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1851

SCENES AND THOUGHTS

IN

EUROPE.

BY AN AMERICAN.

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PREFACE.

Certain classes of books are such favorites, that nearly the whole responsibility of publishing them should be borne by the public. The eagerness with which they are read is a premium on their production. The traveller in foreign lands finds the privacy of his letters and journal encroached upon while writing them, by the thought that they may be turned into "copy" for the printer. To so many others has this happened, that the possibility of its happening to himself cannot be kept out of his mind, spotting, it may be, the candor of his statements. Afterwards, when he has been at home long enough for the incidents of his journey to grow by distance of time into reminiscences, what he wrote on the spot comes upon him with unexpected freshness and distinctness. Himself gets information and entertainment from the perusal of his notes, letters and diary. In this state of semi-self-complacency, the public urgently invites him to its broad tables—invites him through the kindness wherewith it has loaded so many of his book-blazoned fellow-travellers. He begins to criticise his manuscript; to shape it by excisions, by additions; to calculate quantity; to confer with a popular publisher,—who is of course in close league with the public,—until at last, he finds that his manuscript has been made away with and in its stead he has proof sheets. His private doings

and seeings, and thinkings, and feelings, are about to cease to be private and to become public, and himself is to be thrust in every page personally before the world by the printers, notwithstanding his constant endeavor to merge his individuality, and, like modest editors, to multiply and disperse himself by means of the indefinite *we*. He is in the case to claim the favor that is shown at a feast to a guest especially summoned for the entertainment of the company. The host is the public, whose part it is to bear with his waywardness, to be indulgent towards his shortcomings, to overlook his deficiencies. The author of the following little volume scarcely need add, that this claim of the author-guest is strong in proportion as he possesses the one virtue, the rare virtue, of brevity.

March, 1846.

SCENES AND THOUGHTS IN EUROPE

AMBLESIDE, WESTMORELAND COUNTY, ENGLAND,
July 29th, 1840, Wednesday Evening.

MY DEAR ———:

Three weeks since, I was in America: I am now writing to you from an English village, distant but a mile from the dwelling of Wordsworth. Between noon and evening we have come to-day ninety miles; first by railroad from Liverpool to Lancaster, where we took outside seats on a coach to Kendall, and thence by postchaise fourteen miles to Ambleside. An American just landed in England wants more than his two eyes to look at the beautiful, green "old country." For several miles the road lay along the bank of Lake Windermere, sleeping in the evening shadows at the feet of its mountains, whose peaks were shrouded in mist, except that of Nabscar, on whose southern side near its base stands the Poet's house.

So soon as we were established in the clean little inn, I walked out, about eight o'clock, on the road that passes Wordsworth's door. Meeting a countryman, when I had been afoot ten or fifteen minutes, I asked him,—"How far is it to Mr. Wordsworth's?" "Only a quarter of a mile." The wood-skirted road wound among gentle hills, that on one side ran quickly up into mountains, so that the house was not in view; and having resolved not to seek him till to-morrow, I turned back with the tall laborer, who told me he was working at Wordsworth's. We passed a lady and gentleman on foot, who both gave a friendly salutation to my companion. "That," said he, "is Mr. Wordsworth's daughter."

Thursday Evening.

This morning, at ten, Nabscar still wore his nightcap of mist, but as the wind then hauled, in sailor's phrase, to the north from the southwest, which is the rainy quarter here, he was robed before noon in sunshine, to welcome on his breast a far-travelled homager.

I spent an hour to-day with Wordsworth. His look, talk, and bearing, are just what a lover of his works would wish to find them. His manner is simple, earnest, manly. The noble head, large Roman nose, deep voice, and tall spare figure, make up an exterior that well befits him. He talked freely on topics that naturally came up on the occasion. He proposed that we should walk out into his grounds. What a site for a poet's abode! One more beautiful the earth could scarcely offer. A few acres give shifting views of the Paradise about him, embracing the two lakes of Windermere and Grasmere. Would that you could have heard him sum up in hearty English the characteristics of the bounteous scene! We passed a small field of newly-cut hay, which laborers were turning;—"I have been at work there this morning," said Wordsworth, "and heated myself more than was prudent." In the garden a blackbird ran across our path: "I like birds better than fruit," said he; "they eat up my fruit, but repay me with their songs." By those who, like you, appreciate Wordsworth, these trifles will be prized as significant of his habits. I would not record them, did I believe that himself,—with knowledge of the feelings which to us make them valuable,—would regard the record as a violation of the sacred privacy of his home. A literary caterer might have seized upon much that would better have served a gossiping hireling's purpose.

Saturday, August 1st, 1840.

Yesterday evening we spent three hours at Rydal Mount, the name not of the mountain near whose base is Wordsworth's

dwelling, but of the dwelling itself. We went, by invitation, early. Wordsworth, soon after we arrived, familiarly took me through the back gate of his enclosure, to point out the path by which I might ascend to the top of Nabscar,—a feat I purposed attempting the next day. On our return, he proposed a visit to Rydal Fall, a few hundred yards from his door in Rydal Park. On learning that five weeks since we had stood before Niagara, an exclamation burst from his lips, as if the sublime spectacle were suddenly brought near to him. "But, come," said he, after a moment, "I am not afraid to show you Rydal Fall, though you have so lately seen Niagara." As for part of the way he walked before us in his thick shoes, his large head somewhat inclined forward, occasionally calling our looks to tree or shrub, I had him, as he doubtless is in his solitary rambles for hours daily, in habitual meditation, greeting as he passes many a flower and sounding bough, and pausing at times from self-communion, to bare his mind to the glories of sky and earth which ennoble his chosen abode.

