscape as any in Switzerland. From Oberried to Altstetten the way lies through a level and fertile country. I reached this town about six o'clock.

ST. GALL.

20th.

It taking but one-half the time to go to St. Gall by the mountain, that it does to go by the plain or carriage-road ; and, being tolerably inured now to mounting, I chose the former, and commenced my route about eleven o'clock. The morning was close and heavy, yet from the summit of Sommerberg, I enjoyed an enchanting view. The town of Altstetten lay beneath,—Its taper spires, diminishing as they rose, and the high roofs scattered over the plains. My eyes could follow for miles the windings of the Rhine, as it swept its course to the Lake of Constance, which now began to appear, stretching a vast watery plain to the horizon's verge. On the hill where I stood, and extending to the town of Altstetten, were waving forests of noble trees,—ash, elm, and beech. Between the town and river, numerous châlets intersected the vast plain,—the intermediate land was varied with trees and vineyards.

From the opposite side, the hills rose bare, steep, and rocky ; but in the ravines, the soil seemed extremely fertile ; rich corn-fields and pasture-lands, relieved the eye from the barren heath.

Leaving the top of the mountain, I descended by a road leading through a green wood ; and, at the end of an hour saw Trogen on the heights. The ascent to this town was very difficult ; so I was glad to take shelter and repose in an auberge. In good time had I reached one. The sky, which was lowering all the morning, now darkened to almost blackness, and from the womb of the dense mass of clouds there issued one of the most appalling thunder-storms I ever heard. Numerous pieces of the covering which sheltered the house I was in, were scattered to some distance, and while the sheeted lightning flitted across our eyes, the rain descended in torrents. I rose as soon as the weather permitted, and continued my way. After leaving the high tower of the chapel at Speicher, I got from the angle of the road a splendid view of the Lake of Constance. Between it, and where I stood, was a finely wooded and cultivated country ; and stretching to a vast extent from the dark shore was the Bodensee: clouds of black, and electric hue, floated on the hills, and the coloring of the rich foreground, where the sun still gleamed, was extremely beautiful. About ten minute's walk from St. Fiden is St. Gall.

21st.

St. Gall, the capital of the Canton, is a good town. I visited this morning the cathedral, which I think superior to any church I have seen in Switzerland,—that at Lausanne perhaps excepted. The organ is magnificent; the interior abounds with splendid pictures,—those in fresco by Moreto, especially the Adoration, are much esteemed. The barracks in the place of the cathedral are very fine. I have had here the opportunity of witnessing the Cantonal troops, as there is to be a review to-morrow. They were on the eve of marching to the scene of their display. I think the Swiss soldiers in general a finer body of men than the light French troops. The St. Gallians mustered strong, near two thousand,—went through their evolutions properly, and seemed complete in equipments.

There are here societies and schools for learning. L'Ecole Cantonale for the Catholics, with professors of theology, physics, mathematics, history, philosophy, geography, and ancient classics. In the Bibliothèque are many ancient manuscripts. Those of Tschudi, Meeleingenleid in the abbataile, and Joachim Watt in the bourgisse.

The King of Sweden is here at present.

CONSTANCE.

When I had finished my inspection of St. Gall, I started about twelve o'clock on foot for Con-

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stance. The road runs through an extremely fertile country, with occasional glimpses of the lake, looking a vast veil of mist. After passing through several small villages, I approached its banks, by which the road winds for a considerable way. The distance from Saint Gall to Constance, I found more considerable than I had anticipated, and night hovered round when I was yet some leagues distant from my destination. The sun set with that sober, quiet light, purpling the horizon, which we so much admire in the pictures of Claude Lorraine; and, as the yellow beams fell in long lines of colour on the amethyst-like waters, the mellow tones of a distant bell were wasted on the breeze to mine ear. A venerable tree spread his protecting branches above me, and the roots were covered by a grassy knoll; on which, having relieved myself of my pack, I sat down. While my external senses enjoyed the heavenly scene around, my internal feelings were far away in a distant land, and I rested in thought, by the side of my parents, looking from the heights of our own demesne on the same bright luminary, gilding with his departing rays the stream of our own river. The convent clock by the lake side striking the eighth hour, (for time had passed by unheedingly,) roused me; and buckling on my knapsack, I again pushed forward, and soon beheld the walls of Constance, on the brink of the lake. I passed by the bridge over the moated ditch, and, with no

slight fears as to my admission, entered the narrow wicket in the ample gateway. Constance, it seems, is part of the territory of the Grand Duke of Baden, and this was a signature I had omitted at Bern. The sentinel on duty demanded my passport, and having given it to him, we entered his bureau until he examined it. Whether the multiplicity of the visés confused him, or his own stupidity, I know not; but he merely asked me if I had been in Bern; I replied in the affirmative, when he said, 'twas "all right," and having written down my name, restored it to me. I had previously given a trifle for *trinkgelt* at the entrance. There was, however, another ordeal to go through, which I was not afraid of,—this was the Douane. I had traversed the silent street, leading from the gates to a suspicious-looking archway, where I was tapped on the back by a rough-moustachioed soldier, who commenced speaking German, with which language, my acquaintance is very slight indeed. I soon discovered his object was to inspect my effects, which did not take much time to do; and I was then permitted to pass, and hastened to establish myself in an hotel.

22nd.

Sunday.—Ringing of bells, singing of psalms, and the notes of an organ, all conjoined to rouse me from my couch, and I rose and had breakfast. The morning was wet; I went forth and visited the

churches. There are here three Catholic and one Reformed. The cathedral is a noble Gothic edifice, very ancient, and has a vast number of monuments. Many of the bishop-princes of Germany are buried here. The paintings of the side altar are very fine; those in fresco extremely well executed. The carvings both in wood and stone, are also very good. There is shown here the house in which the Reformer Huss, was arrested. Many of the door-ways of the private houses are richly carved.

I walked in the neighbourhood of the outlets, but could discover nothing interesting. The walls are regular, and have towers for their defence. The scenery by the lake-side is beautiful,—you behold this immense basin stretching away to Bohemia and Swabia; the lofty hills looking low in the horizon, and the banks variegated with houses and extensive convents.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Steamboat to Schaffhausen—Morning brightens—Shores of the Lake—Gottlieben—Banks of the Rhine—Schaffhausen—Visit the fall—Cross the river—Church—Roman fortress—English family—Old acquaintance—Diligence to Basle—Survey the town—Tomb of Erasmus—Works of Holbein—Autographs—Brief remarks on a Swiss tour.

Monday, 23rd

AT half-past four I was aroused to be ready for the steamboat, and, at the hour of starting, duly on board the Helvetia, bound for Schaffhausen. The morning, which rose cloudily, was not yet quite clear; but jutting promontory and distant peak, were distinctly defined against the dim vapour. As the sun beamed forth the fog cleared up, and ere we had rounded the channel the view had improved much in light and beauty. The town of Constance lay rising from the water's edge, and within the limits of its line of wall, tower, and spire, might be seen stretching high above the sharp roofs of the houses. At a little distance on the lake side, is an extensive

monastery, the chiming bell of which was sending its tones, full and clear, over the smooth expanse. Still continuing by the brink of the water, were farm-houses and vineyards, intersecting a rich tillage country, the yellow stubble shewing where the harvest had been cut.

The distant perspective was one vast tumult of hills and snowy mountains, while the opposite side shone green and distinct, as the sun-beams lit up the scene. My companions, chiefly male, were clouded in the smoke of the meerschaumes, and I could hardly perceive that we now approached a long covered bridge, and were about to shoot one of its arches. The flue was speedily let down, and, with a steady plunge, we swept through the ope. In a second the flue was erected, and we proceeded without interruption.

Gottlieben, the first town we touched at, is a small place, of not more than 250 inhabitants, of the Canton Thurgovie. It is advantageously situated on the Rhine, at the lower extremity of the lake of Constance, in this part called Untersee. In the chateau here, Huss was for a short time a prisoner. We glided close beneath Rheinberg, a beautiful residence on the left bank of the river. Near it, crowning the summit of another hill, is an ancient castle, frowning on the calm river below.

Steckborn is another small town, where, I understand, the remains of some Roman walls still exist, but owing to our proceeding immediately

en route, I could not land to examine them. The Rhine now flows in a tolerably wide stream, through a valley, the sides of which are clothed in woods, and, after shooting another arch, we reached Deissenhoffen, a good-sized town, abounding with gardens. The houses were soon lost in the windings of the river, and we came in sight of an extremely beautiful spot, aptly named Paradise. It lies in a valley watered by the Rhine. Near it is a hillock, planted with noble trees, and corn-fields, while wide and fertile meadows surround it. The entrance of the church is richly carved. A strong fortress crowning a height, and houses clustering on either hand to the water's edge, now shewed us Schaffhausen. In a few minutes we were at a stand still; I jumped ashore, and was shewn to the Vaisseau hotel, where, at eleven o'clock, I had a right good breakfast preparatory to viewing the noble fall. Attired in my blouse, baton in hand, I set off, preceded by my guide, with whom I was furnished at the hotel, to visit the finest waterfall in Europe. To the question, addressed by the aforesaid, "Which side shall I take?" I replied, "The chateau of Laufen;" and for this purpose crossed the bridge.

Arrived on the other side, and looking from the heights, above the river, on the town we had left, the mass of dwellings presented an animated appearance. Nearly parallel, on the opposite hill, rose the towers of the fortress I at first noticed,

and the noble Rhine ran beneath. We kept along its bank, through a narrow path, leading by meads and vineyards, until we reached the road to Zurich. Not far from this is the fine chateau of Wolfsberg, where travellers may sojourn *en pension*. Again deviating from the road we struck into a path bringing us to the river side, and, pointing to a building over the stream, on the summit of a hill, my guide said, "Here's the chateau of Laufen." The low moan of the distant fall, at the same time, reached my ear, and continued to increase in sound as I approached.

When we reached the spot where I could see the water turn pale, as it reached the verge of the abyss, and blanch white, before it made the leap, I paused and sketched the scene. The castle raises its parapets and towers on the brink of the wooded cliff. Beneath tumbles the roaring river, and rising gently from the other side, are quiet modest hills, studded with houses and trees. Well conditioned, contented cattle were rustling their bells as they browsed or reclined beneath the spreading woods, heedless of the roar and turmoil of waters, which now was almost deafening. A neat white chapel and some few houses form a contrast with the chateau's embattled walls.

After passing through an archway and court-yard, in which stood a number of vehicles, we entered the salle of M. Bleulen, who disposes of

prints of the Fall, and from the opposite side, repaired to a small pavilion at some height above it. Perhaps the first view from this place may disappoint many, because you cannot see the entire of the principal rush of water, which is quite underneath. The effect is however splendid. Descending, you reach another resting place, but lower still is a small gallery, ending in a *cul-de-sac*, where, by those whose nerves can stand the noise, the cataract is seen to perfection.

Apparently from over your head the vast volume rushes in its strength like a troop of wild steeds, flinging their manes in the air, and dashing foam, in flakes, into your face. The water is white as snow, and comes in abrupt and broken masses from the rock above. The sound is terrific; your ears are stunned; and when you seem to gain a little respite, on comes the watery crash ten times louder than before. Your eyes are bewildered, for you try to follow, in its headlong fall, a single sheet of water; and a myriad others swifter come, and in the multitude you are dazzled and your senses confused. The fall is broken by three or four rocks, standing up, a feeble barrier against the flow of the river. Green trees and shrubs still cluster on their heads and sides, and tremble mid the hiss and splash of foam. I dare say that in a little time, the fury of the waves will overwhelm and dash them down the steep. One

has a hole worn through its side, through which the waters have vent, and no doubt will wear away the remainder.

As I was anxious to view the fall in every possible way, I took a boat to cross to the other side. The river is of course disturbed by its contiguity to this vast fall, and therefore any thing but placid. There is however no danger, and the view of the fall, as you come in front, fully repays the voyage.

I took another sketch from the side near the village, and thence returned to Schaffhausen. The cathedral, at present a Protestant church, is plain. I observed some old monuments in the ancient cloisters.

As it was only two o'clock when I returned, the master of the hotel directed me to the castle, which he said was well worth seeing. Accordingly I mounted a number of steps and arrived at the portal. The stout portress met me at the entrance, and we descended first into the vaults, which are very curious. She shewed me a well, formed by the Romans to supply the fortress with water. It is at present empty, being injured by the French, but is about being repaired. On our gaining the upper air, we passed some stone shafts, each about ten feet high, into the Roman hall. Its architecture is massive and imposing, strong low buttresses support wide heavy arches of astonishing thickness. Above are the ramparts of the castle; we ascended by a gradual acclivity, paved

instead of being supplied with steps, for the convenience of wheeling up cannon, and beheld a broad esplanade, furnished with towers and a parapet. The towers are three in number, with one principal ; the smaller ones stand at their feet like pygmies ; their curious shape is worth observing. I mounted with my companion still higher, and from the summit beheld a charming prospect. The town lies beneath, with the broad Rhine flowing in the centre. Up or down you can follow the river till it is lost amid the intervening hills. Vineyards and corn-fields clothe the banks ; and the white walls of dwellings add life to the picture. When I descended, I walked through the town to the post bureau, and engaged my place in the Diligence for Basle.

At dinner I had the pleasure of forming an agreeable acquaintance with an English family, and in the evening we walked to see some curiosities. A house very well painted struck our attention ; and also, a notice purporting that “Dancing is prohibited, except through permission of the police”—rather strict !

Tuesday, 24th.

At seven I was at the diligence office, and experienced the gratification of beholding two ladies whom I had known at Chamounix, enter the vehicle for Basle ; I was quite sure I could make the third with them in the coupé, but was told

my place was in the interior. The *conducteur* reserved the coupé seat for himself,—this was really too bad. The traveller should always have the preference from the *conducteur*. I wish these persons, instead of having a certain allowance, were put on the footing of our guards and coachmen; then they would quickly learn that civility which at present they sometimes want. I had for a companion a pleasant Frenchman, member of the same profession as that to which I have the honor to aspire, and we travelled together very agreeably.

Our road lay continually by the banks of the Rhine, and the succession of views were truly magnificent. Sometimes the river widened into a broad basin, the banks crowded with the houses of a large town, and anon it dwindled to a moderate sized stream, and ran through a delicious country of woods and cornfields. Such were the varieties we saw through the day; when, just as the shadows of evening were about to fall, we entered Basle. Our passports were once more demanded at the entrance, but not delayed, and we proceeded through many streets till we reached the bridge, and beheld the river on either hand. Having arrived at the post, I accompanied my Parisian friend to the Hotel Cigogne.

BASLE.

Wednesday, 25th.

Some time after breakfast I joined my com-

panion of yesterday's journey, and we started to visit the lions of this town. The cathedral at first claimed our attention, and its high towers showed their rich stone carving as we approached. The two figures on horseback are curious ;—one represents Saint Michael piercing the dragon with a long spear ; and the other, I think, Saint Martin. On entering the interior, we were shown several tombs : the names of the heroes and princes have even now faded from my memory,—not so that of Erasmus, whose tomb is near the communion table ; for this church belongs at present to members of the Protestant Church ; the table itself is of beautiful marble. Opposite, near the corner, are the stalls of the bishops, very richly carved. On going into another part, we were shewn the tombs of the Empress Anna, wife of the Emperor Rodolph de Habsbourg : it is not more remarkable than the rest, save having an iron railing round it. We mounted next some steps, and were shewn into a good-sized room nearly square, where the memorable council of Basle was holden, between the years 1431 and 1444. Here are some pictures, and a number of conchological and mineral specimens, collected in the adjoining country. A copy on a small scale of the *Danse des Mortes* is preserved here in china, which the old sexton explained. We now descended into a subterranean chapel, where six of the Apostles are carved in basso-relievo. The remainder are wanting. Here,

also, placed against separate pillars, are some of the bishops' tombs. The prelates are represented in ecclesiastical robes, with the crozier and mitre: the dates of the monuments are as far back as 1300. We ascended again to mount the towers. After crossing the aisle of the church, a narrow passage led us to the foot of the stairs, which we commenced mounting; after ascending some three hundred steps we reached a large bell, underneath which having stooped, and stood on the first gallery, we viewed the country from the four sides of this tower; and then continuing our ascent, in a little time we reached the summit. The view extends over an immense tract of fertile country, watered by the Rhine. The town of Basle lay in a cluster at our feet. When we descended we found it was time to visit the Bibliothèque.

The chief attractions this building possesses, are the numerous works of Hans Holbein. We saw his work, the Passion, in eight stages, looking as freshly painted as though it came from the easel but yesterday. His dead Christ is also a masterpiece; the contraction of the muscles so perfectly natural, that one would think it was a real figure, covered by a glass case. His painting of Erasmus is very fine. There are many of his designs in crayon, well worth noticing. The family of Sir Thomas More, himself, and wife, with many others. After a close survey of this picture gallery, we went up stairs to the bibliothèque, to view the

manuscripts. There are many letters in the hand-writing of Erasmus ; also Martin Luther, and other remarkable men.—A copy of the protocol of the council was shown us. The collection of books does not appear extensive. The arsenal contains the armour of Charles le Téméraire, and in the Hotel de Ville is the statue of Munatius Plancus ; these appeared to me all worth noticing in this last town of SWITZERLAND.

A CHAPTER ON SWISS TRAVELLING.

HAVING now made, I trust, not an unentertaining, as it has certainly been to me an interesting tour of this justly celebrated country, I may be expected to sum up in a few pages, the hints that I may suppose of use to those who mean to make a similar excursion ; and, as far as my limited powers go, I am willing to do so. Much of the fatigue encountered in travelling over the mountains may be avoided ; but, at the same time you lose the scenery to which these steep passes lead. I am an advocate for beholding the glorious works of nature ; still everything, even gold may be bought too dear, and I would not visit the most sublime spot at the risk of suffering a month or a week's illness. The general courses marked out in guide books, comprise much of what is really worth seeing, and also much of what is not. I would humbly suggest a few alterations, and thereby render the tour less wearying, and I trust more picturesque.

I prefer lakes to mountains, for after all, there is a great sameness in mountains ; and what is

more tiresome, it is either climb, climb, or descend, descend, till your very knees bend under you, or you can scarcely keep your saddle. The Righi, I must say, repays any trouble,—the prospect from its summit is splendid. Yet, I should not recommend the tourist, unless desirous to see all, attempting the Faulhorn. The weather is very fickle on that peak, and will, *sans cérémonie*, cause the visit to turn out unprofitable. The fall of the Handeck and Glaciers of the Rhone will always keep the Grimsel a favorite, otherwise, it is barren enough. The view of the Jungfrau repays the tour to Grindelwald from Lauterbrunnen by the Wengen Alp. This, however, also requires fair weather. But the lakes, the dear lakes ! demand no exertion, save to look on and admire.

Commencing we will say, the 1st of July, or August at Geneva, go to see Ferney, and in the steam-boat to Villeneuve. Passing to Vevay, look in at Chillon, and after spending a day at Vevay, go to Lausanne. You will return by the 10th, suppose, and start for Chamounix on the 11th,—you sleep there that night, and visit the Mer de glace and Montanvert, 12th and 13th. If the weather is fine, ascend the Brevon or the Flégère,—visit the Buisson glacier, and on the 15th go to Martigny by the Tête Noire. It is infinitely preferable to the Col de Balme. If your curiosity leads you, visit the Grand St. Bernard,—it is not so difficult as people imagine. I have crossed it on foot and

on mules. When returned, we will say the 17th, go to see the Cascade Pisse-vache, and on the 18th, traverse the valley of the Rhone to Leukbad; the 19th, you mount the Gemmi and arrive in Thun. It is but a pleasant drive to Berne, and you return in the evening, so the 21st sees you *en route* to Interlacken, where you may breakfast. As I am limiting the tour, you may pass on if you please to Lauterbrunnen and see the Staubbach. Cross the Wengen Alp, or if you dislike the fatigue, which is great, go round by the carriage-road to Grindelwald.—22nd Meyringen,—23rd Grimsel,—see the *Chute d'Aar*,—24th Glaciers of the Rhone,—Mount Furca to Andermatt,—you can get into the Grisons here; but the road to Altorf is very picturesque. We will take it; 25th, Ponts du Diable,—sleep at Fluelen,—26th, Lake of Waldstetten to the Righi,—27th, descend by Goldau to Immensee,—boat to Zug, carriage to Zurich.—28th, steam-boat to Rapperswyl, by carriage to Wesen, boat to Wallenstadt, and walk to Ragatz.—29th, Pfeffers and Gorge of the Tamina,—return to Ragatz,—30th, get to St. Gall, and 31st sees you at Constance. Of course you will not omit going to the finest waterfall in Europe, and this I think to be the *summum totum* of Swiss scenery.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE RHINE.

Address to the River—Leave Basle—Environs—Passport Office—Douane—German Dinner Hour—Colmar—Strasbourg—Cathedral—Prospect from the Tower—Trip to Baden—Villages en Route—Baden—Gambling—Ball—German Waltzing—Account of the Town—Churchyard—Alt-Schloss—Birth Day of the Grand Duke—Military Mass—Rastadt—Chateau—Carlsruhe—Embark at Leopoldshofen—Spire—Manheim—Sunset.

STRASBOURG.

Friday, 27th August.

RHINE ! I am on thy banks, and by thy stream, and thy dancing waters bask in the same ray of sunshine that dazzles mine eye. I love thee, fair river ! and I trust thy haunted shores and “chiefless castles” will throw open their stores of legends for my perusal, and I may revel in the bright fields of fancy, while strolling by thy rapid tide. I have tracked thee nearly to thy birth, and mean to hover round even unto thy close; so I hasten to make the first advances to our good companionship. For this purpose I promise to do my part if thou dost

thine, and that this agreement may lose nothing by delay, I hurry to commence from Switzerland, and account for what I have already seen.

We had a fine day leaving Basle, and the gardens in the environs looked lovely as we past. The country about Basle seems very fertile, and well cultivated. We met with no interruption till we reached the frontiers, and there we were hustled out of the vehicle, and into a bureau, where our passports underwent strict scrutiny.

This ordeal was no sooner over, than we perceived by the diligence, emptied of its luggage, standing at the door of a house marked "Douane," that another even more disagreeable was to be endured. Having nothing "*pour déclarer*," I did not mind, nor were my things looked at; but a poor young lady suffered a good deal of annoyance because her shawl happened to look new, and be carefully folded up. At last we were all put to rights, and the word *allez* being given, we moved on. When we arrived at Muhlhausen, a considerable town with a canal, we were merely put through the fright of a douane, and staid here nearly an hour for dinner.

In a country such as this has become, particularly the resort of strangers, at this season of the year, I am surprised the innkeepers do not contrive a table d'hôte at a more reasonable hour than the German one o'clock. The second is too late for one who does not ambition fashionable hours—eight.

Between five and six would be nearer the mark. Leaving Muhlhausen where I observed a very fine square adorned with colonnades supporting a piazza, and a great quantity of coal along the quays, we drove through Ensisheim, a good town, to Colmar, at which last place we arrived at eight o'clock in the evening. While we changed the vehicle I had time to walk through some of the streets, which I found wide, regular, and well built. It was night when we were again *en route*, but a more beautiful one never came out of the heavens,—calm as an infant's slumber and bright as its smile, the blue vault shone with myriads of twinkling stars, and the glorious moon seemed clad with more than ordinary effulgence. We went through Scheletstadt, Benfelden, and some other towns. In the early dawn of morn when the timid moon hid her face before the sun's approach, the sky became a little dark, otherwise we could not tell when night had ceased or day commenced, the former was so lightsome. The sun shone at length, and rousing the damps from the recumbent position they occupied, under the pressure of the night dews, they now rose and floated, like gauzy clouds, a little distance over the earth. When it was near five o'clock, the summit of a lofty spire glanced high and distinct above the vapour that shrouded the inferior parts, and I instantly cried out the "Cathedral of Strasbourg!" A mile or so of the road brought us within the gate. Having delivered

our passports, we were suffered to proceed. I staid at the hotel of the diligence, and after breakfast, accompanied by a *valet de place* or commissionaire, set out to see the lions. I first made out my banker, then put a letter I had written in the office, and thence we went to the Cathedral. This magnificent temple was commenced towards the close of the fifth, or beginning of the sixth century, by Clovis, King of the French. A choir was added by Charlemagne; but in 1007, the whole took fire and was reduced to ashes. Verner, Bishop of the house of Habsbourg, laid the foundation of a new edifice in 1015, and it was finished in 1275. The building of the tower was entrusted to a celebrated architect, Ervin de Steinbach. He commenced it in the year 1276, but died in 1318. John his son continued the plan, and got up to the platform. It was completed in 1439 by Hutz. Ervin and his son are buried in the church.

This tower is 436 feet high, being more elevated than St. Peter's at Rome. The prospect is of course magnificent. I could see the entire country round, lying as it were at my feet. Villages, leagues asunder, appeared but with a step between. The Rhine shone like a burnished serpent, stretched along the plain. From the platform I was pointed out the church of St. Thomas, where is to be seen the tomb of Marshal Saxe, by Pigalt, and those of Kock and Oberlin, by Ohmachi.

Close underneath, shrunk to a little measure, but still preserving somewhat of beauty near its giant neighbour, was the ci-devant Palais Episcopal, otherwise imperial, or royal. The theatres, the libraries and museums, the observatory, hospitals, gardens, promenades, manufactures, all were seen at a glance.

The interior is solemn and imposing ; the effect of the lofty Gothic arches is very grand. We had mass in one of the side chapels ; after hearing which, I visited other buildings accompanied by my guide. After dinner I had some delicious fruit to sweeten the sour wine of this place, and retired early to rest.

BADEN.

Saturday, 28th.

At six o'clock I left Strasbourg for Baden. On passing through the gates, I entered on a road bordered by trees of rich and luxuriant foliage ; a handsome column stands at a cross, where other roads branch off. Not far is the extensive and crowded grave-yard. The weeping willow and funeral cypress, extend their sad shades over the tombs, protecting alike the poor and the rich, the lowly and the great, the humble and the proud. It must be consoling for those who feel the sting of poverty in this life, to know there is another world where all are equal.

Gardens, chiefly vegetable, border the road, still

lined by mountain ash, beech, and chesnut. Pausing for a moment on a little bridge over a small arm of the stream, it afforded us a parting glimpse of the magnificent cathedral of Strasbourg, stretching its tall spire high into the air. Proceeding a little farther, we beheld the bridge over the Rhine, like a long black line, drawn over the world of waters. The river in this spot is really splendid ; the eye can scarcely compass its width, and is lost in its winding course. We passed over the bridge which rests on a foundation of boats. Each having a long cut-water at a proper distance, the boats are connected with the breakwaters by ropes and strong cables. The yielding to the pressure of so heavy a body as our Diligence, was much less than I expected.

Another douane !—verily these will be the death of me ! This *jeu de douane*, as I have called it, is I think the least amusing that a traveller can partake of. After ransacking bags and baggage, we are allowed to proceed, and soon entered Kehl, on the frontiers of Germany. This is a good town, with the usual number of hotels ; where the people come from to support one half of them, is to me a matter of surprise ; but I believe the Germans are much given to roving, a propensity derived from their Scythian ancestors.

The road, after leaving Kehl, runs for miles over a dead level, bounded on the north-east by the Schawrtzwald or Black Forest, and west by the

Rhine. The church of Ozheim peered over the trees to our left, and when we lost sight of its gray spire, we saw Bodersweiher before us. This is a good country village; but Luix, where we arrived a little after, is a perfect "love of a place," as the French lady near me observed. Each cottage is surrounded by a garden, with fruit-trees and flower-beds.

Bischofsheim is larger and more populous. There are a number of Jews here, whom we observed grouped together, enjoying the idleness of their Sabbath. We did not change horses till we reached Lichtenau, a good town; after leaving which, we came *vis-a-vis* to Baden, as it lay in the valley to our right. After making a considerable circuit, which brought us close to the dark woods, we entered on a cross road, conducting to that which leads from Rastadt to Baden. In a very short time we were gratified with a sight of that fashionable bathing-place.

On entering this town the beauty of the environs give the visitor the promise of much pleasure during his sojourn; or, if he prefer in-door amusements to excursions, the *salle de conversation* is ever open. When I had fixed myself in mine inn and found there was a *table d'hôte* at four o'clock, I disengaged myself of my travelling clothes, and, attired in appropriate costume, such as the fashionable air of the place required, I repaired to the promenade.

Stately rows of poplars and elms shade the gay

folk who *walk* underneath; for, I have observed, horses and carriages are not allowed to pass a certain distance. Lines of shops, chiefly bijouterie, pastry, &c., expose their contents to tempt the passer-by. At the top of this is the building called *Salle de Conversation*, consisting of a centre, with a colonnade of Doric columns, and two wings with connecting apartments. The centre is a splendid ball-room. A magnificent lustre is suspended from the ceiling,—there are also two smaller ones. The floor is well adapted for “tripping it on the light fantastic toe,”—and the seats round the walls afford repose to the wearied. There are galleries at either end for musicians and spectators. Between this room and the right wing are two *salles de jeu*, the outer for *roulette*, the inner, *rouge et noir*.

Here, in these temples, where Satan is the God, and Mammon the visible deity, the crowded tables shew the number of duped votaries at the infernal shrines. Night affords no rest to them, whose days are lavished in seeking to recover the treasure they have lost; but, like a weak person pulling at a chain, of which a stronger has possession, their labour is fruitless, and entire loss the consequence. After many ineffectual pulls, perhaps they recover a little, but it is only for a moment, a sudden wrench drags again what was restored; and not until it is too late, the unhappy instrument of his own ruin perceives, that had he

held back in time, he would not have been entirely destitute. The misery of gaming is its infatuation ; yet, if a person of calm temperament quietly looked on, and saw the number of persons losing, and the chances being so much in favour of the tables, few indeed would venture at *roulette*. What can compensate for the anxiety of mind which ever distracts, even the successful gambler ? —for even he is never sure of its continuance. Again, the melancholy instances of its results, one of which I have given in a former chapter, should deter any person from launching into this dangerous sea.—The right wing is an hotel, and the left the theatre ; between the theatre and centre is the library. There is a small balcony in front of the building, where musicians are stationed, and play various airs, delighting the promenaders by the concert of sweet sounds, from morning to night.

