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IN

ENGLAND, IRELAND, AND FRANCE,

IN THE YEARS 1828 & 1829;

WITH REMARKS ON

A

THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE INHABITANTS,
AND ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED
PUBLIC CHARACTERS.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

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BY

A GERMAN PRINCE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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LETTERS

ON

ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

LETTER I.

Glengariff, October 4th, 1828.

DEAR JULIA,

TOMORROW I set out, 'et bien à regret.' I carry with me a precious memorial,—one of the few perfectly delightful pictures which I have met with in my wanderings.

In my walk this morning, I found heath-plants of such luxuriance hanging from the rocks, that one stalk measured ten feet in length. The gardener, who accompanied me, drew my attention to another curiosity. In a secluded spot, not far from the pretty rustic dairy, a swarm of bees had made a large honeycomb in the open air; it was suspended to the branch of a blackberry-bush in the thicket. The weight of the honey bowed the branch to the earth; and they were still busily

adding to the store. The dairy is roofed with earth, out of which the purple heather is growing. A clear spring flows through it, on whose banks the Egyptian lotus thrives admirably, and stands through the winter.

In the afternoon I rode out with Colonel W—— to visit an eagle's nest. We first passed the belt of wood in which Lord B——'s pretty shooting-lodge stands, then forded the swollen river three times, and after some hours riding, reached a wild desert, where at the foot of a perpendicular rock stand two solitary huts. About five hundred feet overhead is the eagle's eirie, in a cleft overhung with ivy. At their hatching season they are frequently seen flying home with fowls, hares, lambs, &c. for the family table; by some curious instinct, however, they are warned never to carry off anything from the two families below them, but to respect the same laws of hospitality which are observed towards themselves. I was greatly disappointed that these monarchs of the rocks did not make their appearance; they were both gone on some distant expedition.

We returned across the Sugar-loaf. This is the haunt of a wild huntsman, and no mortal tally-ho may sound as far as his right of sporting extends. If any attempt it, he quickly rushes by with all

his wild troop, and hurries the rash offender along in his train. He is of a totally different nature from his German comrade. He is an elfin king, as small as Tom Thumb, splendidly dressed in emerald green, and accompanied by a train mounted on horses as big as rats, who gallop over rock and sea with the swiftness of lightning. The Sugar-loaf itself is the great resort of all the Irish fairies: its caverns are full of fossil-shells and stones of fantastic shapes, which excite the curiosity of the visitor; but no native would pass a night in one of them for all the treasures the earth contains. From the summit of this mountain, or rather rock, down to the cavern, a strange sport of nature is visible in clear weather;—two channels or grooves, winding, but always parallel, which in the distance look exactly like ruts: what could they be but the track of the fairy queen's carriage, in which indeed many an old mountaineer has seen her at rise or set of sun, riding in unearthly pomp to grace the annual feast with her presence. The old man would doubtless be ready to confirm his statement with the most solemn oaths,—for he believes it. This it is which gives to the legends of the Irish such a wonderful charm that it is almost impossible to withstand it.

* Colonel W—, who was formerly a passionate

lover of the chase, knows every mountain in the district from the summit to the foot, and 'chemin faisant,' told me so many interesting particulars about them, that my letter would never come to an end if I attempted to make it the faithful echo of all his stories.

Hunting is here attended with dangers of no trifling kind. They are of three sorts: first, the being suddenly surprised in the midst of the rocks with one of those cold fogs which here frequently come on, and enwrap the wanderer with almost instant darkness and icy chill; he has then only the alternative either of perishing from cold (for the fogs sometimes hang in the gorges for whole days and nights), or of falling headlong down some invisible precipice. If he is in favour with the fairies, he emerges happily into light; but woe to him who has incurred their displeasure!—his friends find him the next morning frozen or dashed to pieces. The second peril is of quite a different kind. On the wide interminable table-lands, which blend with the horizon like the sea, not a bush or hillock breaking the sublime monotony, are extensive bogs, which the game (the grouse, a bird somewhat like a partridge, peculiar to the British islands,) chooses as its favourite haunt. These bogs are full of little clumps like mole-

hills, formed by the heather, scattered about at intervals. The bogs can only be traversed by jumping from one of these clumps to another: if in the ardour of the chase the sportsman misses his leap, and does not find another clump close by to jump to instantly, he is certain to sink in the morass. The only means of deliverance is instantly to stretch out his arms, or to hold his gun horizontally, till help arrives, or till he can struggle on to the next clump.

But worse and more tremendous than all this, is an attack from one of the wild oxen which inhabit these mountains. Colonel W—— has been several times in this predicament, and always had the good fortune to escape, though in different ways. Once he or his servant shot the bull before he came up with them: another time he took refuge in one of the bogs I have just described, where the furious beast dared not follow him, but laid regular siege to him for more than an hour. The history of his latest adventure seemed to me particularly curious, and proves that man, with strength, courage and address, may single-handed resist any other living creature. Colonel W—— was accompanied by a friend, and by a native of these mountains, who led the dogs, and was furnished with a long white staff, such as is in use

here. Just as the Colonel's friend shot a grouse, he saw at the distance of about eighty feet a bull advancing furiously towards them. Colonel W—— called out to his friend to load instantly, while he fired; and was taking aim, when the man called out, "Promise me a glass of whisky extra, and I will manage the beast by myself." W—— fired, but his gun missed fire; his friend had not loaded; and he had hardly time to call out, "You shall have a dozen bottles," when this hero of the mountains ran towards the ox at the same speed with which it was rushing upon them. In the twinkling of an eye they were together. The young man, with singular dexterity, caught the horns of the bull, whose head grazed the earth, darted a step sideways, and then during the spring of his antagonist, making a similar step backwards, with the rapidity of lightning caught the bull's tail, without letting go his stick. All this was done with the quickness of thought; and now began the strangest race that ever was beheld. The bull tried by every means to get rid of the burthen hanging at his tail, but in vain. Up hill and down, over rock, and through river, he ran like mad; while his companion, like a Kobold, swung himself over every obstacle, often flying rather than running, at the end of the creature's

tail. In a short time the bull was wearied by fear and fatigue, and at length sank down exhausted and powerless at the foot of a green declivity, immediately in front of the spot where Colonel W—— and his friend beheld with astonishment the issue of the contest. But his punishment only now began, and probably his vicious temper was on that day cured for ever. For now the mountaineer began to employ his stick, weighted with lead and armed with an iron point, which he had providently kept as an instrument of correction, and belabouring the beast with all his might, forced him to crawl down the mountain, where he at length sank, with his tongue hanging out of his mouth and panting for breath, at Colonel W——'s feet, who left him in this state of total exhaustion. The young peasant, whom Colonel W—— described as a wonder of youthful power and agility, seemed, on the contrary, not the least fatigued, by his chase, nor vain of his achievement; but coolly looking about for his powder-horn and his dogs, did not expend a word on the past, except just to wink to Colonel W——, and say, "Now, master, don't forget the bottles."

The sight of a fox-chase among these rocks must be magnificent,—now sweeping along their heights or sides,—now fox and hounds darting

down the steep declivities, all suddenly vanishing like a shadowy picture in the gorges. Colonel W—— once saw such a one from Hungry Hill, in which the whole pack ran under the arch of the waterfall, while their cry mingled wildly with the roaring of the cataract, till at last Reynard experienced the same lot which had befallen three or four of the dogs; he slipped from the polished rock, and fell, amid shouts and halloos, from a height of several hundred feet into the midst of the hunters, who were looking on at their ease from the meadow below.

Shall I tell you any more stories?—Well, then, once more for witches and fairies: saddle me the poney, and away to the land of tales and legends; of the land-rocks, and the waves which for ages have fretted them away with their snow-white teeth.

Jump up behind me, Julia, 'en croupe,' like an Irish girl; and follow me quickly through the air, back to Iveragh, O'Connell's wild region. Truly is it a land of the eagle and the vulture, of the stormy wave and the rugged rock! But there is a spot in Ballinskellig bay, not far from O'Connell's Castle-abbey, where in old times many a dance was danced, and many a wedding celebrated. For peaceful and lovely was the lonely spot, with its

velvet turf; its high walls of rock sheltered it from the storm, and sand smooth as satin edged the sea, which seemed to sleep, like the entire creation, in the clear moonlight, its little billows' only lightly ruffled by the zephyr's breath, rolling and curling with a dreamy soothing motion.

LETTER II.

Macroom, October 5th, 1828.

DEAREST ONE,

THE parting was hard ; but you who wish me in a very different place, will say that I have staid quite long enough. I tore myself away from these excellent people and their romantic dwelling. It was Sunday ; and the worthy lady, in spite of her manifest regard for me, could not help exclaiming reproachfully, "But how is it possible that a good man like you can set out upon a journey on a Sunday ?" You know that the English have stamped this day with a sort of death-like character ; dancing, music and singing are forbidden ; indeed, the severely pious hang their canary-birds in some remote corners, that no voice of song may offend their ears during these holy hours. This idolatry of the Sunday began in the time of James the First, and was the cause of furious dissensions. No bread must be baked, and no useful work performed ; but drunkenness and other vices thrive more luxuriantly than on the week-days. I have observed that the streets are never so bestrewed

with drunken people as on Sunday evenings ; nor, as is well known to the police, are the resorts of vice ever so filled. Many English people think dancing on a Sunday unquestionably a greater crime than a little theft or so ; and I lately read in print a history of Whitby, in which it was seriously affirmed, that the rich abbey there was doubtless destroyed because the monks did not only indulge in every possible crime, rape and murder not excepted, but their sinful abbot had permitted the repairs of the abbey and other labours to go on on a Sabbath-day.

The worthy Mrs. W—— was infected with this same strange conceit ; and it was somewhat difficult for me to excuse my half-committed sin on the ground of urgent necessity. To appease her, I went first with the whole family along the bay to B—— church, which was quite out of my way. In going along, I related to her the strange vision of one of the sons of my former excellent host, Captain B——, by which he had been induced to go over to the Catholic church. He was, as he himself told me, a most zealous Protestant and Orangeman, and went one day into a Catholic chapel in Dublin, rather with the intention of making himself merry at the ceremonies than from any better motive. But the beautiful music

touched him against his will; and as he raised his eyes to the high altar, the Redeemer stood bodily before him, his eyes fixed intently on him with an expression of angelic mildness. The divine vision smiled upon him, beckoned with his hand, and then slowly ascended, still looking fixedly at him, till at length it disappeared, borne by angels through the dome. From this moment B—— was persuaded he was an especial object of the divine favour; and in a few days he became a member of *another* church which has the exclusive privilege of ensuring salvation (for the orthodox English Protestants also believe that they enjoy this monopoly). How philosophically did my pious friends reason of *this* conversion! “Is it possible!” exclaimed they. “What superstition! Without doubt this was either a feverish delirium, or the man is a hypocrite, and has good reasons for what he does. Either he is mad, or he invented the story for his own profit.”

Oh, men, men! How justly does Christ say, “Ye behold the mote in the eye of another; ye cannot see the beam in your own!” No doubt this is the case with us all, more or less; and be assured I make no exception in favour of your poor friend.

We parted at last, not without emotion; and I seated myself on a mountain car, drawn by a horse

whose appearance was by no means brilliant. The young ladies were greatly delighted at my eccentric mode of travelling. The journey I had to accomplish was thirty miles, and began most tediously. After a little time the wretched horse was so restive at going up hill, that I was obliged to alight, rather than run the risk of being dashed down a precipice. The stubborn beast was now forced to be constantly led, without which he would not advance a single step. For a long while the driver trotted sturdily on by his side, but at length could go no further; and Heaven knows what would have become of us, had we not luckily met a man on horseback, who consented to harness in his horse instead of ours. I reached Macroom late in the evening. Nothing struck me much in the way but a long and deep glen, in which at the time of the White Boy conspiracies, Lord B—— and Colonel W—— were attacked by a party who were posted on the heights, and had a narrow escape for their lives. The White Boys had taken their measures extremely well, and during the night had loosened a great mass of rock, which they suddenly rolled down directly across the road through which the troops were marching. By this means the detachment of cavalry was not only prevented from advancing,

but was cut off in its rear, and thus placed in a desperate situation. A great many were killed; the two gentlemen, who rode capital hunters, luckily escaped. Their good steeds climbed up the almost inaccessible side of a rock, amidst an incessant shower of musketry. Colonel W—— was slightly wounded in the right arm; Lord B—— escaped quite unhurt.

In this extremely wild region, not far from hence, lies a large lake with a woody island in its centre. Here stands a chapel of great sanctity, to which numerous pilgrimages are yearly made. It was too late for me to see it more nearly.

Macroon is a cheerful pretty place, with a handsome house belonging to the uncle of the beautiful African, or rather of her husband. She gave me a letter to him, but I had not time to use it.

Cork, Oct. 6th.

I left Macroon very early in a 'gingle,' a sort of covered stage with two horses. It rained and blew again; for, dear Julia, I find that I am no longer, as the Irish prettily say, 'on the sunny side of life.'

My fellow-travellers were three women and a great cub of five years old, who made himself extremely disagreeable, and was horribly spoiled by

his pretty and lively mamma. Although he had a great loaf, and a cake of similar dimensions, with which he was incessantly stuffing himself, and filling the coach with bits and crumbs, his ill-humour broke out at every moment. The scream he then set up, and the stamping of his feet, which he often placed upon mine, without the slightest reserve; the coaxings of the mother, and her cries for help to her husband on the outside; then her incessant prayers to stop 'just a moment,' because the poor little dear was ill with the motion of the coach, or because he was thirsty, or because something or other; her keeping the windows hermetically closed for fear he should catch cold, in spite of his furred coat;—it was really a trial of fortitude. The young woman seemed as anxious for herself as for her child; whenever the coach leaned a little on one side, she began to scream, and clung to me, with both hands, taking me almost round the neck. This was the most endurable of my sufferings; and I often amused myself with increasing her fright. In the intervals she enlarged with great patriotism on the beauty of the country, pointed out to me the fine ruins, and told me their histories. At last she showed me a pointed and tower-like stone, and said that a Danish king had thrown this across the sea to show his strength. She

would have her husband get down from the roof to admire this stone, and remarked to him with some contempt that the men now-a-days were miserable feeble pigmies compared to those giants. At the same time she gave him the boy to take beside him. The poor devil made a long face, pulled his nightcap over his ears, and quietly obeyed orders.

The country was now very fertile, full of rich meadows, with here and there a stately mansion. Cork lies most picturesquely in a deep valley on the sea-shore. It has an air of antiquity, which is rendered more peculiar by the roofs of scale-like slates with which many of the houses are covered. The two new prisons are magnificent buildings; they are erected, the one by the city, the other by the county: the former is in an antique taste, the latter in the perfectly Gothic style, and has the appearance of a great fortress.

After I had breakfasted, I hired what they call here a whale-boat, narrow and pointed at each end, and thence safer and swifter, and sailed with a fair wind along the bay, which is called the 'river of Cork,' to Cove, where I intended to dine. A part of this bay, which is about three quarters of a mile broad, forms one of the most beautiful harbours in the world. Both shores consist of

high hills, covered with palaces, villas, country-seats, parks, and gardens. On either side, rising in unequal height, they form the richest and most varied boundary. By degrees the city advances into the middle of the picture, and terminates on the brow of the highest hill, with the imposing mass of the barracks. This is the view from the sea. Towards Cove it frequently changes, as the windings of the channel present objects in different positions. One of these pictures was finely bounded by a Gothic castle, which has been built with great good taste by the city on a bold projecting rock. Its admirable site not only gives it importance, but it appears, if I may so say, as if it grew there naturally; while buildings of this kind in ordinary situations so often strike one as unpleasant *hors d'œuvres*. Though I think we excel the English in the higher sorts of architecture, we are very deficient in attention to the objects and the scenery which surround our buildings; and yet these are the circumstances which ought generally to decide the style.

This castle seemed built for one of the sea-kings, for the only entrance is from the sea. A colossal gate, adorned with a coat of arms, beneath which the waves wash the steps, overarches the dark entry. I thought of Folco with the vulture's

wings returning hither after a successful sea-fight; and peopled the deep with fantastic beings from Fouque's "Magic Ring."

We sailed with a fair wind past Passage, a fishing village, and then past Monkstown, which takes its name from a ruin of a monastery in a wood above. The rain, which had ceased for a time, here began to fall again, but I was requited by a splendid effect. We turned, near the island of Arboul, into the narrow bay of Cove, which afforded a very beautiful view; its mouth is bounded on the left by a high coast, covered with houses and gardens; on the right by the rocky island I have just named, on which are situated a fort, marine buildings, and store-houses containing the 'matériel' for the naval service; before us, in the bay itself, lay several line-of-battle ships and frigates, and another convict ship at anchor; behind them arose the town of Cove, built in steps or terraces on the side of the mountain.

While all this was full in our view, the sun, now near its setting, broke forth from a flame-coloured spot in the heavens, below the rain clouds, while a rainbow more perfect and deeply coloured than I ever remember to have seen, with both feet on the sea, spanned the entrance of the bay like a portal of flowers leading from earth to heaven.

Within its gigantic arch appeared the sea and the ships, shaded from the sun's rays by a mountain behind us perfectly black; in contrast with which the evening glow resting on the lofty amphitheatre of Cove, shed such a glory that the sea-mews poised in it looked like glittering silver, and every window in the town (which is spread out on the side of the hill) gleamed like burnished gold. This indescribably beautiful scene not only lasted till we entered the bay, but just before we landed the rainbow doubled itself, each bow glowing in equal beauty of colour. We had hardly set foot on the shore when both disappeared almost instantaneously.

I now established myself very agreeably at the window of the little inn, in the hope of an excellent fast-day dinner of the most delicate fresh fish. No part of my scheme was verified but the fasting; not a fish, not an oyster was to be had. This happens oftener than you would think in the little fishing towns on the coast, everything 'disponible' being immediately carried to the great cities. In this point of view therefore I attained my end but badly, and I was forced to content myself with the eternal 'mutton-chops.' However, I did not suffer this to disturb my equanimity. I read an old newspaper or two, not having seen one for a long time,

and took my way homewards by land, when it was nearly dark. An open car, with a bundle of straw as a seat, was the only carriage I could get. The wind blew cold and gusty, and I was obliged to wrap myself closely in my cloak. We skirted the shore at a considerable elevation, and the numerous lights of the ships and marine buildings below us were like an illumination. Five flickering flames danced like Will-o'-the-wisps on the black convict ship, and the report of a cannon from the guardship thundered through the stillness of night.

As this view disappeared, I turned my eyes to the unusually clear firmament. Who can look intently on the sublime and holy beauty of those glittering worlds, and not be penetrated by the deepest and the sweetest emotions? They are the characters by which God has from all time spoken most clearly to the soul of man; and yet I had not thought of these heavenly lights so long as the earthly ones sparkled before me! But thus is it ever. When earth forsakes us, we seek heaven. Earth is nearer, and her authority more powerful with us; just as the peasant stands more in awe of the justice than of the king; the soldier fears the lieutenant more than the general; the courtier is more assiduous to please the favourite than the monarch; and lastly, the fanatic—but we won't philosophize

further about it, dear Julia; for I need not repeat to you, 'qu'il ne faut pas prendre le valet pour le roi.'

Mitchelstown, October 9th.—Morning.

At four o'clock yesterday afternoon I left Cork by the mail. I was seated by the coachman, whose four horses I occasionally drove. For about three miles from the city the country continues picturesque; it then became uninteresting, and soon it was too dark to distinguish. After a few stages we left most of our passengers, and I took my seat inside the coach, where I was destined to enjoy a three hours tête-à-tête with a lady,—unfortunately, however, she was seventy, and a puritan. This disagreeable company, combined with the eulogies which a former travelling companion had pronounced on the newly built Gothic castle at Mitchelstown, induced me to leave the mail in the middle of the night, and to stay here till the morrow. At seven o'clock I was waked to go to view this much lauded edifice. I was sorely disappointed, as were some other strangers, who had been drawn hither by the same object. We were certainly shown a huge heap of stone which had cost its possessor 50,000*l.*; but one ingredient was unluckily forgotten,—good taste. The building is, in the first place, much too high

for its extent; the style is confused without variety; the outline heavy, and the effect small, though the mass is great. It stands, too, on the bare turf, without the slightest picturesque break, which castles in the Gothic or kindred styles peculiarly need; and the inconsiderable park possessed neither a handsome group of trees nor a prospect worth describing.

I have thrown away so many words on this abortive work, because, from the name of its possessor, and the great cost of its erection, it enjoys a certain reputation in Ireland. Yet how infinitely preferable is the place of my excellent Colonel W——, on which perhaps an eighth part of the money has been spent.

The internal decorations of the castle are of a piece with its exterior: in five minutes we had quite enough of them, and as we heard of a fine prospect from the top of the tower, but the key was nowhere to be found, we all returned in no very good humour to our inn. Here one of the strangers entertained me during breakfast with all sorts of interesting stories of this part of the country and its inhabitants. He told me among other things, that Lord K—— and his family had been remarkable for their very extraordinary adventures. He is now one of the most zealous

Orangemen, and is rather feared than loved. His father, when just twelve years old, was married to the heiress of the whole property now possessed by the family, who was just ten. The tutor and governess received the strictest injunctions to watch the young couple most narrowly, and to prevent every possibility of a tête-à-tête. But 'somehow or other,' as my informant said, three years afterwards they found means to elude their vigilance, and the present Lord was the result of this little 'équipée.' They had afterwards several children, of whom I happened to know one at Vienna. He was a remarkably handsome man, and celebrated for his 'bonnes fortunes'; at one time the avowed lover of the Duchess of ——, whom he treated with so little ceremony, that once when he invited me to breakfast at the hotel where they were living, I found the Duchess alone, and he came into the room some time after, in dressing gown and slippers, out of his or their chamber.

The youngest child grew up to be one of the most attractive girls in Ireland. She was just sixteen when a cousin on the mother's side, a married man, named F——, who then enjoyed the greatest celebrity as a resistless seducer, fell in love with her, and confirmed his reputation in so conspicuous a manner, that he actually brought

this beautiful girl, the idolized daughter of an earl, not only to sacrifice her innocence to him, but to accompany him to England as his avowed mistress. Here they lived for a year, at first in concealment; but at last he had the effrontery to take her to one of the most frequented watering-places. Her abode was of course discovered, and she was carried off at her father's command, and placed in safe custody in the north of England. F——, perhaps only irritated by the resistance of the family, determined, let it cost what it would, to get her again into his power; and as he thought she had been taken to her father's residence, he hurried off to Ireland in disguise. Here he lodged in the very inn in which we were breakfasting, and endeavoured to discover the place of her concealment. His minute inquiries, his mysterious behaviour, and the unlucky accident that a former acquaintance of his met him and remarked that he never saw a greater resemblance than between this stranger and the notorious F——, awakened the suspicions of the host, who immediately went to impart them to Lord K——. The Earl received the communication with perfect apparent indifference, and only enjoined on the informer absolute secrecy. He then asked at what hour the stranger generally rose; learned that it was

never before eight; dismissed the host with a present,—and added, that he would examine into the matter himself at six o'clock the next morning, at which hour he desired him to expect him, and to be quite alone. Morning came; and with it, punctually, the Earl. Without any further inquiry he went upstairs accompanied by the host, and desired the stranger's servant to open his master's door instantly. The man refused; on which he broke open the door with his foot, walked up to the bed in which F——, awakened by the noise, had just raised himself, looked intently at him; and as soon as he had satisfied himself of his identity, drew a pistol from his pocket, and with perfect coolness blew out the brains of this modern Don Juan, who sank back in the bed without a groan. The sequel proves how lightly the laws sit on great men in England, when there is not a still greater who has an interest in putting them in force. Lord K—— was, indeed, brought to trial; but as he had taken good care to arrange the affair with the only two witnesses, and to get them out of the way, he was acquitted for want of evidence. No man in England can be tried twice for the same offence; so that from this moment, in spite of the perfect notoriety of the murder, all danger to the murderer was at an end.

The unhappy girl soon after disappeared,—it was reported, died. Lord K—— long survived her; and at a very late period of his life was famed for the beauty of his mistresses, one of whom inhabited each of his seats. The consequences of this depravity, at length, was a separation from his wife, and the bitter hostility and litigation which subsisted between them till his death. Meanwhile his eldest son, the present Earl, had married, while yet a minor, in Sicily; had already three children by his young wife, and lived completely separated from his country; when suddenly he received a most affectionate invitation from his father, who promised to forget and forgive the past. He was induced by this to set out for Ireland with all his family. Scarcely was he returned, when his father employed all his influence to get the marriage annulled. The young mother was sent home; and the children, declared illegitimate, were disposed of in England. The son, contrary to all expectation, seems to have given in to his father's schemes without much difficulty, and soon after married a rich heiress. After his father's death he carried on a still fiercer lawsuit with his mother than his father had done, in order to get possession of an estate which she refused him. In this, however, he could not ac-

comply with his end; nor could she at a later period obtain hers, which was to disinherit him entirely.

Here is a picture of the manners of the great and noble of the eighteenth century.

Cashel.—Evening.

My communicative friend travelled on with me to Cashel. The weather was tolerable,—that is, it did not rain, and that was sufficient in this watery land to set my worthy Irishman repeatedly exclaiming, “What a delightful day!” “What lovely weather!”—I proposed to go a part of the way on foot; on which a tall lad of eighteen, ragged ‘*comme de raison*,’ offered himself as guide. He walked with great difficulty in a sort of slippers, and appeared to have wounded his feet. I asked him if that was the case: “Oh no,” said he, “it’s only the shoes I’ve put on, because I’m going to be a soldier, and must get used to wearing shoes: but the things are such a plague that I can’t get on with them at all.”

After my usual fashion of disdaining no sources of information,—by which means I often glean some ears from conversation even with the lowest,—I made inquiries of my guide as to the present state of his country. “Yes,” said he, “it’s quiet enough here at present, but in Tip-

perary, which we shall soon come to, especially off to the north, they know how to stand against the Orangemen: O'Connell and the Association have organized us there, like regular troops: I belong to them, and I have a uniform at home: if you saw me in it, you'd hardly know me;—three weeks ago we all met there, above 40,000 men, to be reviewed. We had all green jackets, (for every man must get one as well as he can,) with an inscription on the arm—King George and O'Connell. We have chosen our own officers; they drill us, and we can march and wheel already like the redcoats. We had no arms to be sure, but they could be had too if O'Connell chose. We had flags, and whoever deserted them or got drunk we threw into the water till he was sober again; but that very seldom happened. —They call us O'Connell's Militia.”

The Government has since prudently forbidden this military display; and my promising citizen-soldier was furious against Lord Ke——, who had arrested all his tenants (little farmers who are as dependent on their lords as serfs) who were present at the review. “But,” added he, “every hour that they sit in prison shall be paid by their tyrants, whom we had rather see dead than alive; —if they in Cork here were not such tame sheep!

In Tipperary they would have settled his business long ago; O'Connell never comes here, even when it's his nearest way, for he cannot endure the sight of K—

This is the spirit of party every where at work! and so well informed is this nation of beggars as to the state of their affairs!

The journey to Cahir was not very interesting. The road lies between two chains of mountains, the Galtees and the Knockmildown mountains; but as the wide plain between them affords little wood or variety of objects, the view is not agreeable. My travelling companion pointed out the highest peak of the Galtees, where the most renowned sportsman* of the neighbourhood was buried with his dog and his gun. Not far from thence are subterranean caverns, of unfathomable extent, full of stalactites. They are accessible only in the hottest weather; at all other seasons they are filled with water.

* 'Sportsman'—'sport'—are as untranslatable as 'Gentleman.' It is by no means a mere hunter or shooter; but a man who follows all amusements of that and the cognate kinds, with ardour and address. Boxing, horse-racing, duck-shooting, fox-hunting, cock-fighting, are all 'sport.'—
EDITOR.

In Cahir there is a beautiful park belonging to Lord Glengall, who furnished the London caricaturists and the public with so much amusement last year. At the entrance is an imposing ruined castle of King John's, on whose tower Lord Glengall's banner is now flying. At the other end of the park is the contrast to this ruin, namely, a 'cottage ornée,' in which the possessor resides when he is here. The situation of this cottage is so charming and so well chosen that it deserves a fuller description.—The whole park, beginning with the town and King John's castle, consists of a long and narrow valley, with a river flowing through meadows. Along these, clumps of trees and little thickets are beautifully scattered, and a path leads on each side of the river. The mountain ridges which close the valley are completely clothed with wood, through which the paths are cut. Near the end of the park, which is about three miles long, the glen opens and discloses a beautiful view of the higher Galtees. But before you reach this point there is a long isolated hill, directly in the middle of the valley, rising from the meadow-land. On this is built the cottage, more than two-thirds hidden by the wood which clothes the whole hill. Within this wood is

situated the 'pleasure-ground' and gardens of various sorts, with flowery walks which command the loveliest views of the valley on either side. Several ruins of castles and monasteries are visible on the distant mountains; but in the immediate neighbourhood all is repose, rural quiet, and the gay beauty of flowers even in winter.'

On my return to dinner, the landlord told me, as a great piece of news, that the carriage and servants of a foreign Prince had been waiting for him in Cashel for the last fortnight; but that he was gone on a secret journey to O'Connell, and that the whole country was in a stir and wonderment about it. Many thought he was sent by the King of France, with secret propositions to O'Connell; some had actually seen him in Limerick, and maintained that he was a son of Napoleon.

While my host was uttering this and more nonsense of the like kind, not suspecting that he was talking to the 'personage' himself, who had just dismounted from a car, he announced that the second car (the only carriage to be got) was ready, and waited my orders. I set out, and had soon an opportunity of making fresh philosophi-

cal observations on the power of habit in the beast that drew me. He was a very good and willing animal; but as soon as he reached the place where for fifteen years he had been accustomed to be led to water, he suddenly stopped, and fire would not have moved him till he had had his drink. After that he needed no driving; but he repeated the same manœuvre when we met a return car, on which occasions it is usual to stop and exchange information. As if suddenly struck lame, he drew up and stood stock-still;—as soon as the drivers had shaken hands over his back he instantly went on of his own accord. This is really the great secret in the education of man or beast,—habit, ‘voilà tout.’ The Chinese are a glorious example of this. I remember that once in London, the well-known ambassador of a great nation tried at great length to convince me that the Chinese form of government was the best and most efficient, because there everything remained unaltered: ‘C’est plus commode pour ceux qui regnent, il n’y a pas de doute.’

About seven I reached Cashel, having passed the Suir, a river which is called the flower of Ireland, because the richest pastures and the most beautiful seats lie on its banks. I found a terrible

tumult in the inn,—one of the liberal ‘Clubs’ were having a meeting and a dinner*. I had hardly taken possession of my room, when the President, in propria personâ, and a deputation, came to invite me to their dinner. I entreated them to excuse me, on the ground of the fatigue of my journey, and a violent head-ache, but promised to come in at the dessert, for indeed I was curious to see what was going forward. The club was instituted with an admirable purpose;—it consisted of Catholics and Protestants, who proposed to unite their efforts to reconcile the parties, and to cooperate with all their might to obtain emancipation. When I entered, I found from eighty to a hundred persons sitting at a long table; they all stood up while the president led me to the top. I thanked them; upon which they drank my health, and I was again forced to reply. Innumerable other toasts followed, all accompanied by speeches. The eloquence of the speakers was not very remarkable, and the same common-places were served up over and over again in different words. In half an hour I seized a favourable moment

* Nothing important or solemn can go on in England without a dinner; be it religious, political, literary, or of what kind it may.—ED.

to take my leave.—Forgive me, for I was very tired.

I have not heard anything from you for a long time, and must wait for letters till I get to Dublin. Only be well,—that is the main thing for you; and don't cease to love me, for that is the main thing for me.

Your faithful

L——.

LETTER III.

Cashel, Oct. 10th, 1828.

DEAR, AND KIND FRIEND,

THE "Rock of Cashel" with its celebrated noble ruin is one of the greatest lions of Ireland, and was mentioned to me by Walter Scott himself as the most worth visiting after the Abbey of Holy Cross. It is a rock standing isolated in the midst of the plain. It is odd enough, that in one of the distant mountains there is a cavity of just the same size as the rock:—according to the legend, the devil bit it out in a rage at losing a soul he was carrying off to hell. As he flew over Cashel he spit the bit out again. Upon this rock, M'Comack, king and archbishop of Cashel, built a castle and a chapel, which are both in remarkable preservation. In the twelfth century, I think, Donald O'Brien added the church and abbey. The whole forms a most magnificent ruin, in which all the details of Saxon architecture may be studied in the most interesting manner. This has been greatly facilitated by the labours of the son-in-law of the present archbishop, Dr. Cotton, who

some months ago had M'Cormack's chapel entirely cleared of the accumulations of dirt and rubbish, and has, at considerable expense, rendered the whole ruin accessible. Nothing can be more-strange,—I might say, more barbarically elegant,—than these grotesque, fantastic, but often admirably executed ornaments. Many sarcophagi and monuments found buried under rubbish or earth, suggest curious and interesting speculations. One is tempted to think that the frightful images, like Indian idols, must have belonged to some earlier religion, did we not know how slowly Paganism gave way to Christianity, how obstinately it still lingers. I have in my possession a little bell, which one of my ancestors brought with him from the prisons of the Inquisition, and on which the Virgin is surrounded with apes instead of angels, some playing the violin, while others are making somersets in the clouds!

I examined the whole ruin minutely, and climbed to the highest accessible point just as the sun was setting over the Devil's Bite. The archbishop had had the kindness to send his librarian to show me the ruin. From this gentleman I learned that the celebrated and often cited Psalter, written in the Irish language, which is mentioned in every Traveller's Guide as the standing wonder of Cashel,

is a mere fable; at least, that no such thing was ever known to exist here. This interested me little; but I was really alarmed at hearing, that the Catholics entertain the idea of restoring and rebuilding the church, if they could get possession of the ground. Heaven preserve the sacred ruin from their pious designs!

On a plain in front of the church stands an extremely ancient and mutilated statue of St. Patrick, on a pedestal of granite. Near this was formerly to be seen the coronation-seat, said to have been brought from Portugal hither, and afterwards sent to the coronation of the Scottish king, Fergus, at Scone, whence Edward I. brought it to Westminster-abbey, where it now is.

At the foot of the Rock of Cashel stand the very curious ruins of Hore Abbey, which, it is asserted, were formerly connected with the castle by subterranean passages. The beautiful proportions and perfect ornaments of a great window are particularly striking.

October 11th,

One of the gentlemen whose acquaintance I made yesterday, a man of good family and engaging manners, offered me his horse to visit the ruins of the Abbey of Athassil, and the park and seat of the wealthy Earl of Llandaff. The

excellent hunters soon carried us to the spot: the object, however, was not equal to my expectations. The abbey is certainly a beautiful and extensive ruin; but its situation, in a bog surrounded by ploughed fields without tree or shrub, is so unfavourable as to deprive it of all picturesque effect. Lord Llandaff's park is likewise of great extent, two thousand eight hundred acres, but has no distinguishing beauties. The trees are not fine, water almost entirely wanting, and the modern gothic house, painted light blue, appeared to me hideous. The possessor is a still handsome and interesting man of seventy, who has the great, and in Ireland the rare merit of residing on his property. We found a person who is distinguished in society by the foreign polish of his manners, in the character of a plain farmer, in marsh-boots and waterproof cloak, standing in the rain directing his labourers. This pleased me greatly, for reasons you can guess.

On our return, Captain S—— gave me a great many interesting details respecting the really atrocious and crying injustice and oppression under which the Irish Catholics labour: it is more intolerable than that which the Greeks suffer from their Turkish masters. The Catholics are not allowed to call their places of worship Churches,

only chapels; they must have no bells in them,—things inconsiderable in themselves, but degrading and insulting in their intent. No Catholic can, as you know, sit in Parliament, nor be general in the army, minister of state, judge, &c.* Their priests cannot perform the ceremony of marriage, in cases where one party is Protestant; and their titles are not recognised by the law. The most scandalous thing however is, that the Catholics are forced to pay enormous sums to the Protestant clergy, while they have entirely to maintain their own, of whom the state takes no notice. This is manifestly one great cause of the incredible poverty of the people. How intolerable must it appear in a country like Ireland, where more than two-thirds of the whole population are most zealously devoted to the Catholic religion! In the South the proportion is much larger. In the county of Tipperary there are about 400,000 Catholics, and only 10,000 Protestants: nevertheless, the Protestant clergy costs the inhabitants the following sums yearly:

The Archbishop	£25,000,
The Dean	4,000,
For about 50 parishes, on an average, each	1,500,

* These disabilities have, as is universally known, been since removed.—EDITOR.

which charge, of course, falls mainly on the Catholics. Most of the parsons do not even live in Ireland, but put some poor devil with a salary of 50*l.* or 60*l.* a-year to perform their duties: these are the far-famed curates: the duties are indeed soon performed, as there are parishes which do not contain more than ten Protestants; and, indeed, there is one in this neighbourhood in which *not one* is to be found; and not even a church,—only an old ruin, in which the ‘farce’ of divine worship is once a-year acted to empty walls, during which a Catholic, hired for the occasion, performs the office of clerk! Meanwhile, the clergy are year after year wearing away the pavement of London and Paris, and living as unspiritual a life as possible. I lately read in an English newspaper, that a clergyman in Boulogne had lost a large sum at play; that an affair had ensued in which he had shot his antagonist, and had been obliged immediately to quit the place and *return to his living*. Even the higher clergy, who must at least reside at certain stated periods in their episcopal and archiepiscopal sees, suffer none of their ill-gotten gains (for what else can money so acquired be called?) to return back again to the poor people from whom they have wrung it, but save all they can, that they may enrich their families.