At the end of our walk a short descent brought us to the door of a small, stone, wood-embowered structure, the vestibule, as it were, to the temple. Entering, the waterfall was before us, beheld through a large regular oblong opening or window which made a frame to the natural picture. The fall was not of more than twenty-five feet, and the stream only a large brook, but from the happiest conjunction of water, rock and foliage; of color, form, sound and silvan still life; resulted a scene, decked by nature so choicely, and with such delicate harmony, that you felt yourself in one of Beauty's most perfect abiding-places. The deep voice of Wordsworth mingled at intervals with the sound of the fall. We left the spot to return to his house. The evening was calm and sunny; we were in an English Park in the bosom of mountains; we had come from a spot sanctified by Beauty, and Wordsworth walked beside us.

The walls of the drawing-room and library, connected by a door, in which, with the affable kindness of a refined gentlewoman, Mrs. Wordsworth received ourselves and a few other guests, were covered with books and pictures. Wordsworth showed me many editions of the British Poets. He put into my hands a copy of the first edition of Paradise Lost, given him by Charles Lamb. He spoke copiously, and in terms of admiration, of Alston, whom he had known well. In connection with Alston, he mentioned his "friend Coleridge." The opportunity thus offered of leading him to speak of his great compeer, was marred by one of the company giving another turn to the conversation. Wordsworth, throughout the evening, was in a fine mood. His talk was clear and animated; at times humorous or narrative. He narrated several lively incidents with excellent effect. We sat in the long English twilight till past nine o'clock.

Sunday Morning, August 2d, 1840.

Yesterday was pleasantly filled in making an excursion to Colistone Lake, in rowing on Windermere, and in strolling in the evening through the meadows around Ambleside. At every pause in our walk, the aspect of the landscape varied, under the control of the chief feature of the scenery, the encircling mountains with their vast company of shadows, which, as unconsciously changing your position you shift the point of view, open or close gorges and valleys, and hide or reveal their own tops, producing the effect of a moving panorama.

But a week since, we were on the ocean,—a month since, in the new world,—now, on the beaten sod of the old, young Americans enjoying old England. Every object within sight, raised by the hand of man, looks touched with antiquity; the grey stone wall with its coping of moss, the cottage ivy-screened, the Saxon church tower. Even what is new, hasn't a new look. The modern mansion is mellowed by architecture and tint into keeping with its

older neighbors. To be old here, is to be respectable, and time-honored is the epithet most coveted. You see no sign of the doings of yesterday or yesteryear: the new is careful of obtruding itself, and comes into the world under matronage of the old. But the footprint of age is not traced in rust and decay. We are in free and thriving England, where Time's accumulations are shaped by a busy, confident, sagacious hand, man co-working with Nature at the "ceaseless loom of Time," so that little be wasted and little misspent. The English have a strong sympathy with rural nature. The capabilities of the landscape are developed and assisted with a loving and judicious eye, and the beautiful effects are visible not merely in the lordly domain or secluded pleasure-ground, where a single mind brings about a pre-determined end, but in the general aspect of the land. The thatched cottage, the broad castle, the simple lawn, the luxurious park, the scattered hamlet, the compact borough, all the features which make up the physiognomy of woody, mossy, rain-washed, England, harmonize with nature and with one another.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, 2 o'clock.

We walked this morning to Rydal Church, which is within almost a stone's throw of Wordsworth's dwelling. Through a cloudless sky and the Sabbath stillness, the green landscape looked like a corner of Eden. In the small simple church there were not more than sixty persons, the congregation, as Wordsworth told us afterwards, consisting of fourteen families. When the service was over, Wordsworth, taking us one under each arm, led us up to his house. After a short visit we took our final leave.

In these three days, I have spent several hours at different times with Wordsworth. I have listened to his free and cordial talk, walked with him, beheld the beautiful landscape of Westmoreland with the aidance of his familiar eye, and have been the object of his hospitality, more grateful to me than would be that

of his sovereign. The purpose of our visit to Ambleside being accomplished, we leave this in half an hour.

OXFORD, WEDNESDAY MORNING, August 5th, 1840.

A glance at the map of England will show you what a flight we 've made since Sunday. For most of the way 't was literally a flight, being chiefly by steam. Yet have we had time to tarry on the road, and give ourselves up tranquilly without hurry to deep and gentle impressions.

Leaving Ambleside on Sunday afternoon, our road ran for ten miles along the eastern shore of Lake Windermere, which lay shining at our side, or sparkling through the foliage that shades the neat dwellings on its border. From the mountains of the lake region we passed suddenly into the flats of Lancashire, and at dark reached Lancaster, too late to get a good view of, what we had however seen as we went up from Liverpool, the castle, founded by

"Old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster."

Between nine and three o'clock on Monday, a railroad bore us from Lancaster, on the north-west coast, to Coventry (which Falstaff marched through) in Warwickshire, the very heart of England. We passed through, but did not stop at Birmingham. The sight and thought of these great overworked underfed workshops are oppressive. An invalid has not the nerves to confront the gaunt monster, Poverty, that dragging along its ghastly offspring, Squalor and Hunger, stalks so strangely through this abundant land.

There is nothing like a "locomotive" for giving one a first vivid view of a country. Those few hours left on my brain a clear full image of the face of England, such as can be had by no other means. Town, river, village, cottage, castle, set all in their native verdure, are so approximated by rapidity of move-

ment, as to be easily enclosed by the memory in one frame. The ten miles between Coventry and Warwick, a stage-coach carried us on its top, passing through Kenilworth village, and giving us a glimpse of the famous ruins.

Beautiful to behold is England on a sunny summer's day ; so clean, so verdant, so full of quiet life, so fresh, wearing so lightly the garland of age. What a tree ;—that cottage, how fragrant it looks through its flowers ;—the turf about that church has been green for ages. Here is a thatched hamlet, its open doors lighted with rosy faces at the sound of our wheels ;—this avenue of oaks sets the imagination to building a mansion at the end of it. What town is that clustered around yon huge square tower ? and the ear welcomes a familiar name, endeared by genius to the American heart. Such is a half hour of one's progress through time-enriched England, the mother of Shakspeare and Cromwell, of Milton and Newton.