This evening there was a ball, to which I went. The admission was very low—three francs ; but the attendance was respectable, and not too numerous. A young English lady said it was the thinnest of the four she had been at, and supposed it owing to the absence of the Grand Duchess, and a 'large party given the previous evening. We had, however, about three hundred to carry on the fun, and at ten we commenced with a waltz. I had an excellent partner—Parisian, le Comtesse de R—, and the music was very fair.

The circle was the largest I ever danced round, which we whirled with fearful rapidity. Had half the concussions occurred at the paces we were going, that I have seen in other places, there would have been, in the Irish phrase—"wigs on the green."

The Germans are celebrated for waltzing, yet I own I do not admire their style,—there is no grace in it. It is a kind of running—ostrich trotting—or, perhaps, more familiarly, the run of the railbird,—a short hop, and strides so long, that I cannot conceive how the little English girls contrived to keep up with them. After each waltz we had a quadrille and gallope. At about twelve o'clock the crowd began to disperse,—ladies complained of fatigue, and I withdrew. During the ball the chink of money in the adjoining room, often grated harsh on mine ear, for a young travelling companion, who had accompanied me to the ball, with letters of exchange to a large amount about him, was no where to be seen. I own I was uneasy, for he had had a portion of three bottles of Champaigne, and I feared he might be imprudent. I found him, as I suspected, at the gaming table; however, he only staked florins, and promised soon to retire with me. He lost nearly every time, and when he desisted was minus forty or fifty.

Sunday, 29th.

The ringing of bells roused me at eight o'clock, and announced the Lord's day. So, resolved not to be late for prayers, as I unfortunately was the previous one at Constance, I dressed and entered the chapel. It is a good-sized building, and had a numerous congregation. I was glad to perceive many of my fair, and some male companions of last night in the ball-room. After some singing, a sermon was preached by a venerable clergyman, in German. When he ceased, mass commenced, and after its conclusion I returned to the hotel and had breakfast.

I made a tour of some of the principal hotels here, in hopes of discovering some friends; but was disappointed, they having already departed. Left to myself, and the day proving unfit for a country excursion, dense watery clouds, with rain at intervals, hanging on all the hills, I was forced to content myself with making an inspection of the town.

Baden, called by the Romans, "Civitas Aurelia Aquensis,"—by the Germans Baden, is situated in a valley, two leagues from the Rhine. The environing hills are clothed with dark woods, and from the gloomy covert, sometimes a gray rock, or mouldering battlement starts forth. The ruins of the ancient chateau of Baden are picturesque. In

the valley, the eye dwells with delight on the fertile meadows, spreading rich plains of green velvet sward, and rows of clustering grapes.

The town is very irregularly built, and I am sure can boast of more hills than ancient Rome, every street having, at least, one to its share. The houses are about 500, with a population near 3000. All, except a few Jews, are Roman Catholics. The chapel is very ancient, having been built in the eighth century. Within its sanctuary repose the ashes of most of the Margraves. The tomb of Leopold, painted by Lill from pictures of Guido Reni, is the most remarkable. There are also two other churches; one, that of the hospital; the other, of the convent. The chateau, which has, of course, undergone many alterations, was built by the Margraves of the 13th century. There are subterranean vaults, entered by the tower of the angle to the right. Passing by the parish church, you see the Cabinet of Antiquities, formed like an ancient temple, with a peristyle, supported by four Doric pillars. I descended the hill, walked through some streets, and, seeing the gate open, entered the quiet church-yard.

There is always a solemn stillness about the last abodes of mortality, breathing a quiet over the spirit that imparts a tranquillity to the mind which the busy haunts of man so quickly brush away; and here, amid the emblems of our frail being—

withered garlands and faded flowers—I could commune with the silent past with much more peacefulness than the noisy present.

Built in the wall, I perceived very many antique tomb-stones, carved principally with the crucifixion. The inscriptions on the more ancient were Latin ; the later, in German. There was one—“Sacred to the memory”—of the daughter of an English baronet. Nearly in the centre of the grave-yard is a crucifixion, large as life ; and, close by, apparently very ancient, a group of sculpture, figures of natural size, representing our Saviour praying in the garden of Gethsemane, with the three apostles fast asleep. It is extremely well conceived and executed. Many graves are bordered with flowers, and each has its head-stone. The shattered columns of some are fit emblems of broken ties and ruined hopes.

I left the church-yard, and walked musingly along, comparing the tranquillity we receive from a visit to such a place, with the unsatisfied spirit we generally bring away from converse with our fellow-beings. Here, no pride, no ambition, or envy, dwelleth ; all is lost when we descend into the narrow house.

I strolled by *L'Allée des Saules*, as it is called, through two lines of waving trees, and beheld Baden in the valley, between two hills ; the chapel lifting up its spire, and the chateau crowning the

rock. I had barely time for a hurried outline, when the rain came on, and drove me back to my hotel.

After dinner, at which I met an agreeable American family, I once more sallied out, took the same path, and continued constantly ascending the mountain-side, through a close wood. I had beheld from the town an old castle, which my guide-book, "Schrieber," informed me was one of the finest in Germany, and resolved to make good my passage to it. The night came down in blackness while I was in the dark alley, and I was right glad to emerge from the lonely glade, and stand on a beaten track. A finger-post now bore the letters, "*Vieux-Chateau*;" so I perceived I was all right, and continued my course. I mounted for near an hour, when the ruined walls, all grey and desolate in the gloom, met my sight. Not without a feeling of reverence did I enter the ancient portal, where Margrave and Margravine once held their court. I passed through the tenantless chambers, still bearing, in decay, the vestiges of former splendour, in sculptured windows and arched doors. Trees have taken root, and sprung up where the festal board once had place, and stones and briars are in the room of the dance. The high tower yet preserves its elevation. There is a pillar of good workmanship in the Ritter, or Knights' Hall, which, I imagine, from its position, to have supported a canopy for the lord of the castle.

The view is really magnificent ; the mist of evening hung low in the valley when I ascended ; but the broad, broad Rhine, lay like a mighty serpent, wreathing its folds round island and hill. Light gleamed through the darkness from Baden, forming a striking contrast to the surrounding gloom ; and the hum of the distant town floated like the voice of bees on the calm night-wind. I love to contemplate the speculations of man, from the scenes of faded glory comparing the fancied importance of the present, with the equally, at the time, absorbing past. It ever teaches me a useful lesson, which cannot be too often instilled into our minds—“ *Short is the duration of things below !* ”

Monday 30th.

Ringing of bells, beating of drums, sounding of trumpets, and squeaking of fifes. What a din ! Is the town stormed ? or have the people gone mad during the night ? “ No, sir, this is the birthday of our sovereign lord, his high mightiness the Grand Duke of Baden ! ”

I had arranged with a friend that we should take a carriage, and start this morning for the Valley of the Mourg, with the proviso that the weather permitted the excursion. I now was fairly driven out of bed by the noise which commenced at day-break, and one glance convinced me that our arrangement for the intended trip to the Mourg, was, like the second marriage in a case of

bigamy, null and void. One continual watery sheet hung above and poured its contents simultaneously over the entire horizon. The partial rain of yesterday had now become impartial, and fell in ducking torrents over all. Though provided with a Mackintosh, umbrella, and oiled hat cover, I could not be dry for an hour, the water was so subtle and unceasing. When I descended to breakfast, I found the house thronged with soldiery, and we had some of the officers in the *salle a manger*. The colours lay against the wall, they were richly wrought, and about ten o'clock the parade began. The bands played for some time in portions of the town, where members of the duke's family resided, and then marched to the church ; it was splendidly lighted. Lofty wax-lights blazed in five or six rows on the principal altar, and every spot was crowded. I was provided with a seat by an officer in uniform, and the troops entered the church. The advance was cavalry, the bandsmen having long white horse-hair in their helmets, while the soldiers wore black. The uniform is green. It was an imposing sight to behold these warlike men, arrayed in their trappings, standing each like a statue, on either side of the altar, where the white-robed priests offered up their prayers to God for the sovereign. The infantry occupied the aisle ; we had excellent music, and the entire ceremony was very impressive. Towards the conclusion, a hymn was sung in

which all joined, and the rich chorus, peculiarly adapted to the German voice, had a sonorous, yet melodious effect. When high mass was concluded, the troops marched out in the same array, and the bands continued playing for some time outside the church. They are now playing near where I write, and the white feathers in their helmets, constantly nod as they pass my windows. The head-pieces are very strong and apparently of great weight ; the swords I think longer than those in use of our cavalry, also the carbine.

Rain—rain ! I have just taken my place for Carlsruhe, and suspect we shall have rain the entire way. It is near four o'clock ; so I am off.

Carlsruhe, 10 at night.

We had the diligence or rather omnibus full,—all German, but some spoke French. The country we traversed on leaving Baden is flat, and not very interesting, till we arrived at Rastadt, the ancient residence of the Margraves of Baden. It is a good town on the Mourg, which is here a considerable river. In this town was concluded the negotiations of the peace in 1714, between Prince Eugene and Marshall de Villars. It possesses a beautiful chateau built by the Margravine Sybille Auguste de Saxe Launbourg, wife of the Margrave General Louis William. The façade is surmounted with a gallery, commanding a fine view, and has on the top a statue of Jupiter. In the apartments

are many trophies taken from the Turks, and some good pictures. After leaving Rastadt, we passed through Ettlingen, and arrived about half-past eight at Carlsruhe.

CARLSRUHE.

Tuesday, 31st.

I rose this morning at a little after five, and engaged a place in the steam-boat for Manheim, after which I made my tour through the residence of the Grand Duke.

Carlsruhe is situated in the Hartzwald forest, about a league and a half from the Rhine, and exceeds, in beauty of architecture and regularity of streets, any town I have yet seen on the Continent. It is of modern date, at least little more than fifty years since the first stone of the palace was laid. There are nearly forty streets, and twenty thousand inhabitants. The streets are wide, and the houses uniform. Its contiguity to the forest affords abundance of shady promenades. The palace is very fine, built in a hemisphere with wings. In front is a planted esplanade, with fountains and exquisite statues. The new Catholic church is splendid; indeed, every public building by Wernbrennen is worth inspection, and more than I can enumerate.

At eight o'clock, we were all assembled at the packet-office, first to be conveyed by diligence to Leopoldshofen, formerly Shreck, there to embark.

What a crowd we were? A supplementary vehicle had to be provided, and, after some delay from our great numbers, we at last got under weigh. The morning was beautifully fine; a bright sun shone cheerfully on our line of march, and reflected the black chimney of the steam-boat on the rippling waters when we drew nigh. The banks of the Rhine are here low, and destitute of scenery, so I was glad to meet with some English ladies, the charms of whose conversation animated the otherwise dreary voyage. About ten o'clock we reached the Bavarian part of the Rhine, and, after some short time, drew near the ancient city of Spire.

Spire, the Augusta Nemetum Spira of the Romans, situated on the Spierback, has at present only about 7000 inhabitants. It is still the chief place in the district, and the residence of the regent of the Bavarian Rhine. But how are the mighty fallen! It was once an imperial city. Tacitus remarks, in the third century, that it was one of the strongest and most powerful on the entire river. After the fall of the Roman empire, the Franks had possession. Dagobert founded the monastery of St. Germain, in place of the temple of Mercury. His successors also, the Carlovingian kings, had their palaces, and resided in this city. The first tourney was holden here, that species of amusement, suited to the barbarous age, which afforded knights the opportunity to shew their affection for their mistresses by slough-

tering their comrades. The magnificent dom-kirche, or cathedral, built in the Greek style, was finished in 1097, by Henry IV. In the vaults beneath the choir are buried nine emperors; viz. Conrad II., Henry III., IV., V., Conrad III., Philip of Souabe, Rodolph d'Hapsbourg, Adolph de Nassau, and Albert d'Autriche. The cathedral has undergone repairs, having been injured by the French in 1688. Spire was the seat of the imperial diet for 200 years. In the 14th century it contained 27,000 inhabitants. There are many traces of antiquity.

The voyage from Spire to Manheim is of little interest, the banks on either hand presenting nothing worth noticing. We dropped down quickly with the stream, and met the ascending steam-boat. About three leagues' voyage from Spire, we beheld the bridge of boats extending across the river, and at half-past two I made my bow to my fair companions, who were going on by water to London, and stood on the shore of Manheim.

My passport was demanded, and pronounced "goot;" so I stepped into a carriage, and drove to the Cour de Rhin. When I made myself comfortable, I sallied out to inspect the town.

Manheim offers few buildings of sufficient merit to deserve notice. The chateau of the Grand Duchess dowager is a large extensive pile. The right wing, which was the opera, yet bears traces of rough usage, inflicted by the Austrians during

their bombardment of this town in 1793. The collections of paintings and statues in the interior are very good, and choice. Many are of the school of Rubens. The theatre is a very fine building, plain, yet striking. Near the palace is the church of the Jesuits, also a good building. There is an arsenal and observatory. I was also much pleased with a well executed group by Brandt, placed in the market-place. It is in allusion to the situation of Manheim between the Rhine and Neckar, and has allegorical representations of these rivers. In the parade is a beautiful fountain by Crepello.

Nothing can exceed the loveliness of the sky as seen from the windows where I now write. Between the masses of bluish dusky clouds, which denote the approach of night, glimpses of a rich golden tint show the parting rays of the declining sun. Beneath, the streets are planted with rows of trees, and the citizens parading up and down. A large hotel,—“the Russian,” is opposite; lights already twinkling from the rooms; while the high dome of the church, surmounted by its cupola, and the spire of another peering at a little distance over the roof-tops, receive the sun’s last rays.

CHAPTER XXV.

HEIDELBERG.

Excursion to Heidelberg—Sketch from the road—Site of the Palace—Gorgeous ruins—Great Tun—Evening's gloom—University—Travelling Companions—Towns in the Bergstrass—Agreeable encounter at Auerbach—Darmstadt—Aristocratic coachman—German students—Frankfort—Markschiff to Mayence—Towns on the Maine—Hochheim—Inventor of printing—Antiquity of Mayence—Cathedral—Tomb of Frauenlob—Favorite—Biberich—Wiesbaden—Kursäul—Mineral waters.

Wednesday.

I AWOKE this morning at five, when, thinking the diligence for Heidelberg was not to set off till seven or eight, I did not rise. I dozed away for more than two hours, and then recollecting I was too late. I hurried down in hopes of catching another, and found I had no chance until the evening; so, rather than lose a lovely day, I packed up my things, mounted my *blouse*, and delivering my traps to the *commissionnaire* of the hotel, to have forwarded in the evening after me, set off on foot

for Heidelberg. I soon emerged from the town and found my road. It lay through a rich tillage country, the land flat on both sides, with a few vineyards diversifying the fields. The vines grow higher than I have before seen them. There are few isolated houses, most being congregated into villages, which are therefore very considerable.

I paused for a moment by the side of one of the shady trees which line the road, and sat on the banks of the Neckar, where that limpid stream winds to the left. The scene was one of quiet beauty. The bright blue sky overhead was unsullied by a single cloud, but a few soft vapoury ones, lay hovering on the verge of the horizon as if fearful of venturing on a scene so fair. From the opposite side rose the village of Hadenburg,—the spire of its church rising taper-like over the many roofs. Yet not a sound broke the universal stillness, but the rustling of insects among the grass, or chirping of birds amid the bowers. Some boats lay on the bosom of the stream, and the men went about them like moving statues. The vessels themselves seemed asleep, and were reflected in the mirror-like water on which they floated. A long chain of vine-clad hills, with woods and villages fringing the base, were extended round the horizon. Continuing by the road, I passed through three good villages, Seckenheim, Endingen and Wieglingen. The path was uninteresting enough, running through a level country, watered by the

Neckar, until I arrived in sight of Heidelberg, and there indeed was something to look at !

The magnificent ruins of the palace were on the side of the hill, crowned by the Kaiserstuhl, a tower erected in memory of the Emperor Francis. Near the palace were the arches of the promenade, looking like a Roman aqueduct. Below, connecting the town to the opposite hill, was the fine bridge. After having walked in four hours from Manheim, I entered the town and repaired to the Gasthof, "Roi de Portugal." Impelled by the sight of the gorgeous ruins rising over my head, I hastened up the steep with the same impatience I formerly did on beholding the Castle of Chillon. I had for my guide, a sharp intelligent boy, who lived, he said, in the palace, and we soon stood within the precincts.

No description can equal, no pen properly describe its magnificence. The pencil falls powerless when attempting to portray the architecture, and, I own, I am undertaking an office which I cannot hope to accomplish, in endeavouring to give a correct account of this stupendous pile.

The oldest part was built by Elector Robert, in 1346, and the Knight's hall of that date, is one of the parts in best preservation. Here are some antiquities, coats of mail, with the weapons in use at the period ; balls fired by the French when they destroyed the place, and other curiosities. The windows are of painted glass, and the light falls

dimly on the desolate walls. My guide for the environs, shewed me the moat and the portions where the besieging French undermined the walls. It is fearful to think of the scenes that then took place, when war stalked through the dwellings of princes, and ruin claimed the Electoral Hall.

After leaving the Rittersaal, I descended to the kitchen and lower apartments of the building. We then mounted up to the English apartments built in 1612, and called so because one of the electors married the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I. The view is extensive and very fine; I beheld the town underneath with trees and gardens; the tall spire of the Cathedral lifting up its head from the centre; the bridge spanning the river, and the eye follows the bright stream, nearly to Manheim, along the well cultivated country. The rich hills of the Bergstrasse are close at hand, covered to their summits with vineyards.

We mounted the stairs still higher, and stood on the top, which is, or rather was a circle, but half has fallen, and left a fragment. "This," said my conductress, "was the theatre." I absolutely started, and then broke into a laugh, such as Democritus might have indulged in when contemplating the follies of mankind. "The theatre!" I repeated in a musing tone,—theatre! We were standing, as I have before said, in a semicircle. A richly carved window was near me,—all that was left of former decoration; and even the ivy had

closed, and crept round the stone work, and decay was visible in the slight traces that remained of the rich mouldings. One half of the tower had fallen either before the battle's shock, or wrath of heaven, for the bolt had striken the proud pile, and completed the wreck of man. I could hardly fail from forming comparisons. Beside this is the chapel, to which we next passed : the interior is plain, a high altar, and two small side ones, with the pew of the princes and a confessional, in which is a good representation of a capuchin. The outside is splendid, built entirely of hewn stone, divided into compartments by pillars, the windows decorated with bas-reliefs. There are two elevated roofs with arms and figures, and a large figure in the centre. This is the exterior fronting the promenade, that facing the court-yard is yet more magnificent.

From the fair dame who shews the interior, I had to apply to a third person who has the perquisites of the cellar, to see the celebrated tun of Heidelberg. We descended into the vaults, and I observed a cask filling up a vast space, big enough in all conscience ! and my surprise was unequalled when on advancing some steps further the real vessel lay before me. Some idea of its size may be conceived by the reader when informed that it is 33 feet long by 23 wide, and contained 283,200 bottles. It was made by order of Elector Charles Theodore in 1749-50-51, having been three years building.

It was full thrice. Opposite is the statue of Buffon, who, it appears, used to finish 15 bottles before going to bed. There is a *salle de danse* quite large enough for a set of quadrilles on the top. Joining again my young guide, we passed to the promenade, a long walk on a kind of terrace, and there having no further occasion for his services, I discharged him; and returned myself, to ramble with my sketch book about the ruins. The principal front is truly regal, but where all is so splendid, it would be invidious to point out anything in particular: I could spend days in hovering round it, and peopling the lofty halls and columned aisles with the princely forms of other times; and if asked what has struck me with most admiration during my tour, I shall ever answer, "The ruins of Heidelberg." The sun is about to set, and I to leave this shattered memorial of mortality. What reflections does not this scene call forth! The departing orb sheds a yellow light over the face of nature, alike on the dwelling of to-day, and that of by-gone centuries; what a difference between them! yet he is the same now as when he commenced his career. The shades of night hover round, and already the further end of the long halls are wrapt in gloom. Yet the bright ray still gilds high tower and projecting casement. A few moments pass, and the orb diminishes behind the western hills, midst a glow of amber beams, and the mouldering walls assume a cold

gray tint. Darkness clusters in the leaves of trees, and extends its shadows over the long rank grass. I see mists arise in the clouds, over the fair winding river, and the sky is dark, save where the sun disappeared, for traces of his dying glory are yet visible in the rich column shooting up in the western horizon, though the hills underneath are a long dusky range : that too disappears : night comes on apace ; its gloomy pall shrouds in universal obscurity the palace and the hut. All is shade. The chill winds hasten my departure for the town ; and darkness now veils the face of nature.—Heidelberg, farewell !

The university of this town, with some of the students of which I made acquaintance, has a very extensive and valuable library ; being so fortunate as to receive those of some suppressed monasteries, which tended considerably to augment and enrich it. In 1817 near nine hundred manuscripts, of the celebrated Bibliotheca Palatina, which had been taken thence to Rome, in 1622, were restored. Here is a school of medicine, and cabinet of physic and geology. In the churches of the Holy Ghost and St. Pierre are some ancient tombs.

The neighbourhood is pretty, and had I remained I certainly should have visited the valley of the Neckar ; also the Wolfsbrunnen, and the other objects of interest ; but having arranged to

depart in the morning, I devoted almost all my time to the ruins, which I do not regret.

Thursday, September 1st.

I arose this morning at half-past four, and by five was in the carriage which was to convey me to Frankfort. My companions were German students, and puffing away at that early hour, as though they had smoked all night. I wonder whether the continued use of tobacco dulls the intellect; I should suppose that a necessary result.

We entered a useless archway, formerly a guard-house, and drove over the bridge. There are two well-executed allegorical figures of the rivers on the battlements, and two statues, one of Elector Frederick, the other of Minerva. I looked round, and had a parting glance of the proud old pile. It lay in dark repose, as yet ungreeted by the rays of the sun. Keeping by the side of the river, which is used as a canal, we passed to Neuenheim; and, I saw, on leaving the village, the house in which Luther slept, on his way to the diet of Worms. It is much dilapidated, and only a small portion habitable. We had shady lines of trees bordering the road to Handschuhstien, a village at the foot of Heiligenberg. This village has many remains of antiquity in the architecture of houses, &c. A battle was fought, close by, in 1795, between the French and Austrians, in which

the former lost 2000 men, and some artillery. From the road between Schriesheim and Weinheim, looking to the left towards Ladenbourg, I beheld a small pillar, which was discovered in 1366. It was found in a large Roman sepulchre, 84 feet long, by 60 wide, known by the names of Colombarium, Sacellum, and Triclinium. We drove past a valley, where the rocks contain vitriolic substance, and the view from the road is very extensive. The ancient towers of the church of St. Gall, in Ladenbourg, peering above the high walls, have a good effect. This town, which we only see at a distance, was called Lupodunum by the Romans, and Logodobourg by the Franks. Weinheim has every appearance of great antiquity; it was formerly fortified, as is evident, from the remains of walls, and flanking towers. The environs are considered the most fertile in the Bergstrasse. The ancient tower of Wandeck looks down on the town. The population of Weinheim numbers about 5000. Three leagues brought us to Heppenheim. We passed Lautenbach, where grows the best wine in Bergstrasse; also in the sight of a cross, erected in commemoration of two Swiss merchants having been murdered here in 1811 by brigands. The posts of the boundary between the two grand duchies, Baden, and Hesse, are near this town. Tradition reports it to have been originally built by a Roman knight, named Heppius,—but this is mere conjecture; it

was repaired, and given to the monastery of Lorsch, in 805, by Charlemagne.

Leaving Heppenheim we beheld, on the heights, a noble old ruin, Starkenbourg, built in 1064, by Ulrich, abbot of Lorsch. The town and ruins of its ancient abbey lie about a league to the left. Bensheim is rather a good town, with fine old houses and castles. In a very short time we arrived at Auerbach, where is a bath of mineral waters. Here I had the pleasure of meeting a fellow-countryman, a distinguished member of the profession to which I am shortly to belong. Methought he seemed to admire the spirit of enterprise which induced me to travel alone such a distance. He was Doctor S—, K. C.

Not far from Auerbach is the hill and tower of Melikocus, the last 80 feet high, and commanding a prodigious prospect. Many persons repair hither at daybreak, to watch the effect of sun-light, which produces the same appearance as the celebrated Brocwen. From Auerbach we departed for Swingenberg, where there is an ancient fortress, and near this is Eberstadt, a village of 2000 souls. We now had some woods bordering the road, and having emerged from their shade, entered Darmstadt.

Darmstadt, capital of the Grand Duchy of Hesse, is situated in a vast plain, between the Rhine and the Maine. The immediate neighbourhood is not very attractive; but the Odenwald

and Bergstrasse, afford scenery enough to those who will take the trouble of going to seek it. Nothing can equal the change which has taken place in the improvement of this town within the last twenty-five years. It is now able to compete with any, in style of building and regularity. The palace of the Grand Duke is one of the most sumptuous in Europe, and large enough for all the princes of the empire. Four cupolas give it an imposing effect.

In the interior is the museum, enriched by the gifts of the Baron de Hubsch. Here are many good coins, also a cabinet of natural history, possessing the animals and birds of this country, which are not to be met with elsewhere. The picture gallery on the system of the Louvre, is divided in schools, having the German School, the French, the Flemish, and the Italian. Here are also models of Roman ruins, some ancient armour, and oriental costumes. The library boasts of 110,000 volumes. There is a good theatre in this city: An assembly-room of fair proportions. The Salle d'Exercises, perhaps the finest of the kind in Europe, being 272 feet by 134, was built by a working carpenter, named Schuchnicht. The Czarina Catherine had it modelled, in order to have one similar erected in St. Petersburg. The churches are very fine, and the inns good,—the one I stopped to dine at very much so, "Cours Darmstadt." There are societies or clubs in this town, where any respectable person

staying, may easily get admission. Princes are numerous: we had one at the hotel,—a large well looking man, I think they called him Prince Emilius. We passed through Archeiligen, Langen, Spreadlingen and New Isenberg, to arrive at Frankfort, which we effected at about half-past six, very respectably, without any accident, though our driver was much the worse of his potations at Darmstadt. I had early remarked that he was an aristocrat, for when he pulled out his pipe, as I sat beside him in the box, I observed a coat of arms emblazoned on the china tube. "This is mine," he said, and turning it round, he showed his name and address. Now when he was elevated, not content with a good half of the road, he insisted on sending every one else to the edge, and I was astonished at the tameness with which the persons whom he thus incommoded, suffered him to proceed. I know how he would be *served out* if he was in our own green little isle. We met many itinerants. In Switzerland I had heard of travelling Germans begging from tourists; and now some stout young fellows with knapsacks on their backs, ran hat in hand to the carriage windows. I was curious to know how my fellow traveller would act, and perceived, that when the sturdy beggar persisted in demanding alms, they all pulled out their purses and gave him. The students before they travel, which appears to me a necessary portion of a German's (as indeed it

should form a part of every one's) education, are raw school-boys. By converse with the world and strange lands, they however become shrewd and intelligent. Having a facility for the acquisition of foreign tongues, they acquire a fund of information, almost universal. Nearly all Germans are musicians,—by education, they are philosophers,—and by nature, poets.

FRANKFORT.

September 2nd.

I have now seen the greater part of Frankfort. My first trip, when I stirred out after breakfast, was to the bureau de police, to recover my passport, which I was obliged to give on entering the town. This being done, I learned the direction of a gentleman, whose acquaintance here seems universal, M. Gogel; and while in his office, mentioning my idea of returning through Belgium and Holland, was told it was quite impossible, as no Dutchman will suffer a passport with a Belgian signature to pass his frontier. This was extremely unwelcome news to me: on which one of the gentlemen recommended me to apply to the British Minister here, for direction how to proceed. He was not at home; but the gentleman who viséd my passport for Cologne and Brussels, recommended me to say nothing about my intention of going to Holland, till I reached Brussels, where on applying, I would be provided with a new

passport. I had a needless walk to the Prussian Minister, as the visé I received at Bern was pronounced sufficient.

Frankfort is supposed to owe its origin to the Romans, who established a passage by the Maine. It was the Franks who gave it the name it bears at present. When the palace of Worms was burnt, Charlemagne erected a royal residence here, on the ground now occupied by the church of St. Leonard, and it was so large as to occupy the space from the Hirschgraben, to the west end of the Street Mayence. Louis le Debonnaire built the Sealhoff, and towards the year 850, it became the favourite residence of Louis le Germanique. Frederick II. established the fair held here in September, and Louis of Bavaria, that of Pentecost. During the troubles which disturbed the banks of the Rhine in the fifteenth century, many families of Mayence took refuge here. There are a good number of Jews; the date of their street is 1662. The period when its commerce was most flourishing, was from 1763 to 1791. The population of Frankfort is estimated at 42,000; of which number 32,000 are Protestants or Lutherans; 5,500 Catholics and 4,500 Jews. The government is republican, which causes it to have consuls from the different kingdoms of Europe.

The buildings worth noticing are the Römar, or senate house. Here the electors used to choose their Emperor. In the *salle des Empereurs* are

portraits in the niches of all, since Conrad I. A golden bull is preserved here. The Saalhof built by Louis le Debonnaire is a good edifice; many of the streets are very fine. Some of the old houses present curious specimens of the taste of the ages in which they were built. The new school-house on the quay to the east of the bridge is a noble building. In front is a portico with pillars of the composite order.

Among the churches are,—the Dom, or church of St. Bartholomew,—the work of the fourteenth century, and the last undertaking of an old German architect. Its form is that of a cross, with an unfinished tower; and, as the guide book says, *tronqué à la cime*. Why it is left so I cannot imagine; for it has a most imperfect appearance, and I can see no taste in the good people of Frankfort preferring a mutilated tower to a complete one. Elections were frequently made within this church. From the tower named Pfarrhurm, the view is very extensive and good. In the church of Notre Dame is a piece of sculpture,—the Three Kings, considered an ancient *chef-d'œuvre*. That of St. Nicholas, built by Rodolph of Habsbourg is the richest in architectural beauty that I ever saw. The reformed churches are plain.