Can anybody wonder that such institutions have frequently goaded the unhappy people to despair and rebellion? and yet at every struggle their chains are riveted tighter, and eat more deeply into the bleeding flesh. Wherever you see a beautiful estate and fertile land, if you ask who is the proprietor, you are generally told "It is forfeited land," once belonging to Catholics, now to Protestants. O'Connell told me, that not long ago a law was in force, ordaining that no Catholic should hold landed property in Ireland; and if a Protestant could prove before a court of justice that this was in any instance the case, the property was taken from the Catholic and given to him: the only remedy lay in a feigned conversion. But in spite of this bounty on hypocrisy and deceit, land to the value of millions of pounds was transferred into the hands of Protestants by this atrocious process. Is it not marvellous that Protestants, who in a barbarous age severed themselves from the Romish church on account of her intolerance and rapacity, should now, in an enlightened one, cherish the very same vices,—thus incurring a far greater comparative load of guilt than they would have had to bear before. Will this monstrosity, the offspring of despotism and hypocrisy, which has so long been nourished by the tears and blood of

the world, never be destroyed by more enlightened generations! If ever it is, they will look back upon us with the same sort of pity as we do upon the darkness of the middle ages.

In the afternoon I visited the Catholic dean, an extremely agreeable man, who lived a long time on the continent, and was chaplain to the late Pope. His frank and enlightened conversation excited my surprise; for we are accustomed to think that every Catholic must of necessity be a superstitious bigot. Among other things, he said to me, "Believe me, this country is devoted to misfortune. We have scarcely such a thing as a Christian among us: Catholics and Protestants have one common religion,—that of hatred."

Some time afterwards, Captain S—— brought me the latest newspaper, in which my visit to the meeting was mentioned: the few words I said there, and the other speeches, were dressed up with the accustomed charlatanerie, and filled three or four columns of the paper. To give you a specimen of this 'genre,' and at the same time to cut a figure in your eyes by my eloquence, I translate the beginning of the article, in which I am puffed in the same style as that in which a quack doctor sets forth the unparalleled virtues of his pills, or a horse-dealer those of his horses:—listen.

“As soon as the arrival of the * * * * was known, the president, accompanied by a deputation, repaired to his apartment, to invite him to honour our feast with his presence. Shortly afterwards, the * * * * entered the room. His air is ‘commanding and graceful.’ He wore moustaches, and although very pale, his countenance is ‘exceedingly pleasing and expressive.’ He took his seat at the upper end of the table, and, bowing to the company, spoke distinctly and ‘with proper emphasis’ though with a foreign accent, the following words:—‘Gentlemen,—Although ill and very tired, I feel myself too much flattered by your kind invitation not to accept it with thanks, and to express to you personally the lively interest I take in your struggles on behalf of your country. May God bless this beautiful and richly-gifted land! which offers to every foreigner such manifold enjoyments; but in which I, especially, have reason to acknowledge with the deepest gratitude, the kindness and hospitality which I have everywhere experienced.’ May Heaven, I repeat, bless this sorely-tried country, and every true Irishman, whether Catholic or Protestant, who desires the welfare not of any exclusive sect or party, but of Ireland!—a welfare that can be attained only by peace, forbearance, and ‘civil

and religious liberty,' (a standing phrase in these islands). Gentlemen, fill your glasses, and allow me to give you a toast:—'The King, and Erin go bragh!' (This is the old Irish motto, which is on the medal of the order of the Liberator, and signifies 'Erin for ever!')

"The President &—Gentlemen, I beg you to participate in my feelings, and to receive the expression of them from me. May our 'illustrious guest,' to whose health we now fill our glasses,—if ever he return among us,—find us in the enjoyment of equal laws and equal privileges, and in the possession of that internal tranquillity which alone we have combined to obtain. Three times three:—The * * *." I repeated my thanks for the honour done me, and added, "That nothing could make me happier than to be an eye-witness of the fulfilment of their and my wishes, in a country which I loved as my own, and quitted with extreme regret."

Now, dear Julia, what do you think of me? Cannot I string common-places as well as another upon occasion? What is no common-place, though reiterated at the end of every one of my letters, is, the assurance of the tender affection with which I am, and ever shall be,

Your friend L——.

LETTER IV.

Cashel, Oct. 12th, 1828.

DEAREST FRIEND,

WHY do I like so much to write to you? Certainly because it gives you pleasure to hear from me from afar: but also, because you understand me, which nobody else does. This alone would suffice to enchain me to you for ever, for I live *in* the world, but *with* you alone,—as much alone, as if we were on a desert island. Thousands of beings swarm around me, but I can speak only with you. If I attempt it with others, my habit and disposition, always to speak the truth, often cost me dear; or I blunder in some way or other. Worldly wisdom is as decidedly and unattainably denied to my nature, as to the swan—who in winter waddles clumsily across the frozen lake before your window—the power of running races with the sledges that glide over it. However, his time too comes, when he cleaves his own free and beautiful element, or sails through the blue æther. Then he is himself again.

But back to Cashel.—I used my good friend's

horses, which daily stand at my disposal, for a second excursion to the ruins of Holy Cross, six miles off, the worthy rival of the Devil's Rock. We amused ourselves by riding across the country, and leaping some stone inclosures; and reached a height, from which 'The Rock,' as it is here briefly called, presents the most imposing aspect. The circle of distant blue mountains encircling the rock, which stands alone in the midst of the fruitful plain; the castle, abbey, and cathedral,—which, forming a majestic group, look down from the summit, and in silent and sublime language relate the history of successive ages; lastly, the town at its foot, so wretched, although the seat of two archbishops (a Protestant and a Catholic), and which also tells its own mute but intelligible tale concerning the present times,—combine to awaken varied and contradictory emotions.

Holy Cross is of a totally different character.—Cashel stands in solitary grandeur, all rock and stone, barren and black, with only here and there a straggling ivy-branch creeping feebly through a crevice. Holy Cross, on the contrary, lies in a valley on the banks of the Suir, buried in copsewood, and clothed with ivy of such luxuriant growth that hardly a wall can be seen: and even the lofty cross, the last which still remains stand-

ing*, is so enwreathed with it, that it seems as if it clung fondly to shelter it from every profane touch. The interior is magnificent, and contains the beautiful monument of Donough O'Brien, king of Limerick, who founded this abbey in the twelfth century; and a canopy, exquisitely carved in stone, under which repose the ashes of the abbots,—both in perfect preservation. The view from the tower is beautiful. You are very near the Devil's Bite, whose grotesque form is too striking not to have furnished matter for legends to the Irish, who have a story ready fitted to every extraordinary natural object.

We hastened back sooner than I wished, in consequence of an invitation I had received from the Catholic dean to meet the archbishop and sixteen other clergymen at dinner: no layman but myself was invited. The table did honour to a chaplain of the Holy Father. "You never were at a dinner, I dare say," said the archbishop to me, "at which all the guests were clerical." "Yes, indeed, my Lord," replied I; "and what is more, I myself was a sort of bishop a little

* A piece of the true Cross was kept here, and gave its name to the monastery. Every separate building was, for this reason, ornamented with a lofty cross of stone, of which only one is preserved.—EDITOR.

while ago." "How is that possible?" said he, surprised. I explained to him, that I * * *

* * * * *
 "We are, therefore," said I, "eighteen priests here assembled; and I can assure you, that I make no distinction between Catholics and Protestants;—that I see in both only Christians."

The conversation then turned on religious subjects, and was in a perfectly free and impartial spirit. Never did I perceive the least trace of bigotry, or of the disgusting affectation of puritanical rigour. At the dessert, several sang their national songs, some of which had no pretension to sanctity. As the one who sat next me remarked some little surprise on my countenance, he said in my ear, "Here we forget the foreign * * *, the archbishop, and the priest,—at table we are only gentlemen, and meet to enjoy ourselves." This man was the undisputed descendant of an Irish royal line; and although no trace of it remained about him, he was not the less proud of it. "I have a strange abode for a clergyman," said he; "if ever you visit Ireland again, I hope you will allow me the pleasure of doing the honours of it to you. It lies immediately under the Devil's Bite, and a finer view

than this same Bite commands does not exist in all Ireland." He afterwards remarked, that to be a Catholic in this country is almost a proof of noble blood: as only the new families are Protestant, the Catholics must of necessity be the old ones; for since the Reformation *they* have made no proselytes.

The melodies which were sung had a striking resemblance to those of the Wendish nations. This is one of the many features of similarity which strike me between those nations and the Irish. Both manufacture, and have an exclusive taste for, spirit distilled from corn; both live almost entirely on potatoes; both have the bagpipe; both are passionate lovers of singing and dancing, and yet their national airs are of a melancholy character; both are oppressed by a foreign nation, and speak a gradually expiring language, which is rich and poetical, though possessed of no literature; both honour the descendants of their ancient princes, and cherish the principle that what is not renounced is not utterly lost; both are superstitious, cunning, and greatly given to exaggeration; rebellious where they can, but somewhat cringing to decided and established power; both *like* to get ragged, even when they have the means of dressing better; and lastly, spite of their

miserable living, both are capable of great exertion, though they prefer indolence and loitering; and both alike enjoy a fertile soil, which the Wendish phrase calls "the roast meat of poor people." The better qualities which distinguish the Irish are theirs alone.

I took advantage of the acquaintance I made today, to gain more information respecting the actual proportion in number between Catholics and Protestants. I found all I had heard fully confirmed, and have gained some further details: among others, the official list of a part of the present parishes and livings in the diocese of Cashel, which is too remarkable not to send it to you, though the matter is somewhat dry, and seems almost too pedantic for our correspondence.

	Catholics.	Protestants.
Thurles.....has.....	12,000	250
Cashel.....	11,000	700
Clonoughty.....	5,142	82
Cappawhyte.....	2,800	76
Killenaule.....	7,040	514
Boherlahan.....	5,000	25
Feathard.....	7,600	400
Kilcummin.....	2,400	—
Mickarty.....	7,000	80
Golden.....	4,000	120
Anacarty.....	4,000	12
Doniskeath.....	5,700	90
New Erin.....	4,500	30

Military included.

In thirteen districts, 78,182 Catholics and 2,379 Protestants.

Each of these districts has only one Catholic priest, but often four or five Protestant clergymen; so that, on an average, there are scarcely twenty persons to each Protestant congregation. Kilmummin is the place I mentioned to you where there is not a single parishioner, and the service, which according to law must be performed once a year, is enacted in the ruin with the help of a Catholic clerk. In another, called Tollamane, the same farce takes place. But not a whit the less must the non-attending parishioners pay the uttermost farthing of their tithes and other dues; and no claims are so bitterly enforced as those of this Christian church:—there is no pity, at least none for Catholics. A man who cannot pay the rent of the church land he farms, or his tithes to the parson, inevitably sees his cow and his pig sold, (furniture, bed, &c. he has long lost,) and himself, his wife, and probably a dozen children, (*‘car rien n’engendre comme les pommes de terre et la misère,’*) thrust out into the road, where he is left to the mercy of that Providence who feeds the fowls of the air and clothes the lilies of the field. *‘Quelle excellente chose qu’une religion d’état!’* So long as such exist, and every individual is not

permitted, as in the United States, to worship God in his own way, without any civil disability or loss,—so long the age of barbarism has not ceased. The time must come when in the State, as in Nature, laws alone must rule. Religion will then be left to her appropriate functions: she will console us in misfortune, and heighten our pleasures; but she will cease to wield the sceptre or the sword. The laws alone should employ inflexible restraint; opinion should enjoy unbounded freedom. The civilized portion of mankind have a right to demand this at the stage to which they have attained, and to which they have fought their way through so much suffering and blood. What frantic folly, to want to prescribe to men what is to become of them after death, or what they shall believe about it! It is bad enough that here on earth the best institutions, the wisest laws, must ever be defective;—let the invisible Future at least shape itself out to every mind according to that mind's power and comprehension! And yet have great and wise and good men thought themselves justified in exercising this sort of despotism. But such is human frailty! the same individual will prove himself sublime in eleven things, and in the twelfth think and act like an idiot.

While Cardinal Richelieu afforded to all suc-

ceeding ages the model of a great and sagacious minister, his chief solicitude was to be thought a good poet; and he tortured himself to write wretched tragedies, which after his death were waste paper. The great Louis, who might be called the absolute king 'par excellence,' seriously exclaimed after the battle of Malplaquet, 'Et Dieu, a-t-il donc oublié ce que j'ai fait pour lui?' Cromwell, at once an enthusiast and the most audacious and most cunning of dissemblers, after heaping murder on murder and violence on violence, found his conscience tranquillized, when in answer to his interrogatories a clergyman assured him, that a man who had once felt assured of the motions of grace within him, must be eternally blessed, let him have done what he would. "Then I am saved," cried the Protector joyfully, "for I know to a certainty that once, at least, I felt myself in a state of grace." Such are men! and therefore is it that human authority will never have weight with me, when it is not confirmed by my own judgement, exercised to the best of my power after mature reflection. Nay, were even all mankind opposed to me, it could not alter an opinion so formed. Thank God! we are all individual minds, and not sheep who must follow one leader. And what is universal opinion? One is

tempted to think it is only another name for universal error, so frequently does it alter. It seems to depend only on time and place. If you are born in Constantinople you swear by Mahomet; in the rest of Europe by Moses or Christ; in India, by Brama. Had you come into the world a subject of Augustus, you would have been a Pagan. In the Middle Ages you would have advocated fist-law (*Faust-recht*); and now you clamour for the liberty of the press, as the one thing without which it is impossible to exist*. You yourself, in the course of your short life,—how different is your being! how different your modes of thinking, as a child, as a youth, as an old man! Herder was right when he said, “No two drops of water are alike,—and yet you would give to all mankind the same belief!” We might add, No atom remains unchanged, and you would bid the human mind stand still!

Before the archbishop retired, he said to me in a most obliging manner, “You are, as you tell

* A Moor, who was a very enlightened man for his country, and resided a long time in England, said to Captain L——, “I should not like to serve so powerless a monarch as the king of England. How different a feeling it gives one to be the servant of a sovereign who is the image of God’s omnipotence on earth, at whose nod a thousand heads must fly like chaff before the wind!”—“Il n’y faut donc pas disputer des goûts.”

us, a bishop, consequently you owe obedience to the archbishop. I employ this my authority to command you to dine here tomorrow with your colleague the Bishop of Limerick, whom we expect today;—I must hear of no excuse.” I answered, taking up the jest, “I readily confess that it does not beseem me to withstand the discipline of the Church, and Your Grace* and the Dean, know so well how to sweeten obedience, that I submit the more willingly.”

I passed the evening in the society of the * * *. I have seldom found Protestant clergymen so frank and sincere as these Catholics. We came to the conclusion, that we must either receive blindly the hereditary faith the Church prescribes; or, if this be not in our power, form our own religious system as the result of individual thoughts and individual feelings,—which may rightly be called the religion of philosophers. The * * * spoke French most fluently, I therefore quote his own words: “Heureusement on peut en quelque sorte combiner l’un et l’autre; car, au bout du compte, il faut une religion positive au peuple.” “Et dites surtout,”

* ‘Your Grace’ is the title of Protestant archbishops in England, and is given by all well-bred people, by courtesy, also to the Catholic archbishops, although the English law does not recognise their rank.

replied I, "qu'il en faut une aux rois et aux prêtres; car aux uns elle fournit le 'par la grace de Dieu, et aux autres, de la puissance, des honneurs, et des richesses; le *peuple* se contenterait, peut-être, de bonnès lois et d'un gouvernement libre."

"Ah," interrupted he, "you think like Voltaire,

"Les prêtres ne sont pas ce qu'un vain peuple pense,
Et sa crédulité fait toute notre science."

"Ma foi," said I, "si tous les prêtres vous ressembraient je penserais bien autrement."

October 13th: Evening.

I was unfortunately unable to keep my word with my friendly Amphitryon. A 'megrim' confined me all day to my bed. The archbishop sent me word that he would cure me; and, if I would but bring firm^e faith, would be sure to drive away the headache-fiend by a well-applied exorcism. I was, however, obliged to reply, that this devil was not one of the most tractable, and that he respected no one but Nature, who sends and recalls him at her pleasure, which, alas! is seldom in less than four-and-twenty hours. I must therefore cut off even you, dearest Julia, with a few words.

October 14th.

'Après la pluie le soleil!' This day has in-

dennified me for the last. I was on horseback by six o'clock, on my way to breakfast at Captain S——'s country-house, where the sportsmen were to rendezvous for a hare-hunt. I found six or seven sturdy squires assembled: they do not think much, but their life is all the more gay and careless. After we had eaten and drank the most heterogeneous things,—coffee, tea, whisky, wine, eggs, beef-steaks, honey, mutton-kidneys, cakes, and bread and butter, one after another,—the company seated themselves on two large cars, and took the direction of the Galtee mountains; where, at a distance of about eight miles, the hounds and horses were waiting for us. The weather was fine, and the ride very pleasant, along a ridge of hills commanding a full view of the fruitful plain, inclosed by mountains and richly varied by a multitude of gentlemen's seats and ruins which are scattered over the whole level country. I enjoyed these beauties, as usual, alone; my companions had only dogs and horses in their heads. A spot was pointed out to me where a strange phænomenon, took place ten years ago. A bog which lay at a considerable elevation, forced up probably by subterranean springs, was completely loosened from its bottom, and travelled on in a mass, sixteen feet high and three or four acres in extent. It

moved on in a continual zigzag, according to the nature of the objects it encountered; and thus passed over a distance of nine miles till it reached the nearest river, into which it slowly discharged itself, causing an overflow of the waters. The rate of its progress was about three miles an hour. It laid waste everything in its course. Houses were levelled with the earth at its touch; trees torn up at once by the roots; the fields completely covered, and the valleys filled with bog. An immense multitude had assembled at the end of its course, without the power of offering the slightest resistance to the progress of this awful and majestic phenomenon.

On our arrival at the appointed place of meeting, the horses were there, but no dogs. There were, however, a great many gentlemen, and instead of hunting hares we now all traversed the fields in every direction in search of the stray hounds. The sort of riding on these occasions is a thing of which people in our country can form no idea. Although most of the fields are inclosed by stone hedges from three to six feet high, and either piled loosely together or regularly cemented, and some of them edged by ditches; or strong walls of earth and stones pointed at the top, from five to seven feet high, with a ditch on one, sometimes on both

sides;—all this is not admitted as any pretext whatever for the riders to deviate from a straight line. If I mistake not, I have already described to you how wonderfully the horses here leap; the sagacity is also admirable with which they distinguish a loose hedge from a firm one; one recently thrown up, from one hardened by time. The loose ones they spring over at one leap,—clear them, according to the technical expression; but they take the firm ones more easily, making a sort of halt at the top. All this takes place equally well in a full gallop, or, with the utmost coolness, at a foot pace, or with a very short run. Some gentlemen fell, but were only laughed at; for a man who does not break his neck on the spot must look for no pity, but on the contrary, ridicule. Others dismounted at very bad places, and their docile steeds leaped without them, and then stood still, grazing while their riders climbed over. I can assure you I very often thought I should be compelled to follow their example; but Captain S——, who knew the excellent horse on which he had mounted me, and was always by my side, encouraged me to trust with perfect security to the admirable creature; so that at the end of the day I had acquired a very considerable reputation even among ‘fox-hunters.’ Certainly it is only in Ire-

land one sees all that horses are capable of; the English are far behind them in this respect. Wherever a man could get through, my horse found means to do so in one way or other, leaping, crawling, or scrambling. Even in swampy places where he sank up to his girths, he laboured through without the least hurry or agitation, where a more lively and timorous horse, though equally strong, would certainly never have made his way. Such a horse on a field of battle would be beyond all price: but only very early and perfect training, joined to the excellence of the breed, can produce such an one. Experience shows that a peculiar bent of education, continued through centuries, ends in rendering the superinduced qualities natural even in animals. I saw pointers in England, which without any training, stood still and pointed as decidedly the first time they were taken out shooting, as if they had been ever so carefully trained.

The price of these admirable horses was extremely reasonable ten years ago, but since the English have begun to buy them for hunting, it is greatly raised, and an Irish hunter of the quality of the one I rode today would fetch from a hundred-and-fifty to two hundred guineas. At the Galway races I saw a celebrated blood-hunter, for which

Lord Cl—— had given the latter sum. He had won every 'steeple-chase' he had ever run; was as light as he was powerful, swift as the wind, a child could manage him, and no hedge was too high, no ditch too wide for him.

At length we found the dogs: the men who had the care of them having got, completely drunk. Our hunt did not end till the approach of twilight, It was become excessively cold, and the flickering fire, with the table spread before it, shone most agreeably upon us on our arrival at Captain S——'s house. A genuine sportsman's and bachelor's feast followed. There was no attempt at show or elegance. Glasses, dishes, and all the furniture of the table, were of every variety of form and date: one man drank his wine out of a liqueur glass, another out of a champagne glass, the more thirsty out of tumblers. One ate with his great-grandfather's knife and fork, his neighbour with a new green-handled one which the servant had just bought at Cashel fair. There were as many dogs as guests in the room: every man waited on himself; and the meats and potables were pushed on the table in abundance by an old woman and a heavy-fisted groom. The fare was by no means to be despised, nor the wine either, nor the potheen clandestinely distilled in the mountains, which I

here tasted for the first time genuine and unadulterated. For sweetening a pudding, two large lumps of sugar were handed about, and we rubbed them together as the savages do sticks for kindling fire. That the drinking was on a vast and unlimited scale you may safely presume: but though many at last could not speak very articulately, yet no one attempted anything indecorous or ill-bred; and the few who were much excited, enhanced the merriment by many a 'bon mot' or droll story.

I am indebted for the great cordiality, I might say enthusiasm, with which I am received here, to my visit to the 'Man of the People' with whom the curious believe me to be in God-knows-what connection. I am greeted with hurrahs in every village I ride through; and in Cashel, the market-place, in which my inn stands, is daily filled with people, who congregate at an early hour, and cheer me every time I go out. Many press forward and ask leave to shake my hand, (a no very gentle operation,) and are quite happy when they have accomplished this.

We rose from table very late. I was packed into my host's car with another gentleman, and set off for Cashel through an icy fog. Every individual ran out to my assistance. One would draw a pair of furred gloves on my hands; another

lent me a cloak; a third tied a handkerchief round my neck;—every man insisted on doing me some little service: and with many a ‘God bless his Highness!’ I was at length suffered to depart. The gentleman with me, Mr. O’R—, was the most original, and the most drunk of any. Equally bent on doing me some kindness, he invariably made the matter worse than he found it. He unfastened my cloak, in trying to fasten it; tore off my handkerchief, instead of tying it; and fell upon me, in his efforts to make room. His poetical humour displayed itself as characteristically when we reached the Rock of Cashel. It was dreadfully cold, and the cloudless firmament twinkled and glittered as if bestrewn with diamonds. Between the road and the rock, however, a thick mist lay along the earth, and covered the whole surrounding country as with a veil, though it did not rise higher than to the foot of the ruin. Its base was invisible, and it appeared as if it stood built on a cloud in the blue æther, and in the midst of the stars. I had been admiring this striking night-scene some time, when my neighbour, whom I thought asleep, suddenly cried aloud, “Ah, there is my glorious rock! look, how grand! and above all, the sacred place where all my ancestors repose, and where I ‘oo shall lie in peace!” After a pause he tried in a fit of greater ecstasy to stand

up, which but for me would probably have ended in his falling from the carriage. As soon as he was firm on his legs, he took off his hat reverently, and with a sort of devotion, at once affecting and burlesque, called out with tears in his eyes, "God bless Almighty God, and glory to him!" Notwithstanding the nonsense, I was touched by the feeling which broke through it, and in this at least I sympathized with my whole soul.

October 15th.

Lord H——, whom I knew in London, invited me to spend some days at his beautiful residence in this neighbourhood. This invitation I was obliged to refuse, but went today to dine with him. The well-kept pleasure-ground, and the excavation of a hollow for a little lake, recalled to me but too strongly the castle where you, my dear! are now living, to be able to look at it without emotion. When shall we see each other again! when shall we breakfast under the three lime-trees with the swans who so trustingly fed out of our hands, while your tame doves picked up the crumbs at our feet, and the little coco, surprised and jealous, looked at the audacious birds with his wise eyes, — a picture at which the 'blasé' man of the world shrugs his shoulders contemptuously, but which touches our hearts in all its native simplicity.

Lord H—— is not one of those Irish nobles who withdraw the whole of their revenues from their country; he sometimes resides there: but he understands his interest so ill, that instead of placing himself at the head of the people, he sets himself in opposition to them. The natural consequence ensues: Lord Llandaff, though a Protestant, is beloved;—Lord H—— is hated, though personally he does not appear to me to deserve it. I heard much of his excessive cruelties towards the Catholics, and I was indeed witness to his violent temper on this subject. I think, however, that in this case, as in so many others, the mere change of one's own point of view alters all the relations of things. This is a grand rule of the practical philosophy of life, and the effect is certain: for the objects are only raw material matter; everything depends on the manner in which the individual understands and shapes them. How many situations may thus be transformed from black into rose-coloured, as soon as one resolutely takes off the black spectacles, or puts on the rose-coloured ones. With what spectacles will you read my letter?— I hear your answer, and kiss you for it.

Heaven guard you, and keep you in this mind!

Your devoted L——.

LETTER V.

Ban——, October 17th, 1828.

DEAREST JULIA,

SINCE yesterday I have been an inhabitant of a pretty Gothic cottage at the foot of a mountain. From one of my windows I see fertile fields; from the other, wood, lake, and rocks. The master of the house is Mr. O'R——'s brother, who possesses besides this charming residence a very pretty wife, to whom I pay my court a little, for the gentlemen drink and hunt too much for my taste. The family estate would have naturally devolved on my whimsical friend; but as he was always rather a wild bird, who from his boyhood had a strong propensity for whiskey-punch and a joyous life, his father, having the disposal of it, left it to his youngest son. The brothers are nevertheless the best possible friends; and the light-hearted kindly nature of the eldest finds no wormwood in the wine which he drinks at his brother's table; while on the other side, the younger respects the poverty of his kindhearted and amusing elder (who gets regularly drunk every evening), and lets him want

for nothing. Such a connection does honour to both, the more, because at the father's death the lawyers were of opinion that the will might have been set aside. Both have doubtless acted with as much wisdom as kindness to leave it uncontested, and thus keep the oyster for themselves.

We passed the whole day in rambling about these magnificent mountain-paths. Others went out snipe-shooting, after which we sat *at the dinner table till two o'clock in the morning*. Very soon after the dessert was served, the ladies, as usual, left us: and now the drinking began in earnest. Coffee was brought very late; on the heels of which followed a stimulating 'souper' of 'devils' of all sorts,* raw oysters and pickles. This formed the prelude to potheen punch, of which several drank from twelve to sixteen large tumblers, whilst O'R—— kept the whole company 'in a roar of laughter' by his inexhaustible wit and mad tricks. Besides this, every man was forced to sing a song? I among the rest, a German one, of which nobody understood a word, but all were

* These, as my departed friend often declared, were remarkably well prepared in Ireland. They consist of poultry broiled dry, with Cayenne pepper, or served with a most burning and pungent sauce.—EDITOR (addressed to gourmands).

very politely delighted. At two, I retired; but all the others staid. As my chamber was unfortunately directly over them, it was long before I could sleep for their noise and laughter.

Oct. 18th.

You will wonder at the somewhat coarse and low life I led here, and to say the truth I wonder at it myself; but it is 'genuine,' that is to say, perfectly natural to these people, and nothing assumed; and that has ever a charm of its own, at least for me. Besides, the lady of the house is really charming, lively and graceful as a French-woman, with a foot like a zephyr.

This morning we hunted hares, and many a bold leap was taken. In the evening they produced the most celebrated piper of Ireland, Keans Fitzpatrick, called the King of the Pipers, having been honoured with the approbation of 'His most gracious Majesty King George the Fourth.' Indeed, the melodies which the blind minstrel draws from his strange instrument are often as surprising as they are beautiful, and his skill is equal to his highly polished and noble air. These pipers, who are almost all blind, derive their origin from remote antiquity. They are gradually fading away, for all that is old must vanish from the earth.

Oct. 19th.

In the course of the day we met two men of very suspicious appearance in a wood. My companion very coolly pointed them out to me as notorious robbers, who had managed, partly by cunning, partly by the general terror they inspired, to preserve their liberty;—another proof how defective is the government, and how entirely perverted are all the relations and sentiments of society; two things by which Ireland is specially characterized. Both of these men, who called themselves farmers because they rented a little bit of potatoe-field, were of a singularly striking and national aspect. The one, a slender man of about forty, handsome, with a wild but imposing physiognomy, was a highly picturesque figure even in his rags. Contempt of all danger was impressed upon his noble brow;—indifference to all disgrace played scornfully about his audacious mouth. His history confirmed the language of his features. He wore three or four military medals, which he had gained in the wars in Spain and France. In consequence of repeated proofs of his remarkable courage he had been raised to the rank of a non-commissioned officer, from which his disorderly conduct soon caused him to be degraded: he had then served a second time, again

distinguished himself, and again for the same reasons as before been disgraced, though not convicted of any capital offence.—He is now strongly suspected of being the leader of the band of robbers who infest the Galtees, and have committed several murders. His companion was in external appearance the complete reverse of him; he was, for an Irish farmer, unusually well clad, that is to say, in whole clothes; sixty years old, short and thick-set, and in his whole aspect almost like a quaker. In his sanctified countenance, however, lurked such an expression of cunning and of pitiless determination, that he appeared to me much more terrible than the other. He was prosecuted two years ago for forging bank-notes; and was very nearly convicted, when he was rescued from the gallows by a dexterous lawyer to whom he entrusted his case. With tears of gratitude he put fifty pounds into the hand of his deliverer, lamenting most pathetically that he could not requite him better. The advocate was satisfied with his success, and put the notes into his pocket-book. What was his indignation at finding that Paddy had paid him in the very notes from the consequences of the manufacture of which he had just saved him! When the Irish take a bad turn (and the only wonder is that they

do not all do so) they are the most dangerous people in the world; their most prominent qualities—courage, levity, and cunning,—are but too efficient in enabling them to dare every thing and to effect much.

Oct. 21st.

I had so often laid the hospitality of these worthy squires under contribution, that I was obliged 'en conscience' to make some return. I therefore invited them all to dine with me before my departure. In the morning I gave a cock-fight, 'car il faut hurler avec les loups'; then a concert of the great piper; then we had a ride; and lastly, 'grand festin, grande chère, et bon feu.' During our ride we came to a spot at which a magistrate named Baker was shot three years ago. He was a man exactly in the style of the Bailiffs (*Amtmänner*) in Iffland's Plays; only, alas! there was no noble character to thwart and counteract him. The day before his death, in discharging a man whom he had imprisoned for six weeks on a charge of suspected revolutionary practices, he publicly said, "Last month I sent you word that I wanted to speak to you;—you would not come. I have given you this little lesson for it, which I hope will make you more complying in future: if not, in six weeks more you shall swing; of that

you may rest assured!" The county was at that time under 'martial law', in consequence of some disturbances; and almost unlimited power was given to the local authorities, whose insolence and atrocity therefore knew no bounds. The immediate cause of Baker's death was of a kind which deprives one of all pity for him. He was indebted £500 to a dairyman, partly for articles supplied to his household, partly for money he had borrowed. This he had promised to pay as soon as the man found a suitable match for his daughter, whose portion the money was to be. In a few years this took place, and the dairyman humbly entreated to be paid. Baker, however, continually put him off under various pretences; and finding he could obtain nothing but vague promises, the poor fellow at length threatened him with an action, and set off for Cork to consult a lawyer. Taking advantage of his absence, Baker appeared the next day at his house, followed by a detachment of soldiers, and with infernal hypocrisy asked his wife, then pregnant of her seventh child, whether she knew of any concealed arms, and told her that her husband was strongly accused of having secreted some. The woman answered without fear or hesitation, that she was sure no such thing existed in her house; that

her husband would never have anything to do with such plots ; as Mr. Baker himself, who was an old acquaintance, well knew. "Take care what you say," said Baker ; "for if anything is found after you have denied it, you are subject to transportation for life." The woman persisted in her denial. "Well, then, at your peril be it," said he. "Soldiers, search the house thoroughly, and bring me word what you find." They found nothing ; but a second search being made, under Baker's own superintendence, a loaded pistol was produced by some man, who pretended to have found it under some straw ; into which it was always suspected Baker himself had just thrust it. The woman was immediately dragged away, and being regarded as convicted by the presence of the corpus delicti, was, after a short trial, sentenced to transportation. In a few days her husband returned, and moved heaven and earth to obtain her pardon. In vain did he entreat that at least he might be suffered to go to Botany Bay instead of his unhappy wife, the pregnant mother of six children. He offered to give Baker the 500*l.* But this fiend remained inexorable, jeeringly reminding the despairing husband "that he wanted the money to portion off his daughter, who," he added, "might now keep house for him,

if after the consequences of the search he had still any house to keep. That he need not trouble himself about his wife's travelling expenses, for that the Government would generously provide for them." The law had its course; the poor woman was transported, and is perhaps now at Port Jackson. The husband, made furious by despair, and joined by her brothers and two other men, shortly after avenged her, by Baker's cruel death. They fell upon him in the open fields, hunted him like a wild beast, and killed him slowly by a number of shots. All were taken and hanged.

¶ Tales of horror like this were formerly of daily occurrence in this unhappy land, and even now have not entirely ceased. That such a contrast should exist between England and Ireland, and under the same Government too; that it should be suffered to endure for centuries, is indeed afflicting to every philanthropic mind. Unbridled bigotry, and rapacity unwilling to disgorge any part of its former prey, are the causes; — six millions of human beings the victims.

I have nothing remarkable to relate concerning my dinner-party: it was like its predecessors, and lasted far too long.

It was formerly the custom to give parties, of which the sole and avowed object was desperate

drinking,—a fashion which is comparatively fallen into disuse. It was a common thing for a man to lock himself into a room with a hogshead of wine and some jolly companions, and not to leave it till the last drop was emptied. Barrington mentions such a party in his memoirs. It was given in a shooting lodge, in which the wall had been covered with mortar only the day before, and was of course still wet. Here the company were locked in with a pipe of claret, just arrived from France; and when some of them who had tumbled against the wall, awoke in the morning from their night's debauch, they found themselves so thoroughly identified with it that they were obliged to be cut away, some with the loss of their clothes and others of their hair.

After my guests had exhausted their store of anecdotes, which were not precisely of a kind to entertain you with, they resorted to all sorts of practical jokes and 'tours de force.' One of these was quite new to me. It is an experiment which anybody may try, and it struck me as curious enough. The wildest and fiercest game-cock may be rendered motionless, and compelled to lie in deathlike stillness, as long as you please, by simply laying him on a table, with his beak close to a white line drawn across it. Nothing is

necessary but first to draw this line with chalk, then to take the cock in your hands and lay him on the table with his beak turned towards it. You press him down and there he will lie as if bound by some spell; his beak stretched out, and his eyes immoveably fixed on the white line, till you take him away. The experiment must be tried by candle-light.

‘Voilà de grandes bagatelles, mais à la guerre comme à la guerre.’

Oct, 22nd.

As Fitzpatrick the piper, whom I had sent for to my party yesterday, was still in the town, I had him come to play ‘privatim’ in my room while I breakfasted, and observed his instrument more accurately. It is, as you know, peculiar to Ireland, and contains a strange mixture of ancient and modern times. The primitive simple bag-pipe is blended with the flute, the oboe, and some tones of the organ and of the bassoon: altogether it forms a strange but pretty complete concert. The small and elegant bellows which are connected with it are fastened to the left arm by means of a ribbon, and the leathern tube communicating between them and the bag lies across the body; while the hands play on an upright pipe with holes like a flageolet, which forms the

end of the instrument, and is connected with four or five others joined together like a colossal Pan's pipe. During the performance, the right arm moves incessantly backwards and forwards on the body, in order to fill the bellows. The opening of a valve brings out a deep humming sound, which forms an 'unisono' accompaniment to the air. By this agitation of his whole body, while his fingers were busied on the pipes I have described, Fitzpatrick produced tones which no other instrument could give out. The sight, in which you must picture to yourself the handsome old man with his fine head of snow-white hair, is most original and striking; it is, if I may say so, tragi-comic. His bagpipe was very splendidly adorned, the pipes were of ebony ornamented with silver, the ribbon embroidered, and the bag covered with flame-coloured silk fringed with silver.