Yesterday morning we walked to Warwick Castle, which lies just without the town. There stands the magnificent feudal giant, shorn of its terrors ; its high embattled turrets disarmed by Time's transmuting inventions ; its grim frowns converted to graceful lineaments ; its hoarse challenges to gentle greetings ; there it stands, grand and venerable, on the soft green bank of Avon, guarded by man's protecting arm against the levelling blasts of antiquity, not less a token of present grandeur than a monument of former glories. As slowly as the impatient attendant would let us, we loitered through the broad lofty halls and comfortable apartments, from whose walls flash the bright heads of Vandyke. Through the deep windows you look down into the Avon, which flows by the castle and through the noble park. We lingered on the green lawn, enclosed within the castle walls, and in the smooth grounds without them, and we hung about the towers of the dark old pile until noon, when we walked back to the inn, having enjoyed without drawback, and with more than

fulfilment of cherished expectations, one of the grandest spectacles old Europe has to offer.

At one we were approaching Stratford on Avon, distant eight miles from Warwick. Fifteen years since I was on the same ground. But Shakspeare was to me then but a man, to whom greatness had been decreed by the world's judgment. I was not of an age to have verified for myself his titles : I had not realized by contemplation the immensity of his power : my soul had not been fortified by direct sympathy with his mighty nature. But now I felt that I was near the most sacred spot in Europe, and I was disappointed at the absence of emotion in my mind. Here Shakspeare was born, and here he lies buried. We stood above his bones : on the marble slab at our feet, we read the lines touching their rest, invoking a curse on him who should disturb them. We sat down on a bench within a few feet of the sacred dust. We walked out by a near door past tomb-stones to the edge of the Avon. The day was serene and bright. We returned, and gazed again on the simple slab. 'Twas not till we had quitted the church, and were about to pass out of the yard, that a full consciousness of the holiness of the place arose in me. For an instant I seemed to feel the presence of Shakspeare. We walked slowly back towards the inn. In this path he has walked ; at that sunny corner he has lounged ;—but 'twas like clutching at corporeal substance in a dream, to try to call up a familiar image of Shakspeare. Objects around looked unsubstantial ; what the senses beheld wore the aspect of a vision ; the only reality was the thought of Shakspeare, which wrapped the mind in a vague magical sensation.

Between three and four o'clock we were on the way to Oxford, smoothly rolling over an undulating road, under a cloudless sky, through the teeming, tree-studded fields. We passed through Woodstock, and for several miles skirted the Park of Blenheim. 'Twas dark ere we entered Oxford. The coach whirled us past

square upon square of majestic piles and imposing shapes, and we alighted at the inn, suddenly and strongly impressed with the architectural magnificence of Oxford. We are going out to get a view by sunlight ere we set off for London, which we are to reach before night.

LONDON, August 10th, 1840.

From the top of the coach, which carried us eight miles to the Great Western Railroad, I looked back upon the majestic crown of towers and spires, wherewith,—as if to honor by a unique prodigality of its gifts, the high, long enduring seat of learning,—the genius of architecture has encircled the brow of Oxford. At a speed of thirty to forty-five miles an hour, we shot down to Windsor, where we again quitted the railroad for a post-chaise, wishing to enter London more tranquilly than by steam.

By the road from Windsor it is hard to say when you do enter London, being encased by houses miles before you reach Piccadilly. Some cities are begirt with walls, some with public walks, some merely with water; but London, it may be said without solecism, is surrounded by houses. At last the "West End" opens grandly to view through Hyde Park. What a look of vastness, of wealth, of solid grandeur! We are passing the house of Wellington, and there to the right, across the Green Park and St. James's, are the towers of Westminster Abbey. We are in the largest and wealthiest city of the world, the capital of the most vast and powerful empire the earth has ever known.

We can now give but a few days to London, barely enough to get a notion of its material dimensions and outward aspects. Size, activity, power, opulence, fill with confused images the wearied brain when the stranger's laborious day is over. The streets of London seem interminable; its private palaces are countless; its population consists of many multitudes. Through its avenues flow in counter-currents, from morn till midnight,

the streams which send and receive from the ends of the earth, the life-blood of a commerce, which all climes and continents nourish. From within its precincts issue words, that, sped to the four quarters of the globe, are laws to more than one hundred millions of men. Thither are the ears of states directed; and when in the Senate, that for ages has had its seat in this still growing capital, the prime minister of England speaks, all the nations hearken. Of the wealth, strength, bulk, grandeur of the realm, London is the centre and palpable evidence. See the docks in the morning, and drive round the Parks in the afternoon, and you behold the might and magnificence of Britain.

From this endless throng I was withdrawn yesterday to a scene, a sketch of which will, I know, have for you especial interest. I drove to Highgate Hill, and alighted at the house of Mr. Gilman. From the servant who opened the door I learnt that he had been dead several months. Mrs. Gilman was at home. I was shown into a neat back drawing-room, where sat an elderly lady in deep mourning. I apologized for having come to her house: it was my only means of getting tidings of one I had known well many years before in Göttingen, and who, I was aware, had been a friend and pupil of Mr. Coleridge during his stay under her roof. She made a sign to the servant to withdraw, and then gave way to her emotion. "All gone, all gone!" were the only words she could at first utter. My friend had been dead many years, then Coleridge, and lastly her husband. I was much moved. Mr. —— had been a son to her: to have been intimate with him was a favorable introduction to herself. She showed me several of Mr. Gilman's books, filled with notes in Coleridge's handwriting, from which are taken many passages of the "Remains." In another room was his bust; and in another a fine picture by Alston, given by him to his great friend. She put into my hands a sonnet in manuscript, written and sent to her by

Alston, on the death of Coleridge,—the most beautiful thing of the kind I ever read.