The ancient palace of the prince primate, the Hotel de Thurn et Taxis, now the abode of the president of the federative assembly, is very interesting from its historical reminiscences. The

tapestry was wrought in the rich looms of Flanders and the Gobelins. The frescos of Bernardini, Chutz and Columba, with the statues of Duquesnoy, unite to embellish the interior. The Maison Teutonique, by the waters of the Maine, is worth seeing. It was founded so far back as 1221 by Cunon Von Munzenberg, and was given by the Prince Primate as an hospital to the church of the Holy Ghost. The Austrians sequestered it. The new quay and the Wollgraben do credit to the architects. The public institutions are deserving of notice; but so numerous as to require a catalogue.

The environs are very beautiful. Near the gate of Friedberg, is a fine monument erected by Frederick Wm. King of Prussia to the Hessians killed in 1792, assaulting this town. On the banks of the Nidda are many pretty country seats, interspersed with villages. Hockheim is but a short distance,—celebrated for its excellent wine.

MAYENCE.

3rd.

I left Frankfort this morning by the boat for Mayence. I was anxious to compare the scenery of the Maine with that of the Rhine, into which it falls.

Passing along the quay, the bustle of commerce met my sight for the first time since I left Tower-stairs. Numerous boats were receiving or unshipping goods, and the crowd moving about with

looks busy and important,—it being the time of the fair. Our conveyance was tolerably full ; yet, strange to say, I did not see a single Englishman. We moved off at ten, and the old tower of the cathedral was visible long after the splendid new streets facing the river, had disappeared. The horses crossed the river, and their conductor having cracked his whip about their heads, we passed many boats.

The scenery may be easily described ; it has not much to boast of. Höchst, where we made a slight halt, possesses some relics of fortifications, old walls, and a very venerable cathedral. We could now see the mountains at some distance, rising from a long level plain,—their sides furnished with woods and vineyards. Near is the little village, Swytleingen, with a church and some good gardens. The Maine is of considerable size here, with low banks on both sides. Fliersheim and Resselsheim have marks of antiquity. Not far from the latter is an ancient fort, close by the water,—it is now abandoned to grass and weeds.

The numerous vine-gardens, and the village with the modest church, announces Hockheim, and already the many-towered cathedral of Mayence appears looming in the horizon. Spires and minarets start up here and there from the congregated city. Passengers watch the slow progress of our approach to the shore, where the Rhine receives us into its wide dominions. The bridge of boats is

seen extending to Cassel ; and, 'mid the gaze of the assembled crowd, I stand on the shore of Mayence.

Mayence is one of the most ancient towns on the Rhine, and celebrated for having been the veritable place where the art of printing was discovered. It consequently has additional claim to the respect of every lover of literature, who should by no means omit paying their devoirs to the statue of Jean Gœnsfleisch de Sorgenlock, commonly called Gutenberg. Every one knows that this honour has been disputed by Haerlem and Strasburg ; but Schrieber gives the palm to our present city, and it is not worth while to dispute it. How strange it now appears, that it was not until the 15th century that this useful discovery was made ; especially if we recollect the circumstance, that one of the barbarian emperors (I think Theodoric) was so illiterate, that he was obliged to use a plate with his name cut through,—and, by writing over with a pen, he thus affixed his signature. Surely, one would suppose, that ought to have given the idea of forming letters. Mayence also deserves respect, from its antiquity. Where the citadel stands at present was a Roman fortress, founded by Drusus, and called Drusenstein. Many Roman sepulchres and monuments were discovered here by Professor Lehne. Drusus formed another fort on the opposite bank, called Castel, where a village stands at present.

In the year 70, the 22nd legion of cohorts, who assisted at the destruction of Jerusalem, under Titus, garrisoned Mayence ; and, according to tradition, with them came St. Crescent, first Bishop of the Rhine. Trajan and Adrian added to the fortifications of this town, and built others in the neighbourhood. It has been very roughly used, in the incessant wars between the Germans and Romans. Charlemagne founded a monastery on the hill called St. Alban, and added a school ; he laid a bridge of wood, on stone pillars,—which latter may yet be seen when the water is low. Mayence, in the days of its greatest prosperity, towards the close of the 13th century, was much frequented by the troubadours, or *Minnesängers*, as they were called in German. The tomb of Henry, surnamed *Frauenlob*—“Praise the Fair”—is in the cloisters of the cathedral. He died in 1318 ; and such was the esteem borne to his remains, by those whom he loved to celebrate in his song, that the ladies of Mayence actually carried him to the tomb on their shoulders, which event is duly sculptured on his monument.

The town, like most old ones which have been repaired, possesses wide streets and narrow lanes. The street called *Trois Bleich*, and that of Louis, traverse the town. There are twenty-one public places. That of Gutenberg will be much improved, by the time the statue of that illustrious person arrives from Paris, where it is being ex-

cuted, after a colossal model by Thorvaldsen. The cathedral is very interesting, commenced by Willigis, archbishop, in the 10th century. It has two choirs and six towers. Fire, and war, and time have each had a feast in the sacred building; but like the religion which its congregation profess, it has outbraved the vain assaults of man. Tombs of those who crowned princes, the powerful electors, here give to the visitor lengthy panegyrics, with names and titles, showing the vanity and littleness of man. The "*Siste viator, et lege,*" is, I suspect, as little attended to as "*Siste viator, et luge.*"

Those of Fastrade, wife of Charlemagne, and Frauenlob are the most interesting, though the least ornamental. The workmanship displayed in those of Didier de Iseemberg, Albert von Brandenbourg, Comte de Lamberg, Anselm von Ingelheim, and many others, are most elaborate and costly. In the choir of the parish is a huge baptismal font, formed by fusion of different metals, and bearing the date 1325. The iron doors are of the same date.

My conducteur marched me now to the Favorite, a pretty fortified promenade, which commands a delightful view of the junction of the Rhine and Maine. We thence mounted to the citadel, and, passing round the town, he pointed out the various hotels of the counts of the empire, who resided here when the Elector held his court; also the

ancient palace Dalberg, the front of which is very rich, adorned with pillars and stone-work. In the Schroeder is the statue of Gutenberg, to which I made my bow. Martinsbourg is a fine old chateau, facing the river Rhine; it is now a magazine of commerce. There are many cabinets, and in the picture-gallery some *chef-d'oeuvres*.

Sunday, Sept. 3rd.

The sun rose clear and bright; so, directing my steps at six o'clock to the bridge of boats, I started for a walk to Wiesbaden. I crossed to Cassel, passed through the Caserne, and keeping to the left by the brink of the Rhine, arrived at seven in Biberich.

How refreshing 'tis to walk in a delightful garden, in the morning, ere the heat has dried up the dew, and when the flowers breathe their richest odours; and such pleasure I enjoyed, when opening an iron gate, I entered the flower-garden of the Duke of Nassau, whose princely residence is at Biberich. It is really a magnificent pile; the internal decorations fully corresponding to the exterior. After this survey, I passed through the village, and continued my route to Wiesbaden.

The road is uninteresting enough; a long alley of trees conducts down a hill, and new buildings on every side announced the gay watering-place at hand. *

The town is extensive, and the principal streets

good. Most of the large houses are hotels,—that of the Four Seasons is a capital and convenient establishment, being near the Opera and Kursaal. This last is a much finer building than the *salle* at Baden. Like that, the centre is the ball-room, but much larger, and the decorations are truly magnificent. The columns are from the marble quarries of Limbourg. In the adjoining rooms *roulette* and *rouge et noir* were in full play, and I was glad to leave the scene of anxious fears, and breathe the fragrant air beneath the shady leaves.

There is a small lake near the Kursaal, on which swans and other fowl float, and tasteful promenades surround its brink. In front of the colonnade spreads a large space of ground, also planted. On one side, running down to the opera, is a long portico with shops, containing all manner of useful and useless articles. Near it are the hotels—The Four Seasons, Eagle hotel, and hotel d'Angleterre.

There are fifteen sources of hot springs, and two cold. A portion of magnesia, muriatic alkali, sulphate of iron, and carbon, combine in the mineral water. The Kockbrunnen, which is the hottest, is twenty-five of Reaumur. The country in the neighbourhood of Wiesbaden is so very picturesque that I do not wonder at its having the celebrity, and concourse of strangers which it enjoys. In its immediate vicinity is Neresberg; about half a league thence are the remains of Roman walls,

in a square of 240 feet. By some it is conjectured to have been a sporting lodge of Nero; but Schreiber derives the name from *Neren*—protection. The chateau and village of Sonnenberg is also half a league distant. Le Plateau, hunting residence of the Duke of Nassau, may be seen on the hill to the west, and commands a noble prospect. An agreeable excursion, by the Taunus, may be easily made from Wiesbaden. The family of Eppstein was one of the most illustrious in that district. Falkenstein appears a fine ruin, formerly the residence of the Counts of Meyringen. Above all, the proximity of Wiesbaden to the delicious Rhingau, entitles it to be considered the most attractive bathing-place in that delightful country.

It must, indeed, be a great change to the inhabitants of the German watering-places, when the season is over, to find their houses abandoned, and their streets desolate. It appears, however, the change of weather has no effect on the temperature of *l'eau chaud*, it retaining, to this hour, the same heat it possessed in the days of the old Romans. According to the doctors, the waters are good for every ill that flesh is heir to, except consumptive cases. Lame, or shoulder-slipped horses, often derive great benefit from taking a bath here. When first led in, they, of course, do not understand the hot water, but, after a little kicking, they become accustomed to it,

and appear to enjoy the warmth. On returning to the hotel at Mayence, the master of the house begged to inform me that two of my compatriots had arrived. On making the young gentlemen's acquaintance, they afterwards proved to be Russians.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Departure of Steamboat—The Rhingau—Johannisberg—
Legend of Rudesheim—The Crusader's Oath—Bingen—
Legend of the Mouse Tower—Strongholds of Robber
Knights—Traces of the Romans—Lorsch—Kedrich.

Monday, 4th.

I AWOKE at four, and fancied I perceived the strong glare of day breaking through the clouds which obscured the queenly moon; and with the dripping of last night's rain still in my ears, I rose, half in fear, and opened the window. The moon was still high in the heavens, and when the flitting masses suffered her to shine, the beams fell in silver streams around. After the lapse of an hour, the waiter came, and knocked at my door, and I was rejoiced to see the day-break promise—a cloudless morn. I was soon ready, and with my Russian friends, in the boat, as her bell tolled.

There is always something enlivening about the departure of a vessel; and now passengers flocked

on board, and when the bell rang for all who were not of us to go ashore, lips were pressed, and hands squeezed. I had none to bid farewell to, so wrapping my Macintosh about me,—for a light shower was falling,—I sat on one of the benches, and watched the towers from which we were fast receding.

Mayence is best seen from the water. The cluster of towers round the venerable cathedral, the spires of its many churches, the various old palaces, and the twin minarets of St. Pierre, gave it an imposing, and even oriental appearance. Having glided away from the façade of Martinsbourg, we break up a calm sheet of water surrounding the islands of Ingelheim and St. Pierre, to which we proceed. The banks on either side are lined with stately alleys of poplars, admiring their shadows in the river beneath. Now a glimpse of the chateau of Biberich may be caught through the trees on the island, and we have commenced the Rhingau.

Leaving the islands in the rear, the opening view in front is extremely rich. The river seems a broad lake, with the towns of Schierstein, Walluff, and Ellfeld, along its shore. A gentle swell of hills rise from the plain, on which Wiesbaden is situated, the dark woods contrasting well with the green vineyards in the valleys. Schierstein formerly belonged to the house of Holzhausen, and its extensive gardens now supply the markets

of Mayence. The ruins of Frankenstein are seen in the valley at a little distance.

Walluff was the commencement of the Franks' Rhingau, Louis the last of the Carlovingian race gave this rich tract to the Archbishop of Mayence. At half a league's distance, we saw Ellfeld, which still boasts of an ancient chateau and embattled walls facing the river. Its charming situation on the banks of the most glorious stream in the world, renders it the site of many country houses. To the back of Kedrich are the ruins of Scharfenstein, a small town of the 12th century. Castles and convents now begin to crown the hill tops, and the banks to disclose their beauties.

Near Erbach, where the burg-grave of Westfalen has a delightful residence, is a wooded island, the waving branches bending into the rapid stream. In the church is shewn the tomb of the Counts of Alendorf, who had once a chateau near this. The ancient abbey of Erbach or Eberbach, is in a wood near Ellfeld. Looking back in the direction of Mayence, just as the sun streamed full on the river, I never saw anything more vivid than the blazing path caused by the rays on the water. It was a perfect line of light. The spires of the distant churches now grew slender as needles, and soon were lost in the blue haze. More islands stretch forth to meet us,—Langenwertherane, Rheinane, and Sandane : close on the bank is Hattentreine, a small town ; near it is Oestrich, which has a number of

country seats in its environs. A small river, the Seiz, unites with the Rhine opposite. On the side of a hill is a large village called Hallgarten, surrounded by vineyards, and in the valley the ancient monastery of Gottesthal. Two villages, Winkel and Mittelheim, appear along the banks. They are supposed to have been built by the Romans, who here kept the wine magazine for the troops. Crown-ing the hill top, and looking over the numerous vine gardens from its proud eminence the king of them all, is Johannisberg : at its feet lies the whole Rhingau, towns and villages, convents and chateaus, the wide, wide Rhine studded with islands, and in the distance, the ancient city of Mayence and its neighbouring river. The vines grown here on sixty-three arpens, fetch the highest price of any on the river. This land was given in 1816 to the Prince Metternich in fief by the Emperor.

Gliding away from the region of Bacchus,—we touch at Giessenheim, with the rich domains of the Counts Ingelheim and Degenfeld. In the church is the tomb of John Philip von Schænborn, Prince Elector. Enbigne, formerly a con-vent, now an hospital, is in a picturesque spot: the shore thence to Rudesheim—exquisite.

The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Thro' life, to dwell delighted here.

Close to the town are the ruins of the ancient castle of the stern crusader, Broemser von Rudes-

heim. While the boat stays for a short time to take in passengers, and you turn to look on the crumbling walls, the following legend may be as successful in imparting the same interest to your breast for the hapless victim, as it formerly did to mine; such at least, gentle reader, is the hope of the narrator.

THE CRUSADER'S OATH.

“There was waving of plumes, and clashing of armour through the columned halls of Rudesheim, as the sun rose on a fair May morning, about the year 1190. Yet the light jest and loud laugh, that echoed from the Rittersaal, found no echo in the tapestried chamber of the young ladye of the castle, for her only surviving parent had taken the cross, and was on the eve of starting to join the Emperor at Frankfort. This fair flower was wound round the stately oak, her white arms clasped the mailed breast of a tall warrior, whose grim visage and sinewy arms were those of one—

Whom Othman's sons should slay or shun.

“‘ You go, father,’ sobbed the maiden, convulsively, ‘ and when you are gone there will be none to watch over poor Giesela.’

“‘ Come, my child,’ replied the sire, ‘ cease this womanish weakness: you have plenty to care for you. Surely it would not be meet for a bold Baron to sit in a lady's bower, and nurse his child, while

his sovereign and compeers were fighting bravely on the battle plain. Have done, now ! and when I return, thou mayst have what you wish.'

" Giesela turned up her countenance from where it had lain on her parent's shoulder, and never did the weeping Niobe present a more lovely contour. The outlines of her delicate features were brought into distinct relief by a quantity of jet-black hair, as it hung, in the wildness of her sorrow, over her snowy neck and breast. Parting the luxuriant tresses from her forehead, the stately Ritter imprinted a kiss on the marble brow, and, as if fearful of a fresh outbreak, strode hastily from the room. Giesela turned to her couch to weep and pray, while the Baron summoned his knights to horse. The drawbridge clanked as the troop swept over, and the steel corslets and points of the long lances gleamed bright in the rays of the morning sun.

" The dews of summer night dimmed the gleam of the rich armour, ere the proud train gained the height which looked over the ancient town of Frankfort. The massive walls were guarded by the numerous towers; for, even in those days, it was considerable, though it had not the extensive trade afterwards carried on, when, in the 16th century, the industrious Brabançons were constrained to fly thither for protection against the rapacity of the Spaniards;—and now the Baron checked his

strong war-steed near the Roman tower, and having halted his band, suffered his eyes to run, and take in at a glance the interesting scene beneath.

“Evening had closed, and night came on with a mild and quiet beauty. The hill on which the warriors paused is crowned by a monument of former power, and to this day the parapets and flanking stones remain in solid masonry. A level and extensive plain was filled with the wide-spread city which lay beneath. From the tower of the rich cathedral floated, in the night-breeze, the banner of the Emperor, emblazoned with the sacred emblem of Christianity; and, as the pale moonbeams fell on Teutonic buttress and pointed gable, the cross gleamed, like the symbol of hope, on high. Around were stretched the mansions of the haughty nobles, distinguished, by tower and wall, from the humbler dwellings of the bourgeoisie; and, in the plain, were the numerous tents of the crusading army. Banners waved from the principal abodes, and along the fair river were numerous boats, to transport the soldiers to the opposite side.

“‘Yes,’ exclaimed the Baron Broemser, ‘a gallant band the Emperor hath around him; here are names well known to chivalry,—and looking from banner to banner, he repeated the names of Phillip von Artevelde, Raymond of Tholouse, Otho von Libenstein, and many others distinguished for their prowess in tilt-yard and in field.

“ ‘ Whose ensign bear you ? ’ demanded the herald-at-arms of the banner-knight, as the warriors of Rudesheim drew up at the drawbridge where was the principal entrance to the rendezvous city.

“ ‘ That of Broemser, Baron Von Rudesheim,’ was the answer.

“ ‘ Tis well. The Emperor greets you, Baron Von Rudesheim, a brother knight in the sacred cause ; enter within the walls.’

“ The portcullis was lowered, and the knights passed through. The town resembled an immense fortress. Troops of men-at-arms lounged through the streets, in the liveries of their various leaders ; and the beat of drums, or clang of trumpet, came on the breeze from the various quarters of the city. Having announced his arrival, and seen his men provided with suitable accommodation, the old chieftain repaired to the palace, and was received with that dignity which his ancient lineage, high rank, and warlike qualifications entitled him to expect.

“ He found the Emperor, surrounded by the princes and men of rank, debating on the plans of attack against the infidel. Descending from his throne, the imperial general welcomed the Baron, and instantly unfolded the projected operations, requesting the aid of his valuable military experience. Von Rudesheim of course felt flattered, and when the immense force were on their march,

had always a place near the person of his sovereign.

“ What a proud moment it must have been, to behold this collection of every Christian nation, bound together by the common tie of religion, facing the walls in which the Saviour of the world was born ;—in the very place where he suffered,—about to redeem the holy city from the pollution of infidel possession ; having abandoned the endearments of home, the ties of family and friends,—braving the dangers of climate, sea, and battle for the sake of Him who died to redeem mankind. Cold indeed must be the heart, that would not warm with enthusiasm, and long to join the sacred band—cowardly the spirit, that would shrink in such a cause.

“ The army of crusaders had various successes, at times defeated, and again successful. In the heat of battle, the bold Von Rudesheim having incautiously gone too far, was overpowered by the Saracens ; and though his troop was nearly annihilated, in their courageous attempts to rescue their lord, he was made prisoner, and, loaded with heavy fetters, placed in an obscure dungeon beneath the flanking tower of the eastern wall of Ascalon.

“ While these changeful events were taking place in the eastern world, peaceful and quiet, by the banks of the western Rhine, glided the days of the lovely Giesela. As her years increased, so did

her beauty, and the heiress Von Rudesheim was the reigning toast at tourney and at hall. It is impossible for the female mind to be insensible to flattery ; and, though at first grief for her parent's absence checked or absorbed every other feeling, yet time, the soother of every woe, assuaged the agony of hers, and she became light-hearted as before.

"The Margravine of the neighbouring district came and insisted on her returning with her to the castle of Ehrenfels ; 'for you know, my dear Giesela,' she said, 'it does not become a young lady like you to live in this lone castle ; who knows but I may hear some morning of your becoming the prey of a fierce robber-knight, and being forced to live in his den, miles high in the air ?'

"Giesela laughed as the merry princess rambled on, talking of all the conquests she would make at the court ; and promising to hold a tourney, when she should be the prize of the victorious knight. 'For mercy sake, I pray your Highness not to think of such a thing,—you know my father's fierce temper ; and, perhaps, the first thing he would do on his return from these horrid wars, would be to change his battle cry from against the Saracen, and urge his liegemen against the spouse you vouchersafe to offer me.' Her Highness seemed to acquiesce, and bore off the fair maiden to her princely abode.

"The castle of Ehrenfels, where was holden the

court of the Margrave, was now the gayest residence on the banks of the Rhine. Never was a more splendid display in the absence of any Emperor. The young nobility, whom age and indolence prevented from taking the cross, at once seemed to lose both. Youths started into men, and apathy awoke from its slumbers ; even Count Ernest Von Whisperthal, whose whole life had been spent in slaughtering boars and hunting wolves, at once left off his savage habits,—for an entire week abstained from drinking, and joined the courtly bevy assumed to do homage to the peerless beauty of the Rhine,—Giesela Von Rudesheim. The praises of her loveliness were the theme of minstrels from morn till night ; and when the stillness of midnight wrapt each object in slumber, and its darkness all in shade, from the centre of the river on which the chamber looked there floated a light skiff, and thence issued the lute's soft sounds ; but in so melodious a tone, and with such brilliant execution, as ravished the ears of all who heard them. Night after night was the minstrel at his post, and many were the attempts made by Giesela to discover her unknown serenader. That he was not of the inmates of the castle she was quite certain, for, as the moon once shone, the scarf on his breast shewed the emblem of the cross, and not one Knight with whom she daily associated could boast such a badge. Partly with the hope of discovering this constant lover,—for such

her heart whispered he must be,—and partly to break up a series of importunate attentions, now becoming disagreeable ; she allowed the Margravine to proclaim a tourney to be holden in eight days, in which the Heiress of Rudesheim would deliver the prizes. To make it still more celebrated, the *fête* was proclaimed in all the imperial cities, and the lists open to all comers.

“ We have now-a-days no flaming of swords, or splintering of lances ; so the state of agitation which must have occupied the breast of the star of the day, lest her unknown admirer should be among the killed and wounded, must be imagined by my reader. Many observed, as she took her seat, that the flush of hope, and the pallor of fear, changing rapidly on her fair face, heightened much the interest which her beauty could not fail to inspire. For my own part, I like animation, I can admire a statue, but I much prefer

The human face divine,

when it tells of a soul alive with feeling ; and such was Giesela. The white drapery which robed her sylph-like form, contrasted well with the jetty locks that fell in luxuriant tresses o'er her snowy breast. Her fine eyes sparkled with vivacity, and cast not a few looks towards the barrier, whence the opposing Knights were to make their entry.

“ There were thrones erected at one extremity of the lists for the Margravine and her fair guest,

and underneath ranged the Knights who were then on a visit to the castle. Whoever succeeded in unhorsing three opponents, was to be considered the champion of the day ; or if no one was able to accomplish such a feat, then the prize to be allotted to him who unhorsed the greater number. The programme of this, and other tournays may be perused at great length by the lover of antiquarian research in the work called *Ritterzeit* and *Ritterwesen*, by taking the trouble to look at sec. 8, vol. i, under the head of *Turniere* and *Lanzenrennen* ; where the changes are rung on housings and coats of armour, spears and daggers, names and quarterings. The Germans were very particular in their notions, not allowing any person to engage in the tournay, who could not show four descents from knights of approved blood. It is however enough for our legend to say, that no objection was made, all comers being renowned in bower and tilt-yard. The promised *fête* did not seem to bring the expected pleasure to the fair queen. She beheld with the utmost indifference the rider hurled from his steed, by the lance of his more expert adversary, and without any other feeling but that of disgust, heard the announcements that the sports were about to close, and that the more successful knight was Count Ernest Von Whisperthal, who had unhorsed two knights. The fierce warrior waited submissively at her feet, and just as she was raising the laurelled crown, to place on his head, which

he had bared for that purpose, the voice of the herald cried 'Forbear!' as the shrill notes of a trumpet sounding a lone defiance, recalled again the knights to the lists.

" 'What knight is this, and of what lineage?' fiercely exclaimed Count Ernest, as his brows grew black as ink at the idea of another claiming the prize so nearly his own.

" 'An honourable knight and good, Sir Baron,' replied the herald.

" 'Wherefore has he tarried until this hour?' again demanded the knight of Whisperthal.

" The herald returned with the stranger's answer, 'For his own especial will and pleasure, since you needs must know,' was the response.

" Count Ernest waxed furious: 'Bring me my heaviest lance, that I may bear off this springald like a falcon his quarry,' he shouted.—'What impertinence to arm at this hour, and offer no apology,—I'll teach him better manners;' and hardly waiting the signal trumpet, he spurred to his place in the lists. Now indeed Giesela looked and watched the coming struggle with agonizing impatience. There was,—she could not mistake him,—the light figure, so stately, so graceful, that often had breathed such exquisite music for her delight. The mailed breast bore the cross, the barred vizer was turned to her, and she gave, or meant to give, a look of recognition, as the trumpet blast sounded the charge. That charge, oh! will

she ever forgot it? Each horse seemed thrown on its haunches with the fury of the onset,—the lances are shivered with the violence of each thrust, and with eyes glancing fire, the two rivals receive fresh spears from their respective esquires.

“Again the trumpet sounds, the clash of steel in contact, and a loud shout from the multitude reaches the ears of Giesela: she turns half in fear of beholding the discomfiture of the red-cross knight. It is not he who has fallen.—Calmly seated in his war-saddle, he looks on his prostrate antagonist as the esquires help Count Ernest to rise.

“Sir Knight, we shall have another day for this,” muttered Von Whisperthal as he scrambled to his horse.

“When, and where you will, I fear thee not,” answered the gallant young warrior.

“The heralds cried silence, and a new opponent disputed the prize. He was soon dealt with, being cast to the ground in the first course, and the one who followed shared the same fate. The heralds then conducted the champion to the feet of the lovely Queen, who joyfully prepared to bestow the meed of glory on him who well deserved it at her hands. As yet the name of the warrior was a secret to any save the heralds, for knights might fight unknown if they wished. But loud was the triumph, and great the joy, when, on his helmet being removed, the conqueror proved to be the nephew of the Margrave, the gallant Otho.

of Schwartzwald. ‘Ha! young truant,’ said the Margravine, ‘what has brought thee here? Count Otho was not wont formerly to desert his banners. How will you answer me?’ The youth blushed at the imputation thrown on his courage as he replied; —‘I thought, my dear aunt, you were better acquainted with my bearing, than to suppose I would shrink from my place while I could hold it with propriety. Take the trouble to read this,’ and he handed a mandate from the Emperor, thanking him for the sacrifices of health he had made by his arduous attention to his military duties in the east; but, ordering him without delay to repair to Europe for its re-establishment, adding, —‘at present the cross has so few good soldiers, it cannot afford to lose one, and while we are here, we can see that all is right; but, after our departure we need the hands and heads of such as Count Otho.’

“‘Very proper,’ replied his aunt, ‘and now, Sir Knight, in reply to my further charge, what answer canst thou make? Why, and wherefore not report yourself on your arrival at our Court of Ehrenfels?’

“‘In truth, fair aunt, I should have done so, but illness prevented me.’

“‘Illness!’ repeated his aunt; ‘you are very ill now, are you not? You heard, of course, of my fair guest, and that should have been an inducement.’

“‘It ought, indeed,’ he replied, casting a glance full of meaning at Giesela, who sat by his aunt’s chair.

“ ‘ Well, now, Count Otho, since you are, I am happy to see, in a state of convalescence, (by the bye, you gave poor Von Whisperthal too hard a thrust!) will you do me the honour to accept apartments in our poor house?’ ”

“ She said this with such a tone of mock gravity, that Otho could not help laughing, as he replied,—

“ ‘ Truly, may it please your highness, I shall be proud to take up my quarters in your castle; and, as for the Count Ernest, you yourself can judge if he required courtesy or gentle treatment at my hands.’ ”

“ The sports of the day being over, Count Otho returnéd with the Margravine’s party into the palace. Nothing could exceed his attention to the lovely guest; and the desire of Giesela to learn all about her father, whom he left with the Emperor, and the operations of the army, often threw them together. When walking by the shores of the Rhine, on the terraced walls of the castle, or the shady woods, Otho found means to mingle the words of love with his tales of wars and battles—

‘ Hair-breadth ‘scapes,
And moving accidents by flood and field,’ —

to all which Giesela would seriously incline. Ere she knew it her heart was won, and before either party took time to consider, (for who, really in love, ever considers—they regard not the cold calculating system of our degenerate days) their affections

were exchanged, and their hearts plighted beyond recall.

“ Return we to the old baron, whom we left in the hands of the Saracens, a prisoner in the walls of Askalon. Oh ! ye who have known the delights of freedom can well imagine his situation. Above and around him were the strong towers of one of the strongest holds of the infidel. Narrow and barred windows suffered the light of day to steal, with difficulty, through the scanty ope ; and the warm air, impregnated with the close moist damp of the dungeon, was hot to suffocation. What would he not give for one glimpse of the free blue sky, or to inhale one pure breeze of his native mountains ? There he lay, day after day, week after week, and month after month, in the desponding expectancy of dragging to the grave a load of imprisoned years. Give to the soldier death, be it by fire or sword, or pestilence ; but deprive him not of freedom. Freedom ! thou most precious gift of Heaven, whoso possesses thee in a wilderness is happier than the slave in purple and in gold. The bold spirit of the Rhine baron was broken by his continued suffering. The more we have enjoyed anything, the stronger do we suffer, the keener do we feel its bereavement. He was accustomed to the chase, and the free bound of the hunter ; to such is confinement intolerable. And when his soul was bent on war, to hear the armed tread of the legions of the enemy sounding above him

with gong and cymbal, going to meet his brethren, he, unable to strike a blow ;—oh ! the thought was maddening ; and nothing, save religion and his trust in the Most High, prevented him committing self-destruction.