I begged him to play me the oldest Irish airs wild compositions, which generally begin with a plaintive and melancholy strain like the songs of the Slavonic nations, but end with a jig, the national dance, or with a martial air. One of these melodies gave the lively representation of a fox-hunt, another seemed to me borrowed from the *Hunters' Chorus* in the *Freischütz*; it was five

hundred years older. ‘Les beaux esprits se rencontrent dans tous les ages.’

After playing some time, the venerable piper suddenly stopped, and said smiling, with singular grace, “It must be already well known to you, noble Sir, that the Irish bagpipe yields no good tones when sober : it requires the evening, or the stillness of night, joyous company, and the delicious fragrance of steaming whiskey-punch. Permit me, therefore, to take my leave.”

I offered such a present as I thought worthy of this fine old man, whose image will always float before me as a true representative of Irish nationality.

With Fitzpatrick I take my leave of you, dearest Julia, to set out on my return to Dublin, whence I calculate on dispatching my next letter to you.

Your faithful L——.

LETTER VI.

Dublin, October 24th, 1828.

GOOD AND DEAR FRIEND,

AFTER leading a half savage life so long, the tameness of the city appears quite strange. I can now imagine the home-sickness of the North American Indians, even the most civilized of whom always return to their woods at last. Freedom has such a matchless charm.

Yesterday, after dinner, I left Cashel, taking Captain S——'s brother in the carriage with me. While daylight lasted we saw at least twenty ruins, far and near. One of the most beautiful stands at the foot of an isolated hill, Killough Hill, called the garden of Ireland, because, according to the popular tradition, every indigenous plant in Ireland is to be found on it. The cause of this unwonted fertility is, that it was formerly the summer residence of the fairy queen, whose gardens bloomed here. The soil still retains some portion of its wondrous virtues. The ruin has likewise one of the mysterious slender round towers without any entrance. Some few of them

have an opening or door, not at the bottom, however, but in the middle. It is impossible to conceive a more romantic watch-tower for the fairy hill. The weather was remarkably mild and beautiful, and the full moon so brilliant that I could read with perfect ease in my carriage. We slept, nevertheless, through a great part of the night.

I found a letter from you in Dublin;—a thousand thanks for all the kindness and affection towards me which it contains. Do not be too anxious as to the situation of your friend. Tell her she must act as necessity requires, avert what can be averted, postpone inevitable evil as long as possible, but always bear calmly what is actually present. This at least is my philosophy. Your quotation from Madame de Sevigné amused me extremely. Her letters are certainly extraordinary; repeating the same things, and those trivial enough, through volume after volume; yet by the new turn she continually gives them, always entertaining, sometimes bewitching; depicting court, city and country with equal grace; taking a somewhat affected love for the most insignificant of women as her main theme, yet never wearying: these were certainly conditions which no one but herself could have fulfilled. She is not in the least degree romantic, nor was

she, while living, remarkably distinguished; but she is, without question, the best-bred model, 'du ton le plus parfait.' Without doubt she also possessed 'good temper,' bestowed by nature, ennobled and refined by art. Art is at least visible throughout; and probably her letters, which she knew were eagerly read by many, were carefully polished, and were calculated as much for society as for her daughter; for the admirable lightness of her style betrays much more of care than the 'épanchement' of the moment permits. The representation of the manners of the day has a considerable effect in heightening the interest of the letters; but I doubt whether such letters written now would enjoy equal success. We are become both too serious and too avaricious. 'Les jolis riens ne suffisent plus.' We want excitement, and violent excitement. Where a giant like Byron appears, little prettinesses sink into insignificance.

I was just now reading, in his works,—for I never travel without them. I fell upon the description of a scene precisely like many I have lately witnessed. In what elevated language did I find my own feelings expressed! I translate it for you as well as I can, in a sort of poetic prose, and as literally as possible:—

Der Himmel wändelt sich!—Welch ein Wechsel! O Nacht—
 Und Sturm und Finsterniss, wohl seyd ihr wundermächtig!
 Doch lieblich Eure Macht—dem Lichte gleich,
 Daß aus dem dunklen Aug. des Weibes bricht.—Weithin
 Von Gipfel zu Gipfel, die schmetternden Felsen entlang
 Springt der eilende Donner. Nicht die einsame Wolke al-
 lein,

Jeder Berg hat eine Zunge gefunden,
 Und Jura sendet durch den Nebelvorhang Antwort
 Zurück, dem lauten Zuruf der jubelnden Alpen.

Das ist eine Nacht!—o herrliche Nacht!

Du wurdest nicht gesandt für Schlummer. Lass auch mich
 Ein Theilnehmer seyn an Deiner wilden, fernhin schallenden
 Freude

Ein Theil vom Sturme—und ein Theil deiner selbst—
 Wie der See erleuchtet glänzt—gleich dem phosphorischen
 Meer!

Und die vollen Regentropfen—wie sie herabtanzen auf seine
 Wellen!

Und nun wird Alles wieder schwarz—und von neuem
 Hallt der Berge Chorus wieder, in lauter Lust,
 Als säng' er Triumph über eines jungen Erdbebens Geburt*!

„Is not that beautiful?“ What true poetic feeling!
 What a pity that we have no good translation of
 his works. Göthe alone were able to give a per-
 fectly satisfactory version of them,—if he were
 not occupied in creating what equals them in

* The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh night,
 And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
 Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,

grandeur, and surpasses them in lightness, grace and sweetness.

October 25th.

I called yesterday at the Lord Lieutenant's house in the Phoenix Park. He invited me to dine with him today. The party was brilliant. He is beloved in Ireland for his impartiality, and for the favour he has always shown to the cause of emancipation. His exploits as a general officer are well known, and no man has a more graceful and polished address in society. A more perfect work of art than his false leg I never saw. The Marquis, although not young, has still a very fine person, and his artificial leg and foot rival the other 'à s'y méprendre.' The only thing which

From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
 Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
 And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
 Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night:—Most glorious night!
 Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
 A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
 A portion of the tempest and of thee!
 How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
 And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
 And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glea
 Of the loud hills-shakes with its mountain-mirth,
 As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth!

betrays it, is some little difficulty in walking. On the whole, I know few Englishmen who have so good a 'tournure' as the present Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. When he resides in the city, a very rigid etiquette, like that of a little court, is observed; but in the country he lives like a private gentleman. The power and dignity of a Lord Lieutenant are considerable as representative of the King; but he holds them only at the pleasure of the ministry. Among other privileges he has that of creating ^{Knights} ~~Baronets~~; and in former times ^{and} inn-keepers, and men even less qualified, have received that dignity. When his functions cease he gains no accession of rank by the past performance of them. His salary during his continuance in office is 50,000*l.* per annum, and a residence free of charge; so that he can very well lay by his own income. This, however, the present Lord Lieutenant does not appear disposed to do: his establishment is very liberal and splendid. He is surrounded too by very interesting men, who unite extreme good breeding with frankness and cordiality, and seem to judge of party questions with moderation and good sense. From what I have said, it may safely be presumed that Lord Anglesea's residence here will not be of long duration; and indeed I heard some hint

to that effect. As he suffers dreadfully from Tic-douloureux, I recommended H— to him, as a person remarkable for cures of that complaint, and gave his physician the book in which he treats of it. The Marquis said, smiling, "I shall find no difficulty in obtaining leave of absence;" at the same time casting a significant glance on his private secretary. This confirmed me in the surmise I have just expressed. It will be a great calamity for Ireland, who rejoices in the new and unaccustomed blessing of a governor who views the disgusting religious dissensions by which she has so long been torn, with the eye of a philosopher.

Before I drove to the Phoenix Park I attended divine worship in a Catholic chapel. It is a handsome building: the interior is a large oval, with a colonnade of Ionic pillars running round it, surmounted by a beautiful dome, and an excellent alto-relievo in the arched roof above the altar: it represents the Ascension. The figure and expression of our Saviour are peculiarly admirable. The fancy of the artist has placed him before us such as we must imagine him. The Catholics affirm that they possess genuine portraits of Christ. Indeed, in the south of Germany I once saw an

advertisement of a collection of genuine portraits of God Almighty.

The chief altar stands quite alone, and is of a simple and beautiful form : it is of white marble, and was made in Italy. The slab on the top and the base are of dark marble. The front façade is divided into three compartments, on the middle is a monstrous pyx of gold bronze, and on each side bas-reliefs of praying angels.

Above, on the centre of the altar, stands a magnificent temple of splendid gems and gold, in which the real pyx is kept, and near it two no less magnificent golden candlesticks. On each side of the altar stands a tripod, supported by angels with folded wings ; on the tablet at the top are placed the Host and the wine. The details are executed in the best possible taste, and a grand simplicity reigns through the whole. From the roof hangs a massive silver chain, supporting an antique lamp of the same metal, which is kept perpetually burning. It is, certainly one of the most beautiful institutions of the Catholic religion, that some churches stand open day and night to all who long for communion with Heaven. In Italy I scarcely ever went to rest without visiting one of these ; and giving myself up to the

wondrous effect produced in the stillness of night by the red fantastic light thrown on the vaulted roof by the few scattered lamps, I never failed to find some solitary figure, kneeling in supplicating reverence before one of the altars, busied only with his God and himself, and utterly unmindful of all that passed around. In one of these churches stood the gigantic statue of St. Christopher, leaning against the middle pillar, and touching the roof with his head. On his shoulders was his heavy burthen, the miraculous child; and in his hand, as a staff, a full-grown trunk of a tree, with fresh green boughs, which were renewed every month. The light of a lamp suspended above, surrounded the infant Christ with a glory, and threw some rays, as if in benediction, upon the pious giant.

When I compare the Catholic service as it is performed here, with that of the English Protestant church, I must unquestionably prefer the former. It may perhaps contain some superfluous ceremonies, some which even border on the burlesque, such as the tossing about of the censers, the continual shifting of dresses, &c.; but still this form of worship has a sort of antique grandeur which imposes and satisfies. The

music was excellent; the singers very good, and, which amazingly enhanced the effect, invisible. Some Protestants call this a taint of sensuality; but I cannot discover why the scream of an unmusical Lutheran congregation, which rends one's ears, should be more pious than good music, executed by people who have been well taught*. Even with a view to the contents of the sermon, the comparison was greatly to the advantage of the Catholic church. While the Protestant congregation at Tuam was entertained with miracles, swine, and evil spirits, the discourse here was purely moral and practical. The eloquent preacher had taken envy as his subject, and said among other excellent remarks, "If you would know whether you are entirely free from this crime, so afflicting to humanity, so degrading to the individual who cherishes it,—examine yourselves thoroughly, whether you never experienced an unquiet and dissatisfied feeling at the constant and growing prosperity of another; whether you never felt a slight satisfaction at the tidings that

* Much has lately been done towards improving, I might say humanizing, the music in the churches in Prussia; and the influence of this improvement on the congregations has been universally found to be very beneficial.—EDITOR.

some mischance had happened to a fortunate neighbour? This is a serious inquiry, and few will make it earnestly without advantage.”

The way in which every one reads silently in his prayer-book, while the sublime music elevates the soul, and withdraws it from the earthly and trivial, appears to me far preferable to the loud responses and prayers of the Anglican church. During this interval of silent veneration, little heed is given to the ceremonies, the change of raiment, or the incensing the priests. But even allowing for these slight blemishes, the Catholic church strikes the mind, as a whole, as something congruous and harmonious with itself, and venerable from its antiquity and its consistency: the English Protestant church, on the contrary, as something patch-work, incongruous, and unconnected. In connection with the German church (of course I mean as it is understood by such men as Krug and Paulus), these two establishments might be likened to three individuals who were in a magnificent place, affording every variety of enjoyment, and of valuable information; but shut out from God's sun and his beautiful open creation by a high wall. The first of the three was satisfied with the glitter of the jewels and the light of the tapers, and never cast one

wistful glance toward the few chinks in the wall which admitted some glimpse of daylight. The other two were restless and dissatisfied; they felt that there was something still better and fairer abroad, and determined to get over the high wall, cost what it would. Well provided with everything they thought they should want, they began this great undertaking. They had many perils, many inconveniences to encounter, but at length they reached the top. Here, indeed, they could behold the sun's radiant countenance, but clouds often concealed it, and the beautiful green of the meadows beneath was often deformed by weeds and thorns, amidst which terrible wild beasts roamed prowling about. But nothing could daunt the second of the three, nor turn him from his enterprise; his intense desire for freedom conquered all fear and all doubt: unhesitatingly, he let himself down into the new world, and as he left everything behind him that he might be perfectly unimpeded, he soon disappeared within the sacred inclosure. As to the third, he remains still sitting on the wall, between heaven and earth; still living on the food, and delighting in the finery he brought with him from below, and unable to wean himself from it, though the rays of the sun, which now fall uninterrupted on the false tinsel,

shows it in all its worthlessness. Like the ass in the fable, he hesitates between the two bundles of hay, without knowing which to prefer. Backward he cannot go, and he has not courage to go forward; the flesh-pots of Canaan detain him where he is—so long as they last.

October 27th.

If I do not choose to make '*allogria*,' that is to talk of things which have nothing to do with my travels or my residence here, living in the world will make my letters very barren. I could draw out a scheme or formula and have it lithographed, leaving a few blanks to be filled *ad libitum*. For instance, "Rose late, and out of humour. Walked, rode, or drove out to make visits. Dined with Lord —, or Mr. —; dinner good, or bad; conversation, common places. Evening, a tiresome party, rout, ball, or above all, amateur concert. N.B. My ears still ache." In London, might be added, as a standing remark, "The crowd nearly suffocated me, and the heat was greater than on the highest bench of a Russian vapour bath. Physical exertion today = 5 degrees (reckoning a fox-hunt at 20), intellectual profit therefrom = 0. Result, '*Diem perdidit*.'"

It is not quite so bad here: in this season the fatigue one has to undergo does not exceed that

of a large German town; but there are a great superabundance of invitations which one cannot civilly refuse. For how truly can I say with the English poet, "How various are the feelings of guests in that world which is called great and gay, but which is the most melancholy and tedious of any to those who cannot share in its gaiety!"

October 28th.

I am just returned from a dinner-party, in which there was rather a provincial tone, but no want of pretension. Some things were comical enough; but the worst of it is, one buys a little laughing with such a quantity of ennui. The dinner too was a real 'mystification' for a 'gourmet,' and the house and park correspond with it:

My propitious star placed me at table next to Lord P——, a celebrated political character, who has taken his stand on the good and noble side, and has remained faithful to the cause of emancipation. It gave me great pleasure to find that his views of things agreed so perfectly with those which I had been led to entertain from my own observations on the spot. One of his expressions struck me by its 'naïveté.' I remarked to him, that from what I saw, even emancipation could do little good; for that the real evil was, that the

soil was the property of an aristocracy, whose interests would always lead them to reside in England; and above all, the sums which were extorted from the poor Catholics by the Protestant church. So long as this remained unaltered, I saw no hope of any better state of things.

“Yes,” replied he; “but to alter *that* is impossible. If the Protestant clergy were deprived of their wealth they would lose all their importance.” “How can that be?” replied I, laughing. “Is it possible that virtue, mild instruction, and pious devotion to the duties of his office, would not ensure to a clergyman, even of the highest rank, more respect with a moderate income than immoderate luxury; or are 20,000*l.* a-year really necessary to make a Bishop or Archbishop appear decently in society?” “My dear Sir,” answered Lord P——, “such a thing may exist and maintain itself abroad, but will never do in Old England, where, above all, money, and *much* money, is required and necessary to obtain respectability and consideration.” This remark was not applied to the aristocracy; but it is not the less true that money is essential to its very existence, although it now affects, with no little display of haughtiness, to estimate noble birth far above mere wealth.

Lady M——, who was present, entertained the company as usual by her wit. She amused me with some diverting anecdotes * * * * *

It is remarkable, that in no country does one meet half so many old maids as in England; and very frequently they are rich. Their excessive pride of wealth, which leads them to think no rank and greatness sufficient for them, or the exaggerated romantic notions in which they are brought up, are the causes of this phænomenon. English girls insist on being loved entirely and solely for themselves. French women make no such pretension, judging rightly enough, that this devoted affection will grow out of marriage, where there are the qualities fitted to produce it; and that where these do not exist, it will not endure, whatever the lover may say or believe to the contrary. The English, like true Turks, keep the intellects of their wives and daughters in as narrow bounds as possible, with a view of securing their absolute and exclusive property in them as much as possible, and in general their success is perfect*. A foreigner serves as an amusement,

* Nothing can be a more astonishing proof of the difficulty of comparing the moral and intellectual character of two

a plaything to Englishwomen, but always inspires them with some degree of fear and reserve. It is extremely rare for them to bestow as much of their confidence upon him as upon a countryman. They regard him as a half atheist, or a superstitious worshiper of Baal, and sometimes amuse themselves with attempting to convert him. I do not speak here of the London Exclusives; they give the same result as the rubbing together of all colours,—none remains.

October 29th.

The beautiful weather tempted me out into the country. I rode about, the whole day, and saw two fine seats, Malahide and Howth. They have one peculiarity in common; both have remained

countries than this remark. Every Englishman accustomed to the cultivated society of his own country, must be struck by the extraordinary inferiority of German female education, in proportion to the high superiority of that of men. The solution is probably this:—The Author was chiefly confined to fashionable society here, and mixed little with the more instructed classes. In Germany, it is precisely the women of the middling classes who are so lamentably deficient in education,—a defect, of course, there as everywhere attributable to those who govern their destiny, and who profess sentiments even more unworthy than those here attributed to Englishmen. The motive ascribed to the latter is surely more strong and more noble than the desire of possessing a thorough cook or a contented drudge.—TRANSL.

for nine hundred years in the possession of the same family, which no English seat that I have seen or heard of can boast. Malahide has also an historical interest, for it belongs to the Talbots; and the armour of the celebrated warrior, with the mark of a blow from a partisan on the breast, is preserved here. One half of the castle is extremely old, the other was demolished by Cromwell, and rebuilt in the antique style. In the former part they showed me chairs five hundred years old, and a room in which the rich 'boiserie', the carved ceiling and the floor, all of black oak, had remained unchanged for seven hundred years. The new part contains many interesting pictures. There is a portrait of the Duchess of Portsmouth, so lovely that I almost envied Charles the Second even in his grave, the glory of making her a Duchess. An old picture of Mary Stuart, although represented at an advanced period of her life, confirmed me in my conviction of the resemblance of the portrait of this unfortunate and beautiful queen, which I saw in the County Wicklow. I looked with interest at a scene at the court of Madrid, with a portrait of the king seated in great solemnity in a scarlet robe; Charles the First, as Prince of Wales, dancing rather 'légèrément' a minuet with the Infanta; and the gay,

seducing Buckingham magnificently dressed, and paying assiduous court to one of the ladies of honour.

Howth Castle, belonging to the St. Lawrence family, and inhabited by Lord Howth, who is no absentee, has been more modernized, and with no happy effect. The Grecian portico accords but ill with the small Gothic windows and the high gables. Here likewise the sword and armour of a celebrated ancestor with a romantic name is carefully preserved. He was called Sir Armoricus Tristram, and in the year 1000 gave battle to the Danes on this spot, and I think lost his life. The antique stables were full of noble hunters. Lord Howth's hounds are also very celebrated. On my return I went to the theatre, where Ducrow, the English Franconi, ennobles his art by his admirable representation of animated statues. This is a high enjoyment to a lover of art, and far surpasses the 'Tableaux' which are in such favour on the continent. When the curtain draws up, you see a motionless statue on a lofty pedestal in the centre of the stage. This is Ducrow; and it is hardly credible how an elastic dress can fit so exquisitely and so perfectly represent marble, only here and there broken by a bluish vein. He appeared first as the Hercules Farnese. With

the greatest skill and precision he then gradually quitted his attitude, advancing from one gradation to another, of display of strength; but at the moment in which he presented a perfect copy of the most celebrated statues of antiquity, he suddenly became fixed as if changed to marble. Helmet, sword, and shield, were now given to him, and transformed him in a moment into the wrathful Achilles, Ajax, and other Homeric heroes. Then came the Discobolus and others, all equally perfect and true. The last was the attitude of the fighting Gladiator, succeeded by a masterly representation of the dying Gladiator. This man must be an admirable model for painters and sculptors: his form is faultless, and he can throw himself into any attitude with the utmost ease and grace. It struck me how greatly our unmeaning dancing might be ennobled, if something like what I have described were introduced, instead of the absurd and vulgar hopping and jumping with which we are now entertained. It gave me pain to see this fine artist (for he certainly merits no less a name) ride nine horses at once, in the character of a Chinese sorcerer; drive twelve at once in that of a Russian courier; and lastly, go to bed with a poney dressed as an old woman.

I must now bid you good night, and good-bye for some days. Tomorrow morning early this letter will go by post.

Your faithful

LETTER VII.

Dublin, Oct. 30th, 1828.

DEAREST JULIA,

OH what reproaches! However, three letters at once are a compensation for everything. I read the news from home till I nearly appeased my appetite for it, and can hardly express my gratitude to you

* * * * *

You are indeed right; such an ally as you would be of great use to me. Governess Prose would have kept Poetry better within bounds; and the boy who never grows old, and whose nature it is to play with gay soap-bubbles, would perhaps, under the guidance of a sage Mentor, have tried to pluck some more solid earthly fruit, instead of grasping at the rainbow balls. 'Mais tout ce qui est, est pour le mieux!' Let us never forget this axiom. Voltaire was wrong to turn it into jest; and Pangloss was really in the right. This persuasion can alone console us under all afflictions; and for myself, I confess it is the essence of my religion.

Your letter No. 1. is wisdom and goodness

itself: but, dear Julia, as far as the former is concerned, it is powder and shot thrown away upon me. I am too much—what shall I call it?—a man of feeling and impulse, and shall never be wise, *z. e.* prudent in a worldly sense. But I am so much the more accessible to kindness,—yours only excepted; the measure of which, is already so full and overflowing, that not a drop more can find entrance into my heart. With this full heart you must once for all be satisfied; your poor friend can give you no more. But is it possible that you can find room for fears that these two years of absence can have changed me towards you? that I may no longer find in you what I formerly found;—and so on. Do you know what the English would call this?—‘Nonsense.’ That I can wish nothing more intensely than to see you again, my unwearied correspondence might surely convince you; but you quite forget that

* * * * *

How often have I told you that I am not suited to the world! My defects as well as my merits, nay even the intellectual character which you imagine you find in me, are only so many stumbling-blocks in my way. A man who is intelligent, somewhat poetical, good-natured and sincere, is commonly awkward and ill at ease in every-day society. Like

all those,—to use the words of an English writer, —whose feelings and affections paralyze their advantages, I do not find out till too late what was the prudent and discreet course: “an artless disposition,” continues the Englishman, “which is ill adapted to enter the lists with the cunning and the cold selfishness of the world.” I know a distinguished man, a hundredfold my superior, who in this respect is in the same predicament, and who continually laments that he has been transformed from a poet into a statesman. “I ought to have ended my life as I began it,” said he; “wandering about the world unknown, and rejoicing undisturbed in the beauty and grandeur of God’s works; or remote from men, shut up in my study, alone with my books, my fancy, and my faithful dog.”*

Oct. 31st.

I spent a very pleasant evening today at Lady M——’s. The company was small, but amusing, and enlivened by the presence of two very pretty

* We ought perhaps to apologize for suffering this and other similar passages to be printed. But whoever has read thus far, must interest himself in some degree for or against the Author: and in either case these unrestrained judgements upon himself cannot be wholly unwelcome to the reader who likes what is characteristic. Those who like only facts, may easily pass them over.—EDITOR.

friends of our hostess, who sang in the best Italian style. I talked a great deal with Lady M—— on various subjects, and she has talent and feeling enough always to excite a lively interest in her conversation. On the whole, I think I did not say enough in her favour in my former letter; at any rate, I did not then know one of her most charming qualities,—that of possessing two such pretty relatives.

The conversation fell upon her works, and she asked me how I liked her *Salvator Rosa*? “I have not read it,” replied I; “because” (I added by way of excusing myself, *‘tant bien que mal’*) “I like your fictions so much, that I did not choose to read anything historical from the pen of the most imaginative of romance writers.” “O, that is only a romance,” said she; “you may read it without any qualms of conscience.” “Very well,” thought I; “probably that will apply to your travels too,—” but this I kept to myself. “Ah,” said she, “believe me, it is only ennui that sets my pen in motion; our destiny in this world is such a wretched one that I try to forget it in writing.” (Probably the Lord Lieutenant had not invited her, or some other great personage had failed in his engagement to her, for she was quite out of spirits.) “What a fearful puzzle is this world,”

said she: "Is there a presiding Power or not? And if there be one, and he were malevolent! what a horrible idea!" "But in Heaven's name," replied I, "how can a woman of sense, like you,—forgive me,—utter such nonsense?" "Ah, I know well enough all that you can say on that subject," said she; "certainly, no man can give me." This obscurity in a most acute mind was unintelligible to me, even in a woman. ('Ne vous en fachez pas, Julie!')

Lady M——'s husband, formerly a physician, now a philosopher and author, and what the French call 'un bon homme,' affecting moreover the man of taste and judgement, gave me a book of his, containing a thoroughly materialist system of philosophy: there are, however, some good things in it, and it has altogether more merit than I should have expected from the author. I was busied in reading it half the night. From the unconnected and daring character of the whole, I however concluded either that Lady M—— had written a considerable portion of it herself, or at least that these views of things had thrown her mind into such a state of doubt and confusion, that she had actually imagined the question whether God might not possibly be malevolent. Your celebrated people are but men like others, Heaven knows!—

scholars and statesmen, philosophers and poets. At every acquaintance of this sort that I make, I think of Oxenstierna, who, when his young son expressed some hesitation and diffidence as to the part he should play at the Congress of Münster in the presence of so many great and wise men, replied with a smile, "Ah, my son, depart in peace, and see by what manner of men the world is governed!"

Nov. 1st.

'Les Catholiques me font la cour ici.' The * * * sent me word through his wife, that as I was a lover of their church music, I should go to their chapel today, where the choir would be remarkably full and good, and he himself was to perform the service. I heard indeed some magnificent vocal music, (in which female voices took part,) accompanied only by some few notes of a powerful organ. It was a high enjoyment, this sublime music, which filled the soul with a fullness of delight, and raised it on its soft wings above the cares of this lower world, while the whole congregation knelt in reverent supplication.

You will begin to think, dear Julia, that I intend to imitate the Duke of C——, and turn Catholic. And to say the truth, the motives which lead to such a change do not appear to me wholly

absurd. Protestantism,—such Protestantism as we commonly find,—is not a whit more rational, and far less poetical and attractive to the senses, I am fully persuaded, however, that a new Luther or a new Messiah is at hand, and will help us through all our difficulties and doubts: then we shall not need to cast a look behind us;—till then, I can quite imagine that many may find more consistency, at least, in the Catholic faith. It is no imperfect half-idolatry, but perfect and consistent,—a ladder descending from heaven to earth, whose last steps are those deified creatures, those kind sympathizing saints of both sexes, who are so near to us, and who know so well our human wishes, emotions, and passions!

* * * * *

When the priest and the acolytes toss about the censers; when the bishop every minute puts on a fresh embroidered garment,—now standing still before the altar, now running forwards, then backwards, then touching the ground with his forehead, and at length turning himself about like a weather-cock with the pyx, and then keeping his eyes fixed upon it as upon a microscope,—I am perfectly prepared to hear any of the miracles, wonders, or monstrous absurdities with which religion has been overlaid. But when a man in

simple garb, and quiet reasonable appearance, gets up and speaks to me of patience, of purity, of eternal truth and eternal love, and then goes on to ascribe to the God of justice and of love, and to his noblest and purest interpreter on earth, fables and atrocities which shock every sound and unperverted understanding, and then requires me to receive them as something holy and divine, —I turn disgusted from such hypocrisy or such folly. A bigot may reply, Your sound understanding is no measure for the ways or the works of God. To which I answer, But *your* God is a human being; and our understanding and our reason, with our knowledge of external nature, and the experience thence derived, are the only true and genuine revelation of God, of which we are all sharers, and which no one can doubt. Man is so formed by nature, that it is his inevitable destiny for ever to carry on through these means his own education, for ever to advance in the career of improvement. Thus Christianity was a consequence of this progressive civilization; as were at an earlier period the Mosaic law, and at a later the Reformation, and its second act the French Revolution. Its latest results are the universal liberty of thought and of printing which have sprung from the latter event, and all that is now preparing by their more

tranquil but so much the more certain operation. In every case we find only the results of the same gradual civilization. No man can know the highest point which this civilization will reach; but be that point what it may, it must always retain its human character, and be furthered by human means.

Nov. 2nd.

My last and longest visit this morning was to the sweet girls I met at Lady M——'s. I took them some Italian music, which they sang like nightingales, and with a total absence of all pretension and all affectation. Their father is a distinguished physician; and like most of the 'doctors' of eminence here, a 'Baronet' or 'Knight,' a title which is not esteemed a mark of nobility in England, although some families of great antiquity and consideration bear it. There are, however, Creti and Pleti, as among our lower nobility. A Baronet is generally called not by his family, but by his Christian name; as Sir Charles, Sir Anthony; as in Vienna they say, Graf Tinterle, K^urst Muckerle, and so on. The medical Knight of whom I now speak, received his title in consequence of the establishment of excellent baths, and is a very interesting man. His wife seemed to me still more remarkable for talent. She is

very superior to her celebrated relative in accurate tact and judgement, and possesses an extraordinary power of mimicry, whose comic bent does not always spare her own family. The daughters, though perfectly different, are both very original; the one in the gentle, the other in the wild 'genre'. I always call her Lady M——'s 'wild Irish girl': All three have a characteristic nationality*, and indeed have never quitted Ireland.

In the evening Lady M—— told me that the translations of her works, which were often so bad as to destroy the sense, were a source of great vexation to her. In her Letters on Italy for instance, where she says of the Genoese "They bought the scorn of all Europe," the translator read for *scorn*, *corn*, and wrote, 'Gênes dans ce temps achetait tout le blé de l'Europe.'

Nov. 3rd.

I rose early, and went to the window, when a genuine Irish scene presented itself to my eyes; such a one as no other country can show. Opposite to me in the street sat an old woman

* This is seldom to be met with in fashionable society, from the tyrannical demands of English education, which have a very wide influence in the three kingdoms. You observe, therefore, that I often confound English and Irish under one common name; I ought more properly to call them British.

selling apples; and smoking her pipe with great satisfaction. Nearer to the house a man in a ragged dress was performing all sorts of antics, assisted by his monkey. A regular ring of people, four or five deep, surrounded him, and at every fresh trick there was a loud shout, accompanied by such 'demonstrations,' cries and gesticulations, that you would have thought they were quarrelling, and would soon get to blows. The recommencement of the acting, however, immediately caused a deathlike stillness. But now the most lively person of the audience could not be satisfied to remain a mere spectator; she must take a part in the action; and with uncontrollable gaiety sprang into the magic circle, seized the terrified monkey, and outdid him in antics, leaps, and grimaces of every kind, which were rewarded by the redoubled shouts and laughter of the multitude. The rage for acting grew infectious; many joined the first actress; the order which had hitherto prevailed became more and more lost in wild confusion: the original performer, anxious for the safety of his ally the monkey, or fearful lest he should be corrupted by bad example, broke hastily off. His retreat soon assumed the air of a hurried flight; the whole crowd rushed, screaming and shouting, after him, every one tried to be close at his heels, some jeered at

him, and several shilelahs, which pleasure had till now kept sheathed, came to view. Others took the part of the fleeing artist, who meanwhile disappeared; and before they knew what they were about, the pursuit ended in a universal battle among the pursuers.

A bachelor's dinner at Lord S——'s, at which I was present, closed my day nearly as tumultuously, though not quite so violently, and kept me awake till midnight. 'Voilà tout ce que j'ai à vous conter d'aujourd'hui.'

Nov. 6th.

I spend a great deal of my time with the little nightingales, see Lady M—— frequently, and avoid general society as much as I can. The young ladies keep a burlesque journal, in which they write a chronicle of their daily 'fata', illustrated with the most extravagant drawings, which is infinitely diverting. After that we sing, talk, or act pictures, in which the mother, with her talent for the drama, contrives admirable dresses out of the most heterogeneous materials. You would have laughed if you had seen the 'wild Irish girl,' with moustaches and whiskers marked with charcoal, pocket-handkerchief and stick in her hand, come in as my caricature. These girls

have an inexhaustible fund of grace and vivacity, extremely un-English, but truly Irish.

The eldest, who is eighteen, has brown eyes, and hair of a most singular kind and expression: the latter has a sort of deep golden hue without being red, and in the former is a tranquil humid glow, over which comes, at times a perfectly red light like that of fire; but yet it always remains only an intense glow, not a lightning-flash like that which often glances from the eyes of the little wild girl. With her, all is flame; and under her maidenly blushes there often breaks out the determination and high spirit of a boy. Indiscreet, and carried away by the impulse of the moment, she sometimes gives way to too great vivacity, which however, from her sweet simplicity and inimitable grace, does but enhance the charm which distinguishes her. Today when my carriage was announced, I exclaimed with a sigh, "Ah, que cette voiture vient mal à propos!" "Eh bien," cried she, with the perfect air of a little hussar, (she was still in male costume,) "envoyez là au diable." A very severe and reproving look from her mamma, and one of terror from her gentle sister, covered all of her little face, that was not concealed by her disguise, over and over with scarlet: she cast down her eyes ashamed, and looked indescribably pretty.

• Nov. 17th.

Lady M—— received me today in her authoress-boudoir, where I found her writing, not without some view to effect, elegantly dressed, and with a mother-of-pearl and gold pen in her hand. She was employed on a new book, for which she had invented a very good title, “Memoirs of Myself and for Myself.” She asked me whether she should put ‘of myself’ or ‘for myself’ first. I decided for the former as the more natural order; for I observed she must *write*, before she can *have written*. Upon this we fell into a sportive contest, in which she reproached me with my German pedantry, and maintained that hitherto ‘bonnet blanc’ and ‘blanc bonnet’ had been the same; the justice of which I was obliged to admit. The motto she had chosen was from Montaigne, ‘Je n’enseigne pas, je raconte.’ She read me some passages, which I thought very good. This woman, who appears so superficial, is quite another being when she takes the pen in her hand.

She told me that she intended to go next winter to Paris, and wished to go on into Germany, but that she had a great dread of the Austrian police. I advised her to go to Berlin. “Shall not I be persecuted there?” said she. “God forbid!” rejoined I: “in Berlin talent is worshipped: only I advise

you to take at least one of your pretty young friends, who is fond of dancing and dances well, so that you may be invited to the balls at court, and may thus have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with our amiable and accomplished young military men: they are well worth knowing, and you may not find any other way of being introduced to them." At this moment her husband entered, and begged me to get his philosophical work translated into German, that he might not figure there only as aide-de-camp to his wife, but fly with his own wings. I promised all he wished; but observed that a new prayer-book would have a better chance of success at the present day than a new system of philosophy, of which we had enough already.

In the evening I took a box in the Equestrian Theatre for the young ladies, who go out very little. Their 'naïf' delight at the varied skill of the riders was most charming to witness. The little one never turned her eyes for a moment from Ducrow's terrific feats; she trembled all over with anxiety and eagerness, and kept her hands fast clenched the whole time.