In the third story is the chamber opened by the most cordial and honorable friendship to the illustrious sufferer, and by him occupied for many years. There was the bed whereon he died. From the window I looked out over a valley upon Caen Wood. Here, his lustrous eyes fixed in devout meditation, Coleridge was wont to behold the sunset. Mrs. Gilman tired not of talking of him, nor I of listening. I thought, how happy, with all his chagrins and disappointments, he had been in finding such friends. You recollect with what affection and hearty thankfulness he speaks of them. They could sympathize with the philosopher and the poet, as well as with the man. Mrs. Gilman's talk told of converse with one of England's richest minds. To me it was a bright hour, and with feelings of more than esteem for its lonely inmate, I quitted the roof where, in his afflicted old age, the author of Christabel had found a loving shelter. In a few moments I was again in the whirl of the vast metropolis. I shall bear away from it no more vivid or grateful recollection than that of yesterday's visit. Few men have had more genius than Coleridge, more learning, or more uprightness, and in the writings of none is there more soul. His poetry will live with his language. As a prose writer, he is a conscientious seeker of truth, a luminous expounder of the mysteries of life; and the earnest student of his pages, without accepting in full either his Theology, or his Philosophy, or his Politics, finds himself warmed, instructed and exalted.

LEAMINGTON, September, 1840.

The day after the date of my last, we left London for Leamington in Warwickshire, where we have been for a month. There are times when one can neither write nor even read. I begin to fear that I shall not have many moods for work in Eu-

rope. To say nothing of health, one's mind is constantly beset by superficial temptations. All kinds of trifling novelties importune the attention. And even when settled for weeks in the same lodging, one is ever possessed by the feeling of instability.

My reading at Leamington has been chiefly of newspapers. From them, however, something may be learnt by a stranger. They reflect the surface of society ; and as surfaces mostly take their shape and hue from depths beneath them, one may read in newspapers somewhat more than they are paid for printing. Even the London "Satirist," that rankest sewer of licentiousness, has a social and political significance. It could only live in the shade of an Aristocracy. The stomach of omnivorous scandal were alone insufficient to digest its gross facts and fabrications. The Peer is dragged through a horse-pond for the sport of the plebeian. The artisan chuckles to see Princes and Nobles wallowing in dirt, in print. The high are brought so low that the lowest can laugh at them : the proud, who live on contempt, are pulled down to where themselves can be scorned by the basest. The wit consists chiefly in the contrast between the elevation of the game and the filthiness of the ammunition wherewith it is assailed ; between the brilliancy of the mark and the obscurity of the marksman. A register is kept of Bishops, Peeresses, Dukes, Ambassadors, charged with being swindlers, adulterers, buffoons, panders, sycophants ; and this is one way of keeping Englishmen in mind that all men are brothers. It is a weekly sermon, suited to some of the circumstances of the times and people, on the text—"But many that are first shall be last."

England looks everywhere aristocratical. A dominant idea in English life is possession by inheritance. Property and privilege are nailed by law to names. A man, by force of mind, rises from lowliness to a Dukedom : the man dies, but the Dukedom lives, and lifts into eminence a dullard perhaps, or a reprobate. The soul has departed, and the body is unburied. Counter to the

order of nature, the external confers instead of receiving life; and whereas at first a man made the Dukedom, afterwards 'tis the Dukedom that makes the man. Merit rises, but leaves behind it generations of the unmeritorious not only to feed on its gains, but to possess places that should never be filled but by the deserving. In an hereditary aristocracy the noble families form knots on the trunk of a nation, drawing to themselves sap which, for the public health, should be equally distributed. Law and custom attach power and influence to names and lands: whoso own these, govern, and so rigid and cherished are primogeniture and entail, that much of them is possessed without an effort or a natural claim. The possessor's whole right is arbitrary and artificial.

To ascribe the short-comings of England to the aristocratic principle, were as shallow as to claim for it her many glories. In her development it has played its part according to her constitutional temperament; but her development has been richer and healthier than that of her neighbors, because her aristocracy has had its roots in the people, or rather because (a false aristocracy having been hitherto in Europe unavoidable) her people have been manly and democratic enough not to suffer one distinct in blood to rear itself among them. Compare English with any other aristocracy, and this in it is notable and unique; it does not form a caste. It is not, like the German, or Russian, or Italian, a distinct breed from that of the rest of the nation; nay, its blood is ever renewed from the veins of the people. This is the spring of its life; this has kept it in vigor; this strengthens it against degeneracy. It sucks at the breast of the mighty multitude. Hence at bottom it is, that the English Peer is in any part of the world a higher personage than the German Count or Italian Prince. He cannot show pedigrees with them, and this, a cause of mortification to his pride, is the very source of his superiority.

From this cause, English Aristocracy is less far removed than

any other in Europe from a genuine Aristocracy, or government of the Best, of which, however, it is still but a mockery. It is not true that all the talent in the realm gravitates towards the House of Lords, but some of it does; and as such talent is, of course, in alliance with worldly ambition, the *novi homines* in Parliament are apt not to be so eminent for principle as for intellect. Until men shall be much purer than they have yet been, no nation will, under any form of polity, throw up its best men into high places. The working of the representative system with us has revealed the fact, that with free choice a community chooses in the long run men who accurately represent itself. Should therefore Utopia lie embosomed in our future, instead of the present very mixed assemblage, our remote posterity may look for a Congress that will present a shining level of various excellence. Only, that should so blessed an era be in store, Congresses and all other cunning contrivances called governments will be superfluous. In England, in legislation and in social life, most of the best places are filled by men whose ancestors earned them, and not themselves. These block the way to those who, like their ancestors, are capable in a fair field of winning eminence. By inheritance are enjoyed posts demanding talent, liberality, refinement—qualities not transmissible. It is subjecting the spiritual to the corporeal. It is setting the work of man, Earls and Bishops, over the work of God, men. The world is ever prone to put itself in bondage to the external: laws should aim to counteract the tendency. Here this bondage is methodized and legalized. The body politic has got to be but feebly organic. Men are obliged in every direction to conform rigidly to old forms; to reach their end by mechanical routine. A man on entering life finds himself fenced in between ancient walls. Every Englishman is free relatively to every other living Englishman, but is a slave to his forefathers. He must put his neck under the yoke of prescription. The life of every child in England is too rigorously

predestined. To him may be addressed the words of Goethe, in Faust :—

Es erben sich Gesets' und Rechte
Wie eine ew'ge Krankheit fort;
Sie schleppen von Geschlecht sich zum Geschlechte,
Und rücken sacht von Ort zu Ort.
Vernunft wird Unsinn, Wohlthat Plage;
Weh dir dass du ein Enkel bist!
Vom Rechte, das mit uns geboren ist,
Von dem ist leider! nie die Frage.*

This is a rich theme, which I have merely touched. It is pregnant too with comfort to us with our unbridled democracy. May it ever remain unbridled.