“ One evening, in the extremity of his impatience, he swore to devote the things he most valued on earth, *even his daughter, Giesela*, to Heaven, if he recovered his freedom ; and, in two days afterwards, a peace being concluded, in which his ransom was settled, the emperor struck off his chains, and he was free. To return quickly home being now the earnest wish of all, Baron Broemser engaged the first vessel that could be had ; and, with the scanty remnant of his gallant band, sought the shores of Europe. Towards the close of a summer day, he reached the Rhine.

It was an evening bright and still,
As ever blushed from wave or bower,
Smiling from heaven, as if nought ill
Could happen at so sweet an hour.

“ Young Count Otho had been at the castle of Rudesheim during the morning, and prayed with such fervour that the lovely mistress would use her influence with her father, who was hourly expected, to make him happy, that she promised ; and, when her father’s last words recurred to her mind, she felt satisfied, and sat on the signal-tower, watching the declining sun cast a sickly

gleam over the fair expanse of vineyard and corn-field. Her heart was quite at ease. Alas! we are often so lulled by that security, that we encounter shipwrecks which we might have avoided. The quaint words of Sir Thomas More are often too true. ‘ When we are in moste feare, then are we in greateste safetie; and when we reckone sureste, the axe may be over oure heades.’

“ Thus it was : little, I ween, recking the consequences that were about to ensue ; this happy maiden bounded down the steep stair when her eyes encountered the portly figure of a mailed warrior riding at the head of a small band of retainers, over the bounds of the broad castle chase. She passed the words to those whom she met in the court-yard,—‘ My father, my father !’ and the banner of Broemser Von Rudesheim, floated from the tall donjon or main keep. The dutiful daughter ran along, nor ceased her steps, till she came through a lone glade of the forest, through which she knew the riders must pass : on they came sure enough, and the leading figure was her sire. She had time to study his appearance since he departed, and was shocked and grieved at the change climate and imprisonment had made. His features, naturally sharp and irascible, were now absolutely distorted ; famine appeared to have gnawed the very flesh off his bones, they looked so thin and meagre ; his colour was a pale unhealthy yellow, and he evidently seemed out of temper, for he

continually spoke angrily to his attendants, and often was plunged into a reverie. Joy, however, for the return of her only parent banished every other feeling, and Giesela darted into the path where the chieftain advanced: he could not but respond to her embraces,—and she hastened to remind him of his promise.

“‘ My what, child, did you say ?’ he asked sternly.

“‘ Your promise, father,’ timidly answered Giesela.

“‘ What promise ?—

“‘ That I should have whatever I wished on your return.’

“‘ And what may your mighty wish be, girl ?’

“‘ The tale is of length, but may be cut short,’ said his daughter, trembling at the impatience shewn by her irascible sire.

“‘ Cut it short then, in God’s name, if you do not wish to drive me mad,’ he shouted, darting at the same time the spurs into his fiery steed. Causing the noble beast almost to clear the shrinking girl at a bound. ‘ Maiden, name your wish.’

“Sinking on her knees, Giesela answered, ‘I have accepted the troth of Count Otho Von Schwarzwald, and wish to have your blessing on our speedy union.’

“‘ My malison did you ask for ?’ roared the fierce Ritter. ‘ Never can you be the bride of man ! Know, unhappy girl, that when in the dungeons

of Askalon, I swore to devote thee to Heaven, and my heaviest malison fall on you, if you seek to thwart my will ! Consider, and let me hear no more of speedy unions. Forward, varlets, to the castle !' and the ruthless knight swept on.

"Sunk on the ground in a swoon, for some moments the wretched Giesela was perfectly unconscious of existence, and, it is to be hoped that her reason had altogether fled, for she no more acted like a rational being,—once she looked wildly in the direction of her home, and seeing the white towers looking still more so, by the contrast of dark clouds, which now floated over the hills, laughed wildly, and ran with the speed of the hunted deer through the forest glades by the brink of the river. She never stayed her rapid course, though every garment she wore, was rent and torn, until she reached that portion of the river called Bingerloch, where the smooth course of the stream becomes suddenly rough and turbulent, to an alarming degree. Here, perhaps, the discordant roar of the waters suited the tone of her mind, for she sat for the instant on the high cliff, raised above the black and troubled waters, and again looked gloomily round. The evening which had been fine, was now overshadowed by one of those dark thunder storms so common in the commencement of autumn, and the dull masses of broken clouds flitted hurriedly across the sky. Strange ! what wierd unearthly forms those masses assume, all in

accordance with your thoughts at the time.— Around was the wild valley and the savage mountains, with nothing calm or peaceful to soothe the maiden's troubled soul. Thunder shook the reverberating hills, and, as the blue lightning quivered round her fragile form, the noise seemed to rouse the maiden from her unquiet rest. Another peal succeeds, and she stands on the pathless brow. Heaven assoilzie her for the deed, for ere the next peal hath broken, the waters curled above the unhappy Giesela, and the waves roared as they closed round her.

“What became of the bereaved Otho or the unhappy sire, I could not discover; but often the vision of the maiden is seen gliding through the Bingerloch, or sitting on the rock above the ruined walls of Rudesheim.”

On advancing towards Bingen, we saw the old walls of Ehrenfels, and many other ancient sites of the abodes of chieftains. Amidst a grove of trees is the deserted church of St. Clement; and, lo we are in sight of the town, Bingen. Bingen is the principal dépôt of commerce between Mayence and Cologne; the Schartachwein is considered one of the strongest of those of the Rhine. The other articles of commerce consist of salt, cream of tar-tar, vinegar, and oil. The object of most importance, in an antiquarian light, is the Klopp, or camp of Drusus, since one of the strongholds of the

robber knights. There is also a tower from whence may be had a fine view of the Rhine and the Nahe. At Ruppertsberg, to the left of the Nahe, are the ruins of a church and convent. A Prussian douane is at present established there. This was the abode of Saint Hildegarde, who died in 1180. At Roehrsberg, opposite to Rudesheim, is a small chapel, where are the relics of Saint Robert. The prospect here is delicious, taking in the Rhingau, Mount Tonnere, the delightful valley of the Nahe, and the pretty little village of Gaulsheim. Breaking the flood, at a very short distance from Bingen, is the base of a small round tower, called *Maum-thurm*, or *Maus-thurm*. The former I suspect its proper denomination, signifying toll-tower, it being once a station of enforcing toll on the river; the latter meaning mouse-tower, of which I endeavoured to trace the origin, and was told the following story :—

THE MOUSE-TOWER.

“ Among men, as among adjectives, there are three degrees of comparison; and it is always pretty certain, that when the number is three, what is not of two must be of the third. Many electors of Mainz were, doubtless, very good men; some were indifferent, but Hatto, being neither one nor other of these, is plainly and geometrically demonstrated to be, the third—bad. He was rich, and a miser. He had wines, which he never drank, and stores of food he never touched. Like the English

bishop, he found out that the best way to save cheese was neither to eat it himself or let any one else do so. While the miserly prince was filling his coffers with gold, and his granaries with corn, the poor people of the surrounding district suffered much from want of food ; but not one sheaf of wheat or pound of flour would this hard-hearted prince bestow. Many came and interceded, but it was of no avail. The starving poor fell dead at his gates, yet he was unmoved, and, as a last resource, a holy hermit went to try the power of prayer.

“ ‘ Depart, thou vain old man, and betake thee to thy beads and psalms, and see if they bring thee food, or my guards shall turn thee out,’ was the stern reply to the earnest entreaty of the priest.

“ ‘ Refuse you, then, my humble prayer ?’ said the hermit.

“ ‘ Thou hast gotten thine answer.’

“ ‘ Elector, I implore you for the last time—for thine own sake—beware what response thou makest.’

“ ‘ Nay, by my sceptre, this is too bad,’ said the fiery prince, in wrath. ‘ Get thee gone, sirrah, or thou shalt rue it. There ! so ho ! there ! turn this shaveling from my sight ; kick him out the gates. What do you stand staring at, like so many statues ?’ For, unable to move, or stir hand or foot, the guards were like so many pillars, while the holy man fulfilled the end of his mission.

“‘Those that have sown sorrow shall reap the fruits thereof,’ he said ; ‘and from those who have received much, much will be expected. May this be a lesson to all who can afford, and refuse, to give charity. Behold, elector, an enemy which you cannot destroy.’ Loud laughed the prince on his throne, as a little mouse ran into a hole in the floor.

“Some few weeks elapsed, during which many hundreds of people died, when, one morning, the fearful news reached the elector’s ear, that an innumerable quantity of vermin were daily and nightly destroying the corn in the great granaries, one of the huge warehouses, containing the stores of years, being already quite consumed. Then fear on the prince fell, as he remembered the words of the hermit—‘An enemy whom you cannot destroy.’ He gave instant orders that every means should be used for the destruction of the mice ; but strange however as it may appear, the more attempts were made to destroy, the more they seemed to increase ; and every person who assisted in checking their depredations, was sorely visited by the same vermin in his own house. All was like a fearful spell. On went the work of devastation ; no one dared venture to check it. And now the prince would gladly purchase pardon, yet he feared, in the narrowness of his heart, to lessen his diminished stores ; and so matters

went as before. He changed his residence often. It was the same story ; wherever he went the plague followed.

“ At length the thought struck him, that he would build a tower in the river, and thus defy the intruders. According, he chose the site near Bingen, and in a little time occupied, with a single attendant, his new abode. They stored the lower chambers well with provisions, likely to last for some weeks, and cut off from any communication with the shores, either by signal, or otherwise, thought themselves in perfect security. But who can go against the will of Providence ? When it was time to prepare the prince’s breakfast, in the morning, there was not an atom of bread in the castle.

“ ‘ Sirrah,’ said the prince, ‘ is there no bread ? ’

“ ‘ No bread, your highness,’ echoed the servant.

“ ‘ Go, bring me some biscuit then ? ’

“ There were twelve baskets of biscuit put in the store-house the day before, and now it was all gone.

“ ‘ There is no biscuit to be had ! ’

“ ‘ Horrible ! ’ said the hungry man, ‘ put down the griddle, and bring some flour, till we make a cake.’

“ Twelve bags of flour were stored the night before, and in the morning, all had been emptied.

“ ‘ I do not see any flour ! ’ tremblingly replied the servant.

“ ‘ Why did you not fetch some meal, then ? ’

“ ‘ Because there is none,’ was the simple answer.

“ ‘ What ! no meal either ! ’ screamed the prince.

“ ‘ No meal,’ echoed the other.

“ ‘ Nor flour ? ’

“ ‘ Nor flour,’ was the answer.

“ ‘ No biscuit ! ’

“ ‘ All the biscuit is gone.’

“ ‘ And the bread ! ’

“ ‘ The mice have eaten all.’

“ ‘ They will eat me, too ! ’ groaned the punished prince, as he fell on the floor, in a swoon. He predicted his fate rightly. They eat the prince, but spared the servant.”

On leaving the old Mouse Tower, we, that is to say,—Steam boat and Co., entered something like a defile, through which the river ran. Hills rising high on either hand, confined the river within narrow bounds.

On the left, or Assmanshausen side, is a picturesque road, running by the water to Lorsch. Rich woods clothe the hills, and on each rocky height are tottering walls, and crumbling towers. Vantsberg, Reichenstein, Rhinstein, and the more ancient castle of Falkenstein, were the strongholds

of many of the robber knights, who so much obstructed the commerce of the fifteenth century, as to give rise to the confederation, or Hanseatic league. Their retreats were destroyed by the Emperor Rodolph.

The small town of Assmanshaasen now clusters by the margin of the water, and, at its back, rises a ridge of mountains. It is famous for the red wine of Hellenberg. In this direction, is a convent of Capuchins, and a church, to which many pilgrims resort.

The remains of a Roman bath were discovered, not far from hence. Frowning over the quiet village, from a ledge of bare and ragged rocks, on the desolate and dismantled walls of Falkenburg, evidently, I should say, of Roman origin, we saw, as we proceeded, the picturesque towers of Heimbourg brought into relief against the blue sky, as it stands on the side of the hill. Skirting the Rhine, is the village of St. Clement, consisting of a single row of houses. There are the remains of churches, and another retreat of brigands, called Sonnick.

This was thrown to the ground, in the year 1282, but rebuilt by the house of Waldeck, who continued to occupy it to the close of the sixteenth century. On the height, approaching the town of Lorsch, are the ruins of Fursteneck, built by a bishop, Henry III, in 1348.

The town of Lorsch, is situate at the entry to the Whisperthal, and one of the most ancient on the Rhine: near it rises the steep mountain of Kedrich, also called the devil's ladder, to which, of course, is a legend appurtenant.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Rescued Bride—Bacnarach, Caub—Legend of Schomberg—The Seven Sisters—Oberwesel—St. Goar—Lichtenstein and Sternfels—Die Brüder—Boppart—Fortress of Ehrenbreitstein—Coblentz.

THE RESCUED BRIDE.

Thus he won his Genevieve,
His own, his beauteous bride.

COLEBRIDGE.

“THE day glanced bright on Lorsch’s towers, and within, the revelry was blithe and gay. Fair dames, and brave knights, sauntered through the various promenades of the castle, or danced to the sound of enlivening music, in the ample hall. New guests were arriving each moment, to witness the celebration of marriage be-

tween Sir Gilgen Von Lorsch, and young Bertha, of Sarec.

“ The families of both were of the highest rank, and nothing could equal the delight of all the country round, at this said wedding; because the union of both houses, it was supposed, would tend naturally to soften broils, and prevent feuds, which constantly tended to disturb the peace of the province, to the great detriment of the same. Unhappily for mankind, there is an evil spirit, constantly roaming abroad, seeking whom he may devour, and if we are not always on our guard, he is a dangerous enemy. In a word, his satanic majesty, fearing so much good would result from this peaceful termination of the wars, which raged for ages, between the rival houses of Lorsch and Sarec: (no members of both having ever met in friendship, within the memory of man), resolved to exert himself, to the utmost, and not lose his game.

“ For this wicked purpose,—and what else could be expected from the father of sin,—the devil assumed the gentleman and slipped into the castle. He was not an ill looking man either, and so like the bridegroom in appearance and dress, that nobody knew which was which. Every one shuddered when he drew nigh, but nobody spoke, fearing to be rude to the master of the house. Even poor Sir Gilgen was bothered; he did not like to be uncivil to any one in his own castle, and thought

the best thing to do would be, to order the chaplain to marry him. While the ceremony was being performed, every one felt quite relieved, for during the time of prayer but one Sir Gilgen was to be seen,—the other retired, no one knew whither.

“ And now, when the most important business was concluded, the nobles having been eating since daybreak, sat sucking their thumbs at the sides of the long board on which the majority of empty dishes and minority of bottles, with anything in them, shewed how diligent they had been in the work of demolition. Noon had not yet come, and the evening banquet was not to be served till five. What were they to do in the mean time ?

“ ‘ Come, have a match at bowls,’ said one; ‘ here is the kugelspieler or skittle place.’

“ ‘ Hang your bowls,’ replied another, ‘ I can’t stoop.’

“ ‘ Fire shafts at a target then.’

“ ‘ Yes ! and break my back by standing bolt upright.’

“ ‘ What will you do then ?

“ ‘ Nothing,’ lazily answered the other.

“ ‘ ‘ Tis what you do best,’ was the rejoinder, at which the party laughed.

“ They were not long in this undecided posture when news arrived that set all in motion. Horses were ordered out, dogs bayed, spears were catched, and even the sleeper was so far roused as to

seize a sharp lance, for a large black boar was seen lurking in the adjoining wood.

“ There is a fascination about the sport of hunting, which I can scarce believe any other possesses. Perhaps I am wrong in giving or rather venturing to give an opinion, because it is the one to which I am alone attached. But surely there is no other that affords such manly exercise. What can be more exulting than the free bound of the spirited horse, as, partaking the delight of his rider, he follows the musical pack over every impediment? What more glorious than hearing the loud welkin ring as the joyous strain of the bell-mouthed hounds bursts from the deep tangled covert? What more inspiriting than having the mountain breeze fan your cheek while straying with a gay bevy of red-coated companions through the dewy glades of some old oak forest?—the tramp of many steeds sounding almost noiselessly over the moss grown paths or leaf-carpeted lanes on which the sun shines gaudily through the gnarled boughs. Then emerging in rapid rush from the myriad glades, each mustering at the point where the fox breaks cover. How spirited the exertions of huntsman and steed to gain the foremost place! How free our course over mountain and glen! Rivers are swum, heaths are crossed, the hill-top won, the foe is slain, and we return with delight. But alas! it was no other than a deceitful beast, which brought Sir Gilgen from

his bride. The evil spirit, to attain his vile ends, had assumed the form of the boar, and now led hunter and hound a long and weary pursuit. He ran to the base of the Taunus hills, and there, suddenly disappeared.

“ While each knight and pricker strives vainly to rouse again their chase, we will look to the castle and see how things get on.

“ To cast off his swinish garb, and assume that of Sir Gilgen,—horse and arms to boot, were to Satan the work of a moment. He but wished himself at the castle gate,—and entered. In her chamber he found the bride : she was alone, and rose to welcome her lord. Pleased with the success of his base design, the author of mischief asked her if she would not like to take a short walk.

“ ‘ I have no objection, my dear Gilgen,’ she replied, ‘ if you desire it ; my will has now become yours.’

“ The pretended knight pricked his ears—

“ ‘ Very dutifully said, ‘pon my word,’ said he, repeating, ‘ if you desire it, my soul has now become yours.’

“ ‘ It was my will, I said,’ interrupted Bertha.

“ ‘ Your soul,’ insisted the other.

“ ‘ It cannot be,’ she replied.

“ ‘ Why so ?

“ ‘ My soul is my Creator’s.’

“ A clap of thunder shook the sky, and the Devil looked blue, in spite of his whiskers and long moustache.

“ ‘ This is an odd discourse, Gilgen,’ said Bertha, breaking silence,—‘ had we not better return ?’

“ ‘ Without having taken our walk ?’

“ ‘ I am afraid of the weather.’

“ ‘ We shall have no rain.’

“ ‘ Where will we go to, then ?’

“ ‘ Let us get to the top of Kedrich, I want a view.’

“ Now, in those days, the hill of Kedrich was even more steep, if possible, than it is at present, and one would as soon attempt a journey to the moon, or some other outlandish place,—for balloons were not then known,—as a walk to the top of it. Consequently Bertha eyed her companion with a distrustful glance as he uttered these words. I rather think she fancied he had been looking lately at some persons drinking.

“ ‘ The top of Kedrich !’ she echoed in amazement ; ‘ what, in the name of goodness, put that vagary in your head ?’

“ ‘ Bertha,’ he repeated sternly, ‘ your will is mine, ask no questions.’

“ ‘ Nay, but how can we mount up ?’

“ ‘ I have a ladder.’

“ ‘ Where ?—I do not see it.’

“ ‘ You can’t, for it’s in my waistcoat pocket,’ was the reply.

“ Bertha now really got terrified ; she would have returned, but, leaning on her companion’s arm, felt as if deprived of any power to retrograde. The strange mystery of the two Sir Gilgens struck on her mind, and she feared it was not her lord with whom she was. She addressed some words of matters which had occurred some time past, to try if he knew anything of them ; but the answers given were so accurate, that she laughed at her fears ; and, though she could not comprehend the mystery of the small bundle of thread the knight took from his robe, being strong enough to bear them, yet she had courage to hold it, while the other threw it with such precision that the hook hitched in the rock crowning the very summit.

“ It was late in the evening ere the ardent hunters could be prevailed on to give up their search for the enchanted boar, for such they now agreed he must have been, to disappear in so wonderful a manner, leaving no trace behind. The stars shone through the oak leaves, and the winds rustled the boughs with a strange and melancholy wailing. There is something unearthly in the dull monotonous tone, often produced by the voice of winds among the hoary trees, and Sir Gilgen felt chilled with a sensation of fear he never before experienced. Arrived at his castle

gate, he found himself the object of general observation, and would not be admitted.

“‘ What is this about, my men?—one would swear you did not know your own master, you stare so.’

“‘ You are not our master,’ replied one.

“‘ Indeed! pray what am I, then?’

“‘ The Devil, Lord save us!’ was the response.

“‘ Come, come, no jesting, open the gate and let me in, I have already been too long absent from my bride.’

“‘ Bride!’ re-echoed the sentinel to his comrades, ‘ heard ye ever the like? Well, now, that’s good,’—and they laughed long and loudly.

“‘ Varlets,’ exclaimed the knight, in a real passion, ‘ what mummary is this? How dare you refuse me entrance to mine own castle,—I tell you I have tarried too long from my lady already.’

“‘ Ha! ha! ha! he’s at it again,’ was all they vouchsafed to reply.

“‘ Who are you, that demand permission to pass these walls, after sun has set, and draw-bridge up?’ was asked in a grave voice from within.

“‘ By St. Hildegrave! Cedric, I believe ye are gone mad, or drunk, to treat me thus. Do you not know your lord?’

“‘ Sir Knight, whoever you are, we are not drunk, nor, I trust, mad. If you try once more to pass yourself off as our lord, who has returned home many hours since by all that’s good I’ll

send so many shafts through your deceitful body, as will take nurse and leech, to heal. Be off, if you have sense.'

"Then indeed the lord waxed furious, and would have singly assaulted the castle, had he not known the inflexible temper of his warder; so he bespoke him softly.

"‘You say, good Cedric, thy master returned long since, where is he now?’

"‘Why, as you speak civilly, I will tell you; he and my lady walked forth some two hours back, and I marvel they have not since come home.’

"Gilgen's impatience would hardly brook time to ask; ‘which way took they?’ Pointing with his finger towards Kedrich, the old warder beheld the knight drive his fierce hunter along the river's brink, until lost in the gloom of night.

"The thoughts which occupied the breast of Sir Gilgen, during the dangerous ride, may be easily conceived. His young and beautiful bride was evidently deceived by the counterpart likeness the strange figure of the morning presented, and in the confidence of trusting love was borne away.

"Oh! for one word of information *whither!* and into the jaws of death he would throw himself, provided he could rescue that dear form from dishonour or disgrace. As he rode wildly along the stream, he fancied the troubled waters uttered strange sounds; and it still remains to be solved, whether

the words came from the earth or air, but over the broad Rhine floated distinctly to his ear.

‘Sir knight to Kedrich’s height you ride,
If thou wouldest save thy new-made bride.’

“A faint light fell from the trembling moon, as she feebly struggled with sluggish clouds, that in black and sullen masses went racking over the sky. The dim gleam shone on the hill-top, a dark and rugged outline. Drawing the sword which he had worn at his Saviour’s grave, the brave knight manned himself valiantly, and signed the cross on his brow. He knew it was with no mortal enemy he had to contend, for what man ever mounted the Kedrich? His good steed, too, felt new energy, for his arduous task, and where a slip or false step would have dashed both into ten thousand pieces, the noble animal leaped firmly with the agility and security of a cat, and up the height they sped.

“Fast and faster, as the darkness grew more black, that dauntless pair, the warrior and steed, held on their fearful course. Every moment brings them nearer the top, and already the fluttering of white drapery is seen in the murky gloom. ‘I come beloved, I come,’ shouted the knight, as he gained the summit. Breathless the maiden fell at her deliverer’s feet, as in a flash of fire, the wicked deceiver vanished.

“It is needless to say that her brave champion became dearer than ever to his bride from this

strange adventure. And that a multitude of apologies were offered and received, for the refusal to admit their lord within the walls by his band. Suffice it to say, no such mistakes were repeated, and Sir Gilgen lived long the happy husband of his rescued bride."

Gliding with the stream, we reached the pretty village of Niederheimbach, and raised on the mounds above, are the remnants of feudal greatness, Furstenberg and Staleck. The Rhine now makes many curvings, but swells into a broad lake as you draw near Bacharach. The scenery here is very picturesque. Modern houses contrasting with the ruined castles, and the dark old woods with the fresh green vine, add many colours to the landscape.

Bacharach is a town of 1200 inhabitants; its walls were defended by twelve towers, and extended to the hill occupied by the castle of Staleck. Above the walls are seen the church of St. Werner, and the handsome mosque-looking Reformed church. The name *Ara Bacchi*, derived from a stone lying in the river on the Werth, or island before the town, not far from the toll-house, is alone sufficient to impress the idea of its vicarious merit. The appearance of this stone when the river is low, is ever a prestige of a good vintage. The brothers Kugelgen, painters of considerable merit, were born here.

A turbulent noisy stream is before us. The river now becomes dangerous for boats when descending. Rocks lie scattered, over which the water tumbles with unceasing din. When the banks again open wide their arms, a small island lies between, on which is a walled chateau, with towers and parapets. This is Pfalz, or Palzgrafestein, where the Countesses Palatine were always accustomed to inhabit at the period of their accouchements. It was also used as a state prison, and I cannot conceive a place better adapted for the purpose. Opposite to it is Caub, a town of about two hundred houses, and fifteen hundred inhabitants. Close by stands the castle of Gutenfels, with some old walls. Commerce here consists of wine, and the best oils on the Rhine. A toll has been established on this part of the river, which belongs to the Duke of Nassau. Marshal Blucher marched to this place with the army of the Rhine, January 1st, 1814. On the highest hill is Rhinberg, formerly the residence of the Counts of Rhin-gau, from whence the prospect is extremely fine. The hills seem to close and choke up the river. When we arrive at Oberwesel, a proud, though fallen range of towers crown the mountain tops; these are the ruins of Schomberg, and thence took his title of Duke, General Schomberg, who was killed by the Irish forces of King James II. at the battle of the Boyne.

Such is not the history it is now my painful

duty to commemorate. Hard is the task for one, whose glad office it is to praise the kind hearts and lovely looks of ladies, to say anything which may be construed to their detriment ; but my duty is public, and perhaps, may be the means of softening the hearts of those who would try similar practices as the Seven Sisters of Schomberg. I will not say that such barbarity is practised now-a-days ; yet, in my youth, when a visitor at ball rooms, I have seen wicked eyes sparkle when mistakes have occurred about the particular set, and the rival partners each fiercely insisting he was the fortunate person. Let the fate of these be a warning.

THE SEVEN SISTERS.

“ ‘ Marry,’ exclaimed the eldest of the seven Countesses of Schomberg, as they sat each in queenly state in the vast and superb hall. ‘ Aye, so says the fortune-hunting mother to her eager daughter, when the gudgeon has bit the hook, and is found equal to the expectation in the richness of his domain, or wealth of his purse.’

“ ‘ Marry,’ repeated another, ‘ so says the wealthy bourgeoisie, when the poor noble stoops from his rank and poverty, to pick up an ignoble, wealthy bride, longing for a coronet.’

“ ‘ Marry,’ echoed the third, ‘ thus speaks the mother of many daughters, when the eldest is

growing old, and the youngest has bloomed into womanhood around her.'

" 'But *we*,' they cried with almost the same breath, ' want neither rank, nor wealth, nor youth ; then why should we lose our liberty ? Have we not the attentions of the whole kingdom ? Do not princes and barons kneel hourly at our feet ; why then accept one, and perhaps be neglected by him ?'

" The Seven Countesses of Schomberg were the admiration of the male, and envy of the female population of Germany. Their noble figures, lovely faces, and immense possessions attracted the attention of every marrying man ; and, as soon as any became free from wardship, she was immediately assailed by vows of love and eternal constancy,—so numerous, that were they written on slips of paper, might have served theatres in snow storms from that day to this ; a matter of some centuries, let me tell you. With their minds firmly made up, as I have delineated in the commencement of my story ; they were not likely to give consent in a hurry, yet they gave hopes, which soon led to evil consequences.

" Day after day, the same faces smiled sweet smiles, and the same vows were whispered. Penelope of old was not more numerously attended ; for princely-duke and belted lord, noble earl, and brave knight proffered their hands to these cruel damsels. Not one was more fortunate than his neighbour ; still, somehow or other, each fancied,

when looked on coldly, a smile was in store for some one else ; and thus began a contention, so fierce in its nature, and terrible in its effects, that like the Kilkenny cats, the knights so worried each other,—in the end nothing was left but their skins, that is to say,—coats of armour.

“ It must have been a truly horrifying sight to behold these beautiful ladies, coldly looking on, while knight ran his comrade through, all for their sake ; and their marble hearts well deserved their punishment, for they woke one fine morning in a cold bath, otherwise the bed of the Rhine,—being punished for their cruelty and inhumanity, by the nymph Lurely. You may see the seven rocks in the river, if you take the trouble to count them accurately, on the way from Oberwesel to St. Goar. Fair ladies take warning by the above ! ”

Oberwesel has 2000 inhabitants,—an ancient town, called by the Romans, Vesalia. Christianity is said to have been established here as early as the reign of Alexander Severus. The churches of Notre Dame and Minorites, are of old foundation. This town was given by Emperor Henry to his brother Baldwin, archbishop of Treves, who had a mint and circulated his own coinage.

The side of the river next the town abounds with excellent fish, particularly salmon.

The banks now become bare and rugged. Steep hills descend precipitously into the water, shew-

ing naked uncultivated sides, ribbed into ravines and dells. Loose rocks lie scattered on the surface, where no living object cheers the eye, and the waters assume a dark gloomy tinge, as they flow sullenly on. An immense mass of black basalt rock seems to bar our further progress. The waves wildly fret, and lash its base, as though they would wash it away. Hark! a shot rings from the shore, and is often repeated by the echo. Now a horn is wound, and the note returned five times. A shout—Lurely!—Lurely!—this is the Lurely rock, the residence of the Naiad of the Rhine.

St. Goar is a small town on the left bank, and here the river seems enclosed on all sides by a rocky wall. The portion termed the Bank is dangerous to navigators. Above the town the green and fertile look of cultivation again meets and gladdens the eye. The height is crowned by a bold and extensive castle, the Rhinfels. Near are the remains of the monastery of Mattenbourg; Diether, Count of Katzenellenbogen, had here the peage or toll-house for collecting the tribute from boats on the river, which, not appearing just to the towns of the Rhine, they assembled an army and besieged him, in 1225. This was the commencement of the Hanseatic league. St. Goar stood a siege in 1692, when the war was between the Hessians and French. Opposite is the village of St. Goarshausen. The chateau was commenced, in 1373, by John, 3rd Count, and called New Katze-

nellenbogen, to distinguish it from the old. The wine St. Pierre is very good.