There was a child of wonderful beauty in the company, just seven years old, who danced on horseback, performed a variety of parts with un-

common grace, and especially that of Napoleon, in which the tiny girl mimicked the abrupt manners of the Emperor most divertingly, and was rewarded by thunders of applause. My young friends wished to have a nearer view of her, and I accordingly went behind the scenes, where she was just undressed, and stood naked as a little Cupid before the looking-glass. Her part was finished for the night; and as soon as she was dressed again I took her in my arms, and brought 'l'enfant prodige', as she was called in the bills, in triumph to the box. After the first caresses were over, the little creature was the most attentive spectator of the performance among us, though one might have thought she had enough of it every day. Only a paper of sweetmeats which I gave her had power to distract her attention for a few minutes. She sat for some time on the lap of the elder Miss —, who put her down rather suddenly, and accidentally scratched the child's arm against a pin in her dress, so as to draw blood. We were all afraid she would cry; but the miniature Napoleon was only angry, beat the offender as hard as she could, and cried out indignantly, "Fy, for shame, you stung me like a bee!" With that she sprung on the lap of the younger, laid her little arms over the edge of the box, and fixed her eyes

again with undisturbed attention on the Siege of Saragossa. Between the acts Lady C——, to whom I had related the laughable mistake concerning me in Limerick, told her I was Napoleon's son. She turned quickly round, looked at me fixedly for awhile, and then exclaimed with the most serious 'grandeza', "O, I have played your father very often, and always gained uncommon applause by it." Thus natural, droll, and completely free from embarrassment, the little thing captivated us all; and we saw with regret the end of the performance approaching—the signal for us to part with her. She would not let anybody but me carry her down, because I had brought her up. When we arrived behind the scenes, where every place was filled with horses, I scarcely knew how we should get through. She cried out eagerly, while she slapped my arm impatiently with her little velvet hand, "Come, are you afraid? only do you go on, I'll keep the horses in order"; and so saying she distributed, to the right and left, blows on the noses of her old acquaintances, who obediently made way for us to pass. "Now set me down!" said she; and scarcely did her feet touch the ground, when with the swiftness of a little hare she flew across the back part of the stage, and vanished in the crowd. Children are

certainly the most graceful of all creatures when they are not crippled and distorted by education: seldom, however, does so much genuine nature appear on the stage, yet seldomer perhaps on the theatre of the great world.

Nov. 18th.

I forgot to mention to you that I have met O'Connell again here. I heard him speak at the meetings of the Catholic Association, the present Irish Parliament, which I visited today for the second time. I was received, as a well-disposed foreigner, with applause, and O'Connell immediately made room for me between himself and Lord C——. The room is not very large, and as dirty as the English House of Commons. Here too every man keeps his hat on, except while he is speaking: here too are good and bad orators; but certainly occasionally less dignified manners than there. The heat was suffocating, and I had to sit out five hours; but the debate was so interesting that I scarcely remarked the annoyances. O'Connell was undoubtedly the best speaker. Although idolized by the greater number, he was severely attacked by several, and defended himself with equal address and moderation: on the other hand, he assailed the Government without reserve; and in my opinion in too strong expressions. It

was easy to perceive that much intrigue and several firmly united parties, whose minds were made up beforehand, were to be found here, as in other bodies of the like kind, and consequently that the discussion was often only a sort of sham fight. The leaders at least had however studied their parts well. The three most prominent speakers are O'Connell, Shiel, and Lawless. Mr. Fin and Mr. Ford also spoke well, and with great dignity of manner. Shiel is a man of the world, and has even more ease in society than O'Connell: but as a speaker he appeared to me too affected, too artificial; and all he said, too much *got up*; his manner was theatrical, and there was no real feeling in the 'delivery' of his speech, as the English expressively call it. I am not surprised that, in spite of his undoubted talents, he is so much less popular than O'Connell. Both are very vain, but the vanity of O'Connell is more frank, more confiding, and sooner satisfied; that of Shiel, irritable, sore, and gloomy. The one is therefore, with reference to his own party, steeped in honey; the other in gall; and the latter, though contending for the same cause, is evidently jealous of his colleague, whom he vainly thinks to surpass. Mr. L——s is the 'Don Quixote' of the Association. His fine head and white hair, his wild but noble

dignity, and his magnificent voice, excite an expectation of something extraordinary when he rises: but the speech, which commences in an earnest tone, soon falls into the most incredible extravagancies, and sometimes into total absurdity, in which friend and foe are assailed with equal fury. He is therefore little heeded; laughed at when he rages like King Lear, unmindful of his audience, and of all that is passing around him. The dominant party, however, use him to make a noise when they want him. Today he outdid himself to such a degree in the flight he took, that he suddenly erected the standard of Deism in the midst of the Catholic, arch-Catholic Association. Perhaps, indeed, this was only done to give occasion to O'Connell to call him indignantly to order, and to bring in a pious tirade; for on the orator's rostrum as on the tub, on the throne as in the puppet-show booth, clap-traps are necessary.

I rested myself this evening in the accustomed place. 'Tableaux' were again the order of the day. I had to appear successively as Brutus, an Asiatic Jew, Francis the First, and Saladin. Miss J—— was a captivating little fellow as a student of Alcalá; and her eldest sister, as a fair slave, a welcome companion to Saladin. As the beautiful Rebecca she also assorted not ill with the Oriental

Jew. All these metamorphoses were accomplished by the mother with the help only of four candles, two looking-glasses, a few shawls and coloured handkerchiefs, a burnt cork, a pot of rouge, and different heads of hair. Yet Talma could not have dressed Brutus better, nor altered the physiognomy more completely, than with these slight materials Lady C—— had the skill to do.

To conclude, we drew caricatures, and at my request each sister attempted a portrait of the other. Both succeeded very well, and are now placed in my gallery.

Nov. 19th.

Today I found myself compelled to do something which was very disagreeable to me, and which I had long deferred; I was obliged to resort to my 'grand expedient', in order to conquer my aversion. You will laugh when I tell you what this is; but I find it a powerful aid in great things as well as in small. The truth is, there are few men who are not sometimes capricious, and yet oftener vacillating. Finding that I am not better than others in this respect, I invented a remedy of my own, a sort of *artificial resolution* respecting things which are difficult of performance,—a means of securing that firmness in myself which I might otherwise want, and which man is generally

obliged to sustain by some external prop.* My device then is this:—I give my word of honour most solemnly to myself, to do, or to leave undone, this or that. I am of course extremely cautious and discreet in the use of this expedient, and exercise great deliberation before I resolve upon it; but when once it is done, even if I afterwards think I have been precipitate or mistaken, I hold it to be perfectly irrevocable, whatever inconveniences I foresee likely to result. And I feel great satisfaction and tranquillity in being subject to such an immutable law. If I were capable of breaking it after such mature consideration, I should lose all respect for myself;—and what man of sense would not prefer death to such an alternative? for death is only a necessity of nature, and consequently not an evil;—it appears to us so only in connection with our present existence, that is to say, the instinct of self-preservation recoils from death; but reason, which is eternal, sees it in its true form, as a mere transition from one state to another. But a conviction of one's own unconquerable weakness is a feeling which

* Even religion and morality do not reach all the intricate circumstances and cases which occur in human society:—witness that conventional honour which is frequently at war with both, and whose laws are yet obeyed by the best and wisest of men.

must embitter the whole of life. It is therefore better, if it comes to the struggle, to give up existence for the present with a feeling of inward triumph, than to crawl on with a chronic disease of the soul. I am not made dependent by my promise; on the contrary, it is just that which maintains my independence. So long as my persuasion is not firm and complete, the mysterious formula is not pronounced; but when once that has taken place, no alteration in my own views—nothing short of physical impossibility—must, for the welfare of my soul, alter my will. But whilst I thus form to myself a firm support in the most extreme cases, do you not see that I also possess a formidable weapon of attack, if I were compelled to use it, however small and inconsiderable the means may appear to many? I, on the contrary, find something very satisfactory in the thought, that man has the power of framing such props and such weapons out of the most trivial materials, indeed out of nothing, merely by the force of his will, which hereby truly deserves the name of omnipotent. I cannot answer for it that this reasoning will not appear to you, dear Julia, distorted and blameworthy: indeed it is not made for a woman; while on the other hand a completely powerful mind would perhaps as little stand in

need of it. Every man must however manage himself according to his own nature; and as no one has yet found the art of making a reed grow like an oak, or a cabbage like a pine-apple, so must men, as the common but wise proverb has it, cut their coat according to their sloth*. Happy is he who does not trust himself beyond his strength! But without being so tragical about the matter, this *grand expedient* is of admirable use in trifles. For example, to fulfil tedious, irksome duties of society with the resignation of a calm victim,—to conquer indolence so as to get vigorously through some long deferred work,—to impose upon oneself some wholesome restraint, and thus heighten one's enjoyment afterwards,—and many, many more such cases, which this occasionally sublime, but generally childish life presents.

After dinner, to drive away blue devils, I took a long ride into the country towards the mountains. After riding about twelve miles I came to a bare region of interminable bog extending in all directions. You would have thought yourself a hundred miles from any capital. The character of the country was not wild, not so desert as a plain of sand, but awfully void, lonely, and monotonous. One single wretched cabin was visible, but in

* Nach ihrer Decke strecken.

ruins, and uninhabited; and a white footpath wended along toilfully through the brown heather, like a huge worm. The whole ground was lightly powdered with snow, and the wind blew icy cold over the bare heights. Nevertheless the melancholy of the scene had such a strange attraction for me, that necessity alone made me turn my horse's head homewards. Nearer to Dublin I found an isolated mountain, on which was a strange caprice;—a house built in imitation of a rock; and in fact so like one, that it deceived me till I saw the entrance. I reached my inn by moonlight, with a face burning with the keen air. I had invited Father L'Estrange to dine with me, 'car j'aime les prêtres, comme Voltaire la Bible, malgré tout ce que j'en dis.'

I found to a letter from you; but I must complain that you do not write to me sufficiently in detail. Do consider that every trifle from home is precious. Whether my favourite horse is well; whether my sweet little friend the parroquet sometimes calls on my name; whether your domestic tyrant Fancy is more or less naughty; whether the parrots are 'in good spirits,' the new plantations thriving; the visitors to the baths gay;—all these particulars have an extraordinary interest at a distance of some hundreds of miles. But I see clearly that if I have a mind to know all these

things I must take you by surprise, if it be but for one day. You know that I hate all scenes and solemnities, all tumultuous meetings, and all leave-takings; 'un beau matin' therefore you will find me comfortably established in your breakfast-room, where I shall receive you with a smile, as if my long journey had been but a dream; 'et toute la vie, hélas! est elle autre chose?' Seriously, we ought to learn to take all these things much more coolly and easily than we fancy possible.—An English dandy may serve you as an admirable model. His best friend and comrade was going to India; and in his emotion at taking leave of him, was going to grasp both his hands, and to shake them perhaps for the last time: the 'In-croyable,' half warding him off, held out the tip of his little finger to him, while he lisped smiling, "Strange and horridly fatiguing English custom, for two men to move each other's arms up and down like the handle of a pump!"

Your portrait did not give me so much pleasure as it ought. The features are much too hard, and must be 'softened' before it can pass as a representative of the original,—whose image, however, is too vividly impressed on my heart to want any refreshing.

Your ever faithful L—

LETTER VIII.

Dublin, November 20th, 1828.

BELOVED FRIEND,

I FREQUENTLY meet a man here, B— H—, whose company is highly interesting to me. Although a clergyman, he is one of the few independent thinkers who are able to throw off the tyranny of early impressions and old habits, and to see by the light of reason, in other words, of divine revelation, alone. In his opinion, too, a crisis in religious affairs is at hand. “Ecclesiastical establishments,” said he today, “are manifestly the monstrous offspring of the sublime and the ridiculous, of eternal truth and dark ignorance, of genuine philosophy and gross idolatry. The more men learn, the more science enables us to understand external nature and the nature of our own being by well-established facts, the milder, the more moral will our manners as well as our governments become. More slowly, religions will follow. Even the Christian religion, though in its origin one of the mightiest efforts towards the amelioration of mankind, ever prompted by the deepest meditation and the purest heart, has,

as the history of our church shows in almost every page since its establishment, deluged the world a hundred times with blood, and given birth to, a succession of the most frantic absurdities; while philosophy and science have continually acted as humanizers, without ever demanding such victims, or committing such outrages. The question is, whether Newton, in discovering the secrets of Heaven,—whether the inventors of the compass and the printing-press,—have not done more for mankind, *i. e.* more to further the progress of civilization, than any of the numerous founders of sects and religions, who require that men should swear exclusive allegiance to them. There may, indeed, come a time in which religion and poetry will be regarded as sisters,—in which a religion of state will appear as ludicrous as a poetry of state. Were I a Turk, I should say to myself, It is certainly difficult to get so entirely free of all the prejudices and superstitions of childhood, as to regard the persuasion of millions, with a firm unshaken eye, as folly: but having once convinced myself that it is so, I will not remain a Turk. As Christian, I say, I will adhere to the *pure doctrine* which my reason can revere; but I will have the courage to reject the mass of unpoetical fables, and all the misrepresentations and disfigurements.

of the time of its birth, and still more the bloody and ferocious heathenism incorporated with it by succeeding ages, even though two hundred millions of men should sincerely receive them as divine, on the authority of men erring as themselves. This was the principle on which Luther acted, when he took the first steps towards Reform; but the light which he purified stands greatly in need of a fresh cleansing. Honour and reverence be to the churchman who shall be great and pure-minded enough to feel himself called to this godlike work! who shall endeavour to execute it without compromise or fear of men, though the multitude of hypocrites and pharisees will cry out against him; for history clearly shows that he has nothing else to expect.

“Has it not ever been the few who have seen and acknowledged the better and the true? Has it not ever been the many who have proscribed and persecuted them? Was truth on the side of the fanatical herd who gave the poison-cup to Socrates? or of that which crucified Jesus? or of that which burnt Huss? No; it was not till centuries afterwards that the multitude embraced the persecuted faith, and hardened themselves into the same stubborn and furious orthodoxy for it, which they had displayed against it. The want of a religion is unquestionably one of the most imperious cra-

wings of our nature, especially where laws and institutions are yet in their infancy. He who cannot frame one for himself, must receive the *form* of it from others:—such will always be the many. This easily explains the grounds upon which the power of the church and the priesthood must ever rest, and why men are thus kept in leading-strings for hundreds, nay thousands of years. But to strengthen and perpetuate this power, knowledge must always be repressed in favour of faith. Where inquiry is free, one fraud after another disappears, though slowly;—light bursts at length even upon the darkest corner. When this point is once reached, the fetters laid upon conscience are broken, and every individual demands a boundless field for the exercise of his faith and of his judgement. Absolute sultans, fat dervises, and haughty satraps, must then fall together, like the dead lees in generous wine. How miserable a figure do those make, who, at the dawn of such a day, think they can stop the rising of the sun by turning their backs upon it, or by holding their antiquated, decayed, and worm-eaten screen, which is no longer in a state to exclude even a moon-beam, before their eyes! They may for a while succeed in keeping *themselves* in the shade, but they cannot shroud the bright forehead of the day.

On the contrary, their struggles, as impotent as they are passionate, are the surest harbingers of its inevitable approach."

I agree, for the most part, with B—— H——; but whether his sanguine hopes will so soon, or indeed ever on this earth, be realized, is another question. That the world can no longer be governed on jesuitical principles, and that the liberty of the press, if firmly maintained, works, and will work, incalculable wonders, I am well convinced:—but men will still be men, and force and fraud will, I fear, ever predominate over reason.

In the forenoon I visited the courts of justice with Father L'Estrange, to hear the military-looking O'Connell plead, in his powdered long-tailed wig, black gown, and bands. We afterwards went to the meeting of the Association, to see the great Agitator in a totally different character. The meeting was very stormy. Mr. L——s spoke like a madman, and attacked O'Connell himself so violently that he almost lost his wonted dignity. He made an admirable reply; though he strained too much after wit, which was not always in the best taste. After this, a dozen spoke at once. The secretary called to order, but had not authority enough to enforce obedience. In short, the scene began to be rather indecorous, till at last a

handsome young man with enormous whiskers and an 'outré' dress (the dandy of the Association) sprang on the table, and uttered a thundering speech which obtained great applause, and thus restored peace.

I dined at Lady M——'s. She had invited me by a note, such as I have received a dozen of during my stay here:—I must mention them as characteristic, for I never in my life saw worse calligraphy or a more negligent style from a lady's pen. The aim of the great authoress was manifest;—to announce the most perfect 'insouciance,' the most entire 'abandon', in the affairs of ordinary life; just as the great solo dancers in Paris affect to walk with their toes turned in, that they may not betray the dancer by profession. At table Lady M——, with her aide-de-camp K. Cl——, 'faisoient les frais d'esprit obligé'. Mr. Shiel, too, appeared in the character of an agreeable man of the world. The most amusing part of the entertainment, however, was the acting of proverbs by Lady M—— and her sister, who both extemporized admirably in French. Among others, they performed 'Love me, love my dog,' as follows:

Dramatis personæ:—Lady M——, an old coquette; Lady C——, an Irish 'fortune-hunter';

her eldest daughter, the French *femme-de-chambre*; the youngest, a captain of the Guards, a lover of the lady. Scene the first:—Lady M—— with her maid at her toilet. Confidential advice of Josephine, in the course of which she betrays various laughable secrets of the toilet. Distress of the coquette at the first appearance of wrinkles. Assurances of the Abigail that, by candle-light, nobody can be handsomer. As a proof of this, the various lovers are adduced, and love-affairs of former times recapitulated. “*La comtesse convient de ses conquêtes,*” and with much humour draws a picture of her triumphs. “*Chut!*” cries the waiting-maid, “*j’entends le capitaine.*” This personage, an exclusive, enters with great ‘fracas,’ carrying a little dog under his arm, and after some tender compliments tells her that he is obliged to rejoin his regiment, and wishes to leave her his little *Fidèle*, that the fair countess may never forget to remain ‘*fidèle*’ to him. Burlesque protestations, sobs, embraces, farewells. Scarcely is the captain gone, when the Irishman appears with a marriage-contract in his hand, by which the countess is to assign over her whole fortune to him. Like a man well-versed in womankind, he treats her somewhat cavalierly, though with a display of passion, so that after a feeble defence and a little

scene, she consents. Meanwhile the Irishman observes the little dog, and asks with some surprise whose it is. She stammers out a sort of apologetic answer. O'Connor MacFarlane now plays the part of the infuriate jealous lover. The women vainly attempt to appease him; he storms, and insists on the instant dismissal of the intruder. The countess makes an attempt to faint,—but all is in vain; even Josephine, who during the discussion of the marriage-contract has just received a purse behind her mistress's back, takes the part of the incensed Irishman, who with one hand holds back his lady, and with the other at length throws the unfortunate little dog out at the door. But, alas! at this very moment the captain returns to bring the collar which he had forgotten, and Fidèle jumps into his arms. The terrified women take to flight; the men measure each other with their eyes. O'Connor MacFarlane utters dreadful menaces; but the captain draws his sword, and his antagonist jumps out at the window.—The skeleton is meagre; but the spirit, humour, and wit, by which it was filled out, rendered it extremely entertaining. The imperfections of the costume made it only more piquant. The ladies, for instance, had put on a coat and waistcoat over their own dresses, and stuck a hat

on their heads; their swords were riding-whips, and Fidèle a muff.

Lady M—— afterwards related to me many interesting circumstances respecting the celebrated Miss O'Neil, whom, as you know, I regard as the greatest dramatic artist it has ever fallen to my lot to admire. She said that this extraordinary young woman, who from the very commencement of her career had given evidence of the highest genius, remained utterly neglected at the theatre in Dublin, where she performed for some years. She was at that time so poor, that when she returned home at night after the greatest exertions, she found no other refreshment than a plate of potatoes and a miserable bed which she shared with three sisters. Lady M—— once visited her, and found the poor girl mending her two pair of old stockings, which she was obliged to wash daily for her appearance on the stage. Lady M—— now procured for her various articles of dress, and took upon herself in some degree the care of her toilet, which had been extremely neglected. She obtained more applause after this, though still but little. At this time one of the managers of the London theatres accidentally came to Dublin, saw her, and had the good taste and judgement immediately to engage her for the metropolis.

Here she at once produced the most extraordinary sensation; and from a poor unknown young actress, rose in one moment to be the first star of the theatrical firmament of England. I still remember her acting with rapture: I have never since been able to endure the part of Juliet, played even by our best actresses: all appear to me stiff, affected, unnatural. One must have seen the whole thread of the life of the Shakespearian Juliet thus spun before one's eyes to conceive the effect. At first, it was only the sportive youthful joyousness of the caressing child: then, when awakened by love, a new sun appeared to arise upon her; all her attitudes and movements assumed a more soft, voluptuous air; her countenance, her whole person became radiant,—she was the southern maiden devoting her whole soul and life to her beloved with all the fire of her clime. Thus did she burst into the loveliest and richest blossom;—but care and sorrow soon ripened the noble fruit before our eyes. The most imposing dignity, the deepest conjugal tenderness, the firmest resolve in extremity, low took the place of glowing passion, of the quick sense which seemed framed but to enjoy:—and how was her despair depicted at the last, when all was lost! How fearful, how heart-rending,

how true, and yet how ever beautiful, did she know how to rise even to the very last moment! Certain of her aim, she sometimes ventured to the very utmost verge of her art, and did what no other could have attempted without falling into the ridiculous: but in her, it was just these efforts which operated as electric shocks. Her madness and death in Belvidera, for instance, had such a terrific physical truth, that the sight of it was hardly endurable; and yet it was only the agony of the soul, showing through every fibre of her body, which had an effect so powerful, so almost annihilating, on the spectator. I remember well that on the evening in which I saw that, I remained wholly insensible to any physical impression; and even the next morning, when I awoke, wept bitterly over Belvidera's fate. I was certainly very young then, but my feelings were those of many; and it was a striking fact, that Germans, Frenchmen, and Italians, were equally enthusiastic admirers of her; though, generally speaking, one must have a thorough knowledge of the language and character of a nation, to feel perfectly satisfied with its actors. *She*, however, had no trace of mannerism; it was only human nature in its truest and noblest form, which spoke to every human heart. She could not be properly

called beautiful; yet she had a stately person, noble shoulders and arms, and beautiful hair. But her peculiar charm was that indefinable pathetic expression which at the first glance moved the inmost feelings of the heart. In such features, you think you discover the trace of every passion, though an unearthly calm is spread over them like ice over a volcano.

The inhabitants of Dublin had long remained blind to so much genius and talent; but the year after, when the celebrated, admired, adored Miss O'Neil returned from London to act a few of her most popular parts, the infectious enchantment was so powerful, that not only the whole public was in the greatest state of tumult and agitation, but many ladies were carried out from the theatre fainting. One became really insane from witnessing Belvidera's madness, and actually died in a mad-house. Really such facts as these render the enthusiasm of the many almost disgusting.

This great actress was also distinguished for her remarkably amiable character: she entirely supported her family, even at the time of her greatest poverty. She made her first appearance at a little private theatre in the country: this was afterwards shut, and only occasionally used by a

dilettanti company, when the profits of their performance were given to the poor of the county. They wrote to Miss O'Neil, who was then in England, and begged her to consecrate this place, which had witnessed her first efforts, by the last triumph of her genius, now the admiration of the three kingdoms; whatever terms she might propose would be agreed to. She replied, that she felt herself extremely flattered and honoured by the request; but that so far from accepting any pecuniary compensation, she would gladly seize the opportunity of offering this tribute to the cradle of her humble talents. Only on this condition, and that of being allowed to contribute her mite to her poor countrymen, would she appear on the day appointed.—I was assured by eye-witnesses that they had never seen a more perfect piece of acting than her's on this occasion. Never had Miss O'Neil been better supported,—never did she so surpass herself. It was a curious accident that a young Irish gentleman of fortune fell in love with her that very day, and shortly after married her. He robbed the public of an inestimable treasure; but who can blame him? Miss O'Neil has now several children, is still charming, and lives happily on her husband's

property. She has never trodden a 'stage, either public or private, since her marriage.

[The conclusion of this letter, which, as it appears from the beginning of the following one, contains a description of some public entertainments and occurrences, is missing.]

LETTER IX.

Dublin, December 7th, 1828.

DEAR JULIA,

THE descriptions of public dinners and the *

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are now at an end, and I must conduct you to a breakfast at the Post-office. The Director, Sir Edward Lee, a very agreeable and accomplished man, who gave the entertainment, first conducted us, in company with a number of elegant ladies, through the various offices 'pour nous faire gagner de l'appetit.' In one of them, called the 'Dead Letter Office,' a very strange incident occurred in our presence. All letters, the address of which is unintelligible, or which are addressed to persons who cannot be discovered, are taken into this office, where they are opened at the end of a fortnight, and, if they contain nothing important, burnt. This seems to me rather a barbarous custom, since many a heart might be broken from the loss of what a Post-office clerk might think 'of no importance.' So it is however, and we found three men busied in the operation. Several

of us seized these doomed epistles, and turned them over with great curiosity, when the clerk who stood nearest to me took up rather a large packet on which there was no address whatever, only the post-mark of an Irish country town. How great was his surprise and that of all of us, when on opening it we saw not a single line of writing, but 2700*l.* in bank-notes! This at least appeared 'of importance' to all, and an order was immediately given to write to the town in question to make inquiry about it.

In the evening I went to pay the 'nightingales' a visit, but found them flown, and only their father at home, with whom I had a scientific conversation. He showed me several curious newly invented instruments;—one among them for ascertaining the exact strength of the lungs, and therefore invaluable in consumptive diseases. He told me that a person high in office was given over last year by all the most eminent physicians in Dublin, as far gone in pulmonary consumption. Believing his danger to be imminent, he had made up his mind to give up his place, and to go to Montpellier, as the only means of prolonging his life. Sir A. — was at last consulted, and resolved to try this instrument, which he had just received from London. Scarcely could he believe

his eyes when he found on experiment that the lungs of the patient were two degrees stronger than his own,—he being in perfect health. The disease was now discovered to be in the liver, though it had exhibited every symptom of consumption; and in four months the patient was entirely cured, and kept his lucrative place which he had determined to give up.

I shall not describe to you the various instruments of torture which I saw; ‘tant pis pour l’humanité, qu’il en faut tant.’ A prettier thing was a barometer, in the figure of a lady, who at the approach of bad weather holds up her umbrella, in a hard rain opens it, and in settled fine weather uses it as a walking-stick. To use a lady as a continually changing prophet of weather! ‘Quelle insolence!’

Dec. 8th.

“ Sir A——, who has a place in the Bank, showed that building to me this morning. The edifice is fine, and formerly served as a placé of meeting for both houses of the Irish Parliament, whose restoration is now so ardently desired. The thing most worth seeing is the printing of bank-notes. The whole machinery is moved by a magnificent steam-engine, while a smaller one fills the boiler with water and the furnace with coals, so that human assistance

is scarcely wanted. In the first room the printing ink is prepared; in the next the bank-notes receive their various marks and ornaments. This process is very rapidly performed. Only one man is employed at each press; and while he places the blank papers, one after another, under the stamp, the number of printed notes marks itself in the inside of a closed box. In the next room they are numbered. This is done on a small chest; and the machinery numbers them, as if by invisible hands, from one to a thousand. The man employed there has nothing to do but to blacken the numbers as they come out with printer's ink, and to lay the notes in their proper order. All the rest is accomplished by the machine.

Every note which returns to the Bank after circulation is immediately torn, and kept seven years, at the expiration of which time it is burnt. This last operation leaves a residuum of indigo, copper, and the materials of the paper, which looks like metal, and glitters with all the colours of the rainbow. Of course many hundred notes go to make up an ounce of this substance, of which I carried away a beautiful piece.

We afterwards ascended the roof of this great building, a sort of world in miniature, whence, like the 'Diable Boiteux,' we could see into the

surrounding houses; but at length so confused ourselves, that we thought we should need Ariadne's clue to enable us to find our way down again. I arrived too late, in consequence, at dinner at Sir E—— L——'s; a thing which is not taken so ill in England as with us.

Dec. 9th.

Lord Howth invited me to a stag-hunt, whence I am just returned, equally tired and pleased. My lessons in Cashel were now of great use to me, for Lord Howth is one of the best and most determined riders in Great Britain. He had given me a very good horse, in spite of which I fell twice: this also happened once to Lord Howth himself, and I* followed him so well that I think I brought no discredit on our cavalry. At length more than two-thirds of our fifty red-coats were missing. I was particularly struck with an officer who had lost an arm, and nevertheless was one of the first: his admirable horse had not refused or missed a single leap.

This sort of hunt is a very agreeable diversion now and then; but how a man can devote himself to so utterly unintellectual an amusement three times a week, for six months of every year, and always pursue it with the same passion, does, I own, remain unintelligible to me. What, be-

sides, makes stag-hunting much less interesting in England than on the continent, is, that the stags are tame, and are trained to the sport like race-horses. They are brought to the place of rendezvous in a kind of box, and there turned out. When they have run a certain distance, the hunt begins; and before it ends the hounds are called off, and the stag is put into the box again and kept for another hunt. Is not this horribly prosaic, and scarcely compensated by the 'agrément' of being in continual risk of breaking one's neck over a wide ditch, or one's head against a high wall?

December 1844.

For some weeks past I have been a frequent visitor at the Gymnastic Academy. These exercises are become very fashionable in Great Britain and Ireland. Certainly they are of inestimable value in the training of youth; they are a highly improved *Turnen**, but without politics. When one considers what facilities are now at hand for the physical as well as moral education of man; how those whom nature has misshapen are placed within cases of iron till they are transformed into

* The German name for the system of gymnastics introduced by the celebrated Dr. Jahn, and mixed up, by the young men who cultivated them, with the political opinions designated by the governments as '*Demagogic*.'—TRANS.

Apollo; how noses and ears are created; and how academies are daily advertised in the newspapers, in which the most profound erudition is engaged to be communicated in three years*,—one really longs to be a child again, that one might come in for a share of all these advantages. It appears as if the law of gravitation operated in the moral as well as in the physical world, and that 'the march of intellect' went on in an increasing ratio like the rapidity of a falling cannon-ball. A few more political revolutions in Europe, the perfecting of steam-power for soul and body, and God knows what we may get to, even without the discovery of the art of steering air-balloons. But to return to the Gymnasium, the utility of which, at least, is undoubted. It strengthens the frame to such a degree, and imparts such agility to the limbs, that a man really doubles or trebles his existence by it. It is literally the fact, that I saw a young man, the arch of whose breast, after an uninterrupted practice of three months, had increased seven inches; the muscles of his arms and thighs had at the same time enlarged to three times their volume, and were as hard as iron. But even much older people,—men of sixty,—

* The Prussian Landwehr system also forms perfect soldiers, horse or foot, in two years.—EDITOR.

though they cannot expect to effect such changes, may strengthen themselves very considerably by moderate exercise in the gymnasium. I constantly found men of this age, who played their part very well among the young ones who had but recently begun. Some perseverance is however necessary; for the older a man is, the more painful and fatiguing is the beginning. Many feel themselves for months as if they had been on the rack, or were set fast with universal rheumatism. A Frenchman was at the head of the establishment, although his predecessor had sacrificed himself, two years before, to the glory of his art: his name was Beaujeu. He was endeavouring to show two ladies (for there are also feminine gymnastics) how easy exercise No. 7. was. The pole broke, and so did, in consequence of his fall, his spine. He died in a few hours; and, with an elevation and enthusiasm worthy of a greater cause, exclaimed with his last breath, "Voilà le coup de grâce pour la gymnastique en Irlande." His prediction, however, was not fulfilled, for both gentlemen and ladies are more gymnastically-minded than ever.

December 14th.

As I have been unwell for several days and unable to go out, I have no interesting news to

give you. You must therefore receive with indulgence a few detached thoughts, the offspring of solitude; or if they tire you, leave them unread.

PARLOUR PHILOSOPHY.

What is good or evil fortune? As the former has seldom fallen to my lot, I have often proposed the question to myself. Blind and accidental, it certainly is not; but necessary, and part of a series, like everything else in the universe, though its causes do not always depend on ourselves. How far, however, we really have it in our power to bring it on ourselves, is a salutary inquiry for every one. Lucky and unlucky occasions present themselves to every man in the course of his life; and the art of seizing the one and averting the other with address, is commonly what procures for a man the reputation of fortunate. It cannot however be denied that, in the case of some men, the most powerful and the wisest combinations continually fail, by what we call accident; nay, that there is a sort of secret foreboding or presentiment, which gives us the dim feeling that our project will not succeed. I have often been tempted to think that luckiness and unluckiness are a sort of subjective properties which we bring with us into the world, like health, strength, a

finely organized brain, and so on; and whose preponderating power must always attract things magnetically to themselves. Like all other properties, this of luckiness may be cultivated or let to lie dormant, may be increased or diminished. The will does much; and thence the proverb, Nothing venture nothing have (*Wagen gewinnt*): Boldness and luck go together (*Kühnheit gehört zum Glück*). It is also observable that luckiness, like the other faculties, falls off with age, that is, with the vigour of the material. This is certainly not the consequence of weaker or more ill-advised plans or rules; but appears truly to be the decline of a secret power which, so long as it is young and vigorous, governs fortune, but in later years is no longer able to hold her in. High play affords very good studies on this subject; and perhaps this is the only poetical side of that dangerous passion: for nothing affords so true a picture of life as the hazard-table; nothing affords a better criterion to the observer, by which to try his own character, and that of others. All rules which avail in the struggle of life, avail also in this; and penetration combined with energy is always sure, if not to conquer, at least to make a very able defence. But if it is combined with the talent ~~to~~ ^{with} of luckiness, a sort of Napoleon of

‘the gaming-table is the result. I am not now speaking of that class of gentlemen ‘*qui corrigent la fortune.*’ But even here the resemblance is still true : for how often in the world do you meet men who govern fortune by fraud ?—the most unfortunate, be it said by the by, of all speculators. Their occupation is truly drawing water in a sieve ; the collecting of rotten nuts. For what is enjoyment without security ? and what can outward fortune avail where the internal equilibrium is destroyed ?

There are men who, although endowed with distinguished qualities, never know how to make them available in the world, unless they have been from the beginning of their career placed by fate in their right position. They can never reach it by their own efforts ; because a too feminine fancy, liable to the constant impression of extraneous forms, prevents them from seeing things as they really are, and causes them to live in a world of airy floating phantasms. They set about their projects with ardour and talent ; but their fancy hurries after, mounted on her poetical steed, and conducts them so rapidly through her kingdom of dreams, to their end, that they can no longer endure the slow and weary journey through the difficulties and obstacles of the real road. Thus

they suffer one project after another to fall to the ground before it has attained to maturity. And yet, like everything else in the world, this unfortunate turn of mind has its advantages. It prevents a man, indeed, from making his fortune, as it is commonly called, but affords incalculable comfort under misfortune, and an elasticity of spirit that nothing can entirely crush,—for the race of pleasure-giving creatures of the imagination is absolutely inexhaustible. A whole city of castles in the air is always at the command of mortals of this class, and they enjoy, in hope, an everlasting variety of realities. Such people may be of infinite use to other more sedate, reflecting, and matter-of-fact men, if these latter do but understand the art of awakening their enthusiasm. Their intellectual faculties derive from a positive steady *purpose*, and from the constraint which it imposes, a degree of constancy and persevering energy which their own interest could never have inspired; and their ardour is more durable for the good of others than for their own. From similar causes, if they are placed by some superior power on the summit of the hill from the commencement of their lives, they will accomplish great things by themselves; for in this case the most grand and varied materials are already furnished;

and along with them, the enthusiasm which persons of this character want, is produced, and fixed on some adequate and determinate object. There is nothing entirely new, uncertain, and baseless to create or to found;—only to employ, to improve, to elevate, to adorn, what already lies under their eye and hand, with the acuteness and address of a skilful artist. From such an eminence, which is their proper station, their keen, far-sighted glance, supported by a thousand executive heads and hands, strengthened by their own inward poetic eye, will reach further than that of more every-day natures. But at the foot or on the slope of the hill this acuteness of the mental sight is of no use to them, because their horizon is bounded; and for climbing the toilsome ascent, their indolent limbs will not serve them, nor could they resist the airy phantoms which would tempt them from their path. They live and die, therefore, on the hill, without ever reaching its summit, and consequently without ever being fully conscious of their own power. Of such men, the well-known saying might be reversed, and we might say with truth, ‘*Tel brille au premier rang qui s’éclipse au second.*’

However beautiful and noble the words Morality and Virtue may sound, the universal distinct

recognition of them as *the useful* is the only thing that will be truly salutary and beneficial to human society. He who clearly sees that the sinner is like the savage who hews down the whole tree in order to come at the fruit, often sour, or tasteless, or unwholesome; while the virtuous man is like the prudent gardener who, waiting their maturity, gathers all the sweet produce, with the joyful consciousness that he has destroyed no future crop;—this man's virtue will probably stand on the most secure basis. The more enlightened men in general are, as to what is good or profitable for them, the better and more humane will their manners and conduct towards each other become. Action and reaction will then proceed in a beneficent circle;—enlightened individuals will establish better forms of government and better institutions, and these again will increase the intelligence of all who live under them. If matters once reached such a point, that a truly rational and elevating system of education freed us from the chimeras of dark times, dismissed all constraint on religious opinions among other obsolete absurdities, while it clearly demonstrated the inward and outward necessity of Love and Virtue to the happy existence of human society; while by the establishment of

wise, firm, and consistent laws and political institutions, sprung from the conviction of this necessity, it imposed sufficient restraint to ensure the permanent adherence to these by the salutary habits produced,—Paradise would exist on earth.