PARIS, November, 1840.

On the way from Leamington to France we were again two days in London, where I then saw at his house one of the master spirits of the age, Mr. Carlyle. His countenance is fresh, his bearing simple, and his frequent laugh most hearty. He has a wealth of talk, and is shrewd in speech as in print in detecting the truth in spite of concealments, and letting the air out of a *windbeutel*. Like the first meeting across the seas with a bountiful worldly benefactor,—except that the feeling is much finer, and admits of no gross admixture,—is that with a man to whom you have long been under intellectual obligations. It is one of the heartiest moments a stranger can have abroad. The spirit that has been so much with him, has taken flesh and voice. He grasps for the first time the hand of an old friend. When in

* Laws and rights are inherited like an everlasting disease; they drag themselves along from generation to generation, and quietly move from place to place. Reason becomes nonsense, blessings become curses; woe to thee that thou art a grandchild! Of the right that is born with us, of this, alas! there is no thought.

London before, I had a good view of the Duke of Wellington, as he rode up to his house, at the corner of Hyde Park, and dismounted; so that I have seen England's three foremost living men, Wordsworth, Wellington, Carlyle.

On Friday afternoon September 11th, at three o'clock, we left London by railroad for Southampton, which we reached at six, and crossing the channel by steamboat in the night, entered the port of Havre at ten the next morning. The town looked dirty at a distance, and is dirtier than it looked. The small craft we passed in the harbor were unclean and unwieldy. The streets ran filth to a degree that offended both eyes and nose. Knots of idle shabby men were standing at corners, gossipping, and looking at parrots and monkeys exposed for sale. The inn we got into, commended as one of the best, was so dirty, that we could not bear to face the prospect of a night in it. We hired a carriage and started at four with post-horses for Rouen, which we reached at midnight. Here we spent Sunday. Rouen is finely placed, on the Seine, with lofty hills about it. In the *Diligence*, in which we started early on Monday, to overtake fifteen miles up the river, the steamboat to St. Germain, I heard a Frenchman say to a Frenchwoman, "Rouen est le pot-de-chambre de la Normandie." You know of the Cathedral at Rouen and of the Maid of Orleans' execution, but this is probably in all respects new to you. To me it was also new and satisfactory, being an indication that some of the dwellers in this region have a consciousness of the presence of stenches. We entered Paris in a hard rain at ten o'clock on Monday night.

The French claim for Paris that it is the most beautiful city in the world. From a point on the right bank of the Seine, near the bridge leading from the *Place de la Concorde*, is the finest, and truly a noble panoramic view. Standing with your back to the river, right before you is the *Place* itself, with its glittering fountains and Egyptian Obelisk. Directly across it, the eye rests on two

imposing *façades,* which form a grand portal to the *Rue Royale,* at the end whereof, less than half a mile distant, the Church of the Madeleine presents its majestic front of Corinthian columns. On the right the eye runs down the long façade of the *Rue Rivoli,* cut at right angles by the Palace of the Tuileries, peering above the trees of the Tuileries garden which, with its deep shade and wide walks, lies between you and the Palace. To the right now of the garden the view sweeps up the river, with its bridges and miles of broad *quais,* and ends in a distant labyrinth of building, out of which rises the dark head of *Notre Dame de Paris.* Near you on the opposite, that is, the left bank of the Seine, and face to face to the Madeleine, is the imposing *Palais des Elisées Bourbons,* now the Hall of the Deputies. To the right the gardens attached to the *Elisées Bourbons* and the grounds of the *Hotel des Invalides* fill the space near the river on the left bank, and the *Champs Elisées,* at one corner of which you stand, press upon its shore on this side, while the view directly down the stream stretches into the country. Back now through a full circle to your first position, and with the Madeleine again in front, on your left are the *Champs Elisées,* at the other extremity of which, more than a mile off, just out of the Neuilly Gate, towers the gigantic Imperial Arch of Triumph built by Napoleon. But to get the best view of this magnificent Colossus, you must advance to the centre of the *Place de la Concorde,* where, from the foot of the Obelisk, with your back to the Tuileries, you behold it closing the chief Avenue of the Champs Elisées, and, by the elevation of the ground and its own loftiness, standing alone, the grandest monument of the French Capital.

A rare and most effective combination this, of objects and aspects. From no other city can there be embraced from a single point an equal extent, variety and grandeur. There are similar but less striking views from several other open spots.

From the general deficiency of good architecture, large cities

show best when, from the banks of a river or broad open squares, they can be beheld in long distant masses. Paris gains hereby especially, as, from the habits of the people, not only are the streets dirtier than need be, but the basements are mostly unsightly and often disgusting; and the faces generally, even of massive buildings, with architectural pretensions, have an unwashed and ragged look.

Paris, March, 1841.