The river now shows a charming landscape. You see Wilmich, with its Gothic tower; the old castle, and walls of Thurmberg. A long strait, closed by a range of hills on either hand, and broken by a pretty island in the centre, is before us. We pass, to the left, Herzenach, and to the right the sober valley of Ehrenthal, where are mines of silver, copper, and lead. All those hills are interesting to the mineralogist and geologist, abounding in specimens of basalt, calcareous substances, marble, and minerals.

Passing the village of Kesten the eye rests on a heap of ruin, formerly a church. At the other side some fertile vine-gardens, growing upon the high rocks. The cherries of Wester and Salzig are sent to Holland. A hill of rocks, covered with vines, to the right, sustains the tottering walls of two castles, Leibenstein and Sternfels.

As the interesting legend, connected with these castles, has already formed a theme for the pen of the master-spirit of the present age, and some others, it would be more than presumptuous in me to attempt dressing it in a new garment. I therefore content myself with the outline, and take the liberty of introducing a few verses from that agreeable little work, "The Rhenish Keepsake," by Mr. Planché, which I recommend to all who wish to possess the Lays of the Rhine.

THE BROTHERS.

Alas ! they had been friends in youth,
But whisp'ring words can poison truth,
And constancy lives in realms above,
And life is thorny, and youth is vain,
And to be wroth with those we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.

COLERIDGE'S *Christabel*.

The legend relates, that the two castles belonged to brothers, "Die Brüder," sons of a nobleman who was guardian to a beautiful young lady with whom both the brothers were violently enamoured. The younger, however, was preferred, which the other no sooner perceived, than he generously retired from a scene, painful both to himself and those whose presence became too dear to each other; and the crusade breaking out, hastened to the Holy Land, where his prowess, and recklessness of life, soon made his bravery the theme of universal conversation.

All the praises lavished on the absent hero sounded like a reproof to his brother, who enjoyed luxurious ease at home; and neither the prayers or tears of his betrothed could prevail on the lover to rest quietly in the castle of his sire.

He was late for the war, a peace had been concluded ere he arrived, and his brother had departed for Europe. He met, however, gay

society at Constantinople, which caused him to be in no hurry back. When he did leave the East for his native land, his return was announced by an *avant courier*. This brings us to the beginning of Mr. Planché's beautiful poem.

“Rise up, thou Lord of Leibenstain,
 Glad tidings thou shalt hear ;
 Ere morn upon yon waves shall shine,
 Thy brother will be near.
 He brings with him a Grecian bride,
 To grace his mountain hold ;
 Bid Sternfels ope its portals wide,
 And greet its master bold !”

This unexpected message of course puts the brother in a passion, and he desires the servant to bid his master—

————— “shun this strand ;
 For he will find a brother's sword,
 But not a brother's hand !

Long have I nursed a lovely flower
 Upon this mountain fair,
 For him,—altho' 'twas in my power,
 That flower myself to wear ;
 And ere in Sternfels-burg shall reign,
 His Grecian leman fine,
 These rocks shall redden with the stain
 Of his heart's blood, or mine.”

A fierce conflict was about to take place,

when an unusual band appeared on the battle plain. On they moved with white veil and black robe, in long and sombre array. They had no music, save the hymn of the Virgin,—no weapon save the crucifix. These were the nuns of the neighbouring convent, who, led by the lady who caused the dispute, interposed between the unnatural combatants.

The maiden spoke :—

“ Let those who love me, hold !” she cried,
“ And thou who hast betrayed,
Live happy with thy Grecian bride,
I seek a cloister’s shade.”

She gives him some rebukes about his inconstancy, and leaves this vain world for ever.

Meanwhile, though to a casual observer, nothing can be greater than the difference between the two castles,—one looking the picture of joy,—the other that of sorrow; in the latter is there much more of tranquillity than in the former; for stories, not much to the credit of the Grecian dame’s character, begin to be whispered abroad. As in all cases, those most concerned are the persons who hear reports last, (I suppose, lest they should be contradicted,) the knight of Sternfels was long ignorant of what was noised abroad about his lady. At last he did get the word, and doubtless there had been a terrible *éclaircissement*,

but the fair lady settled the matter very quietly, by disappearing on a bright morning, and embarking on the Rhine, was heard of no more. When on her death bed, the sainted nun made a solemn request, that all cause of disunion having ceased, the brothers should be united in amity ;—they were not men to refuse such a prayer, and thence-forward lived in solitude together.—

They never entered court or town,
Nor looked on woman's face,
But childless to the grave went down,
The last of all their race :
And still upon the mountain fair
Are seen two castles gray,
That like their lords together there
Sink slowly to decay.

We rapidly approached the once imperial Boppard, now containing little more than 3000 inhabitants. The river here widens considerably, and the hills present agreeable landscapes. Near the woods of Jacobsberg, are the villages of Neiderberg and Filzen. The banks to the right become of a savage and stern grandeur. The castle of Markusburg seems to frown defiance on the flood below. This is almost only the old castle of the Rhine in a state of preservation, and was used as a prison for the landgrave of Hesse. Its architecture is amazingly strong. Breg presents, some

scattered houses on the opposite side, above which rise the noble towers of Rhineck, one of the most beautiful castles on the river.

Here, in former times, was held the meeting of the electors of the Rhine, to deliberate on affairs of state, to arrange treaties, to nominate, or depose emperors. Strange, the vicissitudes of human things. How typical of life!

Oberlahnstein is in the neighbourhood of the junction between the Lahn, and the Rhine. You see the desolate ruins of Lahneck, on the hill. A league further on, the Moselle falls into the Rhine.

Here bursts on the voyager the most splendid prospect yet seen. To the left, the hills are capped by walls and bastions peering over the rich woods, while the spires and roofs of Coblenz fill up the plain. Connecting the town to the opposite bank, is a long bridge of boats; and, rising proudly from the water's edge the gigantic rock, which sustains the celebrated fortress of Ehrenbreitstein. No more,

— with her shattered wall,

or—

Black with the miner's blast upon her height;

but solid, and strong as engineers could make her. Every moment brings us nearer—towers,

lines, angles, parapets, before hid, start into view, and the works seem endless. I could hardly take my eyes off the virgin fortress, until a tap on the shoulder, by the porter, made me turn round, and lo ! we had reached the quay.

Giving him the direction to my hotel, he shou-
dered my traps, and trotted before me.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Ehrenbreitstein—Prospect from the Walls—History of Coblenz—Review of Prussian troops—Table d'Hote—Walk to Ems—Scenery—Decline of day.

MILITARY Prussia! well dost thou merit that name! Every street resounds with the clang of warlike instruments, every path echoes with the martial tread of thy troops. Thousands of steeds tramp along, each bearing a soldier. In tens of thousands are thy infantry.

Having procured a commissionaire, with a pass, my first visit was to Ehrenbreitstein. I crossed the bridge of boats, and beheld the magnificent fortress frowning above. Went through the street on the opposite side, and commenced the steep ascent.

Ehrenbreitstein has had some struggles. It was blockaded by General Marceau, in 1795, without success; twice in 1796, and cannonaded from the heights of Puffendorf, and Arzheim,

without making the least impression. The French tried it once more from Nellenkopt, when the retreat of Jourdan, obliged them to raise the siege. Hoche, on crossing the Rhine at Neuweid, attempted it anew in 1797, but it held out, and was released from his attacks, by the peace of Leoben. The works here, with the fortifications of the Chartreuse, Petersberg, and those of the opposite hill, render it the most important fortress, perhaps, in the world. I am told that our great commander, on viewing its capabilities, expressed his opinion, that it was more tenable than Gibraltar,—for this reason, that you can, at any time go into the town for provisions. The construction of the new works, was from the plans of Montalembert and Carnot. There are three principal forts, and one detached, called Fortress of Frederick William.

The prospect from Ehrenbreitstein is very fine. You see the town of Coblenz, its buildings, churches, squares, streets, and walks, at your feet. Near it are two islands, with large houses, once convents. To the back, the picturesque remains of the Chartreuse, on a hill, wooded and vine-clad. Many towns and villages dot the vast plain, and the fleecy ridge on the horizon is the camp of the numerous forces collected to exercise here, in brigade. On our return, we crossed the boat bridge, and entered the town.

Coblenz, (Confluentes,) is so called from its

situation at the junction of two rivers, the Rhine, and Moselle. The Romans, masters of the world, had a camp at Altenhof; and the Frank kings, a palace here. In the middle ages, it was divided into three parts, determined by the rivers. The most considerable was that by the Rhine. The Little, or Litzel Coblenz, was close to the Moselle. At the foot of Ehrenbrentstein, is Mulheim, where the Frank and German monarchs resided, to the time of Louis of Bavaria.

The Elector Bishops of Treves, also, used to live between Treves and Ehrenbrentstein. The elector Clement built a new chateau on the Rhine, in 1779. The interior is splendidly fitted up. Zick and David have contributed to its beauty, by their sublime productions. The chapel is simple; the four evangelists, by Zick, embellish the cupola.

Among the churches, those of St. Castor and Notre Dame, are the finest. The last is on the site of the first Christian church in Coblenz.

Tuesday, 14th.

“Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets’ clang,” woke me this morning at half past five o’clock, and on looking from my window, I beheld the street crowded with military. Some were already under arms and drawn up in lines, going through preparatory evolutions. Others were in

groups with their arms in stands, waiting perhaps till the departure of the first comers would permit them to fall in. Some were already on the move, and now with thrilling fife and rolling drum marching out of the town. Of course, to remain longer in bed was out of the question, so I did all that was left me, viz:—got up, walked down stairs, and had breakfast. This morning was to be holden at the camp, a grand manœuvre of all the troops, previous to that over which his majesty Frederick of Prussia was expected to preside.

Accustomed in my youth to a close intercourse with military life, I felt quite at home, marching to the camp of the King of Prussia by the side of his troops. They were chiefly young, active men, I observed few remarkable for size. During our walk, I perceived that the officers and men were on the best terms, laughing and smoking together.

We left the town by the fine stone bridge over the Moselle. The view from this is lovely. A broad and level road was now taken by the artillery and cavalry, while we, the infantry, marched up towards a fort, through a road bordered by trees, and struck off on the top of the hill into a track leading across fields. After half an hour's walking, we again entered on the road, and soon the long ridge of tents appeared bounding the horizon.

It is a truly animating sight to behold at a little

distance an army on its march, looking like some burnished snake of huge size, as the sunbeams flash on bayonet or belt-plate. From the midst of the canvass town, rose a few pavilions, above which floated the black eagle and the black and white flags, the colours of Prussia. I never beheld a side of a country so well adapted for the purpose of manoeuvring immense bodies, as that then before us. It consisted of a vast plain, terminating in a point to which it gradually decreased from an extent of perhaps two leagues. Nearly in the centre was a hill of sufficient eminence to command a view of all passing in the plain beneath. On this were some houses and a temporary platform, and round were clustered carriages of every description ; for all the strangers, and many of the natives had come to see the show. I paid my two groschen and a half, got a ticket marked 355, and scaled the ladder. When I arrived at the top, the babble of English was such, that I could have sworn I was in the Colisseum, Regent's Park.

A gay and animated scene is that now acting below. At the word of command, a single horseman dashes from the centre of that glittering ring of plumes and trappings, and as if life or death depended on his speed, urges his horse's flight to that distant squadron. They wait his coming without a stir, and were it not for an occasional toss of the head or paw of the foot, every steed might have passed for a statue, they stand with

their riders so motionless. When the magical word is communicated, what a change takes place ? Where, but a moment since, every thing was quiet, all is now in motion. Squares wheel into lines, and lines form columns. The multitude of spears look like some waving forest, and the black and white pennons of the lancers flutter in the morning air. The numerous bands now advance to the horizon. Yet, see, they pass not out of sight. A line of dots, each a soldier and his steed, form a kind of outpost, and encircle the vast array. War ! thou art a beautiful yet fearful art ! Alas ! it is the lives of thousands we stake. Cannons now thunder along at a rapid pace. Each gun drawn by six horses, and raising clouds of dust as they race over the plain, fill up the spaces between the squadrons of cavalry. Their bellowing shakes the distant woods,—their smoke clouds the sky. The cavalry keep up a rattling fire with their carbines, and as they retire, the thick phalanxes of infantry who had staid in the back ground, move steadily onward. With simultaneous movement they discharge their muskets, and the hills resound. The cannon, however, roar above the reports of the muskets, and almost drown the noise of the carbines.

After seeing an infinity of exercises, very well got through by the different bodies of the force, on this occasion numbering 25,000 men, yet not, I was told, above the eighth part of the troops

of Prussia's king, which would make them 200,000, —I left them blazing away, and returned by the same road to Coblenz.

There is a general law in Prussia, which is so rigorously attended to, that all men must bear arms for three years ; not even the king's sons are exempt from it. This must tend to secure, at any rate, a numerous body of men, in case they should be required for the defence of their country.

Being hungry after my walk, and the German one o'clock dinner-bell just ringing, I entered the *salle à manger*, was shewn a seat, opened my napkin, and commenced my meal.

The table was surrounded by a number of quiet looking Germans, of every age ; and, by their contented looks, one might have supposed they had just finished the meal, which, I suspect, each was secretly anxious to commence ; for the Germans not only eat much, but often. There was not a single subject of Britain, save myself, present ; consequently I had time to make my observations.

One must be born in the land of "Yaw" and "Nien," to admire German cookery. The way, too, in which they order the dinners, is horrible. First, all the world over, comes soup. Then you discover the peculiarity of the nation, when handed the well-soddened meat from which the aforesaid has been extracted. With this is a black sauce, in one dish, and cucumbers, with vinegar, in another.

ther ; fricassees, omlets soufflé, and a variety of things, are next served round ; and, just when you have swallowed the last slice of rice, or other sweet pudding—the finale, as you suppose, of the meal—in comes fish, then fowls, wild birds, pudding, preserved pears ; and, when utterly exhausted, you are asked to take some roast beef, or a cut of a shoulder of mutton. I, being aware of the medley, chose a few solid dishes ; and, after dinner, which was over by a quarter to two, walked to the other side of the river, and strolled to Ems.

The mountain road is considerably shorter than the plain, or carriage one, and commences at Ehrenbreitstein. After you cross the bridge of boats, instead of turning to the left to the fortress, keep right on, mount up some steps near the church, and the narrow road winds up the elevated hill on which the castle is built. This path is steep as you approach Arenberg. Near a point, where another pathway leads to the village, stands a portion of a little chapel, with the Virgin and Child carved in stone at the end. Keep you the straight road, and, looking from the summit of the hill, where is a finger-post to direct you, the panorama is superb. A vast horizon lies around ; the broad Rhine spreads beneath, and you follow its course with your eye until it is hid by the intervening hills of St. Goar. The Moselle winds for miles through a rich country of vineyards and corn-

fields. Towns and villages lie on the plain, and, nearer, Coblenz and Ehrenbreitstein are prominent features in the landscape.

I next entered on a thick wood; the road led through the shady groves, and there was a glen, with a scanty stream flowing at a little distance. This I crossed by means of some stepping stones; and wound up another hill, which bore a post with the brown and yellow colours of Nassau. Descending the other side, I passed through a small village, and continued my course by the Lahn till I caught a peep of Ems, as it lay snugly ensconced in the corner of the valley. There was something so cosy and comfortable in its looks, smiling at the feet of high mountains, that I took quite a fancy to the place. The river leaves a kind of island, and the hills are well-wooded.

Bad-Ems, formerly called Hembesse, is one of the most ancient baths in Germany. The heat of the water is from 20 to 40 of Reaumur. There are two sources for drinking, and many for bathing. There are a number of hotels, all very comfortable. The Bad-haus of four towers, appears one of the most considerable. The soil abounds in minerals. Promenades at Ems, owing to its small dimensions, are necessarily much circumscribed,—the neighbourhood is picturesque and romantic. At Lindebeck is a charming valley and a mine. A pretty road conducts to Kemnau, and a variety of

prospects may be had from Speisberg and Winterberg. In a wild, rugged valley, near the road to Auf, is the Pfingstweide,—a mine which is mentioned in the most ancient chronicles of Treves. This contains silver, copper, and lead.

Not being fortunate enough to meet my friends at the Hotel d'Angleterre as I expected, I turned my head towards Coblenz ; and, while retracing my steps in the evening over the mountains, enjoyed a delightful scene. We had a good deal of heat during the day ; but now the wind freshened, and as I mounted the hill, became more palpably felt, than while I was sunk in the valleys. As the sun drew near his departure, the western sky began to assume rich-golden tints ; while a dark purple haze already dimmed the east. I was alone on the mountain-top, when the monarch set, and the view and tone of colouring so harmonized as to form a lovely picture. By the brink of the Rhine I could see more than one tottering ruin, fading into gloom, while the proud towers and walls of Ehrenbreitstein, seemed to laugh at decay. All was still in the adjacent town, and not a sound was heard save from the distant camp ; whence stole at intervals with the rushing breeze, notes of martial music, and the wild gush sounded pleasant to mine ear. Daylight had fled, and night showed her presence 'mid a train of glittering stars, ere I gained the bridge. They were reflected on

the water, in which the towers of Ehrenbreitstein slept in shadow as I crossed. Candles now flared and twinkled in every window of the hotel. I did not delay long in seizing one; and on going to bed, fell into a sound slumber.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Proceed to Cologne—American barrister—Parting glance at Coblenz—Neuweid—Andernach—Environs—Brol—Legend of Saint Genevieve—Rhine to Nonnewerth—Rolandseck and Drachenfels—Ruins of Godesberg—Bonn—Banks become flat—Farewell to the river.

Wednesday, 5th.

We had a good number of persons on board “*Le Roi de Prusse* ;” among them some English pilgrims, and I discovered a young American barrister, with whom I fell into conversation. “It is quite the custom,” he told me, “with the members of his profession in the *other* world, to make a tour immediately on being admitted, and before they devote themselves to the close and laborious duties of their calling.”

I mentioned, that “I was completing my travels, before I *commenced* my studies, for the same reason.” As I think it much better to let nothing distract me when once I seriously begin, which, running from study to travel, and back to business, assuredly must.

The Rhine widens after leaving Coblenz. We behold to the left the Hundsrück, and the long range of the Eifel mountains. These last contain numerous mineral substances. To the right, the banks of Westerwald spread their fertile bosoms, and, on looking back, I caught a delightful glance of the town we had left.

It was early morning, about seven o'clock; a large veil of mist was rapidly rolling off the heights to the back of the city, and now, when the vapour no longer hid them, fort and dwelling started into sight. The plains sparkled with the sun-light glancing on the dew, and his rays shone on the Moselle like burnished gold. The massive stone-bridge connecting the opposite bank to the town seemed dwindle to fairy littleness, and the houses and domes looked like models of architecture, all seemed so white and cleanly. Far as the eye could see, stood stately buildings, or taper spires, those of Notre Dame, from their height, being most remarkable. *Vis à vis* were the lines of the extensive fortress, appearing to approach us, while its vast rock cast a dark shade nearly half way across the river.

As we advanced, a fine country lay on both sides. At a little distance was the pretty isle of Niederwerth, with its village. The remains of a convent, standing quite isolated, like the quiet inmates who once tenanted its tranquil walls, are monuments of olden piety. The village of Wal-

lenheim appears to the left, opposite the isle of Niederwerth ; on the bank to the right is Vallen-dar, an ancient town, "Valla Romanorum." The church, situated on a rising ground, is picturesque, and commands a fine prospect. We passed Bendorf, where are forges of iron, and in the environs, some minerals. The iron forged here and a little farther on, at Sayn, where are the ruins of an old castle, is considered the best in this country, and equal to Swedish. Bendorf is of great antiquity ; Count Palatine Henry bestowed it on the monks of Laach, in 1093.

After leaving Kunostein Engers, we saw a chateau, built in the French taste, with an English garden, alias a shrubbery. The village of Urmutz, where Julius Cæsar made his second passage of the Rhine, is within sight ; and the place called *Tour Blanche* is named as the spot where he gave battle to the Sicambri. Hoche also passed at this last village ; on a hill near the tower is a monument to him. The inscription is—" *L'armée du Sambre et Meuse à son général Hoche.*"

Neuweid is built in a plain to the right of the river ; close by we perceived the ancient abbey of Romersdorf (Villa Romana). This town was founded in 1730, by Count Frederick William ; contains members of every religion, who live together in enviable harmony ; thus practising true religion, which bids us love one another. Here are many manufactories, and a flying bridge. The

cabinet of medals is daily increased by the addition of coins found in the neighbourhood.

The passage in this place was known to the Romans, who were masters of the ancient town fifty-two years before the birth of our Saviour.

In the gardens of the palace are deposited the rare plants, and treasures of natural history, collected by Prince Maximilian, in the Brazils, where he spent two years as naturalist. He has written his travels, and I understand is again in search of other discoveries in the history of plants, devoting his life to botany.

M. Prudhomme has a collection of the various insects in the environs, of which there are, in his museum, no less than 3,600 sorts. The charming mansion of the Princes of Weid, called "*Mon Repos*," lies about six miles to the north. In this neighbourhood is a manufactory of sal ammoniac; a forge; and mine of alum.

Towards Irlich the river becomes very picturesque. This pretty hamlet stands at the junction of some rivers with the Rhine; which, as sovereign lord, receives the tribute of all who wander through his dominions. At the foot of some wild rocks, is a strange-looking ruin, like the wall of a house from which the other sides have fallen and left it bare. Light is seen through, for the windows are as unconscious of glass as the interior is of covering. This is Frederickstein, called by the peasants *Teufelshaus*, — Devil's house. The course of the

stream here runs by high rocks, covered by vines and groves. To the right is Ludesdorf, and we saw the sorrowful convent of St. Thomas,—its dilapidated walls, through which the winds howl mournfully, bewailing the loss of the sisterhood. It was burned in the first French invasion, 1794.

The towers of Andernach now rise out of the water to greet our approach.

Andernach, the Antoniacum of the ancients, is known as a considerable place since the fourth century. It derives its present name from the little river Andret, which washes its walls. This was the head-quarters of the Roman army of the high Rhine, and residence of the Prefect. The Frankish kings had their palace by the river side, and used to fish for salmon in the Rhine from the windows. Sigebert was the last who occupied this palace,—it was ceded to the monks of Malmidi.

The bishops of Cologne built a portion of the town near the gate of Coblenz, and when the league of defence took place, Andernach furnished five thousand infantry, and fifty knights.

Its commerce consists of wine, charcoal, potash, &c. The objects of curiosity are, the porte, and near it the ruins of the ancient palace, with the round tower, supposed to be the work of the Romans. The palace is at once recognised as the style of the middle ages. The church, which is a fine-looking structure, was built in the time of the Carlovingian kings. In the neighbourhood of

Kirchberg are some Roman sepulchres. Medals are often found near this.

The country in the neighbourhood is very romantic. A small lake Läach, is worthy a tour; also the environs of Hammerstein.

At some distance a spring of mineral water, called Toenisstein, may be visited; there is another source called Hielbrunn, where the waters are milk-white.

Nemedy on the left bank is very picturesque. The chateau was the ancient residence of Hussman de Nemedy. During the war it was used as an hospital. The entire district is rich in vineyards and fruit orchards. Large rafts come along the river to this place, and thence go to the great market for timber, Dordrecht, to be shipped to England and other countries. Oftentimes these immense rafts are from seven to nine hundred feet long, by seventy broad. At the foot of the rock which sustains the ruins of Hammerstein, is the village Oberhammerstein,—it was formerly fortified. To the east is the hamlet of Fornich, and the rock of Creutzborn,—it is basalt: around are scattered traces of a spent volcano, and pieces of lava are often dug up. After winding through a pleasant valley near Fornich, the little river Brol unites with the Rhine; and, on its banks we saw the village of the same name. There is a castle on the height which formerly belonged to the house, Metternich of Brol.

Here are many marks of volcanic eruptions, which add a feel of dread to the wild and savage aspect of the place. Pumice stone, lava, basaltic pillars, are strewed in various parts. Every object you meet is interesting to the naturalist, and a charming excursion may be made to the lake of Läach. The abbey of Benedictines, of which place, situated on the brink, was founded in 1093, by Henry II. Not far are the ruins of his castle Altenbourg. Frauenkirch is about a league distant, and in the chapel of St. Genevieve that lady lies buried. The legend of her romantic preservation may be given as follows :—

LEGEND OF SAINT GENEVIEVE.

Oh! wilt thou not return,
To thy spirit's early love,
To the freshness of the morn,
To the stillness of the grove.
Still by thy husband's throne
There is kept a place for thee,
And at thy smile alone,
Joy round the hearth shall be.

MRS. HEMANS.

“ Years of sorrow had left their traces on the high brow of Count Siegfried. His days were consumed in affliction, and his nights in grief. Strange then, it sounded to the ears of his court, to hear the unwonted orders for a grand hunt on the morrow, in the woods of Läach. Months and

years had elapsed since a laugh had been heard, or a jest uttered in the palatine's chambers. The columned halls and tapestried rooms were allowed to remain desolate. No courtly wassailers enlivened the board by their presence,—all was gloomy and drear.

“ On his return from the Holy wars sad news waited Count Seigefried. His beloved wife, his Genevieve, whom he had left a bride, was false to the marriage-bed. Ludorf, his faithful chamberlain, detailed to his agonised lord, how, after his departure, she listened to the vows of an unknown knight, and a child, of whom she was then pregnant, was visible proof of their guilty intercourse. Furious with rage, the fierce Palatine refused to listen to the words of his hapless wife,—despite of her prayers, or feeble state, he drove her that evening from his walls, and banished peace from his soul.

“ Ludorf was a black deceitful villain. Enamoured of his young mistress, he tried every art, in his lord's absence, to ingratiate himself in her affections. She repelled his base advances, and when they became at last such as to alarm her pure mind, she threatened to inform her husband on his return. This was what the wretch feared, and trusting that her interesting situation would give probability to his wicked tale, had the first news, and accomplished his inhuman end.

“ ‘ Unfortunate spouse! unhappy Genevieve!’

would the Palatine exclaim, ‘Why hast thou sinned? and I,—I have been too precipitate. Where art thou now, sinful woman? Our Saviour was merciful to the thief on the cross. I have shown no pity.’

“These were the words that continually burst from the unhappy Prince. Such reflections embittered his very life. He indulged in no pleasure, saw no guests. To the court of the Emperor he no longer sped! His own was no more visited! The cobweb spread its veil through his armour; his sword grew stiff in the scabbard.

“‘Bid the huntsmen and foresters mark the game, and have hound in leash, and spur on heel, for by the morning’s dawn we’ll chase the stag in Lääch’s forest,’ sounded strangely from the lips of Count Seigefried.

“‘All shall be ready, an’ so it please your Highness,’ answered the old master of the horse.

“The man of steeds still lingered, as if anxious, yet loath, to ask some question, for his lord was plunged in a deep reverie. Unconscious of his presence the Count kept walking up and down the long chamber, where the mailed forms of his noble ancestors seemed to frown darkly on him. Often, at the dead hour of the night, did the same tramp tell the domestics in the palace, of the unquiet rest of their master; and, when the storm shook the leaves, and the turrets moaned with the wind, he would mount to the highest

story of the Roman tower, and look over the town of Andernach, with the rich plains beyond.

“Wearied with the length of waiting, the officer coughed, and only then was Siegfried conscious that he was not alone.

“‘What, Harold, here still?’

“‘Aye, my lord,’ was the answer.

“‘Why waitest thou?’

“‘Because, my lord, I wish to know if you will ride your fine hunter Raymond with the hounds to-morrow, or any of the others, or the little palfrey that—that—the lady used to ride.’

“‘Lady!’ repeated the Count; ‘what lady, old man?’

“Harold was no courtier,—‘Countess Genevieve,’ he said.

“‘Slave!’ cried the Palatine, sternly. ‘How dare you pronounce that name before me?’

“‘I thought you ordered me, your Highness?’

“‘Perhaps I did, my memory sometimes fails me,’ said his master, in a milder tone; ‘but why should I ride that palfrey in preference to one of my hunters?’

“‘Because you have not been much used to ride of late, and—and—’

“‘That’s true,’ sighed the Count, ‘what else?’

“Harold hesitated—the garrulity of old age was plunging him into difficulties, which his honest simplicity prevented his getting out of.

“‘ Why are you silent?’ demanded the Count.

“‘ Because I’m afraid your Highness will be angry.’

“‘ Speak, Sir, when I bid you; what is the other reason that I should ride the palfrey?’

“‘ Because, my lord, the Countess rode it often.’

“‘ Again, sirrah, that name,’ exclaimed the Count.

“‘ Why, please your Highness, it’s hard for an old man like me, to keep from talking of one we all loved so much.’

“‘ Peace, Harold, thou knowest how she treated me.’

“‘ The old equerry shook his head. The Count was struck with his eager glance.

“‘ What, dumb again?’

“‘ Ah! my lord,’ replied the servant, ‘ that’s a matter which, by the blessing of God, will come to light some day. Treachery has been busy!’

“‘ You think Genevieve innocent, then?’

“‘ Guiltless as the unborn babe.’

“‘ And the child of whom she was pregnant, is—’

“‘ Thine!’

“‘ Would to heaven it were as you say,’ groaned the unhappy Palatine, “or rather no; for it would make me more wretched to think I have been unjust as well as cruel. Then Ludorf has been—’

“ ‘ What time shall prove,’ interrupted the old man.

“ ‘ Nay then, saddle the palfrey for me to-morrow,’ ordered the Count; and bowing low, Harold withdrew.

“ Throwing himself on his knees before the crucifix, the Palatine prayed long and devoutly. He begged pardon of heaven for his precipitation in condemning the accused without permitting a defence, and trusted that God, out of his wisdom, would set all in its true light. His heart felt more at ease when he arose, and retired to rest early, to prepare for the fatigues of the morrow.