Mere penal laws, whether for here or hereafter, without this profound conviction,—all worldly policy, in the sense of clever, adroit knaves,—all prophets, all superhuman extra-revelations, heaven, hell, and priests,—will never bring us to this*: indeed, so long as all these hang on the spokes, the wheel of improvement will revolve but slowly and painfully. For this reason, so many strive with all their might against such a result; nay, even Protestants *protest backwards*, and many desire to establish a new continental embargo to shut out foreign light.

‘Au reste,’ one cannot take it amiss of any man ‘qu’il prêche pour sa paroisse.’ To require from an English archbishop with 50,000*l.* a year that he should be an enlightened man, is as preposterous as to expect from the Shah of Persia that he should transform himself into a constitutional

* It is perhaps hardly worth remarking, that at the time in which eternal hell-fire was the most sincerely and generally believed in, morality was at the very lowest ebb, and the number of great crimes a thousandfold what it now is.—
EDITOR.

monarch of his own free will. There are few men who would voluntarily refuse a rich and splendid sinecure, where nothing is required of them but to fling a little dust in the people's eyes, or to be a despot ruling millions with his nod. It is the business of human society, if possible, to put things upon such a footing that none of us, be our good-will for it ever so great, can either get such a sinecure or become such a despot.

When I was a child, it often happened to me that I could get no rest for thinking of the fate of Hannibal, or that I was in despair at the battle of Pultawa;—now I am grieving over Columbus. We are greatly indebted to the distinguished American, Washington Irving, for this history. It is a beautiful tribute to the great navigator, brought from the land which he gave to the civilized world, and which appears destined to be the last station traversed by the cycle of human perfectibility.

What a man was this sublime endurer! Too great for his age: for forty years he was deemed by it but a madman; during the rest of his life he was the victim of its hatred and jealousy, under which he sank at length in want and misery. But such is the world: and it would be enough to make us mad, did we fix our minds upon particulars,

and did not reflection soon teach us that for wise Nature the individual is nothing, the species everything. We live for and through mankind, and everything finds its compensation in the great whole. This reflection suffices to tranquillize any reasonable man ; for every seed springs up,—if not exactly for the hand that sowed it, yet be it evil or good, not one is lost to the human race.

What has often and bitterly vexed me, is to hear people lament the wretchedness of this life, and call the world a vale of sorrows. This is not only the most crying ingratitude (humanly speaking), but the true sin against the Holy Ghost. Is not enjoyment and well-being manifestly throughout the world the positive natural state of animated beings ? Is not suffering, evil, organic imperfection or distortion, the negative shadow in this general brightness ? Is not creation a continual festival to the healthy eye,—the contemplation of which, and of its splendour and beauty, fills the heart with adoration and delight ? And were it only the daily sight of the enkindling sun and the glittering stars, the green of the trees and the gay and delicate beauty of flowers, the joyous song of birds, and the luxuriant abundance and rich animal enjoyment of all living things,—it

would give us good cause to rejoice in life. But how much still more wondrous wealth is unfolded in the treasures of our own minds ! what mines are laid open by love, art, science, the observation and the history of our own race, and, in the deepest deep of our souls, the pious reverential sentiment of God and his universal work ! Truly we were less ungrateful were we less happy ; and but too often we stand in need of suffering to make us conscious of this. A cheerful grateful disposition is a sort of sixth sense, by which we perceive and recognize happiness. He who is fully persuaded of its existence may, like other unthinking children, break out into occasional complaints, but will sooner return to reason ; for the deep and intense feeling of the happiness of living, lies like a rose-coloured ground in his inmost heart, and shines softly through the darkest figures which fate can draw upon it.

Paradoxes of my friend B—H—. Yes, certainly the spirit rules in us and we in it ; and is eternal, and the same which rules through, all worlds : but that which we call our human soul, we frame to ourselves here. The apparent double being in us,—of which one part follows the impulses of sense, while the other reflects upon the

nature and movements of its companion, and restrains it,—naturally arises from the (so to say) double nature and destiny of man, who is framed to live as an individual, and also as an integral part of society. The gift of speech was a necessary condition of this latter form of existence, which without it could never have arisen. A solitary man is, and must remain, nothing better than an extremely intelligent brute; he has no more a soul than any other such:—the experiment may be repeated any day. But as soon as the man begins to live with other men, as soon as the interchange of observations is rendered possible to man by speech, he begins to perceive that the individual must submit to what is for the good of the whole—of the society, that is, to which he belongs; that he must make some sacrifices to its maintenance: this is the first rise of the moral principle, the essence of the soul. The feeling of his own weakness and uncertainty next gives birth to religion;—the feeling of need of others like himself, to love. Selfishness and humanity now enter upon that continual antagonism which is called, I know not why, the inexplicable riddle of life; though with my view of the matter, nothing appears to me more natural and consequential. The real problem for mankind is, merely to

establish the proper balance between these two poles. The more perfectly this is attained, the better and the happier is thenceforward the condition of the man, the family, the state. Either extreme is pernicious. The individual who tries to benefit himself alone, must succumb at length to the power of the many. The romantic enthusiast who starves himself to feed others, will be called by men, (who are ready enough to admire any sacrifice made to them, though they often laugh at it too,) magnanimous, or foolish, according to their peculiar fancy: but such conduct can never be general, and can never become a *norma* or pattern for imitation—in other words, a *duty*. Martyrs who give themselves to the flames in honour of the sacred number three, or let the nails grow through the back of their hands to the glory of Brama, belong to this same class, though to the lowest step of it; and receive, according to the prevalent notions of their age, the appellation of saint or madman, but are at all events mere exceptions (*Abnormitäten*). Not that I mean to deny that a rational abnegation and sacrifice of oneself for the good of others is noble and beautiful:—by no means. It is unquestionably a beautiful, that is, a beneficent example of the victory of the social over the selfish principle, which

forms a refreshing contrast to the far too numerous instances of those whose views never extend beyond themselves, and who end in becoming the pitiless remorseless criminals against whom society is compelled to declare everlasting war. But since we are bound to ourselves more nearly than to society, by that law of self-preservation which is necessary to our existence, egotists are more common than philanthropists, vicious men than virtuous. The former are the truly rude and ignorant, the latter the civilized and instructed. (An 'avviso' by the by to all governments who wish to rule in the dark.) But as even the most civilized have a substratum of rudeness, just as the most highly polished marble when broken exhibits the rough grain beneath, philanthropy herself cannot deny that she is the offspring of self-interest,—that she is indeed only self-interest diffused over the whole of mankind.

● Where this feeling, therefore, displays itself in a very grand and energetic manner, though it be for the sole advantage of the individual, the possessors of it, such as are commonly called great men and heroes, compel the admiration even of those who disapprove their course of action: Nay, experience teaches us, that men who, with consummate indifference to the good of others, have

heaped innumerable sufferings on their fellow men, if they have at the same time manifested a gigantic and over-mastering power, and been favoured by fortune, have invariably been the objects of the high admiration even of those who suffered under them. This shows what I said before, that necessity and fear are the germs of human society, and continue to be the mightiest levers under all circumstances; and that power (or strength) is always the object of the greatest reverence and admiration. Alexander and Cæsar cut a greater figure in history than Horatius Cocles and Regulus (admitting the latter not to be fabulous personages). Disinterestedness, friendship, philanthropy, generosity, are flowers of rarer growth; they generally unfold themselves at a later season, and with a more delicate fragrance. To the philosophic mind the highest power manifests itself in perfect goodness; and devotedness to others in the end becomes the highest enjoyment to the individual himself.

Another, and, as it seems to me, a striking proof that what we call Morality is entirely the growth of social life, is, that, as it appears to me, we recognize no such principle in our conduct towards other beings. If it were in our power, we should willingly enough pluck a star from heaven

and analyse it for the benefit of *our* science ; nor, if we had an angel in our power, should we be very scrupulous in our treatment of him, were we certain we had nothing to fear from him. That our treatment of the lower animals, and in too many cases of the negroes, is utterly and purely selfish, and that we must have reached a high point of civilization before even we cease to torment them or to let them suffer *uselessly* and *wantonly*, is but too obvious a fact. Nay more ; men, even among each other, throw off the positive moral principle, as soon as a power which they recognize as competent partially dissolves the obligations of society. As soon as war is declared, the most virtuous soldier kills his fellow man 'ex officio,' though perhaps he be but the compulsory servant of a despot whom in his heart he regards as the scum of the earth : or the Pope, in the name of the religion of love, absolves men from every sentiment of truth, rectitude or humanity ; and immediately the pious burn, torture, kill, lie, 'con amore,' and die satisfied and blessed, in fulfilment of their duty, and to the glory of God !

The lower animals, which are destined to live for themselves alone, know no virtue, and *have, therefore, no soul*, as it is truly said. Yet in the domestic animals, notwithstanding the low order

of their reasoning faculty,—from education and from the sort of social intercourse in which they live with man, we may perceive very obvious traces of morality, and the gradual creation of a perception of right and wrong. We see that they are capable of disinterested love; capable even of great self-sacrifice without the motive of fear:—in short, they enter upon the same path as men; their *souls* begin to germinate and expand; and had animals the faculty of speech, it is possible they would advance to a level with ourselves.

Our best and most useful study would be, to endeavour to see what we are, and wherefore we are so, without vain hypotheses or tedious discussions:—this is the only road to a permanent spread of clear and enlightened ideas, and consequently to true happiness. It may be questioned whether German philosophy has not, chosen too poetical a path; whether it do not rather resemble a rocket, which soars into the heavens in a thousand sparkles and tries to assimilate itself to the stars, but soon vanishes into nothing,—than a fire which gives out beneficent light and heat. How many excentric systems of this kind, from Kant to Hegel, have glittered their moment, and then either rapidly expired, or lived on, divided into obscure and unprofitable fragments!

It is very problematical whether society have reaped so much practical advantage from them as from the now so little valued French philosophers, who stuck to what was near at hand; and in the first place so effectually divided the main nerve of the boa of priestly superstition with their sharp operating-knives, that it has never since been able to do more than feebly drag itself about. The philosopher ought surely to embrace actual life in his speculations (the greatest of all sages was not less practical, than comprehensively intelligent); and men who instruct mankind in this manner stand higher in the history of its benefactors than the most astonishing of the firework-makers above mentioned.

The true and only object of philosophy is unquestionably the investigation of truth;—of such truth, be it observed, as *can be investigated*, for such alone can give any results. To inquire into the incomprehensible is to thrash straw. The most direct way to the attainment of discoverable truth is in my opinion now, as in the days of Aristotle, only that of experiment. At a later stage of science we may venture to say with justice, Because the law is so, experience *must* confirm my conclusions; but this law could only have been discovered by means of prior experiment. Lalandé

might very fairly maintain that such and such stars must stand in such and such relations, although the most accurate observation seemed to prove the contrary, because he already *knew* the unalterable rule; but without Newton's falling apple, &c.,—without the previous and long-continued observations of individual phænomena, and the truths thence elicited,—the secrets of the heavens were still a book with seven seals.

But if philosophy would seek out truth, she ought above all to seek it in relation to the human species. Histories of mankind, in the widest sense, and whatever can be deduced from them for the behoof of the present and the future, must ever be her chief object. By following this direction, we may gradually succeed in arriving, from the knowledge of what has been and is, at the knowledge of causes; *i. e.* why things are so, and not otherwise: and then again, going back from fact to fact, may approach to fundamental laws, and thus find out a *norma* or rule for the future. Although the first causes of all existence should for ever remain undiscoverable by us, it were sufficient, could we clearly and distinctly ascertain what were the original powers of *our* being, what they have become, and what direction we ought to endeavour to give to their further growth. Here the reflection will

forcibly present itself, that a further progression and improvement are only possible in the element of freedom, and with an unrestrained interchange of ideas. The most noble and important invention by or for mankind, was therefore indisputably that of printing. Happily, it was born quick and active, for the human intellect was at its birth sufficiently matured to employ this mighty engine for the furtherance of the greatest ends. This invention alone has since rendered it possible to call into life that gigantic power, which nothing will long be able to withstand—public opinion. By this I do not mean the clamours of the mob, but the judgement of the best and wisest, which, since they have found an organ, have penetrated to all, and in the end must effect the destruction of those mere clamours.

Without printing, there would have been no Luther;—and until that epoch, had Christianity really been able to make its way? At the time of the thirty years' war, at the time of the English Queen Mary, at the time of the Inquisition, 'horribile dictu!' had Christianity rendered men more merciful, more moral, more benign? I see little evidence of it. Freedom of the press was the great step which at once brought us infinitely nearer to the grand end—the universal diffusion

of intelligence ; and has given such an impulse to human affairs, that we now learn and accomplish more in ten years than our ancestors did in a hundred. The mass of information and intelligence thus accumulated, is what we must look to for the amelioration of the condition of mankind. In every age there have been illustrious men,—men, perhaps, whom no succeeding age will surpass or equal : but they stood alone ; and although their effect on the world was not utterly lost, they could generally diffuse but a partial and momentary light, which the lapse of time dimmed or quite obscured. Let us take as an instance Christ, who, as Gibbon has shown, appeared under peculiarly favourable circumstances. How many men have called, and do call, themselves after his name ; and how many are *true* Christians ? He, the most liberal, the most tolerant, the most sincere and benign of men, has served for nearly two thousand years as a shield to despotism, persecution, and falsehood, and lent his exalted and sacred name to a new form of heathenism.

It is therefore, I repeat, only the *mass* of knowledge, the intelligence which has pervaded *a whole nation*, which can form the basis of permanent, solid and rational institutions, through which so-

ciety and individuals may be made better and happier. Towards this the world now tends. Politics, in the highest signification of the word, is the religion of the present time. For that, all the enthusiasm of mankind is awakened; and should crusades now be undertaken, that alone would be the object. The notion of representative chambers has now-a-days a more electric effect than that of a ruling church; and even the fame of the warrior begins to grow pale, by the side of that of the enlightened statesman and citizen.

“ Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good!”

But now ‘trêve de bavardage.’ In the mountains I should not have bored you with so much of it; but within the dingy walls of a city I feel as Faust did within those of his study. But a little breeze has sprung up. Tomorrow a fresher gale will swell my sails. Wherever I am,—in prison, or under the blue sky,—I am, and shall ever be,

Your true, heartily devoted,

L—.

P.S. This is my last letter from Dublin. I have had my carriage packed and sent to S—; dismissed my Englishmen, and shall travel under the ‘nom de guerre’ you know of,—which is now

become 'romantic', by Bath and Paris with one honest Irish servant. I shall neither hurry, nor stay longer than necessary. The most difficult business—taking leave of friends—is done, and nothing now detains me.

LETTER X.

Holyhead, Dec. 15th, 1828.

DEAR AND FAITHFUL FRIEND,

YOU have often called me child-like, and no praise is more grateful to me. Yes, Heaven be praised, dear Julia! children we shall both remain, so long as we live, though a hundred wrinkles sat upon our brows. But children are fond of play, are rather 'inconsequent', and are ever on the watch for pleasure: 'C'est là l'essentiel.' Thus then you must judge of me, and never expect much more from me. Do not therefore reproach me with wandering about without an object. Good Heaven! has not Parry, with his *object*, been obliged to sail three times to the north pole, and at last return without attaining it? Has not Napoleon for twenty years heaped victory on victory to pine away at last on St. Helena, because he had attained his object too early and too well? And what is generally the object of men? Not one of them can give an exact and definite account of it. The ostensible aim is always merely a part of the whole, often only the means to an end; and even the real

and ulterior end frequently changes its form and its motives as these change their aspect. Thus it was with me. People have also *collateral* objects, which often seem the principal ones, because they do better to announce. Thus again it was with me. 'Au bout du compte' I am satisfied,—and what can one have more?

Neptune must have a peculiar affection for me, for whenever he gets me in his power he keeps me as long as he can. The wind was directly contrary, and blew with great violence. On the sea and on high mountains the *lucky principle* in me becomes extremely feeble. I scarcely ever had a favourable wind at sea; nor a clear sky, when I had climbed thousands of feet nearer to it.

Yesterday evening at eleven o'clock I quitted Dublin in a post-chaise in a beautiful clear moonlight night. The air was mild and balmy as in summer. I recapitulated the last two years, and called up all their events in review before me. The result did not displeasé me. I have erred here and there, but I find my mind on the whole become firmer and clearer. In detail I have also gained and learned some things. I have not impaired my physical machine: and lastly, I have imprinted many an agreeable picture in the volume of my memory. I feel my good spirits and my

enjoyment of life ten times stronger than they were in the morbid state of mind in which I quitted you; and as this is of more value than all external things, after giving myself patient audience, I looked forward into the unknown future with cheerfulness, and relished the present with delight. The present consisted in the furious driving of the half-drunk postillions: we went along a lofty embankment, or causeway, close to the sea, in the pale moonlight, '*hop, hop, hop, dahin im sausenden Gallop,*' till we reached a very handsome inn at Howth, where I slept. A magnificent Newfoundland dog of enormous size gave me his company at tea, and again in the morning at breakfast. Perfectly white with a black face, the colossal creature looked like a polar bear, who in a fit of absence had put on the head of one of his black relatives. I wanted to buy him, but the host would not part with him on any terms.

In the night I had a strange dream:—I found myself entangled in political affairs, in consequence of which my person was watched and my life threatened. My first escape from death was at a great hunting party, in which four or five disguised huntsmen fell upon me in the thickest part of the wood, and fired upon me, but did not hit me. The next thing was an attempt to poison me:

and I had already swallowed a green powder, which had been given to me as medicine, when the Duke of Wellington came in, and said to me very coolly, "It's nothing; I have just taken the same, here is the antidote." After taking this, the usual operation of an antidote followed. (Probably this was from anticipation of my voyage.) In a short time I was better than before.—I set out, and was soon near the end of my journey, when I was attacked by robbers, who pulled me out of my carriage, and dragged me through brambles and ruins to a very high narrow wall, along the top of which we hastily stepped, while it seemed to totter under our feet. We walked on and on, and it seemed to have no end; and besides the fear, I was tormented by gnawing hunger, from which the robbers suffered equally. At last they called out to me that I must find them something to eat, or they would kill me. Just then I thought I heard a soft voice whisper "Show them that door." I looked up, and saw a high building like an abbey, overgrown with ivy and overshadowed by black pines, without door or window, except a 'porte cochère' of bronze, shut, and of colossal height. With sudden determination I exclaimed, "Fools! why do you ask food of me, when the great storehouse is before you?" "Where?" growled the captain.

“Open that gate,” replied I. As soon as the band perceived it, all rushed upon it, the captain foremost;—but before they could touch it, the huge gates slowly and silently unclosed themselves. A strange sight presented itself. We looked into a vast hall which appeared to us of endless length; the roof overarched our heads at a giddy height; all around was magnificently adorned with gold, and with beautiful bas-reliefs and pictures, which seemed to have life and motion. On either side against the wall was ranged an interminable row of grim-looking wooden figures, with faces rudely painted, clad in gold and steel, with drawn sword and lance, and mounted upon stuffed horses. In the middle the vista was closed by a gigantic black steed, bearing a rider thrice as big and as terrible as the rest. He was cased from top to toe in black iron. As if inspired, I cried out, “Ha, Rudiger! it is thou! venerable ancestor, save me!” The words echoed like a loud thunder-clap in a hundred peals along the vaulted roof; and we thought we saw the wooden figures and their stuffed horses roll their eyes horribly. We all shuddered;—when suddenly the gigantic knight flourished aloft his terrible battle-sword like a lightning-flash, and in an instant his steed with fearful bounds and curvetings was close upon us; when a clock struck

with awful sound, and the giant stood again a motionless statue before us. Overpowered by terror, we all took to flight as quickly as our legs would carry us. To my shame I must confess I did not remain behind. I had reached an old wall, but fear turned my feet to lead. I now perceived a side door, and was going to attempt to get through it, when a frightful voice yelled in my ear "Half past seven." I was ready to sink on the earth from terror,—a strong hand grasped me,—I opened my eyes bewildered, and my Irish servant stood before me—to announce to me that if I did not get up immediately, the steam-packet would infallibly sail without me.—You see, dear Julia, as soon as I set out on my travels, adventures await me, though but in my sleep. I found the people occupied in getting on board a handsome carriage, stuffed with I think even more comforts and superfluities than I take with me when I travel in this manner. The valet and servants were busy, alert, and respectful; while a young man of about twenty, with light hair carefully curled, and very elegantly dressed in deep mourning, sauntered up and down the deck with all the indolence of an English 'man of fashion', taking not the smallest notice of his property, or of what his people were doing. As I afterwards learned, he had just suc-

ceeded to an estate of 20,000*l.* a year in Ireland, and was now going abroad to spend it. He was hastening to Naples; and appeared such a good-natured young fellow that even sea-sickness did not put him out of humour. While talking with him, I thought—reflecting upon the difference between us, ‘Voilà le commencement et la fin!’ One whom the world sends forth, and says ‘Partake of me’; and the other whom she calls home, and says ‘Digest me.’ May Heaven only preserve my stomach in good order for the operation! But these melancholy thoughts arose only from the ‘qualms’ of the steam-boiler and the sea; and after a little reflection I rejoiced in the sight of this young creature, so rich in hopes, as much as if the illusions had been my own.

This evening I intend to proceed with the mail, and hope that a good dinner will put an end to the nausea left by the long transit.

Shrewsbury, Dec. 16th: Evening.

Things did not turn out so well as I expected: the dinner was by no means good, but on the contrary, vile; and the voyage left me a ‘migraine’, with which I was obliged to set out at midnight. Fortunately we were but two in the comfortable four-seated coach, so that each had a whole side

to himself. I slept tolerably; and the air and gentle motion had so beneficial an effect, that at seven, when I waked, my head-ache was nearly gone. The Holyhead mail is bound to go two German miles in an hour, all stoppages included.* We arrived here to breakfast, and I staid to see the city. I visited first the castle, the greater part of which is of extreme antiquity: it is built of red stone: the inside is somewhat modernized. The view from the old 'keep', on which there is now a summer-house, over the river Severn and a rich and fertile valley, is very beautiful and cheerful. Close by is the prison, in which I saw the poor devils at work in the treadmill. They were all dressed in yellow cloth, like so many Saxon postillions, to whose phlegm this exercise would often be advantageous. From this new-fashioned establishment for education I wandered (travelling back eight hundred years in a minute,) to the remains of an old abbey, of which only the church is in good preservation and in use. The painted windows in this, as in almost all the churches in England, were destroyed by Cromwell's fanatics,

* Our *Eilkutschen* will never approach the English stage-coaches till the post is entirely free, and till there is an equal competition of travellers:—neither is to be expected.
—EDITOR.

but are here remarkably well restored with newly painted glass. The founder of the abbey, Roger Montgomery, (first Earl of Shrewsbury and one of William the Conqueror's followers,) lies buried in the church under a fine monument. Near him lies a Templar, exactly like the one at Worcester, except in the colouring. He lies with his legs crossed in the manner which distinguishes the tombs of his order. The Earl of Shrewsbury not only built and endowed the abbey, but died within its walls as a monk, in expiation of his sins. Thus did the elasticity of the human mind soon find means to lay spiritual curb and bridle on the rough power of the knights.

The city is very remarkable, from its numerous ancient houses of the most extraordinary form and architecture. I frequently stood still in the streets to sketch one in my pocket-book: this always collected a crowd about me, who stared at me astonished, and not unfrequently disturbed me. The English ought not to wonder, therefore, if the same thing happens to them in Turkey and Egypt.

Hereford, Dec. 17th.

It cannot be denied that after being deprived of it for some time, one returns to 'English comfort' with increased relish. Change, however, is the

soul of life, and gives to everything in its turn a fresh value. The good inns, the neatly served 'breakfasts and dinners', the spacious, carefully warmed beds, the civil and adroit waiters, struck me, after Irish deficiencies, very agreeably, and soon reconciled me to the higher prices. At ten in the morning I left Shrewsbury again in the mail, and reached Hereford at eight in the evening. As it was not cold I got outside, and gave my place within to my servant. Two or three ordinary sort of men, and a pretty animated boy of eleven, were my companions. The conversation was furiously political. The boy was the son of a man of considerable landed property, and was travelling home from school, a hundred miles off, to spend his Christmas holidays. This custom of throwing children so early on their own resources, unquestionably gives them through life that feeling of independence and self-reliance which the English possess above all other nations, and especially above the Germans. The joy and vivacious restlessness of the child as he approached his home, both touched and delighted me. There was something so natural and so intense in it, that I involuntarily thought of my own childhood,—of that invaluable, and at the time unvalued, ~~which we know only in retrospect.~~

Monmouth, Dec. 18th.

Today, dear Julia, I have once more had one of those romantic days which I have long been deprived of; one of those days whose varied pictures delight one like fairy tales in childhood. I am indebted for it to the celebrated scenery of the river Wye, which even in winter asserted its claim to be considered one of the most beautiful parts of England.

Before I quitted Hereford I paid a very early visit to the cathedral, in which I found nothing remarkable except a handsome porch. I was near being too late for the mail, which in England waits for nobody. I literally caught it flying, but used it only for the thirteen miles from Hereford to Ross, which we traversed in an extremely short time, though with four blind horses. At Ross I hired a boat, sent it forwards five miles to Goderich Castle, and took my way thither on foot. My road lay first through a churchyard, on an eminence commanding a beautiful view; then through a rich luxuriant country like that on Lake Lugano, to the ruin, where I found the little boat with two rowers and my Irishman already waiting. I had to cross the river, which is here rather impetuous, in order to reach the hill crowned with the old castle.

ascent on the slippery turf was arduous enough. As I entered the lofty archway, a blast of wind took my cap off my head, as if the spirit of the place would teach me respect to the shade of its knightly possessor. The awe and admiration could not be enhanced, however, with which I wandered through the dark passages and the spacious courts, and climbed the crumbling staircase. In summer and autumn the Wye is never free from visitors; but as it probably never entered the head of a methodical Englishman to make a tour in winter, the people are not at all prepared for it, and during the whole day I found neither guide nor any sort of help for travellers. The ladder, without which it is impossible to reach the top of the highest tower, was not forthcoming; it had been removed to winter quarters. With the help of the boatmen and my servant I constructed a Jacob's-ladder, by means of which I scrambled up. From the battlements you overlook a boundless stretch of country:—the robber knights who inhabited this fortress had the advantage of seeing travellers on the road at many miles distance. After I had duly grubbed into every hole and corner, and descended the hill on the other side, I breakfasted with great enjoyment in the boat, while it was rapidly borne

along on the swift current. The weather was beautiful, the sun shone bright,—a very rare occurrence at this season,—and the air was as warm as in a pleasant April day with us. The trees had indeed no leaves; but as their branches were extremely thick, and they were intermixed with many evergreens, and the grass was even greener and brighter than in summer, the landscape lost much less in beauty than might have been imagined. The soil is uncommonly fruitful; the gentle hills are clothed from top to bottom with wood and copse; few ploughed fields, chiefly meadows interspersed with trees, while every bend of the winding stream presents a church, a village, or a country house, in a succession of the most varied pictures. For some time we hovered on the boundaries of three counties,—Monmouth on the right, Hereford on the left, and Gloucester before us. In a picturesque spot, opposite to iron-works whose flames are visible even by day, stands a house, one half of which bears the stamp of modern times, the other half that of gray antiquity. This is the place in which Henry the Fifth passed his childhood, under the care of the Countess of Salisbury. Lower down in the valley stands the little humble church in which he was christened and she was buried. Agincourt and Falstaff,

knightly times, and the creations of Shakspeare, occupied my fancy, till Nature, older and greater than all, soon made me forget them : for now our little bark glided into the rocky region, where the foaming stream and its shores assume the grandest character. These are craggy and weather-beaten walls of sandstone, of gigantic dimension, perpendicular or overhanging, projecting abruptly from amid oaks, and hung with rich festoons of ivy. The rains and storms of ages have beaten and washed them into such fantastic forms, that they appear like some caprice of human art. Castles and towers, amphitheatres and fortifications, battlements and obelisks, mock the wanderer, who fancies himself transported into the ruins of a city of some extinct race. Some of these picturesque masses are often loosened by the action of the weather, and fall thundering from rock to rock with a terrific plunge into the river, which is here extremely deep. The boatmen showed me the remains of one of these blocks, and the monument of an unfortunate Portuguese whom it buried in its fall. This extraordinary formation reaches for nearly eight miles, to within about three of Monmouth, where it terminates in a solitary colossal rock called The 'Druid's Head. Seen from a certain point it exhibits a fine antique

profile of an old man sunk in deep sleep. Just as we rowed by, the moon rose immediately above it, and gave it a most striking effect.

A short time afterwards we passed through a narrow part of the stream between two shores wooded to their summits, till we came in sight of a large bare *plateau* of rock, called King Arthur's Plain;—the fabulous hero is said to have encamped here. In half an hour we reached Monmouth, a small ancient town, in which Henry the Fifth was born. A lofty statue of him adorns the roof of the town-hall; but nothing remains of the castle in which he first saw the light, save an ornamented Gothic window, and a court in which turkeys, geese and ducks were fattened. This would have been more suitable to the birth-place of Falstaff.

I went into a bookseller's shop to buy a 'Guide,' and unexpectedly made the acquaintance of a very amiable family. It consisted of the old bookseller, his wife, and two pretty daughters, the most perfect specimens of innocent country girls I ever met with. I went in just as they were at tea; and the father, a very good-natured man, but unusually loquacious, for an Englishman, took me absolutely and formally prisoner, and began to ask me the strangest questions about the Continent and about politics. The daughters wh-

obviously pitied me—probably from experience—tried to restrain him; but I let him go on, and surrendered myself for half an hour ‘de bonne grâce’, by which I won the good-will of the whole family to such a degree, that they all pressed me most warmly to stay some days in this beautiful country, and to take up my abode with them. When I rose at length to go, they positively refused to take anything for the book, and ‘bongré, malgré’, I was forced to keep it as a present. Such conquests please me, because their manifestation can come only from the heart.

Chepstow, Dec. 19th.

As I was dressed early, and after a rapid breakfast was going to set out, I discovered, not without a disagreeable surprise, that my purse and pocket-book were missing. I remembered perfectly that I laid them before me in the coffee-room last night; that I was quite alone, and that I dined and wrote to you there; that I referred to the notes in my pocket-book for my letter, and used my purse to pay the boatmen. It was clear, therefore, that I must have left it there, and the waiter have taken possession of it. I rang for him, recapitulated the above facts, and asked, looking earnestly at him, if he had found nothing?

The man looked pale and embarrassed, and stammered out that he had seen nothing but a bit of paper with writing on it, which he believed was still lying under the table. I looked, and found it in the place he mentioned. All this appeared to me very suspicious. I made some representations to the host, a most disagreeable-looking fellow, which indeed contained some implied threats; but he answered shortly, That he knew his people; that a theft had not occurred in his house of thirty years, and that my behaviour was very offensive to him;—that if I pleased, he would immediately send to a magistrate, have all his servants sworn, and his house searched. But then, added he with a sneer, you must not forget that all your things, even to the smallest trifle, must be examined too; and if nothing is found on any of us, you must pay the costs and make me a compensation. ‘*Qu’allai-je faire dans cette galère?*’ thought I, and saw clearly that my best way was to put up with my loss—about ten pounds—and to depart. I therefore took some more bank-notes out of my travelling-bag, paid the reckoning, which was pretty moderate, and thought I distinctly recognized one of my own sovereigns in the change he gave me:—it had a little cut over George the Fourth’s eye. Per-

sua^ded that host and waiter were partners in one concern, I shook off the dust of 'my feet, and stepped into the postchaise with the feelings of a man who has escaped from a den of thieves.

To render a service to future travellers, I stopped the chaise, and went to inform my friend the bookseller of my mishap. The surprise and concern of all were equal. In a few minutes the daughters began to whisper to their mother, made signs to one another, then took their father on one side; and after a short deliberation, the youngest came up to me and asked me, blushing and embarrassed, "Whether this loss might not have caused me 'a temporary embarrassment,' and whether I would accept a loan of five pounds, which I could restore whenever I returned that way:" at the same time trying to push the note into my hand. Such genuine kindness touched me to the heart: it had something so affectionate and disinterested, that the greatest benefit conferred under other circumstances would perhaps have inspired me with less gratitude than this mark of unaffected good-will. You may imagine how cordially I thanked them. "Certainly," said I, "were I in the slightest difficulty, I should not be too proud to accept so kind an offer; but as this is not in the least degree the case, I shall lay claim to your generosity in

another way, and beg permission to be allowed to carry back to the Continent a kiss from each of the fair girls of Monmouth." This was granted, amid much laughter and good-natured resignation. Thus freighted, I went back to my carriage. As I had gone yesterday by water, I took my way today along the bank of the river to Chepstow. The country retains the same character,—rich, deeply-wooded and verdant: but in this part it is enlivened by numerous iron-works, whose fires gleam in red, blue, and yellow flames, and blaze up through lofty chimneys, where they assume at times the form of huge glowing flowers, when the fire and smoke, pressed down by the weight of the atmosphere, are kept together in a compact motionless mass. I alighted to see one of these works. It was not moved, as most are, by a steam-engine, but by an immense water-wheel, which again set in motion two or three smaller. This wheel had the power of eighty horses; and the whirling rapidity of its revolutions, the frightful noise when it was first set going, the furnaces around vomiting fire, the red-hot iron, and the half-naked black figures brandishing hammers and other ponderous instruments, and throwing around the red hissing masses, formed an admirable representation of Vulcan's smithy.

About midway in my journey the country changed, as it did yesterday, into a stern rocky region. In the centre of a deep basin, encompassed by mountains of various forms, we descried immediately above the silver stream the celebrated ruins of Tintern Abbey. It would be difficult to imagine a more favourable situation, or a more sublime ruin. The entrance to it seems as if contrived by the hand of some skilful scene-painter to produce the most striking effect. The church, which is large, is still almost perfect: the roof alone and a few of the pillars are wanting. The ruins have received just that degree of care which is consistent with the full preservation of their character; all unpicturesque rubbish which could obstruct the view is removed, without any attempt at repair or embellishment. A beautiful smooth turf covers the ground, and luxuriant creeping plants grow amid the stones. The fallen ornaments are laid in picturesque confusion, and a perfect avenue of thick ivy-stems climb up the pillars and form a roof over-head. The better to secure the ruin, a new gate of antique workmanship, with iron ornaments, is put up. When this is suddenly opened, the effect is most striking and surprising. You suddenly look down the avenue of ivy-clad pillars, and see their grand perspective

lines closed, at a distance of three hundred feet, by a magnificent window eighty feet high and thirty broad: through its intricate and beautiful tracery you see a wooded mountain, from whose side project abrupt masses of rock. Over-head the wind plays 'in the garlands of ivy, and the clouds pass swiftly across the deep blue sky. When you reach the centre of the church, whence you look to the four extremities of its cross, you see the two transept windows nearly as large and as beautiful as the principal one: through each you command a picture perfectly different, but each in the wild and sublime style which harmonizes so perfectly with the building. Immediately around the ruin is a luxuriant orchard. In spring, how exquisite must be the effect of these gray venerable walls rising out of that sea of fragrance and beauty! A Vandal lord and lord lieutenant of the county conceived the pious design of restoring the church. Happily, Heaven took him to itself before he had time to execute it.

From Tintern Abbey the road rises uninterruptedly to a considerable height above the river, which is never wholly out of sight. The country reaches the highest degree of its beauty in three or four miles, at the Duke of Beaufort's villa called the Moss House. Here are delightful paths,

which lead in endless windings through wild woods and evergreen thickets, sometimes on the edge of lofty walls of rock, sometimes through caves fashioned by the hand of Nature, or suddenly emerge on open plateaus to the highest point of this chain of hills, called the Wind-cliff, whence you enjoy one of the most extensive and noble views in England.

At a depth of about eight hundred feet, the steep descent below you presents in some places single projecting rocks; in others, a green bushy precipice. In the valley, the eye follows for several miles the course of the Wye, which issues from a wooded glen on the left hand, curves round a green garden-like peninsula rising into a hill studded with beautiful clumps of trees, then, forces its foaming way to the right, along a huge wall of rock nearly as high as the point where you stand, and at length, near Chepstow Castle, which looks like a ruined city, empties itself into the Bristol Channel, where ocean closes the dim and misty distance.

On this side of the river, before you, the peaked tops of a long ridge of hills extend along nearly the whole district which your eye commands. It is thickly clothed with wood, out of which a continuous wall of rock festooned with ivy picturesquely rears its head. Over this ridge you again discern

water,—the Severn, five miles broad, thronged with a hundred white sails, on either shore of which you see blue ridges of hills full of fertility and rich cultivation.