A Frenchman, more than other men, is dependent upon things without himself. Nature and his own mind, with domestic interests and recreations, are not enough to complete his daily circle. For his best enjoyment he must have a succession of factitious excitements. Out of this want Paris has grown to be the capital of the world for superficial amusements. Here are the appliances,—multiplied and diversified with the keenest refinement of sensual ingenuity,—for keeping the mind busy without labor and fascinated without sensibility. The senses are beset with piquant baits. Whoever has money in his purse, and can satisfy through gold his chief wants, need have little thought of the day or the year. He finds a life all prepared for him, and selects it, as he does his dinner from the voluminous *carte* of the Restaurant. To live, is for him as easy as to make music on a hand-organ: with but slight physical effort from himself, he is borne along from week to week and from season to season on an unresting current of diversions. Here the sensual can pass years without satiety, and the slothful without ennui. Paris is the Elysium of the idler, and for barren minds a Paradise.

When I first arrived, I went almost nightly to some one of the many theatres. I soon tired of the smaller where, mostly, licentious intrigue and fabulous liberality alternate with farce to keep the attention awake through two or three acts of commonplace. At the *Théatre Français*, I saw Molière and Rachel. It is no

disparagement of Molière to call him a truncated Shakspeare. The naturalness, vigor, comic sense, practical insight and scenic life of Shakspeare he has; without Shakspeare's purple glow, his reach of imagination and ample intellectual grasp, which latter supreme qualities shoot light down into the former subordinate ones, and thus impart to Shakspeare's comic and lowest personages a poetic soul, which raises and refines them, the want whereof in Molière makes his low characters border on farce and his highest prosaic.

Rachel is wonderful. She is on the stage an embodied radiance. Her body seems inwardly illuminated. Conceive a Greek statue endued with speech and mobility, for the purpose of giving utterance to a profound soul stirred to its depths, and you have an image of the magic union in her personations of fervor and grace. Till I heard her, I never fully valued the might of elocution. She goes right to the heart by dint of intonation; just as, with his arm ever steady, the fencer deals or parries death by the mere motion of his wrist. Phrases, words, syllables, grow plastic, swell or contract, come pulsing with life, as they issue from her lips. Her head is superb; oval, full, large, compact, powerful. She cannot be said to have beauty of face or figure; yet the most beautiful woman were powerless to divert from her the eyes of the spectator. Her spiritual beauty is there more bewitching than can be the corporeal. When in the *Horaces* she utters the curse, it is as though the whole electricity of a tempest played through her arteries. It is not Corneille's *Camille*, or Racine's *Hermione*, solely that you behold, it is a dazzling incarnation of a human soul.

Through Rachel I have seen the chefs-d'œuvre of Corneille and Racine, reproduced by her on the French stage, whence, since the death of Talma, they had been banished.

Without creation of character, there is no genuine drama. So vivid and individual should be the personages, that out of their

feelings and acts the drama evolves itself, under the guidance of judgment and the purification of poetry. Without such individuality and productive vitality in the characters, poetry, sentiment, action, fail of their effect in the dramatic form. The personages of the French Theatre are not creations, they are transplantations. Corneille and Racine took in hand the tragic subjects of antiquity but they did not re-animate them. Agamemnon and Augustus owe nothing to their Gallic parents: their souls are not swelled with thoughts beyond a Greek or Roman age. Measure them with Shakspeare's Coriolanus, or Anthony, or Brutus, and they are marrowless. Shakspeare has so vivified his Romans, that the pages of history, whence they are taken, pale by the side of them.

The French appear not to have had depth enough to produce an original tragic Drama. The tragic material,—whereof sentiment is as essential an element as passion,—is meagre in them, compared with the Germans or English; hence the possibility and even necessity of a simpler plot and a measured regularity. Corneille or Racine could not have wrought a tragedy out of a tradition or a modern fable: they require a familiarized historical subject. The nature of French Tragedy, compared with English, is happily illustrated by the Hamlet of Ducis, which I have seen played at the *Théatre Français.* The title of the piece is, "Hamlet, Tragedie en 5 acts, imitée de l'Anglais par Ducis." A fitter title were, "Hamlet, with the part of Hamlet left out, by particular desire of French taste." It is as much an imitation of Shakspeare, as straight walks and parallel lines of trees are an imitation of Nature. Hamlet is resolved into a tender-hearted affectionate son. He has not been put aside, but is king. Ophelia does anything but go mad. The mother is overwhelmed with remorse for the murder, which she confesses to a confidant. The heart of Hamlet's mystery is plucked out. The poetry is flattened into phrases. The billowy sea of Shakspeare is belittled to

a smooth pond, in every part whereof you can touch bottom. It is not deep enough to dive in.

It is the nature of high poetry to bind the individual to the universal. Corneille and Racine live in a middle atmosphere between the two. They have not the rich sensibility, which, united on the one hand to high reason, reveals to the poet the primal laws of being, and on the other with powers of minute observation, imparts liveliness to his embodiments. They are neither minute nor comprehensive; hence their personages are vague and prosaic. The highest quality of their tragedies is a refined and skilful rhetoric. Their verse is like bas-relief; the parts follow one another in a graceful well-joined sequence; but there is no perspective, no deep vistas, breeding as you pass them suggestions and subtle sensations. Their personages leave nothing to your imagination; they are terrible egotists; they do most thoroughly "unpack their souls with words;" they give measured speech to feelings which at most should find but broken utterance.

French Tragedy is not primitive. With laborious skill their tragic writers re-cast old materials. In *Polyeucte* Corneille throws a deeper line, but attains to no greater individuality of characterization, nor is he less declamatory than in his Roman pieces. Both he and Racine are more epic than dramatic. The French language, moulded by the mental character of a nation wanting in depth of sensibility, is not a medium for the highest species of poetry, and had Corneille and Racine been poets of the first order, they would either have re-fused the language, so that it would have flowed readily into all the forms forged by the concurrent action of sensibility and thought, or, failing in that, they would, like Rabelais, have betaken themselves to more obedient prose. Molière had not a highly poetic mind, and he wrote verse evidently with uncommon ease; and, nevertheless, I doubt not that even to him the Alexandrine was a shackle; and although Corneille and

Racine cannot be rated among the first class of poets, I think too well of them not to believe, that by it their flight was greatly circumscribed. French verse, which requires a delicate attention to metre or the mechanical constituent, affords little scope for rhythm, and is therefore a hindrance rather than a furtherance to the true poet. In other cultivated languages the form meets the substance half-way—is, as it were, on the watch for it; so that the English, or Italian, or German poet, far from being impeded by the versification of his thoughts as they rise, finds himself thereby facilitated, the metre embracing the poetic matter with such closeness and alacrity as to encourage and accelerate its production and utterance. Hence in French literature the poets are not the highest names. Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, Goethe, are supreme in their respective lands; not so Corneille or Racine.