“ The unwonted news of a hunt at Andernach, spread like wildfire by the shores of the Rhine, and of course became the topic of universal conversation. What induced the Palatine to change his life of solitude? The knights and fair dames now looked forward to the prospect of a gay court for the winter, balls and jousts. Many a mother exulted in the hope of her daughter occupying the place of the Countess Genevieve. All the inhabitants of Andernach were to hold a meeting, and the heads of a congratulatory address were already got off by heart, to be delivered verbatim to the first clerk who could write, for presentation to the Count Palatine. Yet the object of all this solicitude was praying for the restoration of her he had lost, and with the dawn of morning rode on the palfrey to the forest of Läach.

“Gallant and gay was the crowd assembled. All within the circle of miles, who loved a good day's sport were collected, for such they counted with good reason, they were sure to have; since the woods, long unvisited by destructive man, were full of game. The morning too, was such as would have pleased the most ardent lover of the chase,—fresh, cool, and invigorating. There is something bracing in the free air of morning, which the noon-tide sun always dispels. The courtly train now leaving the towers of Andernach, struck into the mountain road, and moved towards the scene of action. It was a glittering sight, each noble was attended by his equerry, who carried his spear, and as the bright steel points caught the rays of the sun, they sparkled like diamonds. Champing of bits and tramp of horses, sounded strangely through the dense woods; and the ravens screamed, and wild birds rose, as the merry train dashed by: but he, the chief, cannot be designated by that epithet. Though his outward bearing was bold, and he tried to appear gay as the rest, yet his mind was ill at ease, and the conversation of the preceding night had given him sore disquiet.

“They had reached the woods of Läach, and the eager dogs were let loose in search of game; which freedom they testified by pouring from their throats volumes of rich music. The effect of this burst of harmony seemed to have a degree of ex-

hilarating enlivenment on all, except the Palatine, who reined his gentle palfrey under an aged tree and kept aloof. In a hunting field one does not much care how his neighbour gets on, provided he gets on himself; so when the full burst of the pack, and loud cries of the foresters, announced a chase, all started, leaving the Palatine to follow if he would.

“ His thoughts intent on something else, he heeded not the turmoil around him, and without casting a look on the animated scene, suffered the excited train to pass. His palfrey once raised her pretty head, and looked after the last of the riders as he swept in his eager flight down the steep; and when the master of all this display ventured to look round, he found himself quite alone.

“ The sun was by this time high in the heavens, and as the light glanced through the alleys, the leaves of beech shone beautifully brilliant. There is much greater variety in this species of foliage than any other, for on the same bough may be seen the sear and yellow leaf of the former year; the mature brown and the tender green of this.

“ Gently putting his steed in motion, the Count suffered himself to be borne onwards, not minding where and whither; his thoughts were with her he had driven away, and he never lifted his head from his breast, till the clear blue water of Läach’s lake occupied the open space left between the

glades of the forest. What a group was beside him! There sat, or rather reclined,—for she was asleep, by the brink of the lake, under a spreading beech,—a fair and lovely woman. She might have passed for a naiad of the fountain or nymph of the grove, for her garments were such as her own hands had made from the scanty materials which nature had provided. A robe of plaited straw was secured round her waist. The skin of a deer covered her shoulders. Sandals of reed supported two thin slices of wood, which served as shoes, and her hat was plaited from the flags of the lake. Beside her lay a handsome boy, similarly attired, of tender age, whom the noise of the Count's horse had roused. He now awoke, and rubbing his blue eyes, which were filled with tears, began pulling the deer skin, in order to rouse his mother.

“ ‘ Ho ! ho ! my little man, you must not disturb the sleeper,’ said the Count, as he dismounted. Struck with the benignness of his look, the child left his parent, and, crawling to the Count's feet, looked up in his face, and, in his childish accents, said, ‘ Fader !’

“ Had the fierce yell of the Paynim sounded in his ear, the Palatine could not have been more astonished. The female still slept, and the position which kept her face concealed, prevented his recognizing her features.

“ ‘ Tell me, my little man, who is your father?’

“‘ You, you !” repeated the child, laughing with delight.

“‘ And who am I ?”

“‘ The great, grand man, who lives in a palace.”

“‘ Indeed ! who told you that ?”

“‘ Oh ! mamma, mamma ; and she will be so glad to see you !”

“‘ How do you know ?”

“‘ Because she often cried,’ (and here the little fellow rubbed his eyes from sympathy,) ‘ when telling me I would, one day, find my father.’

“‘ But how do you know I am the person ?”

“ He drew the Count to the sleeper’s side, and, raising the light doe-skin from her bosom, showed the astonished noble an exquisitely beautiful and faithfully executed miniature of himself, which he remembered, in happier days, having presented to her, his lovely bride.

“‘ And she could wear it thus !” he cried ; ‘ and talk of me with tears to her boy. My boy ! good Heaven ! how cruelly unjust I have been !” Real tears fell down his cheeks.

“‘ Ah !” said the child, ‘ mamma used to tell me that too.’

“‘ What ?” inquired the parent—so we will call him.

“‘ That she was sure you used to weep sometimes, and that you were not bad yourself ; only listened to the talk of bad people.’

“‘ Spare me, Genevieve ! spare me ! it is more than I can bear,’ sobbed the Count. That she was not only forgiving herself, but taught her child forgiveness, in the dawn of his infancy, quite unmanned the noble.

“‘ Come to my arms, my boy,’ he cried, ‘ and we will weep no more.’

“The child was encircled in his father’s arms when the innocent lady awoke. ‘ Merciful Lord !’ she exclaimed, ‘ what do I see ? Am I dreaming ? or have you, O God ! at length vouchsafed to hear my sinful prayer ? My husband embracing his child. Oh ! it is too much for reality. Seigefried !’

“‘ What do you want now, mamma ?’ asked the boy ; ‘ do not you see my father ?’

“Then Genevieve rose, and fell on her husband’s neck. He knelt at her feet, and prayed forgiveness. She raised him tenderly, placed his child’s hand in his, and tears, no more of sorrow, but heartfelt joy, fell from their eyes.

“She had been sustained in the woods by the bounty of Him who feedeth the birds in the air, and who tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb ; and a chapel was erected on the spot, where the husband regained his long-lost Genevieve.

“Oh ! there was joy in Andernach upon that happy night ! The palace rung with revelry, the city blazed with light ; And when the moon her paler beams upon the turrets shed, Above the Roman gate was seen the cruel Ludolf’s head.”

After gliding by the castle of Rhineck, we now beheld, from our aquatic machine, the small town of Sinzig, near Brensig. Here is Sentiacum, an old Roman castle, supposed to owe its existence to Sentius, one of the lieutenants of Augustus. The chapel is of Gothic architecture, with some pictures of the Italian school. The Aar falls into the Rhine not far from this. On the other side is the White tower and foundry of Leubsdorf; near it Linz, an ancient tower of the *ci-devant* elector of Cologne. It received the freedom of a city in 1330; a chateau was built by Archbishop Engelbert III. in 1365, near the Rhine, to protect the town against the inhabitants of Andernach, who carried on a war at that time against it.

The church commands a fine view, and possesses the tomb of the Chevalier de Renneberg, founder of the monastery of St. Catherine, in 1257. There are some mines and foundries in this place.

Leaving Linz we steamed for Ockenfels, where we beheld a ruined castle: not far are the mills of Kasbach, turned by a stream of the same name; and close by, the burg of Erpel, with a vineyard on a rock of basalt, which produces the Ley wine, considered one of the best white wines in the district. The river now winds to the right: on the opposite shore is Remagen, the Rigomagnum of the Romans. Innumerable are the vestiges of that mighty dynasty with which this place is rife; many have been sent to Manheim, others to Rome.

The situation of Apollinarisberg with the walls of the ancient abbey of Siegbourg, is of unrivalled beauty ; Ankel also is charmingly situated, facing is a hill with vast quarries of basalt.

The Rhine here becomes a broad lake, and extending from the extreme end, rise the heights of the Seven Mountains. Many villages lie scattered at their base ; to the left is Oberwinter ; to the right, Scheurn, Keister, and Rheinbreitbach ; in this latter are two mines of lead. An interesting prospect is that now before us. Tottering on the crown of a precipitous mountain to our left are the decayed walls of Rolandseck. At the feet of the rocks, a small arm of the river dividing it from the shore, the island of Nonnewert ; the white walls of its unsistered convent, fluttering between the trees as we catch momentary glimpses. From the opposite side rises the castled crag of Drachenfels, proudly frowning over

“The wide and winding Rhine,”

and stretching away in continuation the remaining losty ridges of the chain called the Seven Mountains.

The legend of Rolandseck is so well known, as almost to render repetition superfluous. I may, however, mention, that this castle was built by the Paladin Roland, nephew to Charlemagne, commanding a view of the convent of Nonnewert, where his wife Hildegart had breathed the irrevocable

vow, cutting her off from this world for ever, on hearing the false news of her lord's death in the holy wars.

The scenery here is very beautiful. On the island is a considerable building, formerly the convent, now an hotel. I cannot conceive a sweeter spot to rest in than this quiet dwelling. When Napoleon took possession of the country, he was about to eject the nuns, but they prevailed on the Empress Josephine to intercede, and at her entreaty, the sisters who then dwelt there, were allowed to remain for the term of their lives, provided they received none in the room of those who should drop off. The nuns, having no choice, accepted these conditions, and years went on, and death commenced his harvest. Each revolving month beheld their numbers grow more few, and it must indeed have been a sorrowful meeting, when the survivors looked on the vacant seats, which their beloved companions were wont to occupy. They became at length so much reduced in number, that they agreed no more to await each other's death, and leaving the convent they separated. The Drachenfels was said to have been the resort of a fierce dragon, whom it was customary, in the savage times, to propitiate by the offering of prisoners. A beautiful lady, daughter to the king of the hostile tribe, being borne away, was placed on the rock to await the coming of the monster. Some say that a cross, which, as a Christian, she

wore on her breast, overpowered the beast, and he fell dead into the Rhine. Others, that the lady's lover, a brave, and adventurous knight, attacked the savage reptile, and having succeeded in destroying him, won a bride and a kingdom. However it was, certes the dragon exists no longer.

On the summit of the Drachenfels, are the remains of an old castle, and the tombs of two German generals are also pointed out. All the Seven Mountains afford ample food to the mineralogist.

A light breeze now came on, which just ruffled the surface of the wide river, for after gliding past the Seven Mountains, the Rhine again swells into a lake. Rich valleys appear in the openings of the ravines, and the banks are clothed in luxuriant vegetation.

Koenigswinter lies to the right, surrounded by the fine vine-gardens of Haldi, and Hardberg.

The view from this is superb. Godesberg crowns the rising ground, and the town of Bonn extends to the water side. There is a village of 1800 inhabitants, at the foot of Godesberg.

These shattered remains of former greatness, were the last retreat of Count Gebhard, of Truchsess-Waldburg, Elector and Archbishop of Cologne, who having privately married Agnes de Mansfeldt, declared himself a Lutheran, and tried to render his electorate secular. Pope Gregory XIII. however, deprived him of his dignity, and

the Duke of Bavaria besieged Godesberg, where he had taken shelter, and made it the mass of ruins in which it stands at present. Between this and Bonn, is seen the Hochkruz, (high cross) erected by Walran, Archbishop of Cologne, in 1340. It is of Gothic architecture, and built of the stone of Drachenfels.

Bonn was formerly the fourth electoral residence on the Rhine. Its origin is Roman; Drusus Germanicus constructed here a camp and bridge, which Julian augmented. Tacitus mentions Bonna, and Bonnensis Castra. Saint Helena, mother of Constantine, built a fine church, which soon became surrounded by houses. Walls were added by Conrad of Hochstedten, in 1240.

It is often mentioned, in the history of the country;—its churches, and Roman monuments, are proofs of its great antiquity. Beethoven established a school for music. Not far from this, is Brühl.

Brühl is situated in a fine country, and lies a short distance from Bonn. It numbers about 2000 inhabitants, and was the residence of Archbishop Engelbert, of Falkenbourg. The elector, Gebhard de Mansfeldt, also inhabited a palace here, and it became the retreat of Cardinal Mazarin, when he was obliged to fly from France.

The elector, Clement Augustine, laid the foundations of the splendid palace, called Augustenbourg, in 1725, which was finished by Maximilian

Frederick. It is beautifully situated, commanding an ample view of the Rhine. The interior is furnished with much taste. An avenue of poplars leads to a hunting lodge, and the terrace of Falkenhest.

After leaving Bonn, the stream bore us swiftly forward. To the right lay Beuel, and Schwarzbachendorf, a convent of noble ladies. A little further on, is Vilich, another convent, at present untenanted. This last was founded in 983, by Gerbirg, wife of the Count of Gueldres, daughter of Geoffrey, Count of Ardennes. The Sieg falls here, into the Rhine; on the banks, are the walls of the Abbey of Siegbourg, in which the Prussian government have established a lunatic asylum.

The mountains have disappeared, and a dead level country, is that through which the Rhine here flows. Ziendorf is a place of some commerce. We next see the towers and roofs of Cologne, darkly defined against the horizon, which become more distinct as we draw nigh.

Fair Rhine, I am about to leave thee! Thou curlest thy foamy waves around my bark, and the tear-like spray falleth in silver showers on the watery waste. 'Tis well! bright river! we have together run our course; and dearest friends must sometime part. I have found pleasure in surveying thy verdant gardens, producing the joy-bringing wine; and mourned with thee, over thy

chiefless ruins. The morning sun hath brightened thee, as I gazed; and the moon at eve, beheld me still at my watching. I have marked the winds curl thy waters, or rouse them in wrath; and again, when all ceased, they became quiet, and smooth as a glassy mirror. 'Mid the Alpine hills, have I looked on thy stream, and from imperial cities, have I seen thy foaming waters. And, though I leave thy enchanting banks, for the present, I shall ever return with gladness, and linger on thy shores with delight. Fare thee well !

Father Rhine !

CHAPTER XXX.

LOW COUNTRIES—BELGIUM.

Cologne—Historical notice—Cathedral—Religious buildings—Aix la Chapelle—Palace of Charlemagne—Church of Notre Dame—Travelling companions—Flemish landscapes—Liege—Belgian Cavalry—Brief account of the city—Old palace—Hotel de Ville—Louvain—Arrive in Brussels.

COLOGNE.

HAVING bade adieu to the romantic Rhine in my last chapter, I now turn from the works of nature to those of art, and enter Cologne.

“Rome!” exclaims Bulwer, “magnificent Rome! wherever the pilgrim wends his way, traces of thy dominion greet his eyes. Amid the haunted regions of the Rhine, we pause, in wonder, at the giant monuments of the Roman yoke.”

Cologne, *Colonia Agrippina*, was anciently the capital of the *Ubii*, and became an extensive Roman colony. *Vitellius* was here proclaimed Emperor, and the armed legions of *Trajan* encamped

in this city. He was lieutenant when summoned to the throne. Sylvain was also proclaimed, and afterwards murdered here.

This city was protected by walls under the Ubii, which were much extended when the Romans took possession. Their line occupied the space from the tower of Bayen to the gate of the Franks, and formed the eastern boundary on that side of the Rhine. Near this gate is a tower, erected by the Franks, adorned with figures in bas relief. In the old wall is the Pfaffenporte, which was the Roman *porta flaminia*. It has this inscription:—“C. C. A. A. Colonia, Claudia, Agrip-pina. Augusta.”

Cologne was the capital of the Low Rhine, under the Frankish dynasty. The Burghof is supposed to be on the site of the palace, where the emperors and kings resided. Many statues, pillars, and inscriptions were removed to Ingelheim, to ornament the palace of Charlemagne ; and others to Aix la Chapelle. The Huns destroyed the remainder. There is yet shown traces of a subterranean aqueduct from this city to Treves.

Pepin, son of Charles Martel, was Duke of Cologne before his accession to the throne : Saint Materne, the first bishop. About the year 900, it was sacked by the Normans ; and, in the tenth century, united to the empire by Otho the Great. Cologne formed one of the principal Hanse towns, containing, at the period, a number of troops

amounting to 30,000 fighting men. The Jews were banished on St. Bartholomew's day 1425. It is at present the seat of Prussian administration of the duchies—Cleves, Berg and Juliers, has 7,400 houses, and 58,000 inhabitants. As a town, there is not much to boast of. Few public places; many of the streets narrow and dirty. The building best worthy of inspection is the cathedral, which may fairly be styled the *chef-d'œuvre* of the ancient Teutonic architecture.

This superb temple, which has suffered much from the unsparing hand of time, is built in the form of a cross. The name of the architect is unknown. It was commenced by Conrad of Hochstetten, in 1248, and not finished before 1499. The highest tower is 200 feet, originally intended to have been 500. The great bell weighs 25,000 lbs. The interior is truly magnificent; lofty pillars raise their noble shafts, like the trees of an ancient forest; each crowned with a rich capital. The walls of the choir are covered with tapestry, from designs by Rubens. The windows are of glass, richly painted. The tomb of the Three Kings is of the Ionic order, placed at the back of the grand altar. It was constructed by Elector Maximilian of Bavaria, for the reception of the relics presented by the Emperor Frederick I. on the destruction of Milan. The names of the wise sovereigns are marked in rubies—Gaspard, Melchior, Balthasar.

There are three crowns of massive gold, weighing six pounds, ornamented with diamonds, pearls, and other precious stones. There are also other relics—Saints Felix, Nabor, and Gregory.

Many of the pictures are very fine; some of great antiquity. The monuments of emperors, kings, archbishops, and electoral princes, truly worthy of this renowned structure, as the sacristan said, *La plus belle église du monde*. The church of Notre-Dame-du-Capitole is the most ancient in the town. Here is the tomb of Saint Ide, mother of Pleatrude, wife of Pepin, and mother of Charles Martel. In the ancient chapter of this church, found repose, in the sleep that knows no waking, the wearied spirit of the unfortunate Mary de Medicis, wife of Henry IV., and mother of Louis XIII. Through the intrigues of Cardinal Richelieu, she was forced to quit France, and fled hither to seek, in the worship of her God, that peace denied her in the councils of men.

In the exercises of religion the weary heart ceased to ache,—the throbbing pulse was stilled, and her troubled spirit found at last a haven, where it could repose in safety. Power and love,—hope and fear—avarice, and dreams of ambition, all were quenched,—one hope alone survived, and that was not of this world.

The church of St. Cunibert, near the Rhine, is a fine building, on the model of St. Peter's in

Rome. In the church of St. Peter is a crucifixion of that Apostle, by Rubens, well worthy the inspection of the visitor. The Convent of Nuns of St. Ursula is celebrated by the legend of that Saint's presiding in a convent of eleven thousand virgins. The Jesuits' church is well worth inspection. The college has a fine library and cabinet of arts, composed of autographs, medals, vases, pictures. The Empress Catherine of Russia offered 20,000 roubles for it, and Duke Albert as many more, but they were refused. The mayor would not deprive the town of such a treasure. Among other curiosities is the cave of St. Materne, in the church of Lis. The ashes of Albertus Magnus repose in the old Dominican chapel. The Hotel de Ville has a fine entrance. In the old Hotel de Commerce is a vast hall, where many diets were held. The Emperor Maximilian used it for *fêtes*. The arsenal contains curious relics of ancient weapons,—a German war-chariot; weighty mail of the Austrian general John de Wert, with the armour of many others. The theatre is not large, and from the circumstance of having no regular company, I suspect is not very flourishing. Here are some charitable institutions.

I had a letter of introduction to the present worthy possessor of the Maison de Rubens, and on going to deliver it, perceived by an inscription near the door, that it also had been occupied by

Mary de Medicis. I much regretted the arrangements I had made prevented my partaking of the hospitality he kindly proffered me. I staid at the hotel d'Holland.

It was late in the evening ere the diligence started, and the rain descended in torrents when I got inside. We had Eau de Cologne with a vengeance! After leaving the gates we entered on a long straight line of road, paved in the centre, and having tall rows of poplars on either side. During the night we passed through the towns of Kerpan and Deuren, situated in a low, uninteresting country, and, at five o'clock in the morning, drove through the silent and deserted city of Charlemagne and his Paladins.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

6th.

Aix-la-Chapelle is built in a fertile valley, between the Rhine and the Meuse. The hills in the neighbourhood are undulating and well cultivated. To the north Louisberg and Salvatersberg raise their peaks, and shelter the town from the cold in that quarter. From their summits may be had extensive surveys of the town, and horizon for miles round, diversified with villages and country-houses. Many fossil remains are discovered here. The hills to the south are more rugged, colder, less fertile, and covered with wood. They stretch to the Eifel range, and up to Ardennes. These regions abound in metals, and mineral pro-

ductions, — quartz, and a substance called Blumenbach.

Aix-la-Chapelle contains near 33,000 souls; the prevailing religion is Catholic. Many of the inhabitants possess extensive gardens. Here are numerous manufactories of linen, kerseymere, pins and needles, iron filagree work, &c. The language is a mixture of German, Flemish, Dutch, and French.

The Hotel de Ville, anciently the palace of Charlemagne, in which he was born, was built by the Frankish kings on the site of a Roman castle; some of the old towers yet remain. One, supposed to be Roman, is called the tower of Grannus. In this palace the famous congress was held in 1818; and, in various parts of the town the residences allotted to the sovereigns, or their representatives, who attended, are shewn as objects of curiosity.

The cathedral, or church of Notre Dame, was built by Charlemagne in 796 to 804. It is extremely rich, being decorated by vast quantities of gold and silver. The gates are curiously wrought of iron. In the centre is the simple tomb of Charlemagne, (who died in 814) with this inscription—"Carolo Magno." This church contains numerous relics and presents.

In the church des Cordeliers is a Descent from the Cross, by Rubens. The theatre, and the street close by it, form an imposing sight.

The mineral hot waters of this town are much esteemed for their efficacy. There are also some sources of cold ferruginous water. The hot is supplied from six sources. That considered the best is the source of the emperor, being most sulphureous. A handsome house stands erected for bathers, to which crowds resort for the purpose of drinking the mineral water. Under the portico is a long promenade, where a band is stationed. There are balls given here. Hazard appears a game often played. The country round affords many picturesque excursions.

Cabinets of arts and sciences are numerous. Many of the collections boast pictures by Van Eyk, (brothers), the Dürer, Hemmelink, Van Orley, Van der Gass, Corregio, Rubens, &c. A fine assortment of mineralogy belongs to Doctor Loisenne ; and strangers on obtaining permission may see several cabinets in the possession of private individuals.

The hotels in this town are numerous, and generally good and cheap. Lodgings suitable to every person may be easily provided.

Ten o'clock was the hour at which the Liege diligence was to take us on. I was much pleased to behold Mr. and Mrs. P., with whom I had made some pleasant excursions in Switzerland, entering the vehicle. Agreeable companions serve to lighten the weariness of dull travelling, and the monotony of roads devoid of scenery is too generally felt in the Low Countries. Again came the long straight

line, as if it had been laid down for a rail-road or locomotive carriage. Eternal rows of trees waved their close branches over our heads, shutting out a prospect if there was any. The weather, however, proved favourable, and except the regularity with which every object seemed vested, there was nothing to find fault with. The vehicle, to be sure, went slow; it had done so from its earliest stage. The noise was deafening from the rough pavement, it equally annoyed our companions, and they nor who could do nothing to remedy it.

The country presented no variation of scenery; no Alpine mountains, nor wide spread lakes, but all bespoke quiet contentment. Instead of picturesque châlets in irregular groups, were neat houses, and clean villages. We had heretofore toiled through romantic highlands; we now rumbled through quiet and peaceful plains. In the former we had met the enterprising and calculating spirit. The sight rested in the latter, on round, unmeaning faces, staring at us from each door and window as we drove past. Nay, the very beasts of the field seemed to partake of the phlegmatic stupidity of their masters. No cur barked as we rumbled over the pavement; no pig grunted; all seemed alike indifferent. Rich pastures spread their green slopes from the road to the horizon, broken perhaps, by ample fields, where the grain had been severed, and now showing a white stubble, contrasting with

the emerald covering. In the sedgy valleys grew flourishing willows, while well-fed cows reposed in the shade, or cooled their heated limbs in the stream. As the day declined, the pale colour of the evening sky, and fitful gleams of watery sunshine, gave a perfect Flemish character to the scenery, both in tone and colouring.

Liege now appeared, stretching along a valley watered by the Meuse and Sambre; the smoke of its manufactories darkening the sky above. We drove through the gate in the walls, and after traversing many streets, extremely narrow, (the houses ancient, with ornamented roofs), entered the office-yard near the Hotel la Pomelette. I accompanied my friends to La Pavillon Anglais.

While waiting in the *salle à manger* for the appearance of dinner, we beheld a considerable number of Belgian cavalry, and whatever may be their merits, I do not think Leopold has any reason to congratulate himself on the appearance of his horse. I never witnessed so disorderly or unsoldierly a cavalcade. The horses seemed more adapted for drawing canal boats, than carrying soldiers. Perhaps this was only the awkward squad.

Our dinner, which we left to the discretion of the mistress of the hotel, an Englishwoman, was such as could not fail to satisfy the greatest epicure. We contrasted it with the homely fare

in Switzerland, and I could not help reminding Mr. P. of the capital meal we made, after surmounting the Gemmi, when he and I picked the bones of a shoulder of mutton.

A commissionnaire being in waiting, immediately after dinner we walked forth to inspect the town.

Liege has always been a place of considerable importance. It proved very troublesome to Charles Le Temeraire, in 1468. William d'Aremberg Count of Marches, called Sanglier d'Ardennes, placed his son on the throne of Liege in 1473. The town appeared unequally built, with few streets of any extent, but many public places. We mounted the tower of St. Martin's church, which afforded a view of the entire city, and neighbouring country. Having taken our survey, we descended from the eminence not without difficulty, for we had to traverse slightly boarded lobbies, and creep down ladders in the dark,—the light from the top being obscured by the tortuous windings. On reaching *terra firma*, we proceeded to the palace on the great place, which is certainly a kingly pile. At present it is used for transacting public business, and the square enclosed by buildings is a vegetable market in the morning. The three fountains next occupied our attention, they exhibit much architectural design. The theatre is a fine building, but we did not go into it. The university of this town has some celebrity.

September 7th.

I was called this morning at a little after five, for we were to start by six, and breakfast was ready when I went down. With my two companions, I again proceeded, and in a short time we emerged from the city.

The road led us up a hill which looked over a fine agricultural country, and after traversing the summit, then descending for some time, we entered a thick, extensive wood. The first town, or village on the road is Orey, an inconsiderable place, where we changed horses, and thence continued to Saint Trond, which boasts a grand place, —has a good church and other buildings. Tirlemont succeeded, and next Louvain.

The churches of Louvain are worth seeing, particularly one which possesses a beautifully carved pulpit, representing the conversion of Saint Paul ; the entire formed of wood. The chief object of attraction to the stranger is the superb town-house.

This unrivalled edifice of Gothic architecture was completed in 1440, but has been since repaired, and renewed in 1710. The pencil of Prout is the only instrument that might give a delineation of its picturesque beauty ; as, like the gorgeous palace of the fabled Aladdin, it stands before the admiring spectator. The interior contains the salle de Frascati, where an immense multitude

would find place. It was fitted up with the room above it as a vast bazaar when I visited it.

The road thence to Brussels is so similar to what I have already described, as to render repetition superfluous. We reached this gay capital about six in the evening.

The period of the *fête* was arriving,—the hotels were crowded. I obtained accommodation in one, not first-rate; but, from the attention and civility I there experienced, has a right to my recommendation,—*Hotel du Morian*.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Belgium's capital—History—Church and chair of St. Gudule—The Sablon—Church of Minimes—Fountain—Place Grand Sablon—Beguinage—Sisters of Charity—Church of Saint Catherine—A Reunion—Place Royale—The Park—King's palace—Prince of Orange's palace—Bibliothèque—Flemish architecture—Hotel de Ville—Statistics—Sociality increased by dining—The unknown guests—Bruxelles' Theatre—Botanical garden—Palace of Laaken—Tervuren—Mnemonics—The unknown discovered.

BRUXELLES.

September 8th.

“BELGIUM's capital” is supposed to have derived its name from occupying the ground formerly covered by brambles, *broussailles*. The more ancient chronicles call it Broxella, or Bruxella.

It owes its origin to St. Gery, Bishop of Cambrai and Arras; who in the eighth century built a chapel on the little isle formed by the Senne, and it soon became surrounded by many habitations. About 1312, the order of Knights Templar was

suppressed, and in 1489 this city was ravaged by a frightful plague, which swept away 35,000 persons. In 1555, Charles V. abdicated his imperial crown in favour of his son Philippe II. In 1814, the crowns of Belgium and Holland were united in William I. And 1830, a revolution broke out in Belgium, which ended in the severance of the two provinces, and the appointment of a sole monarch to Belgium,—his present Majesty Leopold I.

One of the first visits the tourist pays, is to the church of Saint Gudule, in which is placed the famous oak pulpit, made by Henry Verbruggen, of Antwerp ; originally intended for the Jesuits' church, at Louvain. It was executed in 1699 ; but after the suppression of that order, purchased by Marie Thérèse in 1776, to present to Saint Gudule's at Brussels. This box bears in gold letters the name of the artist thus :—

Han Verbruggen, Ant. inv. delin. et fecit.

The lower part of this ingenious performance which presents the finest specimen extant of oak carving, represents our first parents driven out of paradise by the Archangel Michael, who carries the flaming sword in his hand,—death pursues them. The figures are of natural size, and so placed as apparently to support the globe above them. The cavity of this globe is the pulpit which the preacher occupies.

This rests on a tree, covered by a canopy, supported on the one side by an angel, on the other by Truth, personified by a female. On the top is a beautiful statue of the blessed Virgin, with the infant Saviour, holding a cross, and crushing with its staff the head of the betraying serpent,—according to the prophecy,—“And thy seed shall bruise the serpent’s head.” The Virgin is encircled by a glory, formed by stars, and surrounded by a number of angels.