The grouping of this landscape is perfect: I know of no picture more beautiful. Inexhaustible in details, of boundless extent, and yet marked by such grand and prominent features, that confusion and monotony, the usual defects of a very wide prospect, are completely avoided. Piercefield Park, which includes the ridge of hills from Wind-cliff to Chepstow, is therefore without question the finest in England, at least for situation. It possesses all that Nature can bestow; lofty trees, magnificent rocks, the most fertile soil, a mild climate favourable to vegetation of every kind, a clear foaming stream, the vicinity of the sea, solitude, and, from the bosom of its own tranquil seclusion, a view into the rich country I have described, which receives a lofty interest from a ruin the most sublime that the imagination of the finest painter could conceive, —I mean Chepstow Castle. It covers five acres of ground, and lies close to the park on the side next the town, though it does not belong to it.

England is indebted to Cromwell for almost all her ruined castles, as she is to Henry the Eighth for her crumbling churches and religious houses.

The former were destroyed with fire and sword; the latter only suppressed, and left to the corroding tooth of time, and the selfishness and wantonness of man. Both agents have been equally efficacious; and these two great men have produced an effect they did not contemplate, but which resembles that of their persons,—a picturesque one. I strolled through the park on foot, and let the carriage follow by the high road: I reached the ruin at the verge of twilight, which increased the awful grandeur of its appearance. The castle contains several extensive courts, and a chapel; a part of it is in good preservation. Large nut and yew-trees, orchards and beautiful turf, adorn the interior; trailing plants of all kinds festoon the walls. In the least ruinous part of the castle lives a woman with her family, who pays the Duke of Beaufort, the possessor, a rent, for permission to show the ruins to strangers; of whom she consequently demands a shilling. You see that in England 'on fait flèche de tout bois', and that an English nobleman with an income of sixty thousand a-year, neither disdains to take the widow's mite, nor to lay strangers under regular contribution. To be sure there are some little German sovereigns who unfortunately do much the same.

Satisfied with the employment of my day, as well as tired with climbing, and soaked with rain which had fallen within the last hour, I hastened to my inn, my dishabille, and my dinner.—I felt something unusual in the pocket of my dressing-gown. I pulled it out surprised; and with shame I saw—my purse and pocket-book. It but now occurred to me that I had slipped them into this unaccustomed place from the fear of leaving them on the table.

This shall serve as a lesson to me for the future, never to draw any unfavourable conclusions merely from the embarrassment and confusion of an accused person. The bare thought that others could suspect them may produce the same symptoms in men of irritable nerves and a quick sense of honour, as the consciousness of guilt in others. You will trust to the heart you know so well, that I instantly dispatched a letter to my friend the bookseller, exculpating the host and waiter, and inclosing two pounds as some compensation to the latter, which I begged him to deliver with my sincere apologies.—I ate my dinner with more relish after I had atoned for my offence to the best of my power.

Your faithful

LETTER XI.

Bristol, December 20th, 1828.

DEAR JULIA,

I HOPE you follow me on the map, which will make my letters more intelligible to you, though you cannot enjoy with me the beautiful views, of which I shall bring you back faithful copies in the portfolio of my memory.

I revisited the magnificent castle this morning. A blooming girl was my guide, and formed a graceful contrast to the blackened towers, the dreadful prison of the regicide Marten, and the dark dungeons, to which we descended by a long staircase. I next visited a church with a remarkably beautiful Saxon porch, and a highly ornamented font in the same style. Here the unfortunate Marten lies buried. He was one of Charles the First's judges, and was imprisoned in Chepstow Castle for forty years, without ever, as it is asserted, losing his spirits. After the first few years his confinement seems to have been less rigorous, and to have gone on gradually becoming less severe. At least the girl showed me three rooms,

of which the lowest was a most horrible hole,—while she *ciceronised* in the following words: “Here Marten was put at first, while he was wicked; but when he became serious, he was moved a story higher; and at last, when he was *religious*, he had the room with the beautiful view.”

At two o'clock I set out for Bristol on a crowded stage-coach; notwithstanding the violent rain, I with difficulty obtained a place on the box. We crossed a handsome bridge, affording the best point of view of the castle, which stands on a perpendicular rock overhanging the Wye, a position which gives it its peculiarly picturesque character. We kept Piercefield Park, and its wall of rocks on one side the river, long in view. I remarked to the proprietor of the stage, who drove, that the possessor of this beautiful estate must be a happy man. “By no means,” replied he; “the poor devil is over head and ears in debt, has a numerous family, and wishes with all his heart to find a good purchaser for Piercefield. Three months ago everything was settled with a rich Liverpool merchant, who was going to buy it for his youngest son; but before the bargain was completed, this son married an actress, the father disinherited him, and the thing went off.” Here was matter for moralizing.

Meantime the weather grew worse; and at length ended in a complete storm. We had it in our backs indeed, but the passage across the Channel was extremely unpleasant: the four horses, all the luggage, and the passengers, were huddled 'pèle mèle' into a little boat, which was so crowded one could hardly move. The post next to the horses was really one of danger, for they sometimes shyed at the sails, especially when they were shifted.

On one of these occasions a gentleman fell, together with the box on which he was sitting, directly under them. The goodnatured animals, however, only trod on him a little, they did not attempt to kick him. The boat, driven violently by the wind, lay quite on her side; and the waves incessantly dashed over us, and wetted us from head to foot. When we reached the end of our voyage, the landing was equally wearisome and dirty; and I lost, to my great annoyance, a part of Lord Byron's works. I was told that accidents often happen at this ferry, from the frequent storms and the numerous rocks. About six months ago the boat went down with the mail, and several persons lost their lives. We could not reach the usual landing-place, where there is a house, and were obliged to disembark on the shore, whence we

walked to the inn along a strand of red and white veined marble. Here we got into another stage, filled with twenty persons, and drove (but not so quickly as the mail,) to Bristol.—I could see nothing of this admired city but the bright lamps and gay well-stored shops.

Bath, December 21st; Evening.

When I question my memory what it is that makes the Wye so much more beautiful than most rivers, I find that it is the marked and bold character of its shores, which never fall away into tame monotonous lines, nor exhibit an unmeaning variety; that it is almost always skirted by wood, rocks, or meadows enlivened by houses; seldom by fields, or cultivated land, which though useful are rarely picturesque. Its numerous and bold windings cause an incessant change in the grouping of the shores, so that the same objects present themselves under a hundred different and beautiful aspects. This, by the way, is doubtless the ground of the preference landscape gardeners have given to winding roads over straight, and not that imaginary line of beauty about which so much has been said.

As the objects which present themselves along the Wye are almost always few and in large

masses, they invariably form beautiful pictures,—for pictures require to be bounded or framed. Nature creates according to a standard which we cannot judge of in its total effect; the *highest harmony* of which must therefore be lost to us:—Art strives to form a part of this into an ideal whole, which the eye and mind of man can take in. This is in my opinion the idea which lies at the bottom of landscape gardening. But Nature herself here and there furnishes a perfect pattern or model for such creations of art,—a landscape microcosm; and seldom can more such models be found within the same distance than in the course of this voyage, where every bend of the river presents a fresh feast of *art*, if I may so speak.

Pope somewhere says,

“Pleased Vaga echoes through its winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.”

The German language with all its richness is somewhat awkward and intractable for translation, especially from the English, which from being made up of various languages, possesses a peculiar facility in rendering foreign thoughts*. To me

* Few persons will agree with this position of the Author. If it be true, how doubly discreditable to English translators is the comparison of their performances with such translations as Voss's Homer, Schleiermacher's Plato, Schlegel's, Shak-

these two lines appear almost untranslatable: as often as I have attempted it, the thought lost all its grace;—perhaps, however, the awkwardness was mine.

It is no small advantage to the Wye, that two of the most beautiful ruins in the world lie on its banks; and never was I more convinced than here, that a prophet has no honour in his own country. How else would so many Englishmen travel thousands of miles to fall into ecstasies at beauties of a very inferior order to these! I must ask one more question;—why ruins have so much stronger an effect on the mind than the highest perfect specimen of architectural beauty? It seems almost as if these works of man did not attain their full perfection till Nature had tempered and corrected them:—and yet it is well that man should again step in, just at that point where Nature begins to efface all traces of his hand. A vast and well-preserved ruin is the most beautiful of buildings.

I have already mentioned that the environs of Bristol have a high and a deserved reputation. In luxuriance of vegetation and fertility they can

speare and Calderon, &c. For any approach to these wonderful transfusions, where are we to look? At the abortive attempts at presenting to England any idea of Göthe?—

TRANS.

be surpassed by none,—in picturesque effect by few; 'C'est comme la terre promise.' Whatever one beholds, and (as a gourmand I add) whatever one tastes, is in full perfection.

Bristol, a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants, lies in a deep valley: Clifton, which rises in terraces on the hills immediately above it, seems only a part of the same town: it is easy to conceive that extraordinary effects must result from such a situation. Three venerable Gothic churches rise out of the confused mass of houses in the valley. Like the proud remains of feudal and priestly dominion (for these, though hostile brothers, went hand in hand), they appear to rear their gray heads with a feeling of their ancient greatness, in scorn of the mushroom growth of modern times. One of them especially, Radcliffe Church, is a wonderful structure;—unfortunately, the sandstone of which it is built has suffered so much from time, that its ornaments are nearly fretted away. I went in while the organ was playing; and although I entered in the most quiet and respectful manner, and placed myself in a corner whence I could catch a stolen glance at the interior, the illiberality of the English Church would not allow me this satisfaction, and the preacher sent an old woman to tell me that I must sit down. As it is not the

custom in Catholic churches to interrupt the devotions of a congregation on such light grounds, even if strangers go in without any caution to view whatever is worth seeing in the church, I might justly wonder that English Protestant piety should have so little confidence in its own strength, as to be thus blown about by the slightest breath. The riddle was explained to me afterwards: I should have had to *pay* for my seat, and the truly pious motive was *the sixpence*. However, I had had enough, and left their ‘mummery’* without paying.

As soon as I returned to the inn I ordered a post-chaise, seated myself on the driver’s seat,—not like the Emperor of China, as the place of honour, but as the place for seeing,—and began my excursions in the environs. I first visited the warm baths. They are situated just at the beginning of a rocky valley, which has a great resemblance to the Planische Grund near Dresden, only that the rocks are higher and the expanse of water much finer. Just in this spot we met the mayor in his state equipage, much more splendid than that of our kings on the continent. It formed a curious

* ‘Popish mummery’ is the name given by English Protestants to the Catholic worship;—their own fully answers to the same description.—EDITOR.

contrast with the solitary rocky scenery. As he passed, the postilion pointed out to me a distant ruined tower called 'Cook's Folly,' the property of a former mayor, a merchant, who ruined himself in building it, and now lives in a ruin. He could not complete the Gothic castle which he began to build in a most beautiful situation;—perhaps it is a greater ornament to the scene in its present state.

Ascending from the rocky valley we reached an extensive table-land, which serves as a race-course, and thence over rising ground to Lord de Clifford's park, the entrance to which is very beautiful. You drive for about a mile and a half on the side of a high hill, through a winding avenue of primeval oaks, planted far enough from each other to stretch out their giant arms on every side to their full extent before they touch. Beneath their branches you catch the finest views of the rich vale of Bristol. It is like a noble gallery of pictures; under every tree you find a different one. To the right, on the rising ground appears a dark belt of plantation edging the green turf. Laurel, arbutus, and other evergreens border the road, till at a sudden turn the house and flower-garden burst upon the eye in all their decorated beauty. At the end of this park lies a

ridge of hills, along whose narrow crest you drive some miles, and arrive at a noble sea view. At our feet lay the Russian fleet at anchor. It is bound to the Mediterranean, and in the storm of last week narrowly escaped shipwreck on this coast:—the English declare this was entirely caused by the ignorance and unskilfulness of the sailors. I afterwards made the acquaintance of the Captain and five other officers. To my great surprise they spoke *no* foreign language, so that our conversation was limited to signs: in other respects they seemed a polite and civilized sort of people.

Not far from this park is an interesting establishment called ‘The Cottages.’ The proprietor, Mr. Harford, has endeavoured to realize the beautiful ideal of a village. A beautiful green space in the midst of the wood is surrounded by a winding road; on it are built nine cottages, all of different forms and materials;—stone, brick, wood, &c., and roofed with thatch, tiles, and slate; each surrounded with different trees, and enwreathed with various sorts of clematis, rose, honeysuckle, and vine. The dwellings, which are perfectly detached though they form a whole, have separate gardens, and a common fountain, which stands in the centre of the green, over-

shadowed by old trees. The gardens, divided by neat hedges, form a pretty garland of flowers and herbs around the whole village. What crowns the whole is, that the inhabitants are all poor families, whom the generous proprietor allows to live in the houses rent-free. No more delightful or well chosen spot could be found as a refuge for misfortune: its perfect seclusion and snugness breathe only peace and forgetfulness of the world.

Immediately opposite to the wood, a modern Gothic castle rears its head at a distance, from amid ancient oaks. I wished to see it, as well as the park around it, but could not get permission. Whenever the high road lies through an English park, a part of the wall is replaced by a ha-ha, or a transparent iron fence, that the passer-by may throw a modest and curious glance into the forbidden paradise: but this effort exhausts the stock of liberality usually possessed by an English land-owner. As it was Sunday too, I gave up all hope of moving the churlish porter to make any exception in my favour: on his brow was clearly written the converse of Dante's infernal inscription, 'Voi che venite—di entrare lasciate ogni speranza.'

I returned by way of Clifton, from which Bristol

appeared to lie under my feet. The scene was greatly enlivened by the multitude of gaily dressed church-goers of both sexes, whom I met in every road and lane. In strong contrast with these cheerful groups, was a large house painted entirely black, with white windows, and looking like an enormous catafalque. I was told it was the public hospital, and a gentleman offered to show it to me. The interior was much more attractive than the exterior: its fine spacious apartments, and the exquisite cleanliness which pervades every part, must render it a most comfortable abode for the sick and suffering. In no place did I perceive the slightest offensive smell, except in the apothecary's shop. The right wing of the building is appropriated to male, the left to female patients; in both, the lower story to medical, the upper to surgical cases. The operating-room was remarkably elegant, furnished with several marble basins, into which water was turned by cocks, so that in any part of the room the blood could be instantly washed away. In the centre was a mahogany sort of couch with leather cushions for the patients. In short, there was everything that an amateur could desire. But beneficent as is their art, surgeons are generally rather unfeeling; the gentleman who ac-

accompanied me did not form an exception. In one of the apartments I observed a woman who had completely covered herself with the bed-clothes, and asked him in a low voice, what was her disease. "O," replied he quite aloud, "that is an incurable case of aneurism; as soon as it bursts she must die." The shrinking motion and the low groan under the bedclothes showed me but too clearly what agony this intelligence caused, and made me deeply regret my inquiry. In one of the men's wards I saw a man lying in bed, white and motionless as marble; and as we were at a considerable distance, I asked the nature of his disorder. "I don't know myself," replied my companion, "but I'll soon ask him." "For Heaven's sake don't," said I: but he was off in an instant, felt the man's hand as it lay motionless, and came back saying with a laugh, "He is cured, for he is dead."

Towards evening I hired one of the little carriages that ply between Bath and Bristol, and drove to the former place. I was alone, and slept all the way. On waking from my siesta, I beheld in the moonlight an extensive illuminated palace on a bare height, and learned that this was the benevolent endowment of a mere private man, for fifty poor widows, who live here in comfort,

indeed in luxury. Numerous other rows of lamps soon gleamed in the horizon, and in a few minutes we rolled over the pavement of Bath.

Bath, Dec. 22nd.

Since the day on which I communicated to you the important intelligence that the sun had shone, I have not seen his beneficent face. But in spite of fog and rain, I have wandered about the whole day long in this wonderful city, which, originally built in the bottom of a deep and narrow hollow, has gradually crept up the sides of all the surrounding hills. The magnificence of the houses, gardens, streets, terraces, and semicircular rows of houses called 'crescents', which adorn every hill, is imposing, and worthy of English opulence. Notwithstanding this, and the beauty of the surrounding country, *fashion* has deserted Bath, and fled with a sort of feverish rage to the unmeaning, treeless and detestably prosaic Brighton. Bath is still much resorted to by invalids, and even the forty thousand opulent inhabitants suffice to enliven it; but the fashionable world is no longer to be seen here. The once celebrated king of Bath, the formerly 'far-famed Nash,' has lost more of his 'nimbus' than any of his colleagues. He who now fills the office, instead of driving

through the streets with six horses and a retinue of servants, (the constant *cortège* of his august predecessor,) goes modestly on foot. No Duchess of Queensberry will be sent out of the ball-room for not being dressed according to law.

The Abbey Church made a great impression upon me. I saw it for the first time splendidly lighted, which greatly heightened the singular aspect of its interior. I have often remarked that almost all the ancient churches of England are disfigured by scattered modern monuments. Here, however, there are so many, and they are placed with such an odd kind of symmetry, that the complete contrast they present to the simple and sublime architecture produces a new and peculiar kind of picturesque effect.—Imagine a noble lofty Gothic church, of the most graceful proportions, brilliantly lighted, and divided in the centre by a crimson curtain. The half immediately before you is an empty space, without chair, bench, or altar; the ground alone presents a continual mosaic of grave-stones with inscriptions. The walls are inlaid in the same manner up to a certain height, where a horizontal line divides them, without any intervening space, from the busts, statues, tablets and monuments of every kind, of polished black or white marble, or of porphyry;

granite, or other coloured stone; which are ranged above:—the whole looks like a gallery of sculpture. Up to the line under these monuments, all was in brilliant light; higher up, it gradually softened away; and under the tracery of the arched roof, faded into dim twilight. The clerk and I were quite alone in this portion of the building, while a still more brilliant light gleamed from the other side of the glowing curtain, whence the softened voices of the congregation seemed to visit us from some invisible sanctuary.

Many interesting names are recorded here; among others, the celebrated wit, Quin, to whom Garrick erected a marble bust with a poetical inscription.—Waller's bust has lost the nose;—it is asserted that James the Second, in a fit of bigotry, struck it off with his sword shortly after his accession to the throne.

Dec. 23rd.

Have you ever heard of the eccentric Beckford—a kind of Lord Byron in prose—who built the most magnificent residence in England, surrounded his park with a wall twelve feet high, and for twelve years suffered nobody to enter it? All on a sudden he sold this wondrous dwelling, Fonthill Abbey, with all the rare and costly things it con-

tained, by auction, and went to Bath, where he lives in just as solitary a manner as before. He has built a second high tower (there was a celebrated one at Fonthill,) in the middle of a field; the roof of it is a copy of the so-called Lantern of Diogenes (the monument of Lysicrates) at Athens. Thither I drove today, and could imagine that the view from it must be as striking as it is said to be. There was however no admittance, and I was obliged to content myself with the pictures of my fancy. The tower is still unfinished, though very lofty; and stands, like a ghost, in the wide open solitude of a high table-land. The possessor is said, at one time, to have been worth three millions sterling, and is still very rich. I was told that he was seldom visible, but that when he rode out, it was with the following retinue:— First rides a grayheaded old steward; behind him, two grooms with long hunting whips; then follows Mr. Beckford himself, surrounded by five or six dogs; two more grooms with whips close the procession. If in the course of the ride one of the dogs is refractory, the whole train halts, and castigation is immediately applied with the whips; this course of education is continued through the whole ride. Mr. Beckford formerly wrote a very singular, but most powerful romance, in French: it was

translated into English, and greatly admired. A high tower plays a conspicuous part in that also: the *dénouement* is, that the Devil carries off everybody.

I must send you another anecdote or two of this extraordinary man.—When he was living at Fonthill, a neighbouring Lord was tormented by such an intense curiosity to see the place that he caused a high ladder to be set against the wall, and climbed over by night. He was soon discovered, and taken before Mr. Beckford; who, on hearing his name, contrary to his expectations, received him very courteously, conducted him all over his house and grounds in the morning, and entertained him in a princely manner; after which he retired, taking the most polite leave of His Lordship. The latter, delighted at the successful issue of his enterprise, was hastening home; but found all the gates locked, and no one there to open them. He returned to the house to beg assistance; but was told that Mr. Beckford desired that he would return as he had come,—that he would find the ladder standing where he had left it. His Lordship replied with great asperity, but it was of no use; he must e'en return to the place of his clandestine entrance, and climb the ladder. Cured for ever of his curiosity, and

venting curses on the spiteful misanthrope, he quitted the forbidden paradise.

After Fonthill was sold, Mr. Beckford lived for a while in great seclusion in one of the suburbs of London. In the immediate neighbourhood was a nursery garden, extremely celebrated for the beauty and rarity of its flowers. He walked in it daily, and paid fifty guineas a-week to the owner of it for permission to gather whatever flowers he liked.

In the evening I visited the theatre, and found a very pretty house, but a very bad play. It was *Rienzi*, a miserable modern tragedy, which, with the graceless ranting of the players, excited neither tears nor laughter,—only disgust and ennui. I soon left *Melpomene's* desecrated temple, and visited my friend the clerk of the Abbey Church, to ask permission to see the church by moonlight. As soon as he had let me in, I dismissed him; and wandering like a solitary ghost among the pillars and tombs, I called up the more solemn tragedy of life, amid the awful stillness of night and death.

Dec. 24th.

The weather is still so bad, and hangs such a drapery over all distant objects, that I can make no excursions, and am obliged to confine myself

to the town; which indeed, by the number and variety of its prospects, affords interesting walks enough. I begin every time with my favourite monumental church, and finish with it. The architect who built this magnificent structure went quite out of the beaten track of ornaments and proportions. On the outside, for instance, near the great door, are two Jacob's ladders reaching to the roof, where the ascending angels are lost from sight. The busy heaven-stormers are extremely pretty; and the design appears to me conceived completely in the spirit of that fanciful architecture, which blended the most childish with the most sublime; the greatest minuteness of ornaments with the vastest effect of masses; which imitated the whole range of natural productions,—gigantic trunks of trees, and delicate foliage and flowers; awful rocks, and gaudy gems, men and beasts; and combined them all so as to strike our imaginations with wonder, reverence, and awe. This has always appeared to me the true romantic, *i. e.* true German, architecture;—the offspring of our most peculiar spirit and fashion of mind. But I think we are now wholly estranged from it; it belongs to a more imaginative and meditative age. We may still admire and love its models, but we can create nothing of the same

kind, which does not bear the most obvious stamp of flat imitation. Steam-engines and Constitutions now prosper better than the arts,—of whatever kind.—To each age, its own.

As I love contrasts, I went this evening straight from the temple crowded with the dead, to the market-place, equally populous in another way, and equally well lighted, where all sorts of provisions are sold under covered galleries. Everything here is inviting and elegant; subjects for a thousand master-pieces of Flemish pencils; and a luxurious sight for the 'gastronome', who here contemplates *his* beauties of Nature. Enormous pieces of beef, of a juicy red streaked with golden fat; well-fed poultry, looking as if stuffed with eider-down; magnificent vegetables; bright yellow butter; ripe and fresh fruit, and tempting fish, presented a picture such as my astonished eyes never beheld. The whole was heightened by the brilliancy of a hundred variegated lamps, and decorated with laurel and red-berried holly. Instead of one *Weihnachtstisch* *, here were a hundred; the caricatures of market-women did admirably for the gingerbread dolls (*Pfefferkuchenpuppen*), and we buyers for the curious and

* The decorated and well-replenished table set out in every family on Christmas-eve.—TRANS.

wondering children. The most brilliant assembly could hardly have amused me more. When I saw a grave-looking sheep holding a candle in each foot, and thus lighting himself; or a hanging fowl, in whose rump they had stuck a red wax taper; a calf's head with a lantern between its teeth, next neighbour to a great gander illuminated by two huge altar tapers; or an ox-tail, through which a gas tube was passed, ending pompously in a tuft of flame,—I made the most diverting comparisons with an assembly in my native land; and found the resemblances often more striking than those of the celebrated portrait-painters W—— and S——.

Living is very cheap here, especially in the so called boarding-houses, where a man is well lodged and admirably boarded for two or three guineas a-week, and finds agreeable and easy society: equipages are not wanted, as sedan-chairs are still in use.

Eight-and-twenty hours have at length appeased the angry heavens, and today was what is here called “a glorious day,”—a day, that is, in which the sun occasionally peeps out from between the clouds. You may be sure that I took advantage of it: I ascended the hill near the town, from which you have a bird's-eye view of

the whole, and can distinguish almost every separate house. The Abbey Church lies, like the kernel, in the centre; the streets radiate upwards in every direction, and in the bottom of the valley the Avon winds like a silver ribbon. I continued my way along a pretty walk to Prior Park, a large and formerly splendid mansion, built by a haughty Lord, but now possessed by a meek Quaker, who lets the house stand empty, and, true to the simplicity of his faith, lives in the stable.

Thus passed the morning.—By twilight and moonlight I took another walk to the other side of the town, and found the view still more magnificent in the stillness of the clear night. The sky was of a pale green, and on the right hand masses of black deeply indented clouds were piled up. The hills cut their rounded outlines sharply upon the clear sky, while the whole valley was filled with one curtain of blue mist, through which you saw the glimmering of a thousand lamps, without being able to distinguish the houses. It seemed a sea of mist, out of which countless stars twinkled with multiplied rays.

I closed the day with a hot bath in the principal bathing establishment; and found the accommodations convenient, clean and cheap, and the attendants prompt and respectful.

Dec. 26th.

The bad habit of reading in bed occasioned me a laughable misfortune last night. My hair caught fire, and I was forced to bury my head in the bed-clothes to extinguish it. The injury is horrible;—one entire half of my hair was destroyed, so that I have been obliged to have it cut almost close to my head all over. Happily my strength does not reside in my hair.

A letter from you consoled me on waking. Your fable of the nightingale is charming. Had L— imagined that, and in his twentieth year said, “Be dead to the world till your five-and-thirtieth,” how brilliantly and prosperously could he now (according to the world’s standard) enter it. In the course of that time I too have often accused the world and others; but when dispassionately viewed, this is as foolish as it is unjust. The world is, and will be, the world; and to reproach it with all the evil that accrues to us from it, is to be like the child who would beat the fire because he has burnt his finger in it. L^c— should therefore regret nothing; for if he had slept fifteen years like a marmot, he would not have enjoyed animation or consciousness. Let us stick to the belief, ‘*que tout est pour le mieux dans ce meilleur des mondes.*’

Heartily wishing that you may always clearly perceive this great truth, I take my leave of you most tenderly, and am, as ever,

Your faithful

LETTER XII.

Salisbury, December 27th, 1828.

BELOVED FRIEND,

YESTERDAY evening at seven o'clock I left Bath, again by the mail, for Salisbury. My only companion was a widow in deep mourning; notwithstanding which, she had already found a lover, whom we took up outside the town. He entertained us, whenever he spoke of anything but farming, with those horrible occurrences of which the English are so fond that the columns of their newspapers are daily filled with them. Perhaps he was one of their 'accident-makers', for he was inexhaustible in horrors. He asserted that the Holyhead mail (the same by which I came) had been washed away by a waterspout; and horses, coachman, and one of the passengers, drowned.

After some hours the loving pair left me, at a place where the widow was proprietress of an inn (probably the real object of John Bull's tenderness), and I was quite alone. My solitude was not of long duration, for a very pretty young girl, whom we overtook in the dark, begged that we

would take her on to Salisbury, as she must otherwise pass the night in the nearest village. I very willingly took upon myself the cost of her journey. She was very grateful; and told me she was a dress-maker, and had gone to pass her Christmas with her parents; that she had staid rather too late, but had reckoned on the chance of getting a cast by the mail.—We reached this city at midnight, where a good supper but a cold and smoky bedchamber awaited me.

Dec. 28th.

Early in the morning I was awakened by the monotonous patter of a gentle rain, so that I am still sitting over my breakfast and my book. A good book is a true electrical machine: one's own thoughts often dart forth like flashes;—they generally, however, vanish as quickly; for if one tries to fix them at the moment with pen and ink, the enjoyment is at an end; and afterwards, as with dreams, it is not worth the pains. The book by which I electrified myself today, is a very ingenious and admirable combination of the fundamentals of history, geography, and astronomy, adapted for self-instruction. These little encyclopædias are really one of the great conveniences of our times. Accurate knowledge of details is indeed necessary to the accomplishment of any

thing useful, but the walls must be built before the rooms can be adorned. In either sort of study, superficial or profound, I hold self-instruction to be the most efficacious; at least so it has always been with me. It is, however, certain that many men can, in no way, acquire any real knowledge. If, for instance, they study history, they never perceive the Eternal and the True: to them it remains a mere chronicle, which their admirable memory enables them to keep at their fingers' ends. Every other science is learned in a like mechanical manner, and consists of mere words. And yet *this* is precisely the sort of knowledge commonly called fundamental; indeed, most examiners by profession require no other. The absurdities still committed by these learned persons in many places, would furnish abundance of most diverting anecdotes if they were brought to light. I know a young man who had to undergo a diplomatic examination a short time ago, in a certain *Residenz*. He was asked "how much a cubic foot of wood weighed?" Pity he did not answer, "How much does a gold coin weigh?" or, "How much brains does a dolt's head contain?" Another was asked in the course of a military examination, "Which was the most remarkable siege?" The respondent (a nationalized German) answered, without the

slightest hesitation, "The siege of Jericho, because the walls were blown down with trumpets." Conundrums might be made out of these examinations; indeed I rather think that tiresome diversion sprung from them.

Many clergymen still ask, "Do you believe in the Devil?" A 'mauvais plaisant', who did not care much for being turned back, lately replied, 'Samiel, help!'

Evening.

⤵ About three o'clock the sky cleared a little; and as I had waited only for that, I jumped into the bespoken gig, and drove as hard as an old hunter would carry me to Stonehenge, the great druidical temple, burial place, or sacrificial altar. The country round Salisbury is fertile, but without trees and in no way picturesque. The wondrous Stonehenge stands on a wide, bare, elevated plain. The orange disk of the cloudless sun touched the horizon just as, astounded at the inexplicable monument before me, I approached the nearest stone, which the setting beams tinged with rose-colour. It is no wonder that popular superstition ascribes this singular group to demoniac power, for scarcely could another such work be achieved with all the mechanical means and contrivances of our times. How then was it possible for a nearly barbarous

people to erect such masses, or to transport them thirty miles, the distance of the *nearest* quarry? Some have maintained that it was merely a sport of Nature, but no one who sees it will assent to this.

I was not the only spectator. A solitary stranger was visible from time to time, who, without seeming to perceive me, had been going round and round among the stones incessantly for the last quarter of an hour. He was evidently counting, and seemed very impatient at something. The next time he emerged, I took the liberty to ask him the cause of his singular demeanour; on which he politely answered, "that he had been told no one could count these stones aright; that every time the number was different; and that this was a trick which Satan, the author of the work, played the curious: that he had within the last two hours confirmed the truth of this statement seven times, and that he should inevitably lose his senses if he tried again." I advised him to leave off, and go home, as it was growing dark, and Satan might play him a worse trick than this. He fixed his eyes upon me sarcastically, and with what the Scotch call a very 'uncanny' expression, looked

* The description in detail is omitted, as familiar to the English reader.—TRANS.

about him as if for somebody; then suddenly exclaiming "Good-bye, Sir!" strode off, like Peter Schlemil, casting no shadow, ('tis true the sun was set,) with seven-league steps across the down, where he disappeared behind the hill. I now likewise hastened to depart, and trotted on towards the high tower of Salisbury Cathedral, which was just visible in the twilight. Scarcely had I gone a mile, when the high crazy gig broke, and the driver and I were thrown, not very softly, on the turf. The old horse ran off with the shafts, neighing merrily, towards the city. While we were crawling up, we heard the trotting of a horse behind us;—it was the stranger, who galloped by on a fine black horse, and cried out to me, "The Devil sends his best compliments to you, Sir, 'au revoir';" and darted off like a whirlwind. This jest was really provoking. "O, you untimely jester!" exclaimed I, "give us help, instead of your 'fadaises'." But the echo of his horse's hoofs alone answered me through the darkness. The driver ran almost a mile after our horse, but came back without any tidings of him. As there was not even a hut near, we were obliged to make up our minds to walk the remaining six miles. Never did a road seem to me more tedious; and I found little compensation in the wonders

which the driver related of his hunter, when, twenty years ago, he was the 'leader of the Salisbury hunt'.

Dec. 29th.

I have turned this day to very good account, but brought home a violent headache in the evening, probably the effect of my last night's adventure.

Salisbury's far-famed Cathedral boasts of the highest tower in Europe. It is four hundred and ten feet high,—five feet higher than the Minster at Strasburg, if I mistake not. It is at any rate far more beautiful. The exterior is peculiarly distinguished by an air of newness and neatness, and by the perfection of its details. For this it is indebted to two grand repairs which in the course of time it has undergone; the first, under the superintendence of Sir Christopher Wren; the second, of Mr. Wyatt. The site of this church is also peculiar: It stands like a model, perfectly free and isolated on a smooth-shaven plain of short turf, on one side of which is the Bishop's palace, on the other high lime-trees. The tower terminates in an obelisk-like spire, with a cross, on which, rather ominously, a weathercock is planted. This tasteless custom disgraces most of the Gothic churches in England. The tower is

five-and-twenty inches out of the perpendicular. This is not visible, except on the inside, where the inclination of the pillars is perceptible. The interior of this magnificent temple is in the highest degree imposing, and has been improved by Wyatt's genius. It was an admirable idea to remove the most remarkable old monuments from the walls and obscure corners, and to place them in the space between the grand double avenues of pillars, whose unbroken height would almost turn the head giddy. Nothing can have a finer effect than these rows of Gothic sarcophagi, on which the figures of knights or priests lie stretched in their eternal sleep, while their habiliments or armour of stone or metal are lighted with rainbow-tints from the painted windows. Among Templars and other knights, I discovered 'Richard Longsword', who came to England with the Conqueror: near him, a giant figure in alabaster, the sword-bearer of Henry the Seventh, who fell at Bosworth Field, where he fought with two long swords, one in each hand, with which he is here represented.

The cloisters are also very beautiful. Long finely proportioned corridors run at right-angles around the chapter-house, which is supported, like the Remter in Marienburg, by a single

pillar in the centre. The bas-reliefs, which surround it in a broad entablature, seem to be of very fine workmanship, but were half destroyed in Cromwell's time. In the centre stands a worm-eaten oaken table of the thirteenth century, on which—as it seems from tolerably credible tradition—the labourers employed in building the church were paid every evening, at the rate of a penny a-day. The ascent of the spire is very difficult: the latter half must be climbed by slender ladders, like the Stephansthurm in Vienna. At length you reach a little door in the roof, thirty feet under the extreme point. Out of this door, the man who weekly oils the weathercock ascends, in so perilous a manner that it appears inconceivable how a man of seventy can accomplish it. From this door, or rather window, to the top, is, as I have said, a distance of thirty feet, along which there are no other means of climbing than by iron hooks projecting from the outside. The old man gets out of the little window backwards; then, on account of a sort of penthouse over the window, is obliged to bend his body forward, and in that posture to feel for the first hook, without being able to see it. When he has reached it, and caught fast hold, he swings himself up to it, hanging in the air, while

he feels out the projection over the window with his feet, after which he climbs from hook to hook. It would certainly be easy to contrive a more convenient and less dangerous ascent; but he has been used to it from his childhood, and will not have it altered. Even at night he has made this terrific ascent, and is delighted that scarcely any strangers, not even sailors, who generally climb the most impracticable places, have ventured to follow him.

As we reached the first outer gallery around the tower, the guide pointed out to me a hawk which hung poised in air twenty or thirty feet above us. "For many years," said he, "a pair of these birds have built in the tower, and live on the Bishop's pigeons. I often see one or other of them hanging above the cross, and then suddenly pounce upon a bird: they sometimes let it fall on the roof or gallery of the church, but never stoop to pick up prey which has once fallen,—they let it lie and rot there, if I don't remove it."

The Bishop's palace and garden lay in a picturesque group beneath us, and all the chimneys were smoking merrily, for 'His Lordship' was just arrived, but was preparing for a journey to a watering-place. The guide thought that they saw the 'Lord Bishop' twice or three times a-year in

the cathedral. 'His Lordship' never preaches: his sacred functions consist, as it seems, in the spending of fifteen thousand a-year with as much good taste as it has pleased God to bestow upon him;—the labour is sufficiently performed by subalterns! This beautiful Establishment is the only one we on the Continent want to complete our felicity,—the only one which it is worth our while to copy from England. On my return, I walked for some time longer in the darkening church, amid the noble monuments of old heroes, whom my imagination summoned from their tombs.