The Frenchman who, as thinker and creator, may best claim to rank with the poet-thinkers of other nations, did not write in verse. Rabelais was a master-mind. His buffoonery and smut are justified by Coleridge, as being a necessary vehicle in his age for the conveyance of truth. As it was, he is said to have owed his liberty and even life to the favor of Francis I. I suspect that he was naturally so constructed as to wear willingly such a mask. His great work presents a whole of the most grotesque humor, which may be defined, the shadow caused by the light of the spiritual falling on the animal through the medium of the comic. Rabelais's full animal nature and broad understanding presented a solid and variegated mass of the low and corporeal for the sun of his searching reason and high spirituality to shine upon, and the shadows resulting are broad and deep. The two natures of beast and man seem in him to measure their strength, for the entertainment of the Comic, which stands by and sets them on.

Pascal is the only French writer I know in whom there is the greatness that results from purity and depth, the contact where-

with lifts one up and kindles emotions which possess the soul like a heavenly visitation, banishing for a time whatever there is in one of little or unworthy.

Carlyle calls Voltaire the most French of Frenchmen. I will not do the French the injustice to call him the greatest, though doubtless most of his contemporaries so esteemed him. He was the leader of a generation whose necessary calling was to deny and destroy. His country panted under a monstrous accumulation of spiritual and civil usurpations: he wielded the sharpest axe in the humane work of demolition. His powers were great and his labors immense; and yet there were in him such deficiencies, as to defeat the attainment of completeness in any one of his various literary undertakings. Voltaire had not soul enough to put him in direct communication with the heart of the Universe. Whatever implied emotion, came to him at second-hand, through his intellect. He was not a great poet, a creator; he was a great demolisher. Let him have thanks for much that he did in that capacity.

I record with diffidence these brief judgments, for I have made no wide and thorough study of French Literature. It does not take hold of me: it lacks soul. Of the present generation of writers I am still less qualified to speak, having read but partially of any one of them. They don't draw me into intimacy. It is a peculiarly grateful state of mind when, on laying down a fresh volume, you resolve to possess yourself of all that its author has written. You feel like one who has found a new friend. I have not yet met with the French writer who gives me assurance of this permanent enjoyment. I refer more particularly to works belonging to the provinces of creation and criticism, else I should mention *Thierry*, whose volume entitled *Lettres sur l'Histoire de la France* seems to me a masterpiece of historical research and political acuteness. The authors whose names have lately most sounded abroad, Guizot, Cousin, Villemain, want vitality. Their

writings, to use a phrase of Dr. Johnson, come from reservoirs, not springs. Thierry is of a higher order. In La Mennais is the will and noble aim, without the power and accomplishment. The romantic dramas of Hugo and others, simmering with black lawless passion, are opaque as well as shallow, and empty of poetry. They have much more sound than substance, more fury than force. The new French Literature is yet to come into being.

The French beat the world in milliners, in tailors, in porcelain, in upholstery, in furniture; their *or molu* is unrivalled, so are their mousselines and silks; but not so is their painting, or their sculpture, or their music, or their poetry. In the ornamental they are unequalled, but not in the creative. Their sphere is the artificial and conventional: their sympathy with nature is not direct and intense. Their Ideal in Art is not the result of a warm embrace with nature, but of a methodical study of established masters. With their poets and artists the aim and motive in labor is too much the approval of Paris, where humanity is so bedizened by artifice, that the smile and melody of nature are scarce discernible.

I saw Napoleon's funeral, a showy martial pageant, befitting the Imperial soldier. The escort was a hundred thousand armed men; the followers, half a million of both sexes. For hours, the broad long avenue of the Champs Elisées was choked with the moving throng. It was a solemn moment when the funeral car came slowly by. There, within a few feet, lay the body of the man, the tramp of whose legions had been mournfully heard in every great capital of the continent; whose words had been more than the breath of a dozen kings. His shrivelled dust passed through triumphal arches and columns, emblazoned with the record of his hundred conquests. Of them, there was nothing left to France but the name,—of him, nothing but those cold remains. Not even a living member of his line was present, sadly to share in this tardy show of honor. The day was cold and so were the

hearts of the multitude. Those bones, let out of their ocean prison, brought with them no hope for the nation. When they are buried, there will be an end of Napoleon. His name will hereafter be but a gorgeous emptiness: his memory is not vitalized by a principle. In his aims there lay no deep hope, whence his fellow men, battling for rights, might for ever draw courage and strength. While he still lived, his schemes were baffled, and what he founded had already passed away. His plans were all for himself, and hence with himself they fell, and left scarce a trace behind. He gave birth to no great Ideas, that, fructifying among men, would have built for him in their souls an everlasting home. He saw not into the depths of truth, and he knew not its unequalled might. Therefore, with all his power he was weak: naught of what he wished came to pass, and what he did with such fiery vehemence, with still more startling swiftness was undone. His thoughts were not in harmony with the counsels of God, and so they perished with himself. The Emperor will have his conspicuous place in History, but the man will not live in the minds of men. For the most potent king of the Earth, what is he, if he be a false man? That one so false could so rule, is a token of the confusion of the times.