Two small staircases are at the bottom of this pulpit, and on the branches of the tree of knowledge, different animals, carved natural as life. At the side of the ladder next Adam, are the ostrich and eagle; near Eve, the peacock, the parrot, and ape.

Nothing can exceed the ease and skill exhibited in the positions of the various animals. The whole impression of its survey is truly gratifying, from the display of human ingenuity here presented to the beholder.

I now inspected the other objects in the church, which is of considerable antiquity.

Saint Gudule is a Gothic edifice: the foundations were laid in 1047, by Lambert of Louvain. The twin towers were commenced in 1518, and the clock erected in 1535. The front is large, and ornamented with much sculpture. In this church, the bull of Leo X. was confirmed by Charles VI,

in 1516. The principal buildings here, are the chapel of the blessed Sacrament of Miracles. The first stone, laid in 1534, by Philip of Lannoy, in the name of the Queen of Hungary, governess of the Low Countries. The windows are painted by Roger. The entire of this church would fill a catalogue. Kings, princes, archdukes, are here interred. There is an extensive prospect from the towers: you perceive Malines, or Mecklin, as we call it, (celebrated for its lace), Antwerp, Enghien, &c. Napoleon, and William I. each presented 20,000 francs to this church, now the cathedral. The great bell weighs 15,222 pounds.

I had a letter of introduction to *Le Curé de Sablon*, which I now hastened to deliver. This gentleman's health did not permit him to see me, but I was received with much courtesy by *M. l'Abbé D—*, who did all in his power to render my stay agreeable. He showed me his church, *Notre Dame des Victoires*,—commonly called the *Sablon*, which was built in 1288, by *John I.* in memory of his having gained the battle of *Worringen*.

The most interesting monument it contains, is the tomb of the princes of *Tour et Taxis*, executed by *Cotyns*. In this are a number of beautiful statues, which I was assured by my reverend conductor, were much inferior to those originally placed there; these last had been removed, or in-

jured, by the French. A fine organ is placed on a loft, supported by six marble pillars of Tuscan order. There is one old painting with side-folds in this church, and some modern pictures; few of any merit.

In the church of Minimes, built by the Elector of Bavaria, in 1700, are three fine paintings, St. Etienne's Martyrdom, by Delvaux:— the four Evangelists, by Francois;—and a Descent from the Cross, by Gerard.

The ancient building called Porte de Halle, causes sad reminiscences of the unhappy prisoners confined therein, when it was the dungeon of the cruel Duke of Alva. The archives are now placed here.

Opposite to the residence of my reverend friend, in the grand square of Sablon, a market-place for meat, vegetables, hay, and straw, is a large handsome fountain, made in 1751, by instructions directed in the will of Lord Bruce, Count of Aylesbury. It is decorated with a group, in white marble, representing Minerva and the Arts, with the portraits of Francis I. and Maria Theresa. Berge was the sculptor. The pedestal is fifteen feet high.

The Beguinage is an extensive convent for Sisters of Charity. As the dress is the same since the days of Saint Begge; a popular writer, long since departed, describes it correctly:—

“ —‘ She was in black down to her toes, with her hair concealed under a cambric border, laid close to her forehead. She was one of those kind of nuns, an’ please your honour, of which your honour knows there are a good many in Flanders, which they let go loose.’ —‘ By thy description, Trim, said my uncle Toby, I dare say she was a young Beguine, of which there are none to be found anywhere, but in the Spanish Netherlands, —except at Amsterdam.’ ”

This order is now no longer confined to any particular portion of Europe; but has, I rejoice to say, found its way into the British isles, where, like the blessings of the name it bears, it cherishes the needy and comforts the afflicted. Truly is the name well chosen,—Sister of Charity. Sister, one who is born of our race, who is bound by the ties of kindred, who in our afflictions becomes our comforter, and shares in our joys! The gentle being with feelings tender and holy as a mother, steadfast as a friend; whose thoughts towards us are ever loving and pure; whose every wish is for our welfare. And then the union,—charity,—the gift bestowed on man by God. The precept that the Redeemer taught,—“ If you would love me, love one another,” and charity is but another name for love:—the affection felt for the poor and destitute,—that affection which enables the noble sister to abandon the gay haunts of fashion and

elegance, and repair to the abode of misery ; there to pour balm into the bosom of the child, weeping for the loss of a parent, the wife mourning the husband—the father of her helpless little ones. This is the love which supports the sister, and enables her to witness the most revolting sights, to dive into the depths of dungeons, to brave the terrors of contagion,—not confined to any religious house, as the sisters of other orders —she employs her time in acts of beneficence, discovering and relieving the unfortunate.

The adjoining chapel is called church of St. John the Baptist, and was built in 1660. The frontispiece is of the composite order, and has a statue of Saint Begge. The church of Saint Catherine, which I next visited, is spacious, but irregularly built. It was commenced so far back as 1357, pillaged by the Calvinists in 1579, and repaired in 1585. The pictures by Crayer are the great ornaments of this church. The Reception of Saint Catherine into Heaven is splendid. The French, who coveted and took away every work of merit, brought this painting to Paris ; it was restored in 1817. There is a picture by Jansens also, and others by inferior artists.

There are many other churches which contain paintings and objects of art ; but, as I do not profess to give a catalogue, and only describe the chief objects of interest which pleased myself,

I make no mention of them. To-morrow I intend devoting to the palaces.

9th.

While in the act of moving from my chamber to the *salle à manger*, for breakfast, I found seated, on a bench by the door, a gentleman, enjoying a cigar. The moment he turned his face towards me, I knew him to be the same I had met at Schaffhausen, with his family, and he instantly remembered our previous acquaintance. To find one whom we have known in a far country, when we least expect it, and whom we suppose to have parted with for ever, is at all times a cause of joy ; and I returned the warm pressure of Mr. H——'s hand with a pleasure I did not hope to experience before my return to my native country. His family joined me at the breakfast-table, and we spent our morning relating our mutual adventures since we parted at the Ship Hotel, Schaffhausen.

As the day was fine, Mr. and Mrs. H—— walked up with me to shew me portions of the town ; and, first, the Place Royale, a splendid square, partaking more of French regularity than Flemish picturesque. It was constructed in 1777, by an architect named Guimart. In the front of the south row is the splendid church of Saint Jacques. The tree of liberty flourishes in the centre. Here the inaugurations and public ceremonies are performed. The principal hotels for

strangers are also in this square. The Bellevue is reckoned the best. Not far off is the Park.

Brussels reminded me much of Paris, in the display and love of gaiety that everywhere met my sight. The Park is not so large as the garden of Tuileries, but affords sufficient room for the Bruxellois fashionables to display their finery. It was laid out, in 1774, by Zinnes, and is enclosed by buildings on every side ; by the Rue Royale on the north ; Rue Ducale, south ; Rue de Brabant, east ; and Bellevue, west. Broad alleys intersect it, embellished with handsome statues and fountains. The principal walk is in front of the King's Palace, immediately facing which, on the other side, is the Palace de la Nation, the house in which the Deputies meet to direct the government of the kingdom.

The King's Palace is a fine building, with a handsome portico of six Corinthian pillars ; the interior richly fitted up, particularly the throne-room. Napoleon lodged here in 1811. The finest building, for its size, perhaps in the world, is the Palace of the Prince of Orange, constructed after the designs of Vanderstraeten. This rare gem of palaces, no longer the abode of royalty, is tenanted by servants. Built by the heir-expectant to the Belgian crown, out of his private fortune, Leopold felt it his duty to remunerate the defeated prince, and though, of course, sequestered property, felt delicate in occupying it. I heard

be offered to purchase it, but met with a flat refusal, accompanied by this threat—"Tell your King, that when I want my palace, I will go live in it;" an event that does not seem very likely to happen at present. Certainly, if the same attention continues to be paid to the furniture as now is, I think it will suffer nothing from being in strange hands. After procuring the requisite ticket, which all strangers may easily do on going to the office of the Secretary to the Minister of Finance, we entered vestibules, adorned with columns; mounted up stairs, and, on arriving at the top, each person had to put large listed slippers over his boots, with which we glided, as in a gallopade, through the gorgeous apartments. To attempt a particular account of each, would be trying to rival George Robins, in his happiest mood, which certainly would require more talent than I can pretend to. Suffice it to say, that the walls of one room were inlaid with Italian, another with Ruasian marble. The floors were smooth as glass, from polish; the curtains of the richest satin. The picture-gallery is wainscotted with the red marble of Beaumont, and the ball-room with the white marble of Carrara. This last is lighted by 600 wax lights, and is of elegant proportions. The *salle à manger* measures 135 feet by 40, decorated by eight Corinthian pillars. The chimney-frame and parquet is unique. Rare and valuable works of the chief artists of the Italian and Flemish

schools crowd the saloons. I am running into a catalogue, yet, with difficulty, tear myself away.

The Bibliothèque was anciently the palace of the Governor Generals of the Low Countries. Begun in 1346, by Drewenword, and finished in 1502, by Engelbert. It contains about 100,000 volumes and 2,800 manuscripts. The picture gallery is in the same palace, and I saw a very fair exposition of native artists. A striking picture of Charles I. of England, taking leave of his family, attracted much observation. The cabinets of natural history and also that of physic in the Palace of Fine Arts, are very well supplied. The Palace of Industry, a very beautiful building, after the designs of Roget, occupies the site of the ancient Botanical Garden. We now left the aristocratic region, and moved into the busy portion of the town.

There is something strikingly picturesque in the architecture of old Flemish houses, which no other country presents, and this any person must be sensible of, who has stood on the Grande Place of Brussels, and looked at the Hotel de Ville.

When the Spaniards possessed the Netherlands, in the time of Charles V. and his son, they introduced much of their style of building ; and thence we have the high peaked fronts and strange Morisco chimnies, which strike us with admiration from the quaintness of their shape. In front is the grand Burghof, of Gothic architecture : it took

forty years in building, and was finished in 1442. An open gallery runs throughout the front, flanked by six turrets. At the foot of the stair, leading to this gallery are two lions holding an escutcheon, marked with the letters S P Q B. A slender majestic tower stretches to the height of 350 feet; its shape is octagonal, and diminishes to a point. The statue on the top, St. Michael, trampling the devil under the likeness of a dragon, serves as a weathercock.

The other buildings which ornament the Grande Place, until the eye fancies it sees one of Prout's or Harding's best pictures magnified, are the Broodhouse, used as an Hotel de Ville, to the year 1446, (at present it is the meeting-house of the Loyal Society,) and ancient edifices belonging to the body of weavers. The produce of the Brussels loom has often been before our eyes, in the elegance of the lace here manufactured.

Besides extensive lace factories, are others for cloth, merino, calico, tapestry, hats, &c.

Brussels contains about 100,000 souls, and is two leagues in circumference. Boulevards, within the gates, surround the town, and afford agreeable rides, or drives, to the inhabitants. The environs, at a little distance, present a variety of scenery, which is really charming. The suburbs are much occupied by the mechanics, probably from the healthiness of the situation.

We all sat down to an excellent dinner at four

o'clock. People become very social at that meal, when the edge is taken off their appetite, and they raise their eyes from the plate to look at their neighbour. Those who were perfect strangers at the commencement, before the three first courses have been discussed, are engaged in conversation ; when the sweets, or wild fowl, make their appearance, have improved into acquaintance ; and, by the time the dessert is gone through, have probably settled into friends. Drinking wine with each other, would be a great auxiliary, but it is not the custom at *tables d'hôte*. However, there is often a wish expressed at parting,—“Hope to meet to-morrow,” which answers the same purpose as a glass of wine.

There were, among the invariable guests sitting at the table every day, a lady and gentleman, who would not fail to excite curiosity, if not interest. Both seemed to put their time and money to little account, by making their appearance at all, for neither ate. They were evidently strangers, and wished to continue so, as they spoke to none, nor were they spoken to ; and such perfect fac-similes, as to cause the beholder to doubt whether they could have been man and wife, or brother and sister. One person would insist on the former, while others strenuously upheld the latter ; and as they did not stay in the house, we could not easily find out. Perhaps they were twins, for their features resembled each other closely.

The countenance of the gentleman was peculiarly expressive. His high, expansive forehead betokened intellect, and the air of melancholy settled on his features, gave them additional interest. I have often observed the same gloominess of aspect among the French Republicans, when they brood over what they consider the departure of glory from La Belle France, and suspected our companion was one, who nursed the same black train of thoughts. The face of the lady was of the same contour, but her melancholy was more subdued, as if her thoughts were *distract*,—more for her companion than herself; and he, ever seated by her side, appeared to regard none else in the world. Whether she was wife or sister, their affection seemed wound up in each other. She the sharer and soother of his cares, for—

There is a comfort in the strength of love,
Making that pang endurable, which else
Would overset to the brain,—or break the heart!

As dinner was over by half-past five, my friend proposed we should go to the theatre, and, not having been in one since I left Paris, I consented.

The theatre is a fine building, built by Damense, in 1817—19. The peristyle is supported by eight Ionic columns. The interior appeared handsomely fitted up. The house was not well attended. The opera was William Tell. We had a good

orchestra; in other respects the performance was by no means worthy the divine music. We left it about ten o'clock, and returned to the hotel.

10th.

I strolled, after breakfast, to the Porte of Schaerbeck, and having passed the barriers, found myself walking by the Botanical garden. The beauty of the conservatory, a very elegant building, tempted me to enter. I paid a few sous at the gate, as it was not a public day. This building is quite new, and the *tout ensemble* graceful and regular. The centre has a dome, surrounded by a row of Doric pillars, and wings stretch from each side, running north and south. I observed many fine plants, chiefly exotic, in the greenhouse; but the collections exposed are by no means extensive. It is not long since the garden was laid out here, and as the king and queen patronise this delightful study, I make no doubt a short time will produce a vast improvement.

Continuing until the Senne is spanned by a suspension bridge, you reach the plains of Mount-plaisir—the annual race-course. Straight on lies the palace of Laaken, a royal residence.

This was built in 1784, by the architect Montoye, according to the directions of Archduke Albert of Saxe-Tesschen. The peristyle at the entrance has four pillars of the Ionic order. The cupola is superb, and the view enchanting.

This palace is royally furnished, has a theatre, orangery, fountain, cascade, temple of the Sun, another of Minerva, and a *maison de plaisir*. It was sold by Maria Christina to her nephew, Archduke Charles. Buonaparte made it a present to Josephine. The village of Laaken is very pretty, has a church and cemetery.

Not far stands the town of Vilvourde, where may be seen the house of correction constructed by Maria Theresa in 1776.

The gate of Namur leads to Ellerbeck and Ter-vuren. At the former village is the source which supplies water to the hydraulic machine of St. Joeseten Noode. At the latter is a beautiful pavilion, in a magnificent park. The pavilion, of Italian style of architecture, was presented to the Prince of Orange, on account of his conduct at Waterloo.

I had heard so much of the abilities of a gentleman, who was giving lectures on Mnemonics in the Vauxhall theatre, that, finding my friends inclined to accompany me, I repaired thither. We found the auditors assembled in a large room, they were apparently of the better class of society. Many English faces were amongst them. The prospectus set forth the vast acquisition of any method by which the memory can be helped: and, to exemplify the efficacy of his system, the teacher was to produce six pupils, each after his second lesson, who were to give immediate answers to an infinity of questions, indiscriminately proposed by

the company ; each person received a paper of large size, containing some hundred intricate questions, comprising dates, populations, square roots, &c.

Expectation was at its height as to the success of the system, when, greeted by much applause, the professor and his pupils entered the room. He had no sooner taken his chair at a table, than I recognised him. The pale, intellectual features, earnest expression, as he gazed, first at the assembled multitude, then at his young pupils on whom depended, perhaps the hopes of his future life, of hers who seemed linked to him,—all whispered to me,—*the unknown of the table d'hote*. His method was eminently successful : the most abstruse questions were answered in a moment. I was considered quick myself when at school ; I then studied Grey's *Memoria Technica*, yet I could not have stood for a moment against these boys, after their second lesson too.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Wet morning—Comfortless *salle à manger*—Breakfast—Attempt at a dialogue—Rail-road to Antwerp—Situation and history—The citadel—Church of *Notre Dame*—Rubens's pictures—Museum—Recognition—Church of the Jesuits—Malines—Cathedral—Interior—Chime of bells—Burghof—Return.

ANTWERP.

11th.

I AM again disappointed in a fine day for Waterloo. The rain is pouring in torrents. Whenever a cloud breaks, hopes arise of the day clearing up; but a damper is soon thrown on them by the unceasing drizzle that patters in a continued dash against the window panes. The air is chill, and I descend to the *salle à manger*. Seven peals from the brazen-tongued clocks, and no one is up save the *garçon*. The table has not been yet cleared from the utensils of last night's supper; for plates, knives and forks, glasses, and candlesticks, with half consumed lights, still grace the cloth. What shall I do with myself? To stay here is impossible. I walk lazily to the end of the room and read the

cards hung up with as much avidity, as though I had not seen them fifty times before.

“ Rail-road to Malines and Antwerp, at 9. Omnibus for passengers to the rail-road, through Rue d’Or half-past eight.” By Jove! that just suits me, said I to myself, I’ll go to Antwerp. Though a wet day does not do to see the country, it answers right well for inspecting the interior of buildings in a town.

I ordered the waiter to have breakfast for me immediately, as I was going to Antwerp by the rail-road.

“ There are many others going also this morning, monsieur,” he replied.

They soon appeared, and in due time we had the table cleared, and arranged for breakfast. I was much amused with an old French lady rowing the waiter for delaying her coffee a few minutes, fearing to be late, though we assured her she had full three quarters of an hour to take it.

While the rest had gone to get down their luggage, I was left alone in the breakfast-room, with one of the most unsocial beings I ever met, as the following attempt at conversation will show. We spoke French. I commenced. “ This is an unpleasant day, sir.”

“ Oui.”

“ It will be bad for the people of Brussels if they have not finer weather for their fêtes.”

“ Oui.”

"I intend going to Antwerp this morning by the rail-road."

"Oui."

"Have you ever travelled by it?"

"Oui."

I could stand his monosyllable no longer, so I gave him up in despair.

At half past eight, our omnibus rattled up: I made myself as rain-proof as possible, bundled into it, and started off. At the corner of every street we took up fresh passengers till they were literally standing in the vehicle.

We drove through the Port of Laeken, and the straight lines of the rail-road, presented their perspective before us. Crowds were disputing, shoving, and elbowing one another in the hall where tickets are procured, and when all was provided, we were let loose on the carriages. Each was soon full, and the conductors having closed the doors, we were set in motion. A sudden plunge, like that of a restive horse, when touched with the whip, was our first movement. Then might be heard a few coughs, accompanied by a thumping sound. Gradually our speed, at first slow and gentle, becomes quicker, and more violent,—we seem to fly over the plain,—trees, houses, and men, are passed with the rapidity of lightning, and before we fancy ourselves fairly off, the first station-house is in view. Our speed decreases as we draw nigh a station-

house, and after a delay of a few seconds, to drop, or take up passengers, we again start off. The eight leagues between Brussels and Antwerp are run in little more than an hour.

Antwerp is situated in a large plain, on the eastern bank of the Scheldt.

The depth of this river here, is such as to admit of vessels of large burthen being brought to the quays, and there unloaded. Its commerce was very extensive about the seventeenth century ; in one year no less than 2,500 trading vessels having arrived at its port.

When the United Provinces threw off the Spanish yoke, and got possession of the entrance to the Scheldt, they built forts on the banks, and sunk obstructions to prevent navigation : this injured the trade considerably. In 1566, the Protestants pillaged the churches ; and during the civil wars of that period, the city was nearly demolished. In 1576, the Spanish troops mutinied, on account of pay, joined the insurgents, surprised the city, and made dreadful carnage among the inhabitants. More than 10,000 persons were slaughtered ; the townhouse, with other splendid buildings, and 600 private houses, were burned to ashes. A dreadful blow was struck to the commerce of this city, when, on the sovereignty of Spain being acknowledged in 1590, the protestants, refusing to acknowledge a Catholic prince, removed, with their

families, to Amsterdam, and, at the period of signing the treaty of Munster, between Philip IV. and the United Provinces, by which the independence of the latter was guaranteed, Antwerp was sacrificed as a peace-offering.

By an article in that treaty, it was agreed, that no vessel should sail to Antwerp, without first unloading her cargo at some of the ports of Holland, whence the goods should be conveyed to Antwerp, in barges, or boats. In 1792, it was taken by the French; and in 1794, again surrendered to the republican troops. In the August of that year, the navigation was declared free, forming portion of the dominions of Holland.

This city declared against the king, in 1830, and is now united to the Belgian crown. The citadel was besieged in that year, but not taken, though it severely suffered from the French fire. This is one of the first buildings the traveller visits. I beheld the walls, like a vast charnel-house—

Tottering in frightful ruins, as the flames
Had left them, black and bare.

The work of reparation is in active progress.

The church of Notre Dame is superb; its tower, upwards of 400 feet, affords a view truly extensive. The interior contains Rubens' celebrated

Descent from the Cross, in my opinion the most splendid picture in the world.

From the bridged'Or, the shipping on the Scheldt appear quite enlivening to the sight, and accustomed, as I had of late been to mountains, and lakes, I much enjoyed a walk along the quay, at Antwerp.

I visited the hotel de Ville, not so fine as that of Brussels, but retired much pleased with the Museum. I was lost in admiration of the various morsels of art, by the Van Eyks, Van Orley, Breughel, Janssens, Rubens, and others; when I perceived a party standing at the upper end of the inner room, whom I thought not entirely unknown to me. As I approached, methought they too seemed to recollect me, and hands were shaken, and inquiries poured forth. It was nearly three months since I had taken my farewell of them, in their hospitable hotel, Rue de Province, Paris, and I had seen much since that time. They were on their way to Germany, and intended spending the winter at Naples, or the eternal city, in the sunny South.

As my newly found friends had a carriage, and commissionnaire in waiting, we drove off together to the other principal places. The church of the Jesuits is well worth seeing; it was an hospital for British soldiers after the battle of Waterloo. The bank, palace on the Place de Mer, theatre

and botanical garden, are also objects of interest to the tourist. At two o'clock I started, on my return by the rail road, and in about half an hour arrived at Malines.

Malines, better known to us by the name Mechlin, from the celebrated lace there manufactured, is the seat of an Archbishop, and contains six parish churches. It is distant half-way between Brussels and Antwerp, being twelve miles from each. In the arsenal is a foundry for cannon and other warlike implements. Lightning set fire to the powder magazine in 1546, and caused the most disastrous effects, having destroyed three hundred houses, killed two hundred persons, and wounded six hundred others. I visited this town more particularly from its being the scene of Mr. Bulwer's beautiful tale, "The Maid of Malines," and when on the Grande Place fancied I heard the blind man seeking his faithless Fido. The church of St. Rumbold is very fine, and the monuments of the deceased bishops splendidly sculptured in marble. Rather an imposing object lay in the centre of the interior. This day was the anniversary of the death of the Curé of another church, and arranged as in the service for the dead his vestments were exposed on a coffin, the rich embroidered satin, and fine wrought lace falling in folds on the floor. There are a number of fine pictures in this church. A crucifixion by

Vandyke, is the only one it possesses of that master.

The wind was excessively high as I gained the outside ; when, about to take my departure, I was astonished by the rush of music over my head, and at first was quite puzzled to think whence it proceeded. I found out at last, that it was the chime of the bells, disturbed by the gushes of wind that caused the variation of sound which bewildered me. The Burghof shows great antiquity. In the year 1580, a body of English and Flemish under the command of Admiral Sir John Morris, burned the suburbs, entered this city, pillaged, and finally set it on fire in many places, —it now belongs to Belgium.

After completing my inspection, I was at the station house by five, time enough to meet the last train passing on its return from Antwerp to Brussels. We shot rapidly over the level tract of Mountplaiser, and soon arrived at our destination. I descended, and after repassing the Port of Lacken, made my way to the hotel, where I enjoyed my comfortable dinner ; and, before going to rest to make all sure, engaged a place in the Namur diligence for Waterloo on the morrow.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Diligence to Waterloo—Brussels in the morning—Thoughts on the past—Napoleon—State of Europe—Two armies—Ball in Brussels—Commander-in-chief vindicated—Forest of Ardennes—Results of Quatre Bras and Ligny—17th June—Village of Waterloo—Marquis of Anglesea's leg—Monuments in the church—Well known guide—Positions—Field of battle—Buonaparte's despairing words—Last order—Reflections from the Lion's Mound.

WATERLOO.

12th.

I DESCENDED to the *salle à manger* and speedily discussed breakfast. Walked down the street close by mine Inn to the *bureau des diligences*, and stepped into one about to depart for the

—————“Place of skulls,
The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo!”

We drove through the Port of Namur, and having emerged from the outlets of the city, the road led us up a steep hill; from the summit of which I obtained a delightful prospect. Sleeping

in the calm freshness of morning, lay,—“pale Brussels.” The jar of war no longer frightened her streets ; there was—

No mounting in hot haste the steed,
No mustering squadron, no clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war.

The misty veil of night not yet entirely dissipated, mingled with the dusky clouds that floated in masses over my head, and I could discover faint traces of ethereal blue, gleaming in the vacancies left by the breaking of the gloomy pall. The city lay beneath,—houses and streets in uniform lines,—churches lifting their towers,—and raised high over all, the lofty spire of the Hotel de Ville looked like the monarch of the forest, so straight and taper.

My companions were not very communicative. A lady kept munching some biscuits, and I believe the gentleman who sat beside me was asleep. However, I was so wrapt up in my own meditations, as to rejoice in being allowed to ponder on them undisturbed. Need I say they were connected with the object of my visit ?

As Waterloo is, or ought to be, the chief object of interest to the British subject, on this portion of the Continent, no person should visit Brussels without viewing the plain on which was decided the greatest battle of modern times. And cold, indeed,

must be the heart that will not glow with enthusiasm, when he recollects that by British prowess was the force of Napoleon checked, and, by the interposition of England, the kingdoms of Europe kept in their just balance.

Ambition was the idol of Napoleon. War—that fearful engine which becomes the last resource of a nation, and, as has been well observed, should never be resorted to till all others have proved of no avail—war was the ladder by which the restless spirit of Bonaparte raised itself. It is certainly true that he extended the territories of France, and, by giving constant employment to his subjects, prevented those relapses into revolution which have manifested their evil spirit more than once since his decline. Naturally restless, and impatient of control, the Frenchman must be employed, to be kept from mischief. Had Napoleon been content with his first acquisitions, and directed the minds of his subjects to those mechanical pursuits in which they excel, he would not have to answer for the horrors he had caused, the property expended, the blood lavished on his vain and empty victories—productive of destruction to the realms of Europe, and ending in ruin to himself.

As the positions and expectations of the opposing armies, and the posture of affairs at the time, tend much to heighten the interest of a visit to the scene of their display, I trust I may not incur the charge of tediousness by giving an account.

The news of the exiled Emperor's having escaped from Elba, caused a chord to vibrate which thrilled through the heart of Europe. It reverberated from the shield of Mars, and, at the fearful sound, wide flew the gates of Janus. They had but just been closed after a period of much bloodshed ; and, ere the surviving heroes of the Peninsula and of Egypt had recounted to their families and friends the escapes and dangers of one campaign, they were summoned to another.

Napoleon had collected round his standard the veterans to whom he was most dear by the remembrance of a hundred victories ; the restless spirits, who loathed the thought of a monarchy—the old, who wished for plunder—the young, thirsting for glory ; and, in addition, the multitude, who had crowded the British prisons, and Russian dungeons,—now came flocking to his feet,—their former bravery having received a new impetus, from fancied or inflicted injuries.

It was no easy matter to procure, almost at a moment's notice, a force sufficiently effective to oppose an army of 150,000 men, the greater number of whom were inured to war, and all eager for battle. Britain rallied her English sons ; the light-hearted child of Erin “rushed to the field, as though he were summoned to a banquet ;” and the hardy Caledonian whetted his claymore, and denounced woe to the chief of France. Prussia sent forth her troops, full of valour, but unaccustomed

to fields of strife. The Hanoverians were young men, and the Dutch and Belgians (some of the latter, at least) now ranged against their old commander. The chief command was given to the Duke of Wellington and Prince Blucher.

It was the 15th of July, 1815. The British troops were stationed in Brussels, and, to lighten the tedium of waiting for a skilful enemy, the Duchess of Richmond issued invitations for a grand ball, which the commander-in-chief and his staff, with the officers of the various corps, had promised to attend. Whoever had marked the entry of that responsible man, at the hour of eleven o'clock, and witnessed the settled air of serenity which clothed his thin features,—the same aspect they presented in field, or in hall,—would not have believed that, as he gazed on the gay and glittering throng, rejoicing in the bask of beauty's smile, and enjoying the mazes of the dance around him, he had completed the measures for his troops to march at midnight, having on that day received tidings of the approach of Napoleon, and of his having crossed the Sambre. *Such however, was the fact!*

I do not mean to be the Duke of Wellington's panegyrist, nor would I unfold in these pages, why I differ from him in politics; but there is something due to every man, who has appeared in public life, which party feuds have nothing whatsoever to do with. It is simply—justice.

By many it has been cast as a stigma upon the commander-in-chief's character, "that he was in a ball-room on the eve of the battle;" and it is said, he fought the battle of Waterloo in his dress-boots. That may be; but I have good grounds for asserting, that he was perfectly conscious of Napoleon's approach on the 15th, and three hours before the ball commenced, had despatched the requisite orders to every division of the allied army. The troops in Brussels received provisions for some days, and were ordered to be ready to march at midnight.

As I looked from the window of our slow moving carriage, on the leaves of beech trees, which, in a dense wood, lined the road, methought how the same trees witnessed the march of these brave men, many of whom were destined no more to return. They were the same of which Lord Byron wrote:—

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave—alas !
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay—
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife—
The morn, the marshalling in arms—the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array.