I took care to secure a more substantial carriage than that of yesterday, and drove very comfortably to Wilton, the beautiful seat of the Earl of Pembroke. Here is a valuable collection of antiques, tastefully arranged by the deceased Earl, who was a great lover of art. It is placed in a broad gallery running round the inner court, communicating with the apartments on the ground-floor, and finely lighted from one side. It affords a most interesting walk, winter and summer, and is within a few steps of every room. The windows are ornamented with the coats-of-arms, in coloured glass, of all the families with which the Earls of Pembroke have been allied by marriage,—a rich collection, which includes even the royal

arms of England. In the halls are placed the coats of armour of the old warriors of the family, and those of their most distinguished prisoners; among them, the Grand Constable Montmorenci, a French Prince of the blood, and several others. Unquestionably these old recollections of a high and puissant aristocracy have their poetical side.

The Châtelaine who conducted me about seemed herself to have crept out of a colossal coat of armour: she was full six feet high, and of a very masculine aspect, nor could anybody be better versed in the history of the Middle Ages. On the other hand, she murdered the names of Roman emperors and Grecian sages most barbarously. She explained some rather equivocal subjects quite circumstantially, and in very droll connoisseur language.

One of the adjoining rooms is filled with family portraits, which derive more of their value and splendour from the hand of Holbein or Vandyke than from the personages they represent. After a certain lapse of time, the nobility of genius outshines that of birth, 'comme de raison'. The house contains several other valuable pictures; among which an Interment of Christ by Albrecht Dürer, executed in the most finished manner in water-colours, was the most striking.

The Countess's garden, upon which the library opens, is laid out in the old French style, and is terminated by a small very richly ornamented temple, which has one great singularity. It was built by Holbein, but does no credit to his taste: it is, on the contrary, an ugly overloaded thing. The garden is extremely pretty and elegant: it reflects honour on English women of rank, that most of them are distinguished for their taste and skill in this beautiful art. We should fall into a great mistake if we hoped that any English gardener whatever were capable of producing such master-pieces of garden decoration as I have described to you in my former letters*. These all owe their existence to the genius and the charming taste for the embellishment of *home* which characterize their fair owners.

As it was positively forbidden to admit any stranger without a written order from the possessor, I should not have obtained a sight of the house had I not practised a stratagem, which the lord of the mansion will of course forgive, if he ever knows it. I announced myself to the Châtelaine as a Russian relative of the family, with a name she could neither read nor speak.—It is

* The letters alluded to belong to the first part, which cannot yet be published.—EDITOR.—(See Preface.)

really too annoying to drive four miles for an express purpose, and then to turn back without accomplishing it: I therefore lay my *obligé* falsehood entirely at the door of these inhuman English manners. With us, people are not so cruel; and never will an Englishman have to complain of similar illiberality in Germany.

On the other side of the town lies an interesting place, Langford, the seat of the Earl of Radnor; an extensive park, and very old castle of strange triangular form, with enormously massy towers whose walls are like mosaic. In insignificant, low and ill-furnished rooms I found one of the most precious collections of pictures; master-pieces of the greatest painters; hidden treasures, which nobody sees and nobody knows of,—of which so many exist in English private houses. There is a Sunrise and a Sunset by Claude. The morning exhibits Æneas with his followers landing on the happy shores of Italy, and makes one envy the new-comers to the paradise which this picture discloses to them. In the evening scene, the setting sun gilds the magnificent ruins of temples and palaces, which are surrounded by a solitary wild country;—they are allegorical representations of the rise and fall of the Roman Empire. Water, clouds, sky, trees, the transpa-

rent quivering atmosphere,—it is all, as ever in Claude, Nature herself. It is difficult to imagine how a man in his five-and-thirtieth year could be a cook and a colour-grinder, and in his five-and-fortieth give to the world such unequalled productions. The wondrously beautiful head of a Magdalen by Guido, whose tearful eyes and warm rosy mouth certainly seem to invite rather to a thousand kisses than to repentance; a Holy Family by Andrea del Sarto, brilliant in all the pomp of colour; and many other ‘chef-d’œuvres’ of the most illustrious masters, riveted me for many hours. A portrait of Count Egmont would have served but ill as a frontispiece to Göthe’s tragedy; for the joyous-hearted, magnificent visionary, here appears a corpulent man of forty, with a bald pate and a thoroughly every-day physiognomy. His friend of Orange, hanging near him, exhibited a face of far different intellectual character. Between them hung the gloomy Alba, who pursued cruelty as a luxury.

Besides the pictures and some antiques, this seat contains a rare and precious curiosity,—a chair or throne of steel, which the city of Augsburgh gave to the Emperor Rudolph the Second, which Gustavus Adolphus stole, and an ancestor of Lord Radnor’s bought at Stockholm. The workmanship

is admirable. How do all the fine steel works of our day,—those of Birmingham, or the Berlin iron ornaments,—fade before this splendid piece of art into miserable trifles and toys! You think you see before you a work of Benvenuto Cellini; and know not which to admire most, the fine execution and the elegance of the details, or the tasteful and artist-like disposition of the whole.

London, Dec. 31st.

'Yesterday I was obliged to sacrifice to my hereditary foe 'migraine': today I travelled in continual rain to the metropolis, and shall depart tomorrow morning for France.—The country had little in it attractive; but the conversation on the outside of the coach was the more animated. It turned, during nearly the whole day, on a famous 'boxing-match', in which a Yankee had, it seemed, cheated a John Bull; and, bribed by the principal patrons of the art, had won ten thousand pounds. Cheating, in every kind of 'sport,' is as completely in the common order of things in England, among the highest classes as well as the lowest, as false play was in the time of the Count de Grammont. It is no uncommon thing to hear 'gentlemen' boast of it almost openly; and I never found that those who are regarded as 'the

most knowing ones' had suffered in their reputation in consequence;—'au contraire', they pass for cleverer than their neighbours; and you are only now and then warned with a smile to take care what you are about with them. Some of the highest members of the aristocracy are quite notorious for their achievements of this description. I heard from good authority, that the father of a nobleman of sporting celebrity, to whom some one was expressing his solicitude lest his son should be cheated by a 'Blacklegs', answered, "I am much more afraid for the Blacklegs than for my son!"

*To every country its customs!**—Another characteristic trait of England, though in a lower step in society, was, that the coachman who drove us had lost two hundred pounds in this same unlucky match, and only laughed at it; giving us significantly to understand that he should soon find another dupe, who should pay it him back with interest. What advances must the 'march of intellect' make on the continent before the postilions of the Prince of Tour and Taxis, or the Eilwagen drivers of the Herr von Nagler will be able to lay such bets with their passengers!

Some miles from Windsor we passed through

Ländlich, sittlich,—a German proverb, to which I do not recollect any corresponding English one.—TRANS.

a sort of country uncommon in England, consisting only of sand and pebbles. A magnificent building, with a park and garden, has been erected here,—the new Military College, which is fitted up with all the luxury of a princely residence. The sand and stones made me feel at home,—not so the palace. While I was eyeing the soil with looks of tender affection, ‘car à toute âme bien née la patrie est chère’, we saw a gray old fox, which with sweeping brush galloped across the heath. Our bet-loving coachman saw him first, and cried out, “By God, a fox! a fox!” “It’s a dog,” replied a passenger. “I bet you five to four ’tis a fox,” rejoined the steed-compelling hero. “Done!” replied the doubter,—and soon had to pay; for it was indeed an indubitable fox, though of extraordinary size. Several hounds, who had lost the scent, now ran in sight, and a few red coats were also visible. All the passengers on the mail screamed and hallooed to them which way the fox was gone, but could not make them understand. The time of the mail is rigorously fixed, and all unnecessary delays forbidden: but here was a national calamity impending;—the pack and the hunters had *lost the fox!* The coachman drew up, and several sprang down to show the party, which now every moment increased,

the right way. We did not get afloat again till we saw the whole hunt once more in full pursuit; whereupon we all waved our hats, and shouted 'Tallyho'! As soon as our consciences were thus entirely set at ease, and the fox delivered over to his inevitable fate, the coachman whipped on his horses to make up for the delay, and the rest of the way we dashed along at a rattling gallop, as if the Wild Huntsman himself were at our heels.

Dover, January 1st, 1829.

The box of the mail-coach is become my throne, from which I occasionally assume the reins of government, and direct four rapid steeds with great skill. I proudly overlook the country, hurry *forwards*, which every governor cannot boast; and yet wish for wings that I might the sooner get home to you.

I found all the towers in Canterbury decorated with flags in celebration of New-year's day. I commemorated it in the proudest and most beautiful of all English cathedrals. This romantic edifice, begun by the Saxons, continued by the Normans, and recently restored with great judgment, forms three distinct and yet connected churches; with many irregular chapels and staircases, black and white marble floors, and a forest

of pillars in harmonious confusion. The yellow tone of the sandstone is very advantageous, especially in the Norman part of the church, where it is beautifully relieved by the black marble columns. Here lies the brazen effigy of the Black Prince, on a sarcophagus of stone. Over him hang his half-mouldered gloves, and the sword and shield he wore at Poitiers. A number of other monuments adorn the church:—among them, those of Henry the Fourth and Thomas à Becket, who was killed in one of the adjoining chapels. A great part of the old painted window is preserved, and is unrivalled in the splendour of its colours. Some parts of it are only patterns and arabesques, like transparent carpets of velvet: others appear like jewellery formed of every variety of precious stones. But few contain historical subjects. What gives this magnificent cathedral a great preeminence over every other in England; is, that there is no screen in the middle to cut and obstruct the view, and you see the whole extent of the aisle,—from four to five hundred paces long,—at one glance. The organ is concealed in one of the upper galleries, and when it sounds produces a magical effect. I timed my visit so luckily, that just as I was going out, almost in the dark, the choristers began to sing, and their beau-

tiful music filled the church, at the same time that the last sunbeam glowed through the window in tints of sapphire and ruby. The Archbishop of Canterbury is primate of England, and the only subject in Great Britain, except the princes of the blood, who has the dignity of prince. I believe, however, he enjoys it only in his see, not in London. This Protestant clergyman has sixty thousand a year, and may marry;—more I know not by which to distinguish him from the Catholic ecclesiastical princes.

Calais, Jan. 2nd.

At length I set my foot once more in beloved France. However little advantageous is the first contrast, I yet greet this, my half-native soil, the purer air, the easier, kinder, franker manners, almost with the feeling of a man escaped from a long imprisonment.

We waked at five o'clock in the morning at Dover, and got on board the packet in utter darkness. We had already walked up and down for at least half an hour before there appeared any preparation for sailing. On a sudden the rumour was spread that the 'boiler' was damaged. The most timid immediately made their escape to shore; the others cried out for the Captain, who was nowhere to be found. At last he sent a man

to tell us that we could not sail without danger, and our luggage was accordingly transferred to a French steam-packet which was to sail at eight o'clock. I employed the interval in seeing the sun rise from the fort which crowns the lofty chalk cliffs above the town. The English, who have money enough to execute every useful plan, have cut a passage through the cliff, forming a kind of funnel, in which two winding staircases lead to the height of two hundred and forty feet. The view from the top is highly picturesque, and the sun arose out of the sea, almost cloudless, over the extensive prospect. I was in such an ecstasy at the scene that I nearly lost my passage. The vessel sailed the moment I was on board. A violent wind carried us over in two hours and a half. The sea-sickness, this time, was endurable; and an excellent dinner, such an one as no English inn can offer, soon restored me. This Hotel (Bourbon) is, as far as cookery goes, one of the best in France.

Jan. 3rd.

My first morning walk in France was quite delicious to me. The unbroken sunshine; the clear sky, which I had not seen for so long; a town in which the houses are not put in eternal mourning by coal smoke, and stood out bright

and sharp from the atmosphere, made me feel at home again, and I walked down to the harbour to take my last farewell of the sea. There it lay before me, boundless everywhere except in one spot, where a black line of something like cloud, probably the concentrated fog and smoke of the island, denoted the existence of the English coast. I followed the jetty (a sort of wooden dam), and found myself at length entirely alone. I saw nothing living but a sea-bird, swimming by with the swiftness of lightning, often diving, and then after an interval of several minutes reappearing at some distant spot. He continued this sport a long while; and so agile and full of enjoyment did the creature seem, that I could almost fancy he took pleasure in exhibiting his feats to me. I was giving in to a train of fancies which insensibly grew out of this exhibition, when I heard the step and the voices of an English family behind me,—and away we went, bird and I.

On the ramparts I met a French *bonne* with two English children, miracles of beauty, and very elegantly dressed in scarlet cachemire and white. The youngest had taken fast hold of a tree; and with true English love of liberty and determination, refused in the most decided manner to go home. The poor French girl vainly

murdered all sorts of English coaxings and threats which she could command. "Mon darling, come, allons," exclaimed she, in a tone of distress. "I won't," was the laconic answer. The stubborn little creature interested me so much that I walked up to the tree to try my luck with her. I had better success; for after a few jokes in English, she followed me readily, and I led her in triumph to her *bonne*. But as I was going away, the little devil seized me with all her might by the coat, and said, laughing aloud, "No no, you shan't go now; you forced me away from the tree, and now I'll force you to stay with us!" And I actually could not escape, till, amid playing and battling, during which she never quitted her hold of me, we reached the door of her parents' house. "Now I have done with you," cried the little thing, while she ran shouting and laughing into the house. "You little flirt!" cried I after her, "French education will bring forth little fruit in you."

Returning to the town, I visited the celebrated B—. I see you turn over the 'Dictionnaire Historique et des Contemporains' in vain. Has he distinguished himself in a revolution, or a counter-revolution? Is he a warrior or a statesman? 'Vous n'y êtes pas.' He is less and greater, —as you choose to take it. In a word, he is the

most illustrious, and was, in his time, the most puissant of dandies London ever knew. At one period B—— ruled a whole generation by the cut of his coat; and leather breeches went out of fashion because all men despaired of being able to reach the perfection of his. When at length, for weighty reasons, he turned his back on Great Britain, he bequeathed to the land of his birth, as his last gift, the immortal secret of starched cravats, the unfathomableness of which had so tormented the ‘élégants’ of the metropolis that, according to the ‘Literary Gazette,’ two of them had put an end to their lives in despair, and a youthful Duke had died miserably ‘of a broken heart.’ The foundation of this malady had however been laid earlier. On one occasion, when he had just received a new coat, he modestly asked B—— his opinion of it. B——, casting a slight glance at it, asked, with an air of surprise, “Do you call that thing a coat?” The poor young man’s sense of honour received an incurable wound.

Although it is no longer dress by which a man gives the ton in London, it is merely the vehicle that is altered—not the thing. The influence which Br——, without birth or fortune, without a fine person or a superior intellect, merely by a ~~very~~ sort of impudence, a dróll originality, love

of company and talent in dress, acquired and maintained for many years in London society, forms an admirable criterion by which the tone and quality of that society may be estimated; and as I have briefly described in my former letters some of those who now occupy the place B—— once filled, you will perhaps agree with me, that he excelled them in good-humour and social qualities, as well as in innocence of manners. It was a more frank and, at the same time, more original and harmless folly, which bore the same comparison to that of his successors, that the comedy and the morality of Holberg do to those of Kotzebue.

Play at length accomplished what even the hostility of the heir to the throne could not. He lost everything, and was obliged to flee; since which time he has lived in Calais, and every bird of passage from the fashionable world dutifully pays the former patriarch the tribute of a visit, or of an invitation to dinner.

This I did also, though under my assumed name. Unfortunately, in the matter of dinner I had been forestalled by another stranger, and I cannot therefore judge how a coat really ought to look; or whether his long residence in Calais, added to increasing years, have rendered the dress

of the former king of fashion less classical; for I found him at his second toilet, in a flowered chintz dressing-gown, velvet night-cap with gold tassel, and Turkish slippers, shaving, and rubbing the remains of his teeth with his favourite red root. The furniture of his rooms was elegant enough, part of it might even be called rich, though faded; and I cannot deny that the whole man seemed to me to correspond with it. Though depressed by his present situation, he exhibited a considerable fund of humour and good-nature. His air was that of good society; simple and natural, and marked by more urbanity than the dandies of the present race are capable of. With a smile he showed me his Paris peruque, which he extolled at the cost of the English ones, and called himself 'le ci-devant jeune homme qui passe sa vie entre Paris et Londres.' He appeared somewhat curious about me; asked me questions concerning people and things in London, without belying his good breeding by any kind of intrusiveness; and then took occasion to convince me that he was still perfectly well informed as to all that was passing in the English world of fashion, as well as of politics. "Je suis au fait de tout," exclaimed he; "mais à quoi cela me sert-il? On me laisse mourir de faim ici.

J'espere pourtant que mon ancien ami, le Duc de W—— enverra un beau jour le Consul d'ici à la Chine, et qu'ensuite il me nommera à sa place. Alors je suis sauvé." * * * And surely the English nation ought in justice to do something for the man who invented starched cravats! How many did I see in London in the enjoyment of large sinecures, who had done far less for their country.

As I took my leave, and was going down stairs, he opened the door and called after me, "J'espère que vous trouverez votre chemin, mon Suisse n'est pas là, je crains." "Hélas!" thought I, "point d'argent, point de Suisse."

That I may not leave you too long without intelligence, I dispatch this letter from hence. Probably I shall soon follow it. I shall, however, stay at least a fortnight in Paris, and execute all your commissions. Meanwhile think of me with your usual affection.

Your faithful

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LETTER XIII.

Paris, January 5th, 1829.

MY MOST DEAR AND VALUED FRIEND,

I COULD not write to you yesterday, because the diligence takes two days and a night to go from Calais to Paris, though it stops but once in twelve hours to eat, and then only for half an hour. The ride is not the most agreeable. The whole country, and even its metropolis, certainly appears somewhat dead, miserable, and dirty, after the rolling torrent of business, the splendour and the neatness of England. The contrast is doubly striking at this short distance. When you look at the grotesque machine in which you are seated, the wretchedly harnessed cart-horses by which you are slowly dragged along, and remember the noble horses, the elegant light-built coaches, the beautiful harness ornamented with bright brass and polished leather of England, you think you are transported a thousand miles in a dream. The bad roads, the miserable and dirty towns, awaken the same feeling. On the other hand, four things are manifestly better here,—climate, eating

and drinking, cheapness, and sociability. 'Mais commençons par le commencement.' After I had exchanged my incognito passport for one equally provisional, and valid only as far as Paris, in the course of which operation I had nearly forgotten my new name, I approached the wonderful structure, which in France people have agreed to call a diligence. The monster was as long as a house, and consisted, in fact, of four distinct carriages, grown, as it were, together; the berline in the middle; a coach with a basket for luggage behind; a coupé in front; and a cabriolet above, where the conducteur sits, and where I also had perched myself. This conducteur, an old soldier of Napoleon's Garde, was dressed like a waggoner, in a blue *blouze*, with a stitched cap of the same material on his head. The postilion was a still more extraordinary figure, and really looked almost like a savage: he too wore a *blouze*, under which appeared monstrous boots coated with mud; but besides this he wore an apron of untanned black sheep's-skin, which hung down nearly to his knees. He drove six horses, harnessed three-and-three, which drew a weight of six thousand pounds over a very bad road. The whole road from Calais to Paris is one of the most melancholy and uninteresting I ever saw. I should therefore have read

nearly all the way, had not the conversation of the conducteur afforded me better entertainment. His own heroic deeds and those of the Garde were an inexhaustible theme; and he assured me without the slightest hesitation, “que les trente mille hommes dont il faisoit partie dans ce temps-là,” (that was his expression,) “auraient été plus que suffisans pour conquérir toutes les nations de la terre, et que les autres n’avaient fait que gâter l’affaire.” He sighed every time he thought of his Emperor. “Mais c’est sa faute,” exclaimed he, “ah! s—— d—— il serait encore Empéreur, si dans les cent jours il avait seulement voulu employer *de jeunes gens qui désiraient faire fortune*, au lieu de ces vieux Maréchaux qui étaient trop riches, et qui avaient tous peur de leurs femmes. N’étaient ils pas tous gros et gras comme des monstres? Ah! parlez moi d’un jeune Colonel, comme nous en avons! Celui-là vous aurait flanqué ça de la jolie manière.—Mais après tout l’Empéreur aurait dû se faire tuer à Waterloo comme notre Colonel. Eh bien, Monsieur, ce brave Colonel avait reçu trois coups de feu, un à la jambe, et deux dans le corps, et pourtant il nous menait encore à l’attaque, porté par deux grenadiers. Mais quand tout fut en vain et tout fini pour nous; Camérades, dit-il, j’ai fait ce

que j'ai pû, mais nous voilà.—Je ne puis plus rendre service à l'Empéreur, à quoi bon vivre plus long temps ? Adieu donc, mes Camérades—Vive l'Empéreur ! Et le voilà qui tire son pistolet, et le décharge dans sa bouche. C'est ainsi, ma foi, que l'Empéreur aurait dû finir aussi."

Here we were interrupted by a pretty girl, who ran out of a poor-looking house by the road side, and called up to us, (for we were at least eight ells from the ground,) " Ah ça, Monsieur le Conducteur, oubliez vous les craïpes ? " " O ho ! es tu là, mon enfant ? " and he rapidly scrambled down the accustomed break-neck steps, made the postilion stop, and disappeared in the house. After a few minutes he came out with a packet, seated himself with an air of great satisfaction by me, and unfolded a prodigious store of hot smoking German *Plinzen*, a dish which, as he told me, he had learned to like so much in Germany, that he had imported it into his own country. Conquests are, you see, productive of some good. With French politeness he immediately begged me to partake of his 'gouté', as he called it ; and patriotism alone would have led me to accept his offer with pleasure. I must however admit that no farmer in Germany could have prepared his national dish better.'

He was greatly troubled and distressed by a strange machine, nearly in the form of a pump, placed near his seat, with which he was incessantly busied; now pumping at it with all his might, then putting it in order, screwing it round or turning it backwards and forwards. On inquiry, I learned that this was a most admirable newly-invented piece of machinery, for the purpose of retarding the diligence without the aid of a drag-shoe. The conducteur was amazingly proud of this contrivance, never called it by any other name than 'sa mécanique,' and treated it with equal tenderness and reverence. Unhappily this prodigy broke the first day; and as we were forced in consequence to creep more slowly than before, the poor hero had to endure a good many jokes from the passengers, on the frailty of his 'mécanique,' as well as on the name of his huge vehicle, 'l'Hirondelle,' a name which truly seemed to have been given it in the bitterest irony.

It was irresistibly droll to hear the poor devil, at every relay, regularly advertise the postilion of the misfortune which had happened. The following dialogue, with few variations, always ensued: "Mon enfant, il faut que tu saches que je n'ai plus de mécanique." "Comment, s—— d——,

plus de mécanique?" "Ma mécanique fait encore un peu, vois-tu, mais c'est très peu de chose, le principal brancheron est au diable." "Ah, diable!"

It was impossible to be worse seated, or to travel more uncomfortably or tediously than I in my lofty cabriolet; and indeed I had now been for some time deprived of my most familiar comforts: yet never were my health or my spirits better than during this whole journey: I felt uninterrupted cheerfulness and content, because I was completely free. Oh! inestimable blessing of freedom, never do we value thee enough! If every man would but clearly ascertain what were actually necessary to his individual happiness and content, and would unconditionally choose what best promised to secure that end, and heartily reject all the rest (for we cannot have everything at once in this world), how many mistakes were avoided, how much petty ambition crushed, how much true joy and pleasure promoted! All would find a great over-proportion of happiness in life, instead of torturing themselves to the very brink of the grave to obtain what gives them neither tranquillity nor enjoyment.

I will not weary you with any further details of so uninteresting a journey. It was like the moun-

drame "One o'Clock," and as tiresome. The day we left Calais we stopped at one to dine; at one in the morning we supped: the next day at one we had breakfast or dinner at Beauvais, where a pretty girl who waited on us, and a friend of Bolivar's, who told us a great deal about the disinterestedness of the Liberator, made us regret our quick departure; and again, at one in the morning, we had to fight for our luggage at the Custom-house at Paris. My servant put mine upon a 'charrette' which a man crowded before us through the dark and dirty streets to the Hotel St. Maurice, where I am now writing to you in a little room in which the cold wind whistles through all the doors and windows, so that the blazing fire in the chimney warms me only on one side. The silken hangings, as well as the quantity of dirt they cover; the number of looking-glasses; the large blocks of wood on the fire; the tile parquet,—all recall vividly to my mind that I am in France, and not in England. *Samest even night.*

I shall rest here a few days and make my purchases, and then hasten to you without, if possible, seeing *one* acquaintance; 'car celà m'entraînerait trop.' Do not, therefore, expect to hear anything new from old Paris. A few detached remarks are all that I shall have to offer you.

Jan. 6th.

To make some defence against the extreme cold, which I have always found most insufferable in France and Italy, from the want of all provision against it, I was obliged today to have all the chinks in my little lodging stuffed with 'bourlets.' When this was done, I sallied forth to take the customary first walk of strangers,—to the Boulevards, the Palais Royal, Tuilleries, &c. for I was curious to see what alterations had taken place in the course of seven years. On the Boulevards I found all just as it was: in the Palais Royal, the Duke of Orleans has begun to substitute new stone buildings and an elegant covered way for the narrow old wooden galleries, and other holes and corners. When it is finished, this palace will certainly be one of the most magnificent, as it has always been one of the most singular and striking, in the world. Perhaps there is no other instance of a royal prince inhabiting the same house with several hundred shopkeepers, and as many inmates of a less reputable description, and deriving from them a revenue much more than sufficient for his 'ménus plaisirs.' In England a nobleman would think the existence of such a society under his roof impossible; but could it by any means find admittance, he would at least take care to have it cleaner.

In the palace of the Tuilleries and the Rue Rivoli all the improvements which Napoleon began were in much the same state as he left them. In this point of view Paris has lost much in the Imperial dynasty, which would have rendered it a truly magnificent city, and the luxury of decoration must soon have been followed by that of cleanliness. One is tempted to wish that the Pont de Louis Seize were among the unfinished things; for the ludicrously theatrical statues, at least twice too big in proportion to the bridge, and seeming to crush the pillars they stand upon, have much more the air of bad 'acteurs de province' than of the heroes they are meant to represent.

As cooks are to be numbered among the heroes of France, first on account of their unequalled skill, and secondly of their sense of honour, (remember Vatel,) I come naturally in this place to the restaurateurs. Judging by the most eminent whom I visited today, I think they have somewhat degenerated. They have, to be sure, exchanged their inconveniently long 'carte' for an elegantly bound book; but the quality of the dishes and wines seems to have deteriorated in proportion to the increase of luxury in the announcement of them. After coming to this melancholy conviction, I hastened to the once celebrated 'Rocher de Can-

cale.' But Baleine has launched into the sea of eternity; and the traveller who now trusts to the rock of Cancale, builds upon the sand: 'Sic transit gloria mundi.'

On the other hand I must give all praise to the Théâtre de Madame, where I spent my evening. Léontine Fay is a most delightful actress, and a better 'ensemble' it would be difficult to find. Coming directly from England, I was particularly struck with the consummate truth and nature with which Léontine Fay represented the French girl educated in England, yet without suffering this *nuance* to break in any degree the harmony and keeping of the character. It is impossible to discover in her admirable acting the slightest imitation of Mademoiselle Mars; and yet it presents as true, as tender, as pathetic a copy of nature, in a totally different manner.—The second piece, a farce, was given with that genuine ease and comic expression which make these French 'Riens' so delightful and amusing in Paris, while they appear so vapid and absurd in a German translation. The story is this:—A provincial uncle secretly leaves his little country town, in which he has just been chosen a member of a 'Société de la Vertu,' in order to reclaim his nephew, of whom he has received the most discouraging accounts, from his wild courses.

Instead of which his nephew's companions get hold of him, and draw him into all sorts of scrapes and excesses.

Mademoiselle Minette brings, by her coquetry, old Martin to give her a kiss, at which moment her lover, the waiter, comes in with a pig's head, stands speechless with amazement, and at length letting the head slide slowly off the dish, cries out, "N'y a-t-il pas de quoi perdre la tête?" This certainly is a silly jest enough, yet one must be very stoically inclined not to laugh heartily, at the admirable drollery of the acting. The rest is as diverting: Martin, alarmed at having been caught in such an adventure, at length consoles himself with the thought that he is not known here; and in the midst of his 'embarras', accepts an invitation to a 'déjeuner' from Dorval, who has just come in. The 'déjeuner' is given at the theatre. Martin at first is very temperate; but at length the truffles and dainties tempt him, 'et puis il faut absolument les arroser d'un peu de Champagne.' After much pressing on the part of his hosts, and much moralizing on his own, he consents to drink one glass 'à la vertu'. 'Hélas, il n'y a que le premier pas qui coute.' A second glass follows, 'à la piété;'—a third, 'à la misère'; and before the guests depart, we hear

Martin, drunk and joyous, join in the toast, 'Vivent les femmes et le vin!' Play follows:— at first he will only join in a game of piquet; from piquet he is led on to écarté, and from écarté to hazard; loses a large sum, and at last learns, 'pour le combler de confusion', that he and his plan were betrayed from the first, and that his nephew had put *him* to the trial instead of being tried by him, and had unfortunately found him very frail. He gladly agrees to all that is required of him, 'pourvu qu'on lui gardé le secret': and the piece concludes with the arrival of his old friend, who comes by extra post to announce to him that he (Martin) was yesterday elected by acclamation president of the 'Société de la Vertu' in his native town.

Jan. 7th.

In spite of the 'bourlets' and a burning pile of wood in my chimney, I continue to be almost frozen in my 'entresol'. There prevails moreover a constant 'clair-obscur', so that I see the writing implements before me as if behind a veil. The small windows and high opposite houses render this irremediable; you must forgive me, therefore, if my writing is more unintelligible than usual. You must have remarked that the preposterously high rate of postage in England taugh

me to write more carefully, and especially smaller; so that a Lavater of handwritings might study my Character in the mere aspect of my letters to you. It is in this, as in life; we are often led by good motives to begin to contract in various ways: soon however the lines involuntarily expand; and before we are conscious of it, the unfelt but irresistible power of habit leads us back to our old latitude.

An English officer, whom I found today in the 'Café Anglais, repeatedly asked the astonished, 'garçon' for 'la charte', concluding I suppose, that in liberal France it formed a part of the furniture of every café. Although the French seldom take any notice of the 'qui pro quos' of foreigners, this was too remarkable not to draw forth a smile from several. I thought, however,—how willingly would some reverse the Englishman's blunder, and give the French people 'cartes' instead of 'chartes.'

I was greatly surprised in the evening at the Opéra Francais, which I had left a kind of bedlam, where a few maniacs screamed with agony as if on the rack, and where I now found sweet singing in the best Italian style, united to very good acting. Rossini who, like a second Orpheus, has tamed even this savage opera, is a real musical

benefactor; and natives as well as foreigners have reason to bless him for the salvation of their ears. I prefer this now, though it is not the fashion to do so, to the Italian Opera. It combines nearly all that one can desire in a theatre;—the good singing and acting I have mentioned, with magnificent decorations, and the best ballet in the world. If the text of the operas were fine poetry, I know not what further could be wished; but even as they are, one may be very well content; for instance, with the ‘*Muette de Portici*,’ which I saw today. Mademoiselle Noblet’s acting is full of grace and animation, without the least exaggeration. The elder Nourrit is an admirable *Masaniello*, though he, and he alone, sometimes screamed too loud. The costumi were models; but Vesuvius did not explode and flame properly, and the clouds of smoke which sunk into the earth instead of ascending from it, were a phenomenon which I had not the good fortune to witness when I ‘*assistai*’ at a real eruption of that mountain.

Jan. 8th. ’

A French writer somewhere says, “*L’on dit que nous sommes des enfans;—oui, pour les faiblesses, mais pas pour le bonheur.*” This, thank God! I can by no means say of myself.

'Je le suis pour l'un et pour l'autre,' in spite of my three dozen years. I amuse myself here in the solitude of this great city uncommonly well, and can fancy myself a young man just entering the world, and everything new to me. In the mornings I see sights, saunter from one museum to another, or go 'shopping.' (This word signifies to go from shop to shop buying trifles, such as luxury is always inventing in Paris and London.) I have already collected a hundred little presents for you, so that my small apartment can hardly contain them, and yet I have scarcely spent eighty pounds sterling for them. In England it is the *dearness*, but here the *cheapness*, that is expensive. I am often constrained to laugh when I see that a cunning French shopkeeper thinks he has cheated a stiff islander admirably, while the latter goes off in astonishment at having bought things for a sixth part of what he had given for the very same in London.

I continue my scientific researches among the restaurateurs, which occupy me till evening, when I go to the theatre, though I have not time to complete the course either of the one or the other.

During my 'shopping' today in the Palais Royal, I observed an *affiche* announcing the wonderful exhibition of the death of Prince Poniatowski

at Leipsic. I am loth to omit anything of this national kind, so that I ascended a miserable dirty staircase, where I found a shabbily dressed man sitting near a half-extinguished lamp, in a dark room without a window. A large table standing before him was covered with a dirty table-cloth. As soon as I entered he arose and hastened to light three other lamps, which however would not burn, whereupon he began to declaim vehemently. I thought the explanation was beginning, and asked what he had said, as I had not given proper attention. "Oh rien," was the reply, "je parle seulement à mes lampes qui ne brûlent pas clair." After this conversation with the lamps had accomplished its end, the cloth was removed, and discovered a work of art which very much resembled à Nüremberg toy, with little moving figures, but on the assurance of the owner was well worth the entrance money. In a nasal singing tone he began as follows: "Voilà le fameux Prince Poniatowski, se tournant avec grâce vers les officiers de son corps en s'écriant, Quand on a tout perdu et qu'on n'a plus d'espoir, la vie est un opprobre et la mort un devoir.

"Remarquez bien, Messieurs, (he always addressed me in the plural), comme le cheval blanc du prince se tourne aussi lestement qu'un cheval

véritable. Voyez, pan à droite—pan à gauche,—mais le voilà qui s'élançe, se cabre, se précipite dans la rivière, et disparaît." All this took place; the figure was drawn by a thread first to the right, then to the left, then forward; and at last, by pulling away a slide painted to represent water, fell into a wheelbarrow that stood under the table.

"Ah!—bien!—voilà le prince Poniatowski noyé! Il est mort!—C'est la première partie. Maintenant, Messieurs, vous allez voir tout à l'heure la chose la plus surprenante qui ait jamais été montrée en France. Tous ces petits soldats innombrables que vous apercevez devant vous (there were somewhere about sixty or seventy), sont tous vraiment habillés; habits, gibernes, armes, tout peut s'ôter et se remettre à volonté! Les canons servent comme les canons véritables, et sont admirés par tous les officiers de génie qui viennent ici." In order to give ocular demonstration of this, he took the little cannon off the carriage, and the sword-belt off the soldier, nearest to him, which was to serve as sufficient proof of his assertion.

"Ah,—bien! vous allez maintenant, Messieurs, voir manœuvrer cette petite armée comme sur le champ de bataille. Chaque soldat et chaque cheval feront séparément les mouvements propres, voyez! Hereupon the whole body of pup-

pets, who had not moved during the first act, (probably out of respect for Prince Poniatowski,) now made two simultaneous movements to the sound of a drum which a little boy beat under the table: the soldiers shouldered their arms, and set them down again; the horses reared and kicked. While this was going on, the expositor recounted the French bulletin of the affair with increasing pathos,—and thus closed the second act. I thought there could hardly be anything better to come; and as a few fresh spectators had dropped in, and I found it impossible any longer to endure the horrid stench of two lamps which had gone out, I fled from the field of battle and all its wonders. Tragical enough was it, however, to see that gallant self-devoting hero so represented.

I was much pleased at the Opera with young Nourrit's Count Ory. Connoisseurs may exclaim as they like against Rossini;—it is not the less true that in this, as in his other works, streams of melody enchant the ear,—now melting in tones of love, now thundering in tempests; rejoicing, triumphant, at the banquet of the knights, or rising in solemn adoration to heaven. It is curious enough that in this licentious opera, the prayer of the knight, which is represented as merely a piece of hypocrisy,

is the very same which Rossini had composed for Charles the Tenth's coronation. Madame Cinti sung the part of the Countess very well; Mademoiselle Javoureck, as her page, showed very handsome legs, and the bass singer was excellent.

The ballet I thought not so good as usual. Albert and Paul are not grown lighter with years, and, except Noblet and Taglioni, there was no good female dancer.

In the opera, I remarked that the same actor who played one of the principal parts in the 'Muette' sustained a very obscure one tonight in the chorus of knights. Such things often occur here, and are worthy of all imitation. It is only when the best performers are obliged to concur in the 'ensemble,' be the part allotted to them great or small, that a truly excellent whole can be produced. For this 'ensemble' much more is generally done in France than in Germany, where the illusion is frequently broken by trifles which are sacrificed to the ease and convenience of the manager or actor. Hoffman used to say, that of all incongruities none had ever shocked him more than when, on the Berlin stage, a *Geheimerath* of Iffland's, after deporting himself in the most pro-

saic manner possible, suddenly, instead of going out at the door in a human manner, vanished through the wall like mere air.

Jan. 10.