On the 16th of June, were fought the battles of Quatre Bras and Ligny. In the former the Duke of Brunswick and the brave Colonel Cameron were among the slain. In the latter, the Prussians were near losing their fine old General Blucher. The overwhelming force of Napoleon secured the field of Ligny, and proved so destructive to the Prussian troops, from the loss which they sustained, as to neutralise the advantages, if any, gained by the allies at Quatre Bras.

The news of Blucher's defeat proved very disheartening to the troops under the Duke of Wellington. It was quite opposite to the result they anticipated, and unexpected rebuffs are those we feel deepest. The commander-in-chief, too, seemed to give way to it, for he walked alone for a considerable time, plunged in a deep reverie. At ten o'clock in the morning of the 17th, he commenced his retreat on Waterloo.

The most minute events of that day will be remembered. The morning was dull, and foggy, but as day advanced, the haze cleared off, and at noon it was very fine. It became soon one of those extreme hot days, so common in that month. The air was parched, and sultry,—suddenly the sky became black and overcast, clouds came in vast and broken columns, from the various quarters of the horizon: rain and hail fell in torrents, while lightning flashed, and thunder roared. All seemed as if the inhabitants of the upper air, were exacting

the programme or prelude of the fearful drama. The ground was drenched, and many fields being ploughed up, and turned into puddle by the rain, were now very heavy. Bivouacking in the midst of water, rendered the situation of the troops that night any thing save comfortable.

And this is Waterloo, I said to myself, as I got out of the vehicle, which stopped for that purpose, and I found myself standing in the street of a long, straggling country village. The number of sign-posts, dangling from above the doors of nearly half the dwellings, showed there were plenty of houses of entertainment. I entered the one opposite to which I had been set down, and observed it was designated *Hotel des Diligences*.

Here I was received by a bustling little landlady, who asked me fifty questions in as many seconds, and conducted me into a comfortable room. While she was preparing breakfast, I desired to be shewn the church, in which are the monuments to the British heroes.

A woman here stepped forward, who it seems performs the duty of *cicerone* to the village lions. She was fifteen years of age at the time of the battle, and of course knew all the leading men by sight.

“ Will monsieur, see the tomb of Lord Anglesea’s leg ?”

“ If you please.”

She opened the door of a small garden, and I

read the inscription on a slab in the wall. A tree marks the spot where the member lies buried close at hand.

“He was a very fine man, Lord Anglesea, at the time of the battle, but is now much changed?”

“He suffers much from a tormenting complaint,” I said.

“Ah! the tic-doloreux; he was here about two years since, and I should hardly know him. This was the house he occupied when his leg was amputated.”

“Indeed! Did he visit it?”

“He did, Sir,” she replied, “and what is more, dined off the table on which the operation was performed.”

“I should rather think the souvenir could not have been very agreeable,” I said.

“Oh! I don’t know that,” she replied, quickly; “it was the circumstances attending it, that shewed his bravery.”

We had now approached the little church where the tributes to the brave men are placed. It was not without a strong feeling of awe that I entered. My conductress closed the door and remained outside, leaving me to commune alone with my deceased fellow-countrymen. I read with melancholy reflections, the various tablets, commemorating the fall of multitudes of brave officers and valiant soldiers. I almost shed a tear over one.

It is—

Sacred to the memory of
Alexander Hay, Cornet, 16th Light Dragoons,
aged 18 years.

O dola atque decus magnum,
Hæc te prima dies vitis dedit hæc eadem aufert.

While I was engaged in this melancholy survey, the Curé entered the church. As he was not in the parish at the period, he could not give me any information; so I returned to the inn and breakfasted. My landlady procured me a guide for *le champ de bataille*, who was both amusing and intelligent. During our walk a few miles, we did not see a creature, man, woman, or child, whom he did not know; his salutations were various. Some "*Bon jour*;" others, *Jai l'honneur de vous saluer*. To a man, *Comment vous portez vous, Monsieur*. To a female, *Madame, votre tres humble servante*, or at times merely inclining his head, would simply pronounce their names, *Francois, Jaques, &c.*

We went straight through the village of Mount St. Jean, and long before we reached the field, beheld the lion crowning the pyramid. Women and boys now proffered baskets with relics, pieces of embroidery, bullets, soldiers' buttons and the like; and after we advanced a little, my guide commenced pointing out the positions.

The high-road from Brussels to Charleroi tra-

verses the field, first running through the forest of Soigneés and the village of Waterloo. After passing the farm house of Mount St. Jean, about a mile, we reached the farm house of La Belle Alliance. Here was the ground occupied by the allied army. The centre was at Mount St. Jean; the right wing stretched along the heights to Braine-la-Leude, and the left to the house of Ter-la-Haye. From the monuments, a little above La Belle Alliance, the ground slopes and forms a ravine or valley, on the opposite summit of which, the French were posted, distant about a mile. The battle commenced by Jerome Buonaparte's descent on the light troops in front of Hougoumont; his march was delayed by our artillery, and he was repulsed with loss. The charge of the Scots Greys and ninety-second Highlanders, was one of the most effective during the entire of the bloody day. The field must have presented a fearful picture during the progress of the terrible conflict. How different from the peaceful aspect every thing wore on my visit, is the following extract, from one of the best accounts I read.

“The field of battle now assumed a horrid aspect, many parts of it being so thickly strewed with the mangled corpses of the enemy, that it was scarcely possible to walk without treading on them. The wounded were in a most pitiable condition, particularly those, who, unable to remove themselves, were kept in constant terror either of

being shot or trod to death. But all their lamentations, their prayers, and cries for assistance, were drowned amidst the clash of arms and the thunder of five hundred pieces of cannon, which spread death in every direction, and made the ground under our feet actually tremble."

Shortly after four o'clock, the Prussians, who had started from Wavre, appeared fighting with the French. This animated the allies with joy. They beheld a reinforcement with which they could not fail to conquer, and the sun of Napoleon was about to set for ever.

The French emperor had a glass of wonderful magnifying power in his hand ; and when the news was brought him that the Prussians had entered the field, persuaded his staff they were mistaken ; that the firing proceeded from Grouchy's corps. At length the brave, but unfortunate Labedoyere, who had ventured into the thickest of the fight to make sure of the tidings, galloped up to his master, and assured him "it was the Prussians, and not Grouchy's corps, who rolled their thunder from the right." When Napoleon is said to have replied calmly, thus:—" *Paix, jeune homme, ne vous fâchez pas ! Je le sais il' y a une heure, le bataille est perdue et l'empire avec.*"

Then it was that, with a devotion not to be controlled, the imperial guard rushed from the heights, with shouts of " *Vive l'Emperor !*" They would not fly ; they could not conquer ; they were mowed

down. The allied army was ordered a general advance, and, abandoning his position, Napoleon issued his last command—“*Sauve qui peut!*”

“Then sunk the greatest, nor the worst of men.”

A mound of considerable altitude, commanding a fine view of the country for leagues round, is thrown up near the centre of the British position. It is surmounted by a huge lion, and intended to mark the spot where the Prince of Orange was wounded, having been raised by order of his father, the King of Holland.

It is impossible to stand on this grave of nations, and, looking from the height of the mound on the field of battle, suffering your thoughts to wander from the present to the past, not to feel a vision of that eventful scene, which caused this spot to be described in the enduring language of history. As I paced the limits of the top, I asked myself,—What use are the acquisitions of man, if he is to be cut down in the midst of their enjoyment? How many were here who possessed all worth living for,—friends, families, children, honours, wealth,—and survived not the sunset? Where all is quiet and serene, once rushed two armies, breathing defiance against each other. Where now the peasant follows his plough, “the war-horse pawed in the valley, and went to meet the armed men.” Where the lowing of herds is borne on the breeze, was “the noise of the

captains and the shouting." There stood the veteran army of the warlike Napoleon, and here the allies united to check his power. There fell the friend and foe; the recruit and veteran; the steed and his rider; the general and the private—"in one red burial blent."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Leave Brussels—Belgian females—Begging boys—Ghent—Epitome of History—Church of St. Bavon—Remarkable buildings—Theatre—Observations on hissing an Actor—Road to Bruges—Early meal—Company—Brief account of the City—Notré Dame—Solitude—An agreeable invite—Canal-boat to Ostend—Carrier-pigeons—Description of Ostend—London friends—Rough night in the packet—Morning—Sea-sickness and stays—Improve an acquaintance—Approach London—Bristol—Cork—Home.

I returned to Brussels in the evening, and prepared to depart the following day for Ghent.

GHENT.

13th.

The morning rose fine, and as we drove past the Grand Place, alive with market-women, the scene was picturesque and animating. The gorgeous Hotel de Ville formed a rich back-ground to the picture, while in front, the busy venders of vegetables formed many, and various groups. The Belgian women wear a white cap with long ears,

which, fitting quite close to the head, reminds me much of the faces in Holbein's pictures. They are not very remarkable for beauty.

We drove through the small towns of Assche, Alost, once in the power of the English, with an ancient Burghof, and Grand Place, and Quadrecht. Little boys along the road have a curious way of attracting the attention of travellers. The moment the diligence appears in sight, one falls on his head, and heels in the air, continues in that posture until the vehicle passes, and then, with the greatest confidence, runs after it to be paid for his performance. I have seen another run for some distance by the side of the diligence, making somersets at every yard, in the hope of recompense. About half-past one, numerous windmills, mingled with houses, announced our proximity to a large town, and, after a slight form being gone through at the gate, we entered the ancient city of Ghent.

The diligence rattled through a number of streets, over a multitude of small bridges, and finally stopped in a large square or place. I procured a commissionnaire, and having fixed my quarters in the Hotel Lion d'Or, proceeded to visit this venerable and important city.

Ghent, or Gand, once the capital of Flanders, is situated on the conflux of the rivers Scheldt, Lis, Moeze, and Lieve, which, with a great number of canals, intersect the city in every direction,

and divide it into twenty-six islands. There are no less than *three hundred and twenty-eight* bridges in this town.

It was originally fixed on by the warlike Nervii for their city, and then possessed by the Vandals, who called it Wanda, from whence, perhaps, Gand. Odoacer, Grand Forester of Flanders, surrounded it with walls. It underwent, however, many enlargements, and was much improved, in the 1797, by Philip the Bold, Count of Flanders.

The inhabitants were remarkable for warlike propensities. In the year 1381 they revolted, under the leadership of Philip Von Artevelle, son of a brewer in the town, against Louis, then Count of Flanders, their sovereign. This prince having no means of his own to check the number of rebels—according to some authorities amounting to 60,000—applied to Charles VI. of France for aid. By the advice of the Duke of Burgundy, this monarch, then a youth, marched an army in person, attacked the insurgents at Rosebeck, near Courtray, slew 40,000 of the Flemings, and among the rest, the leader, Von Artevelle.

They revolted again, on account of the impositions laid on them by the Emperor Charles V., (born in this town in 1500,) and applied for succour to Francis I., of France, who did not comply with their request. Abandoned then to the fury of a sovereign, whose anger they had provoked,

and whose power they could not resist, their punishment was severe and exemplary. The Emperor left Spain, where he was staying at that time, ordered twenty-six of the principal citizens to be executed, banished several others, confiscated their property, deprived them of artillery, arms, and their privileges, condemned them to pay a fine of twelve hundred thousand crowns, obliged the magistrates to walk in public procession through the streets of the city, with ropes round their necks, and, more effectually to prevent them again revolting, built a strong citadel.

The city declined much after this, but is still considerable. Here was concluded the treaty of Ghent in 1676, consisting of twenty-five articles, among the principal of which were decreed:—

“ That the Spanish and foreign troops, should leave the country.

“ That the Provinces of Holland, and Zealand, be united to the others.

“ That the Catholic religion be maintained, and the ancient privileges preserved.”

This treaty was ratified by Philip II. of Spain.

Soon after this, when the Duke of Arschot, governor of Flanders, was making a grand entry into the city,—the citizens, instigated by turbulent men, insisted on their privileges being restored, which had been taken from them by Charles V. and on refusal, seized the Duke, the Bishop of Bruges,

and Ypres, with others of his train, and kept them prisoners. They shortly after returned to subjection.

Louis XIV. king of France, took Ghent, on the 9th of March, 1678, but restored it to Spain, at the treaty of Nimeguen, the same year. It continued in the power of that nation, until the Allies got possession, in 1706, after the battle of Ramillies.

The French, two years after, under Brigadier la Faille, seized this city by stratagem, whereupon the Allies, commanded by Prince Eugene, and the Duke of Marlborough, forced it to capitulate. Ghent was made a Bishopric, in 1559, by Pope Paul IV. It has considerable trade in corn, linen, and silk manufactures; two navigable canals, communicating with the seaport, Ostend.

The magistracy is composed of Burgomasters, Echevens, and Common Council.

This city is in the dominions of the king of Belgium. John of Gaunt was born, and derived his name from this town. Louis XVIII. retreated here, when driven by Napoleon from France.

The most beautiful church, St. Bavon, has a series of monuments, of all the deceased bishops, each a most splendid piece of sculpture. Here are several pictures by Rubens; and what is prized beyond all others, the first picture ever painted in oils,—representing the Old and New Testament

by Van Eyk. After a minute inspection of the upper church, which my lame commissionaire took great trouble to show me, I followed him down some steps, and we entered the ancient or lower chapel. Its gothic aisles, and gloomy vistas, were such as to imbue the mind with awe for its sanctity. It contains a valuable tomb of touchstone, in which are deposited the remains of the first Abbot. This the citizens secreted, with some of their valuable pictures, during the visit of Napoleon, whose opinion of *meum* and *tuum* was not so exactly defined as to inspire with confidence those he visited.

It was formerly on a level with the street, though now you descend to enter. The new church is over-head.

We proceeded to the University, a very elegant building. The hall is extremely spacious, and well proportioned. We mounted by a flight of steps, each formed of a single flag of many feet in length, to a circular theatre, for distribution of prizes. It is fitted up with splendour, particularly the royal seat. This University has professors for almost every branch of learning, and some hundreds of scholars.

From the University we went to the Museum, where are some capital pictures of the Flemish school. I need only mention such names as Janssens, Breughel, Van Orley, Rubens, to make the reader assured of their excellence. There is

also a choice collection of modern pictures, in a room off the large one. Many of these performances are highly creditable.

The church of St. Michael next claimed my attention. This contains the most precious productions of art in the city, and no stranger should omit visiting it.

Ghent is a very picturesque looking town. Often the residence of the Spaniards, many of the houses partake of their style of architecture, and every street exhibits peaked fronts, embellished with exterior ornaments.

Numerous canals, reflecting the various craft that float on their bosoms,—masts aspiring to out-top the towers of various churches,—the white caps, and contented faces of the women, the magnificent buildings in every direction, all tend to increase the effect.

I went in the evening to the theatre, situate in the corner of the extensive Place d'Armes. It is neither large nor remarkable for architectural ornament. The opera was Massaniello, and the performance much better, in my opinion, than what I witnessed in Brussels. The gentleman who personated the *Bravo*, was one of the finest men I ever saw on the stage ; his voice reminded me of Lablache. A murmur of disapprobation having occurred at the close of one of his vocal efforts, he came in a spirited manner to the front of the stage, and

appealed in so forcible and feeling a method to the audience, that with a general cheer, which cast a brave defiance in the teeth of his adversaries, they desired him to proceed.

How thoughtlessly many persons join in a hiss or groan against an unfortunate actor! never meaning him the slightest harm, or bearing any ill-will, merely to swell the noise: not dreaming at the moment that the mark of disapprobation might proceed, in the first instance, from an interested party, anxious to have the particular actor removed or disgraced. And what must the feelings of the talented performer be, who, after exerting himself to the utmost to please his unthinking audience, meets with so disheartening a return? after perhaps struggling with the bitterest feelings of his heart to excite a smile or laugh,—when all the engrossing sentiments that engage the mind of man contribute to embarrass him;—when care sits sadly on him;—when poverty, that fatal attendant on genius, which clogs his feet with iron fetters, preventing his soaring upward, has fixed her withering spell on him. When he himself or his dearest connections, those bound by the imperishable ties of love, sink or suffer under the pressure of sickness, and the hope of providing bread forces him to the theatre, to use his best endeavours to amuse a number of ignorant human beings, who reward his exertions with indifference

or marked disgust. Ponder on these few lines,— and never hiss an actor!

It was past ten before the performances were concluded, and on my reaching the Lion d'Or, found it time to seek my chamber, as I was to start by six o'clock in the morning for Bruges.

BRUGES.

14th.

We crossed innumerable bridges, and after emerging from the town, drove along a road close by the canal. We passed over this also, and changed horses at Eccloo, a small town, and proceeded thence to Maldighem, about ten miles from Bruges. The day was fine: from my seat in the cabriolet à haut, which place I always choose in preference to any other, on account of the prospect, I was enabled to take a fine survey of the rich country through which we drove. About five hours after leaving Ghent, we reached Bruges. The diligence drove into a yard, in which is the Hotel de Commerce. I put up here, and can safely recommend it as capital, particularly to those who can adapt themselves to the customs of the place in which they are located,—no difficult thing for me, who laid down as my motto, “When in Rome do as the Romans.” I had taken an early breakfast in Ghent, and was debating whether I had not better order another, when on entering the *salle à*

manger, I beheld the long table laid. I asked the garçon “ What’s this for ?”

“ Dinner, Sir.”

“ Dinner !” I repeated, “ so early ? at what hour is your table d’hôte ?”

“ One o’clock, Sir.”

“ Have you not one at four or five ?”

“ No later than one.”

As I was hungry after my drive, I desired him to fix a chair for me, and in full anticipation of meeting fat burgomasters, with unwieldy frau’s, went up stairs to dress.

True enough, before I had half completed my toilet, I heard the ding dong of the Gothic dinner bell, and half laughing at the idea of dining at one o’clock instead of half past six or seven, entered the room.

The guests had not all assembled, and I was engaged in conversation with a Welsh gentleman who sat opposite to me, when they came pouring in. Could I believe it ! One of the first faces I saw enter in the *mélée*, was that of an English lady of rank, who has a situation close in attendance on her queen, and whom I had last beheld with dukes, and lords, and knights : and she too came to dine at one o’clock. A gentlemanly man sat next her on the opposite side to that at which I was, and two young ladies nearly fronting me. We had several foreigners,—French, German, and others.

The dinner was the regular routine, well served,

of which we all partook heartily, and about two o'clock, or a little after, the crowd dispersed.

The Welshman, who sat opposite to me, lingered when the others retired, and I asked him if he knew Lady B.

"No," he said, "further than seeing her here occasionally; but I do know the gentleman who sat next her."

"May I ask his name?"

"Certainly. The celebrated Mr. Waterton, of Walton Hall, in Yorkshire."

"What! the great ornithologist?"

"The same. He is a Roman Catholic."

"Indeed! we are then of the same religion, for I am one also."

"I knew that," he said; "you told me you were Irish."

I could not help smiling at the certainty with which he united Ireland to Catholicity.

Mr. —— now went to his room, and I walked out to survey this extensive city.

In the fourteenth century Bruges was a place of the greatest trade in Europe. It is advantageously situated in a plain, and by canals, has communication with Ghent, Ostend, Dunkirk, Sluys, and many other places. It had consuls for the regulation of trade from all the different countries and cities: national warehouses to deposit the goods brought to this universal mart. The sea-kings of Venice furnished the riches of the East; Denmark

and the North supplied the products of the Baltic; England her fleecy stores. The princes of the house of Burgundy fostered the commerce that enriched their dominions; and all flourished. But it is not the nature of any state to continue for ever the same. In the constant revolutions of Time's wheel, changes are produced equal with those of fortune. Events, which sometimes lead to the rise of countries, at others prelude their overthrow, and Bruges fell. About the year 1489, the citizens had the temerity to arrest the Archduke Maximilian, who married Mary of Burgundy, heiress of Bruges, and in addition, treated his officers and court with every indignity. They went farther, for they demanded assistance from the King of France and Duke of Guelders against him. After fourteen months of anarchy, and tumult, they thought fit to return to their allegiance, and implore the clemency of the prince. He had fifty-six executed, many more banished, and the city fined in a large sum. It thence commenced to decline, and Antwerp rose in the ascending scale. Trade still continues in linen, stuffs, &c. In the year 1559, it was erected into a bishopric subject to Malines. In 1430, the order of the golden fleece was instituted here by Philip, surnamed the Good. This city was bombarded by the Dutch in 1704 without success,—entered by the allies in 1709,—belongs now to Belgium. Bruges has two burgomasters, twelve

echevens, twelve councillors, six pensionaries, and two greffiers.

The finest building I have observed here, is the church of Notre Dame, with the superb clock tower, for the purpose of serving as a guide to sailors coming to Ostend. It is of rich Gothic architecture, and stands erect over the entire city. I also visited the cathedral dedicated to St. Donat, which abounds in various coloured marbles. At the end of the chief market, is a noble steeple, considered one of the grandest of its kind in Europe, about four hundred feet high, and furnished with chimes of bells, that play a different tune every quarter of an hour. There are no fountains in this city, the water which supplies it being brought by means of pipes from Ghent, from the rivers Scheldt and Lis. The town-house is a good building, likewise the Palais de Justice.

I had a letter of introduction to a lady here, and on her residence being shown me, knocked at the door. She was not at home, so I left the letter with my card, on which I wrote, "Hotel de Commerce," and then, having pretty closely inspected the town, returned to mine inn.

I had oftentimes since my departure from London been alone,—in Piedmont, and in my frequent wanderings among the giant Alps, yet, until the moment to which I now refer, never experienced solitude. I there communed in spirit with the

freshness of the verdure, listened to the voice of birds, or the low music of the river; rejoiced in the sight of the eternal snows, or with awe mingled with pleasure, heard the rush and fall of the avalanches; but here I had none of these to interest me, and I felt indeed lonely. I had heard of solitude in the midst of a crowd, and now felt it severely. I was happy it was the first time, when on the eve of my returning to my own country; for, I think, had it occurred at the commencement of my tour, I would not have had courage to proceed unaccompanied. I am fully convinced of the truth, that no one has ever experienced solitude till he has been in the midst of a great city, and felt no kindred heart respond to his. Till he has mingled in the "rush, the roar, the shock of men," and heard no friendly voice whisper his name, or his language,—seen hundreds gay and happy in the society of acquaintances, and beheld no friend to him,—"none to bless him, none whom he could bless." These feelings I experienced when sitting alone in the empty *salle à manger*. I had a dull prospect before me, that of spending an evening of perfect solitude in the most desolate of all places,—a hotel in a strange land. True, I heard life and bustle beside me, from the stairs and passages, and was aware that domestic society was enjoyed, even beneath the same roof; at this thought, the saddening contrast came on my heart and smote it, for many, many leagues

lay between *me* and home. But my good genius, which had rendered my previous tour so agreeable, was not going to desert me when I most required assistance. A gentleman of most benign aspect approached me, as, seated at the table, I was "chewing the cud of bitter fancies." He was the same who sat next at dinner to Lady B—.

"You are Mr. O'F—, I presume," he said.

"Yes, Sir."

"Allow me to introduce myself to you; my name is Waterton."

"I am most happy, Sir, to have the pleasure of your acquaintance."

He then said he came down on purpose to invite *me* up stairs to tea, which I gladly accepted. I was received by the two young ladies I had seen at dinner, whom Mr. W. introduced to me. One of them had been visiting at the lady's to whom I had my letter of introduction, and on reading my address, said she was sure the gentleman who left it had dined at the *table d'hôte*. In this way they discovered my name.

My ideas of solitude were quickly banished by the agreeable society of Mr. W. and his fair friends; and, during my brief stay at Bruges, I received so much polite attention, as can never be erased from my breast, "while memory holds her seat."

I found Mr. W. an amiable gentleman, of plain, unostentatious manners, sound sense, extensive in-

formation, and, what is much more, exemplary piety. During one of my visits to Mr. W.'s apartments, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Doctor F——, author of some exceedingly clever works, and member of many learned societies.

Thus, my sojourn at Bruges, instead of being one of loneliness and solitude, as I had anticipated, proved to be the most rife with delightful society of any place I visited.

OSTEND.

September 17th.

I started this morning at six, to proceed by the canal-boat to Ostend. The weather continued favourable, and we glided along the water so tranquilly, that when in the cabin we scarcely seemed to move. We had not many passengers, and the scenery is barren and uninteresting. Trees line the banks on either side, giving a great sameness to the landscape. When we approached Ostend, two baskets, which I had observed on deck, were taken ashore, and, on the covers being removed, large flocks of pigeons flew out; and, after wheeling for a long time in the air, over the spot from whence they rose, at length fixed on their flight, and vanished. The antiquity of this mode of communication is coeval with the Olympic games. Ovid mentions, that Taurosthenes made known his

victory on the same day to his father, at *Egina*, by one of these birds, coloured purple. They were frequently used in war, to carry tidings of the state of cities and armies. By information given through the medium of a carrier-pigeon, at the siege of Leyden 1675, the garrison was enabled to hold out until the enemy raised the siege, and withdrew. The same method was tried, but with other success, at Ptolemais, in Syria, which was invested by the French and Venetians, and nearly reduced, when one day they beheld a pigeon flying in the direction of the city, and conjectured it was the bearer of letters to the garrison. The entire army raised a loud shout, which so confounded the bird, that it fell to the ground. As was supposed, a letter was found under its wing, in which the Sultan assured the garrison, "that he would be with them in three days, with an army sufficient to raise the siege. All stratagems being allowed in war, the besiegers placed another letter in its stead,—"that the garrison must look to their own safety; for the Sultan had such other affairs pressing him, that it was out of his power to attend to their succour." With this false intelligence, they permitted the aerial messenger to continue his flight. The garrison, disappointed of relief, immediately surrendered; and the Sultan was mortified, on making his appearance with a large army, to behold it in the hands of the Christians.

This mode of communication is yet very common in the east, particularly Egypt, Arabia, and Syria. The speed of the pigeon is very great; seventy-two miles have been flown in two hours and a half, from Antwerp to London, a distance of 180 miles, has been gone over in six hours.

The means with which they direct their flight is by sight. When the pigeon can fly well at home, he is carried about half a mile, and then turned out; next, a mile; then, two; four; eight; and increased in proportion, till at last it returns from the farthest part of the country. They fly at a great height, and are believed to go in a direct line, never descending but when in want of breath; and then may be seen, at the dawn of day, lying on their backs, with bills open, sucking in the dew of morning.

We arrived in a short time at Ostend, where I soon found the Hotel d'Angleterre. This is a seaport town with a good harbour, and strongly fortified. It sprang from a petty village into a town in 1072, and in 1372 was surrounded by the fishermen with a simple palisade. About a hundred years after, Philip the Good built walls, erected gates, improved the town, and harbour. From that time it began to show fight, and became of some importance. The Duke of Parma was forced to retire, unable to take it, in 1583. It stood a

long and desperate siege in 1601, which reports affirm to have cost the lives of 100,000 men.

In the year 1722, the Court of Vienna established an East India Company here, projected by an English merchant named Colebrook, which was represented so highly injurious to the British one previously established, that the House of Commons declared it a high crime and misdemeanour for any English subject to be any way concerned in it. The company soon dissolved.

The town-house is a fine building, built in 1711. The chapels are large, but not very ornamental. A powder magazine which exploded in 1826, did considerable damage.

Ostend is a watering place much frequented. The Queen of Belgium resorts to it in the season. I had the pleasure of meeting the R—s, an English family, whom I received kind attention from in London, and after spending much of the day with them, I went on board the packet, as she was about to sail at eight o'clock.

END OF THE CONTINENTAL DIARY.

The day which had been fair, though cloudy, darkened towards evening, and now it blew quite a gale. The sky was black as jet, and a few stray-stars shed but a feeble gleam over the waste of

fitful waters. Gusts of wind howled, as they rushed in fast and heavy sweeps from the bosom of the ocean, up the narrow channel, and meeting in their course the numerous vessels moored along the quays, caused cables and cordage to creak, and strain violently. When the pressure of steam was put on, we careered over the broken ridges of waves with such a rocking motion, as made our berths the most desirable places, and I never experienced any thing so violent as the heaving and pitching of the vessel during the night.

When morning announced the new day, I arose, having felt very little sea-sickness, and mounted on deck. I know nothing more grateful than the fresh sea-breeze at morning, after spending a night in the cabin. It braces the nerves, and adds strength to the frame, relaxed by the unusual motion. The wind, late so violent, had died away, and with the calm that ensued, we made great way in our fire-propelled vessel. Heads now popped up from the cabin stair, and soon the passengers were on deck. The ladies did not appear until late, as they continued unwell, from sea-sickness. I wonder if the compressed state of their interior structure by stays, causes them to suffer more than males. I regret being aware that they do suffer. Perhaps some of our medical men would throw light on this subject. We all know the injuries resulting from tight lacing to be many, and various.

Before leaving Ostend, my friends, the R—s, told me that I would have for fellow-voyager an acquaintance to whom I was to make myself known, and now I resolved to profit by their introduction. He was the Honourable Mr. C—. I can never forget the kindness with which he regretted not having known me at Bruges, where he has a residence. He was then on his way to enjoy shooting over his estates in Lancashire, also to place his son, a fine manly youth, at Stoneyhurst college for his education. From my conversation with him, I consider him as an excellent landlord, who has the real good of his tenant at heart, and would wish every landed proprietor in my country, possessed the same views, and acted on them. “ Give your tenant an interest in his holding ! Fix your rent according to the intrinsic value of the land, and make him pay you punctually.”

The Nore was raced by. Numerous steam boats constantly swept near us. Margate,—Gravesend,—Tilbury Fort, were passed. We paddled the mazes of the Thames to the splendid Hospital of Greenwich,—cut through the forests of shipping, by the hoary Tower, and stayed our course at the Custom House. Here we had a tedious delay before our luggage was overhauled, and I was again in London. Once more the omnibuses rolled, and cabs flew. I lingered but a day in the modern Babylon ; for, anxious, ere my engrossing studies (to continue for some years) should claim me, to visit

my family, I thought every moment an age until united to them. I ran down to Bristol,—stepped into the steamer to Cork, and started for that “one dear spot in memory’s waste,”—home!—There,

“ Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw.”

FINIS.