It is an agreeable surprise to find the Museum, after all that it has restored, still so abundantly rich. Dénon's new 'Salles' now afford a worthy station to most of the statues. It is only a pity that the old galleries are not arranged in the same style. Much would not be lost by the demolition of the painted ceilings, which have no great merit in themselves, and harmonize so ill with statues. Sculpture and painting should never be mixed. I shall not dwell on the well known master-pieces; but let me mention to you some which particularly struck me, and which I do not remember to have seen before.

First: A beautiful Venus, discovered a few years since in Milo, and presented to the King by the Duc de Rivière. She is represented as *victrix*; according to the opinion of antiquarians, either showing the apple, or holding the shield of Mars with both hands. Both arms are wanting, so that these are only hypotheses. But how exquisite is the whole person and attitude! What life, what tender softness, and what perfection of form! The

proud triumphant expression of the face has the truth and nature of a woman, and the sublimity and power of a deity.

Second : A female figure clothed in full drapery (called in the Catalogue 'Image de la Providence');—a noble, idealized woman;—mildness and benignity in her countenance, divine repose in her whole person. The drapery perfect in grace and execution.

Third : Cupid and Psyche, from the Villa Borghese. Psyche, sunk on her knees, is imploring Cupid's forgiveness, and the sweet smile on his lips shows that her prayer is inwardly accepted. Laymen, at least, can hardly look without rapture on the exquisite beauty of the forms, and the lovely expression of the countenances. The group is in such preservation, that only one hand of the God of Love appears to have been restored.

Fourth : A Sleeping Nymph. The ancients, who understood how to present every object under the most beautiful point of view, frequently adorned their sarcophagi with such figures, as emblems of death. The sleep is evidently deep; but the attitude is almost voluptuous :—the limbs exquisitely turned, and half concealed by drapery. The figure excites the thought rather of the new

young life to come, than of the death which must precede it*.

Fifth : A Gipsy,—remarkable for the mixture of stone and bronze. The figure is of the latter : the Lacedæmonian mantle, of the former. The head is modern, but has a very charming arch expression, perfectly in character for a Zingarella, such as Italy still contains.

Sixth : A magnificent Statue in an attitude of prayer. The head and neck, of white marble, have the severe ideal beauty of the antique ; and the drapery, of the hardest porphyry, could not be more light and flowing in silk or velvet.

Seventh. The colossal Melpomene gives its name to one of the new galleries, and below it an elegant bronze railing incloses some, admirably executed imitations of antique mosaic by Professor Belloni. This is a very interesting invention, and I wonder to see it so little encouraged by the rich.

Eighth : The bust of the youthful Augustus. A handsome, mild, and intelligent head ; very

* Thus should we ever regard, represent, and treat death. It is only a perverted view of Christianity (perhaps the Jewish groundwork of it), which has made death so gloomy, and with a coarse animal feeling, as unpoetical as it is disgusting, chosen skeletons and marks of decomposition as its emblems.—EDITOR.

different in expression, though with the same outline of features, from the statue which represents the emperor at a later period of life, when the power of circumstances and the influence of parties had hurried him into so many acts of tyranny and cruelty, till at length his native gentleness returned with the attainment of uncontested and unlimited power.

Ninth: His great general, Agrippa. Never did I behold a more characteristic physiognomy, with a nobler outline. It is curious that the forehead and the upper part of the region of the eye have a strong resemblance to a man, who, though in a different sphere of activity, must be numbered among the great,—I mean Alexander von Humboldt. In the other part of the face the resemblance wholly disappears. The more I looked at this iron head, the more I was convinced that exactly such an one was necessary to enable the soft Augustus to become and to remain lord of the world.

Tenth. The last, and at the same time most interesting to me, was a bust of Alexander, the only authentic one, as Dénon affirms, in existence; a perfect study for physiognomists and craniologists; for the fidelity of the artists of antiquity represented all the parts with equal care after the

model of nature. This head has indeed all the truth of a portrait, not in the slightest degree idealized*,—not even remarkably beautiful in feature; but, in the extraordinary proportions and expression, distinctly telling the history of the great original. The ‘abandon’ of the character, sometimes amounting to levity, is clearly betrayed by the graceful inclination of the neck and the voluptuous beauty of the mouth. The forehead and jaw are strikingly like those of Napoleon, as is also the entire form of the skull, both behind and before (animal and intellectual). The forehead is not too high,—it bespeaks no ideologist—but compact, and of iron strength. The features are generally regular and well turned, though, as I have already remarked, they have no pretensions to ideal beauty. Around the eye and nose reigns acuteness of mind, united with determined courage and a singular elevated astuteness, and at the same time with that disposition towards sensual pleasures, which combine to render Alexander such as he stands alone in history,—a youthful hero, no less invincible than amiable,—a hero realizing all the dreams of poetry and fiction. Gifted with the same combination of qualities,

* As Napoleon said of his own head: “Carrée, autant de base que de hauteur.”—EDITOR.

neither Charles the Twelfth of Sweden nor Napoleon would have met their overthrow in Russia; nor would the one now be regarded as a mere Don Quixote, nor the other as a man who employed his powers only as a calculating tyrant. The whole forms a being whose aspect is in the highest degree attractive, and, though imposing, awakens in the spectator courage, love, and confidence. He feels himself happy and secure within the reflection of this wondrous countenance; and sees that such a man, in any condition of life, must have excited admiration and enthusiasm, and have exercised boundless influence.

I must mention one lovely bas-relief, and a singularly beautiful altar. The Bas-relief, for which, like so many others, France is indebted to Napoleon, is from the Borghese collection. It represents Vulcan forging the shield for Æneas: Cyclops around him, all with genuine Silenus' and fauns' faces, are delightfully represented. But the most delightful figure of the group is a lovely little Cupid, half hiding himself behind the door with the cap of one of the Cyclops. All in this elegant composition is full of life, humour and motion, and the truth of the forms and correctness of the outlines are masterly.

The Altar, dedicated to twelve Deities, is in form like a Christian font. The twelve busts in alto-relievo surround it like a beautiful wreath. The workmanship is exquisite, and the preservation nearly perfect. The gods are placed in the following order: Jupiter, Minerva, Apollo, Juno, Neptune, Vulcan, Mercury, Vesta, Ceres, Diana,—all separate; lastly, Mars and Venus united by Cupid. I wonder that this graceful design has never been executed on a small scale in alabaster, porcelain or glass, for ladies' bazaars, as the well-known doves and other antique subjects are. Nothing could be better adapted for the purpose; and yet there was not even a plaster cast of it to be found at Jaquet's (the successor to Getti, 'mouleur du Musée'); nor had he any of the subjects I have mentioned, merely because they are not among the most celebrated; though some that are, are certainly not of a very attractive character. Men are terribly like 'les moutons de Panurge': they implicitly follow authority, and suffer that to prescribe to them what they shall like.

In the picture-galleries, the forced restitutions would be considerably less remarked, if the places were not filled by so many pictures of the modern French school, which I confess, with very few exceptions, produce somewhat the effect of cari-

catures upon me. The theatrical attitudes, the stage dignity, which even David's pictures frequently exhibit, and the continual exaggeration of passion, appear like the work of learners, compared with the noble fidelity to nature of the Italian masters, and even make us regret the charming truth and reality of the German and Flemish schools. Of all these famous moderns, Girodet displeased me the most: no healthy taste can look at his Deluge without disgust. Gérard's Entry of Henry the Fourth appears to me a picture whose fame will endure. The number of Rubens' and Lesueur's pictures which have been brought from the Luxemburg, but ill replace the Raphaels, Leonardo da Vincis, and Vandykes, which have disappeared. In short, all that had been brought here since the Restoration, whether new or old, makes but an unfavourable impression. This is not lessened by the bad busts of painters which have been placed at regular intervals, and which, even were they better as specimens of sculpture, are wholly out of place in a collection of paintings. The magnificent long gallery affords, however, as before, the most agreeable winter walk; and the liberality which leaves it constantly accessible to strangers cannot be sufficiently praised.

When I think how still more deplorable is the state of painting in England, how little Italy and Germany now merit their former fame, I am tempted to fear that this art will share the fate of painting on glass; nay, that its most precious secrets are already irrecoverably lost. The breadth, power, truth and life of the old masters, their technical knowledge of colouring,—where are they now to be found? Thorwaldson, Rauch, Danneker, Canova, rival the antique*; but where is the painter who can be placed by the side of the second-rate artists of the golden age of painting?

In a side court of the Museum stands the colossal Sphinx from Drovetti's collection, destined for the court of the Louvre. It is of pale-red granite, and the sculpture is as grand as the mass is stupendous. It is perfectly intact, except the nose; this had just been replaced by one of plaster of Paris, which had not received its last coat of colouring. The sight of it made me involuntarily laugh; and, thinking of the strange chain of

* A countryman of August Wilhelm Schlegel ought to take shame to himself for the omission of the illustrious name of Flaxman, whose genius was cast in a mould far more purely, severely and elegantly *Greek*, than that of any modern sculptor whatever.—TRANS.

events which had brought this giant hither, I internally exclaimed, "What do you here, you huge Ægyptian, after a lapse of three thousand years,—in this new Babylon, where no sphinx can keep a secret, and where silence never found a home?"

In the evening I went to the Théâtre Porte St. Martin to see Faust, which was performed for the eightieth or ninetieth time. The culminating point of this melodrame is a waltz which Mephistopheles dances with Martha; and in truth it is impossible to dance more diabolically. It never fails to call forth thunders of applause,—and in one sense deserves it; for the pantomime is extremely expressive, and affects one in the same manner as jests intermingled with ghost stories. Mephistopheles, though ugly, has the air of a gentleman, which is more than can be said for our German devils.

The most remarkable part of the scenery is the Blocksberg, with all its horrors, which leave those of the Wolf's Glen far behind. Illumined by lurid lights of all colours, gleaming from behind dark pines and clefts in the rock, it swarmed with living skeletons, glittering snakes, horrible monsters of deformity, headless or bleeding bodies, hideous witches, huge fiery giants' eyes glaring

'out of bushes, toads as big as men, and many other agreeable images of the like kind. In the last act, the scene-painter had gone rather too far, having represented heaven and hell *at the same time*. Heaven, which of course occupied the upper part of the scene, shone with a very beautiful pale-blue radiance; but this was so unbecoming to the complexion of Gretchen's soul, as well as to that of the angels who pirouetted round her, that they looked more like the corpses on the Blocksberg than the blessed in heaven. —The devils, who danced immediately under the wooden floor of heaven, had a much more advantageous tone of colour, which they certainly deserved for the zeal with which they tore the effigy of Faust into pieces till the curtain fell.

The theatre itself is tastefully decorated with gay paintings and gold on a ground of white satin. The many-coloured flowers, birds and butterflies, have a very lively agreeable effect. The interior of the boxes is light blue, and the lining an imitation of red velvet. Besides the annoying cry of the limonadiers, who, to a German ear, make such singular abbreviations of the words 'orgeat, limonade, glace', there was a Jew who wandered about with 'lorgnettes', which he let at ten sous for the evening;—a trade which I

don't remember to have observed before, and which is very convenient to the public.

This letter will probably travel to you by sledges, for we have a truly Russian climate, though unhappily no Russian stoves. Heaven send you a better temperature in B——!

Your L——.

LETTER XIV.

Paris, January 12th, 1829.

DEAREST JULIA,

It certainly is a fine thing to have such a walk as the Louvre daily at one's command, and to take refuge from snow and rain in the hall of gods, and among the creations of genius.—'Vive le roi!' for this liberality at least.

I spent my forenoon in the magnificent gallery, and also visited the Egyptian Museum, of which I shall tell you more anon. At dinner, I found an interesting companion in a Général de l'Empire, whom I accidentally met, and whose conversation I preferred to the theatre. He related a number of incidents of which he had been eye- and ear-witness:—they give a more vivid picture and a deeper view of all the bearings and relations of things at that time than are to be gathered from memoirs, in which the truth can never be revealed wholly without concealment or colouring. It would occupy too much time to repeat them all to you now; and besides, they would lose much of their vivacity: I therefore

reserve the greater part for oral relation.—Only one or two.

It is not to be denied, said my informant, that many vulgarities were observable in the interior of Napoleon's family, which betrayed 'rotture'. (By this he did not mean inferior birth, but a defective and ignoble education.) The greatest hatred and the most pitiful mutual intrigues reigned between the Bonaparte family and the Empress Josephine, who at length fell their victim. At first, Napoleon took the part of his wife, and was often reproached for it by his mother, who called him tyrant, Tiberius, Nero, and other considerably less classical names, to his face. The General assured me, that Madame had frequently told him that Napoleon, from his earliest infancy, had always tried to rule despotically, and had never shown the slightest regard for any one but himself and those immediately belonging to him. He had tyrannized over all his brothers, with the exception of Lucien, who never suffered the least offence or injury to go unrevenged. She had often, she said, observed with astonishment how perfectly the brothers had retained their relative characters. The General affirmed, that Madame Letitia had the firmest persuasion that Napoleon would end ill; and made no secret

of it, that she hoarded only against that catastrophe. Lucien shared in this persuasion; and as early as the year 1811 used the following remarkable words in speaking to the General:—
“L’ambition de cet homme est insatiable, et vous vivrez peutêtre pour voir sa carcasse et toute sa famille jettées dans les égouts de Paris.”

At Napoleon’s coronation, the Empress-mother, in whose household the General held some office after he had quitted the military service (what, he did not tell me), gave him strict charge to observe how many arm-chairs, chairs and stools, had been placed for the imperial family, and to make his report to her unobserved as soon as she entered. The General, who had but little experience in court etiquette, wondered at this strange commission, executed it, however, punctually, and informed her there were but two ‘fauteuils’, one chair, and so many ‘tabourets’. “Ah! je le pensais bien,” cried Madame Mère, red with rage, “la chaise est pour moi—mais ils se trompent dans leur calcul!” Walking quickly up to the ominous chair, she asked the chamberlain on duty, with lips quivering with passion, ‘Where was her seat?’ He motioned, with a deep bow, to the chair. The queens had already seated themselves on the ‘tabourets’. To snatch hold of

the chair, throw it down on the feet of the unfortunate chamberlain, who nearly screamed with pain, and to rush into the closet where the Emperor and Josephine were waiting was the affair of a moment to the exasperated mother. The most indecent scene followed, during which the Empress-mother declared in the most vehement terms, that if a 'fauteuil' were not instantly given her, she would leave the Salle, after explaining aloud the reason for her conduct. Napoleon, although furiously exasperated, was obliged to make 'bonne mine à mauvais jeu', and got out of the scrape by throwing the whole blame on poor Count Ségur; "et l'on vit bientôt," added the General, "le digne Comte arriver tout effaré, et apporter lui-même un fauteuil à sa Majesté l'Empératrice Mère." It is characteristic, and a proof that the thing originated in no respect with Josephine, but entirely with the Emperor himself, that at the marriage of Maria Louisa the very same incident was repeated,—only that the humbled and intimidated mother had no longer courage to resist.

Napoleon was brought up a bigot; and although too acute to remain so, or indeed perhaps ever to have been so sincerely, habit—which exercises so strong an influence over us all—ren-

dered it impossible for him ever to divest himself entirely of first impressions. When anything suddenly struck him, he sometimes involuntarily made the sign of the Cross,—a gesture which appeared most extraordinary to the sceptical children of the revolution.

Now for one amiable trait of Charles the Fourth, whom the world would be so little apt to suspect of any delicate attention. Those who knew him intimately, however, know that he was liberal and kind, though weak and ignorant; and much better as a man than as a king.

When Lucien went to Spain as ambassador from the Republic, the General, my informant, accompanied him as secretary of legation. Lucien's predecessor had 'affiché' all the coarseness of republican manners, to the infinite scandal of the most formal and stately court in the world; and the Spaniards, dreaded still greater rudeness and arrogance from the brother of the First Consul. Lucien, however, had the good taste to take the completely opposite course; appeared at court in shoes and bag-wig, and fulfilled all the duties of ceremony and etiquette with such punctuality that the whole court was in a perfect exstasy of delight and gratitude. Lucien was not only extremely popular, but the perfect idol of the whole

royal family. He returned their friendship, the General affirmed, sincerely, and often earnestly warned the King against the Prince of the Peace, as well as against the insatiable ambition of his own brother, of whom he spoke on every occasion without the slightest reserve. The confidence, however, of the old King in his 'grand ami', as he called Napoleon, remained unshaken to the last.

Before his departure, Lucien crowned his popularity by a magnificent fête, the like of which had never been seen in Spain, and which cost nearly four hundred thousand francs. The highest persons about the court, a number of grandes, and the whole royal family honoured it with their presence; and the latter seemed not to know how sufficiently to express their attachment to the ambassador. A few days afterwards, all the members of the legation received splendid presents; the ambassador alone was omitted; and republican familiarity permitted many jokes upon him in the palace of the embassy. Meanwhile the audience of leave was over, Lucien's departure fixed for the following day, and all hopes of the expected present at an end, when an officer of the Walloon guard came with an escort to the hotel, bringing a large picture in a packing-case, as a present from the King to Napoleon. When Lu-

Lucien was informed of this, he said, it was doubtless Titian's Venus, which he had often admired in the King's presence, and which was certainly a very valuable picture, but that the carriage of it was inconvenient to him, and he must confess he had rather the King had not sent it. However, the officer was most politely thanked, and dismissed; and Lucien, taking out a valuable shirt-pin from his breast, begged him to accept it. The ambassador now ordered the case to be unpacked, the picture taken out of its frame (which could be left behind), and rolled so that it could be carried on the imperial of a carriage. The secretary did as he desired:—scarcely was the wrapping-cloth raised, when, instead of the admired Venus, a face anything but beautiful—that of the King himself—smiled upon him. He was just flying off in mischievous delight to inform the ambassador of the comical mistake, when on entirely removing the cloth, a yet greater surprise detained him:—the whole picture was set round like a miniature with large diamonds, which Lucien afterwards sold in Paris for four millions of francs. This was truly a royal surprise, and the ambassador speedily recalled his order for leaving the frame.

The General asserted that Lucien was very intimate with the Queen of Portugal, who gave

him a political rendezvous at Badajoz. He thought D—— M—— was the result of this meeting. Certain it is, as you may remember I wrote you from London, that that prince is strikingly like Napoleon.

Jan. 13th.

The turn of the Gaiété came today in my inspection of theatres, and I make bold to declare that I was very much amused. These little mélodrames and vaudevilles are now—the French may be as grand about it as they please—their real and proper national drama; and perhaps they are not altogether innocent of the striking defection of the public to the romantic banner. People were heartily tired of the meagre fare of the

* “..... pathos tragique
Qui longtems ennuya en termes magnifiques.”

There was one evening on which I gave you no theatrical intelligence. The cause of this was the horrible ennui I had suffered at the Théâtre Français. Mademoiselle Mars did not play, and I found the parts of the great and matchless Talma and Fleury sunk into the most deplorable hands. In full contrast with this classical dullness, was the excellence of the melodrame of the Gaiété; and in spite of all the long litany that may be repeated by classicists as to coarse colouring,

‘coups de théâtre’, improbabilities, and so forth, I am persuaded that no unprejudiced fresh mind could see it without lively interest.—Let us now go back to the Théâtre Français.”

After a Greco-French tragedy, in which antique dresses vainly strove to convert Frenchmen into Greeks, in which the provincial hero Joanny vainly tried to exhibit a faint copy of the godlike Talma, and Duchesnois, who is now really ‘au delà de la permission’ ugly, with whining, antiquated and stony manner, vainly quivered out the end of every sentence with her hands in the air (also à la Talma), while all the rest exhibited a truly hopeless picture of mediocrity, the ‘*Mercure galant*’ was given as a conclusion. The faded embroidered silk clothes, as well as the awkwardness with which they were worn by the modern actors, spoke of the remote date of this piece. The ladies, on the other hand, had dressed according to their own taste, and were in the newest fashion. The comedy is utterly without plot, and the wit flat and coarse.

Setting aside ‘*que tous les genres sont bons hors le genre ennuyeux*,’ the contents of this latter piece were really better fitted to a booth in a fair. What appears still more extraordinary is, that this, stately, classical, national theatre has

itself been driven to give melodramas, (as to their contents at least,) though without music; and that these are the only representations which draw audiences. The only profitable modern piece, *L'Espion*, is a sufficient proof of this.

Thus does one theatre after another plant the romantic standard with more or less success; and tragedies and plays 'à la Shakespearé,' as the French call them, daily make their appearance, in which all the time-honoured unities are thrown over the shoulder without any more qualms of conscience on the part of authors or the public.

The revolution has regenerated France in every respect,—even their poetry is new; and ungrudging, never-envying Germany calls out joyfully to her, “Glück auf.”

Jan. 14th.

Today I visited some new buildings; among others the Bourse. It is surrounded with a stately colonnade, whose magnitude and total effect is imposing; but the long narrow-arched windows behind the pillars are in very bad taste. Modern necessities harmonize ill with ancient architecture. The interior is grand, and the illusion produced by the painting on the roof complete: you would swear they were bas-reliefs,—and very bad ones.

I remarked today for the first time how much the Boulevards are improved by the removal of several houses: the Portes St. Martin and St. Denis are seen to much greater advantage than before. Louis the Fourteenth deserves these monuments; for in truth, all that is grand and beautiful in Paris may be ascribed to him or to Napoleon. The rows of trees have been carefully preserved; and not, as on the Dönhofsplatz in Berlin, large trees cut down and little miserable sticks planted in their stead. The numerous 'Dames blanches' and Omnibuses have a most singular appearance. These are carriages containing twenty or thirty persons: they traverse the Boulevards incessantly, and convey the weary foot-passenger at a very moderate price. These ponderous machines are drawn by three unfortunate horses. In the present slippery state of the pavement I have several times seen all three fall together. It is said that England is the hell of horses: if, however, the metempsychosis should be realized, I beg leave to be an English horse rather than a French one. It rouses one's indignation to see how these unhappy animals are often treated, and it were to be wished that the police would here, as in England, take them under its protection. I remember, once to have seen a poor hackney-coach horse mal-

treated by a coachman in London. "Come with me," said the Englishman with whom I was walking; "you shall soon see that fellow punished." He very coolly called the man and ordered him to drive to the nearest police office. He alighted, and accused the coachman of having wantonly maltreated and tortured his horse. I was called on to give evidence to the same effect; and the fellow was sentenced to pay a considerable fine; after which we made him drive us back:—you may imagine his good humour.

Omnibuses are to be found in other parts of the city, and the longest 'course' costs only a few sous.—I know few things more amusing than to ride about in them in an evening, without any definite aim, and only for the sake of the rich caricatures one meets with, and the odd conversations one hears. I was often tempted to believe that I was at the Variétés; and I recognized the originals of many of Brunet's and Odry's faithful portraits. You know how much I like to wander about the world thus, an observer of men and manners; especially of the middle classes, among whom alone any characteristic peculiarities are now-a-days to be found, and who are also the happiest,—for the medal is completely reversed. The middle classes, down to the artisan, are now the *really privileged*,

by the character of the times and of public opinion. The higher classes find themselves, with their privileges and pretensions, condemned to a state of incessant opposition and humiliation. If their claims be adequately supported by wealth, their condition is tolerable; though even then, from ostentation,—the hereditary vice of those among the rich who are not slaves to avarice,—their money procures them far less substantial enjoyment than it does to those a step or two below them. If their rank is not upheld by property, they are of all classes in society,—except criminals and those who suffer from actual hunger,—the most pitiable.

Every man ought therefore maturely to estimate his position in the world, and to sacrifice nothing to vanity or ambition; for no epoch of the world was ever less fertile in rewards for such deference to the bad and frivolous part of public opinion. I do not mean, of course, the ambition of true merit, which is rewarded by its own results, and can be adequately rewarded by them alone. We nobles are now cheaply instructed in wise forbearance and practical philosophy of every kind;—and Heaven be thanked!

With such thoughts I arrived in a 'Dame blanche' at Franconi's theatre, to which a blind man might

find his way by the scent. The performances are certainly in odiously bad taste, and a public which had no better amusements must end by becoming but one degree above the animals they look at. I speak of the senseless dramatic pieces acted here; —the mere feats of activity and skill are often very interesting. I was particularly delighted with the slack rope-dancer called *Il Diavolo*, who outdoes all his competitors as completely as *Vestris* surpasses his. A finer form, greater agility and steadiness, and more finished grace, are hardly conceivable. He is the flying Mercury descended again on earth in human shape; the air appears his natural element, and the rope a mere superfluity, with which he enwreathes himself as with a garland. You see him at an enormous height lie along perfectly at his ease when the rope is in full swing; then float close to the boxes with the classic grace of an antique; then, with his head hanging down and his legs upwards, execute an 'entrechat' in the clouds of the stage-heaven. You may suppose that he is perfect master of all the ordinary *tours de force* of his art. He really deserves his name; '*Il Diavolo non può far meglio.*'

Jan. 14th.

As appendix to my yesterday's letter, I bought you a 'Dame blanche' filled with Bonbons; and, as a present for Mademoiselle H—— next Christmas, a bronze pendule with a running fountain at its foot, and a real working telegraph on the top. Tell her she may use the latter to keep up conversations which none but the initiated can understand. Paris is inexhaustible in such knick-knacks: they are generally destined for foreigners; the French seldom buy them, and think them, justly enough, 'de mauvais goût.'

To have done with theatres I visited three this evening. First I saw two acts of the new and most miserable tragedy, Isabelle de Bavière, at the Théâtre Français. My previous impressions were confirmed; and not only were the performers (with the exception of Joanny, who acted the part of Charles the Sixth pretty well) mediocrity itself, but the costumes, scenery, and all the appointments, were below those of the smallest theatre on the Boulevards. The populace of Paris was represented by seven men and two women; the 'Pairs de France' by three or four wretched sticks, literally in rags, with gold paper crowns on their heads, like those in a puppet-show. The house was empty, and the cold insufferable. I

drove as quickly as I could to the 'Ambigu Comique', where I found a pretty new house with very fresh decorations. As interlude, a sort of ballet was performed, which contained not a bad parody on the German Landwehr, and at any rate was not tiresome. I could not help wondering, however, that the French do not feel about the Landwehr and the Prussian horns, 'as the Burgundians did about the Alp horns of the Swiss, whose tones they were not particularly fond of recalling; for, as the Chronicle says, 'à Granson les avoient trop ouïs.'

My evening closed with the Italian Opera. Here you find the most select audience; it is the fashionable house. The théâtre is prettily decorated, the lighting brilliant, and the singing exceeds expectation. Still it is curious, that even with a company composed entirely of Italians the singing is never the same,—there is never that complete and inimitable whole, which you find in Italy: their fire seems chilled in these colder regions,—their humour dried up; they know that they shall be applauded, but that they no longer form one family with the audience; the buffo, as well as the first tragic singer, feels that he is but half understood, and, even musically speaking, but half felt. In Italy the Opera is nature, necessity; in Germany,

England, and France, an enjoyment of art, or a way of killing time.

The Opera was *La Cenerentola*. *Madame Malibran Garcia* does not, in my opinion, equal *Sontag* in this part: she has, however, her own 'genre', which is the more attractive the longer one hears her; and I do not doubt that she too has parts in which she would bear away the palm from all competitors. She has married an American; and her style of singing appeared to me quite American,—that is, free, daring, and republican: whilst *Pasta*, like an aristocrat, or rather like an autocrat, hurries one despotically away with her; and *Sontag* warbles forth melting and 'mezzo-voce' tones, as if from the heavenly regions. *Bordogni*, the tenore, had the difficult task of singing without a voice, and did all that was possible under such circumstances? *Zucchelli* was, as ever, admirable; and *Santini* his worthy rival. Both acting and singing had throughout more of life, power and grace, than on any other Italian stage out of Italy.

On my return to my hotel, I was surprised by one of those Parisian 'agrémens' which are really a disgrace to such a city. Though my hotel is one of the most respectable, and in the most frequented part of the town, I thought I was alight-

ing at a 'cloaque'. They were clearing certain excavations, an operation by which the houses here are poisoned twice a year.

I have already burned a dozen pastiles, but can create no radical reaction.

Jan. 15th.

I seated myself in a cabriolet early this morning, to make a wider excursion than usual. I directed the driver first to Nôtre Dame, and regretted as I passed the Pont Neuf that this spot had been assigned to the statue of Henry the Fourth. It stands most disproportionately on the naked base of the obelisk which Napoleon had projected, and for which the spot was chosen with great sagacity; whereas now, surrounded by the broad and high masses of building which form the back-ground of the little statue and inclose it in a colossal triangle, the prancing horse looks like a skipping insect. While I was following this train of observations, and thinking what Paris would have become had Napoleon's reign been prolonged, my driver suddenly cried out "Voilà la Morne!" I told him to stop ('car j'aime les émotions lugubres'), and entered this house of death, which I had never before seen. Behind a lattice is a clean little room with eight wooden biers painted black, placed in a row, the heads turned to the wall,

the feet towards the spectator. Upon these the dead bodies are laid naked, and the clothes and effects of each hung upon the whitewall behind him, so that they can easily be recognized. There was only one; an old man with a genuine French physiognomy, rings in his ears and on his fingers. He lay with a smile on his face and open eyes like a wax figure, and with exactly such a mien as if he were about to offer his neighbour a pinch of snuff, when death surprised him. His clothes were good,—“superbes,” as a ragged fellow near me said, while he looked at them with longing eyes. There were no marks of violence visible on the body; so that the stroke of death had probably surprised the old man in some remote part of the city, and was still unknown to his relatives: misery seemed to have had no share in his fate.

One of the guardians of the place told me a curious fact;—in winter, the number of deaths by drowning, which is now the fashionable mode of self-destruction in Paris, is less by two-thirds than in summer. The cause of this can be no other, however ridiculous it may sound, than that the water is too cold, for the Seine is scarcely ever frozen. But as trifles and every-day things govern the great events of life much more than we are apt to think, so they appear to exercise their

power even in death, and despair itself is still 'douillet,' and enthralled by the senses.

You remember the three portals of Nôtre Dame, with the oaken doors ornamented with beautiful designs and arabesques in bronze, and how striking is the whole façade, how interesting its details. Unfortunately, like the temple at Jerusalem, the interior is defaced by stalls and booths. This interior, always so unworthy of the exterior, is rendered still more mean by a new coat of paint.

Continuing my drive, I alighted for a minute at the Panthéon. It is a pity that the situation and *entourage* of this building are so unfavourable. The interior appeared to me almost too simple and bare of ornament, which does not suit this style; and Girodet's new ceiling is hardly visible without a telescope. The opening of the cupola is too small and too high to enable one to see anything of the painting distinctly. I saw a piece of carpet hanging to one of the pillars, and asked what it meant: I was told that it was the work of the unhappy Marie Antoinette, and presented to the church by Madame. Over the side altar was written 'Autel privilégié.'

The association of ideas which this inscription suggested, led me to the neighbouring ménagerie, and I drove to the Jardin des Plantes. It was

too cold for the animals, and almost all, living and dead, were shut up, so that I could only visit a Polar bear. I found him patiently and quietly clearing out his den with his fore paws. He did not suffer my presence to interrupt him in the least, but went on working like a labourer. He used his paws as brooms, then brought the straw and snow into his hole to make himself a comfortable bed, and at length with a sort of grumble of satisfaction slowly stretched himself out upon it. His neighbour Martin, the brown bear who once on a time ate a sentinel, is quite well, but not visible today. On my way back I visited a third church; St. Eustache. The interior is grander than that of the Panthéon or Nôtre Dame, and is enlivened by a few painted windows and pictures. There was indeed a sort of exhibition of the latter, on occasion of some festival: I cannot say that much good taste was conspicuous in it. A more agreeable thing was the fine music, in which the trumpets produced an overpowering effect. Why is not this sublime instrument oftener introduced into church music?

As I drove across the Place des Victoires, I sent up a sigh to Heaven over the nothingness of fame and its monuments. On this place, as you well remember, stood Désaix's statue, which he had

really deserved of France. Now it is thrown aside, and a Louis the Fourteenth in Roman armour, with a long wig, and mounted on a horse which looks like a wooden one, occupies its place. I had some difficulty in silencing the melancholy moralizings which this sight excited in me, by the more sensual impressions I received in the 'salon des Frères Provençaux', from excellent ruffles, and the perusal of a somewhat less praiseworthy fashionable novel. I was even forced to drink a whole bottle of champagne before I could exclaim with Solomon, "All is vanity!" and add, "Therefore enjoy the present moment without thinking too much about it." In this good frame of mind I passed through, for the last time, the Palais Royal, where so many gay 'colifichets' and new inventions sparkled upon me from the well-lighted shops, that I almost took the full moon, which hung small and yellow over one of the opposite chimneys, for a new toy; and should not have been much surprised if the man in the moon or Mademoiselle Garnerin had stepped out of it, and vanished again down one of Véry's chimneys. But as nothing of this sort happened, I followed the brilliant front of the Variétés, which eclipsed the dim oil lamps around, and entered, 'pour y faire ma digestion en riant'. This end was perfectly attained; for

though the little theatre has lost Potier, it still retains its power over the risible muscles. It has gained—for the eyes at least—an extremely pretty little actress, Mademoiselle Valérie, and a much better and fresher exterior than formerly. Among the agreeable novelties is a drop curtain of real cloth, instead of the usual painted draperies. The rich folds of dark blue contrasted well with the crimson, gold and white, of the theatre. It is not rolled up stiffly and awkwardly like the others, but draws back gracefully to either side. The great theatres would do well to imitate this.

Jan. 16th.

Formerly *Anas* were the fashion; now it is *Amas*, 'et le change est pour le mieux'. To these *Amas* I dedicated my morning, and began with the *Amas* of geography, the Georama. Here you suddenly find yourself in the centre of the globe,—which Dr. Nürnbergger has not yet reached with his projected shaft; but in which you find the hypothesis of a sea of light confirmed, for it is so light that the whole crust of the earth is rendered transparent, and you can distinctly see even the political boundaries of countries. The excessive cold somewhat chilled my curiosity, so that I can only tell you that no globe elucidates geography so well as the

Georama. It were to be wished that all Lancastrian schools could be thus introduced into the bowels of the earth: such a company too might warm themselves 'mutuellement.' The lakes appear, as in reality, beautifully blue and transparent, the volcanoes little fiery points, and the black chains of mountains are easily followed by the eye. I was amused to see that the great lakes in China had the precise outline of the grotesque and frightful faces of Chinese gods. The largest was really, without any effort of the imagination, the exact copy of the flying dragon so frequent on their porcelain. I hug myself amazingly on this discovery;—who knows if it will not throw some light on Chinese mythology? I was much displeased at seeing no notice taken of the recent discoveries at the North Pole, in Africa, and the Himalaya mountains. The whole affair appeared to me somewhat 'en décadence'. Instead of the pretty woman who generally sits at the bureau of all exhibitions of this sort in Paris, there was a terrific person who might have passed for the Lepreux d'Aosta.

The Diorama, a mile or so further, on the Boulevards, contains views of St. Gothard and of Venice. The former, on the Italian side, which I have seen 'in naturâ', was well painted and very like; but as

there is no change of light and shadow, as in the far superior Diorama in London; there is not the same variety and charm. Venice was a bad painting, and the light so yellow that it looked as if its just indignation at the French, who destroyed its political existence and then did not even keep it, had given it the jaundice.

The Neorama places you in the centre of St. Peter's; the illusion however is but faint, and the crowd of motionless figures, in a thing which pretends to perfect imitation, tends to break it. Only the sleeping or the dead can be appropriately introduced into such a scene. The festival of St. Peter is represented. Pope, cardinals, priests, and the Pope's guard 'en haye', fill the church; and are so badly painted to boot, that I took His Holiness for an old dressing-gown hung before the Jove-like statue of Peter.

Passing over the well-known Panoramas and Cosmoramas, I bring you at last to the Uranorama in the new Passage Vivienne. This is a very ingenious piece of mechanism, exhibiting the course of the planets and the solar system. I confess that I never had so clear an idea of these matters as after the hour I spent here. I shall tell you more about it by word of mouth. If you like to spend twelve hundred francs, you can have

a small model of the whole machine, which every good library ought to possess.

Thus then I began with the central point of the earth, then admired the various glories of its surface, and after cursory visit to the planets, set off in the sun. There wanted nothing but a small *Ama* representing the seventh heaven and the hours, to complete my journey: I should have seen more than the Egyptian dervise in the few seconds during which his head was immersed in the pail of water.

It is better that I drop the curtain here over my sayings and doings. When it is drawn up again in your presence, I shall stand before you. As I have refreshed all the powers of my mind, I shall tell you my further plans;—to dream a winter amid pomegranates and oleander; to wander awhile under the palm-trees of *Aloha*, and to look down on the wonders of Egypt from the summit of her pyramids. Till then, no more letters.

Yours most faithfully

L—

THE END.



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