One looks almost in vain for the spots that were the centres of the terrific doings of the Revolution. They are mostly so transformed as to have lost their identity. Time has been quick in wiping out the bloody stains. Whoever wishes to bring before his mind, on the ground itself, the place of execution, will need an imagination intense enough to close the avenues of his senses against the garish sights and sounds of the most brilliant public square of this gayest of capitals; for what is now the *Place de la Concorde*, with its lively gilt fountains and rattling equipages, was once the *Place de la Revolution*, where blood streamed daily under the axe of the headsman. If, then, he can succeed in calling up the Guillotine, with its pale victims and exulting throng

of savage spectators, it will be easier for the timid to shudder at its butcheries, than for the thinker to solve the problem of their permission. Through the tears and woes of man, the deep laws of Providence march on to their mysterious fulfilment. One may believe, that to a people so brutified by tyranny, so despoiled of natural rights, was needed the swiftest sweep of authority, the broadest exhibition of power, the grossest verification of escape from bondage, in order to vindicate at last and for ever their human claim to a will.

The French people, according to report of those who have known them in both periods, are more earnest and substantial than they were two generations back. They think and feel more, and talk less. There must be hope for a nation that could erect itself as this did, scatter with a tempest the rooted rubbish of ages, overturn half the thrones of Europe, and though re-conquered through the very spirit of freedom that at first had made itself invincible, once more at the end of a half century, rend the old re-imposed fetters and stand firmly on a blood-purchased ground of liberty,—liberty, in comparison with its civil and social condition sixty years ago. For neither was the second Revolution any more than the first the beginning of popular rule: it was the end of unpopular misrule. The mass of the French people have still no direct agency in the government. One of the two legislative bodies, as you are aware, the Chamber of Deputies, is chosen by about two hundred thousand electors out of a population that numbers five millions of male adults; the other, the Chamber of Peers, is created by the king,—a monstrous anomaly, and an insulting mockery. If the revolution of the three days was a protest against monarchical predominance and military coercion, Louis Philippe misrepresents it most flagrantly. By the army is he upheld, not by the nation. I have seen him, going to open the session of the legislature, closely guarded by twenty thousand bayonets. What the purpose is of the fortifica-

tion of Paris, will become palpable in some future revolution. If the tens of millions buried under this vast cincture, destined to be levelled by popular wrath, had been expended upon railroads radiating from the capital (not to mention higher national wants), Paris would have been rendered impregnable, and France greatly forwarded in wealth and civilisation. The "throne surrounded by republican institutions," promised by Lafayette when he made Louis Philippe king, was the groundless hope of a veteran patriot, too single-minded to have forgotten the dream of his youth, and too short-sighted to discern how far it was then from realization. The fulfilment of the promise he confided to one, whose mental construction was the very opposite of his own, as well intellectually as morally.

The present is a government of bayonets tempered by the Press. The Press, though not quite free, is an immense power, and its growth is a measure of French progress in sixty years. The people, though far yet from that maturity which self-government implies, do not require the semi-military rule of the Orleans Dynasty. Yet are their bonds not so heavy and tight but that they have in some directions quite a wide range of movement. And they have a healthful abiding consciousness of their power to pull down the state, if ever again it should become grossly oppressive. It is utterly incalculable, what, by two such triumphant efforts as their two revolutions, a people gains in self-respect, and self-reliance, and hopeful self-trust, the basis of all moral superstructure, and therefore of all permanent self-government.

ANTWERP, June, 1841.

In France there is little rural beauty. The country looks bald and meagre and lifeless. No clumps of trees, nor rose-sweetened cottages, nor shady hamlets, betokening snug firesides and a quiet sympathy with nature. 'Twas cheering to get

into Belgium. Here were the marks of a deeper order and more intelligent labor. On all sides cleanliness and thrift. The sightly, compact towns looked full of well-husbanded resources. From Courtrai, near the borders of France, to Antwerp, we passed, by railroad, for sixty miles through what seemed a fair rich garden, so smooth and minute is the tillage. The soil looked grateful to its working.

It would almost appear that there had been a defeat of Nature's intent in this quarter of Europe; a territory has been split, which was so naturally adapted for unity. One cannot help thinking it a pity the Burgundian sovereignty had not lasted. Where there are now discordant French, Belgians, and Dutch, there might have been one homogeneous people of eight or ten millions, with breadth of territory, and strength and variety of resources, sufficient for an ample national development. Just at the period, towards the end of the fifteenth century, when a nation was forming and about to be knit together by Literature and the Arts,—for which it exhibited such aptitude,—the whole country, by the marriage of the heiress of the last of the Burgundians, passed into the hands of Austria, and thence by Charles V. was left to his son, Philip II. of Spain. The high spirit of the people would not brook the cruelties of this tyrant and his creature Alba, who wished to establish among them the Inquisition, that masterpiece of Satan's most inventive mood. In the famous revolt, only the northern provinces were successful. Belgium remained under the dominion of Spain a century longer, when it was re-transferred to Austria, from which it was finally wrested in the French Revolution, to be first incorporated into France, and then by the Congress of Vienna reunited, after a divorce of more than two centuries, to Holland. But during that long separation, the two, living under totally different influences, had naturally contracted habits that were reciprocally hostile. Holland was Protestant, Belgium, Catholic; and the language, which, under a

permanent union, might have been unfolded by the wants of a vigorous nation to take rank by the side of the cognate German, was broken into dialects, that of Holland becoming cultivated enough to be the medium of some literature, that of Belgium remaining the half-grown speech of the peasants and Bourgeois, and giving place in *salons* and palaces to the more refined tongue of its overshadowing Southern neighbor. It was now too late to make one nation of the Netherlands, and so, the marriage, brought about by neighbors through persuasions too well backed by power to be withstood, was soon dissolved, and Belgium was erected into an independent monarchy, under a new king, by the side of Holland, or, I should say, a separate monarchy; for when united, they had not the strength for independence, and now of course will even the more readily fall victims of greedy neighbors, whenever the beam of that very unsteady fixture called the balance of power shall be kicked.

Antwerp has still much of the wealth and beauty it inherited from the olden time, when, with its two hundred thousand inhabitants, it was, in commerce and opulence, the first among the cities of Europe; and its merchant princes built up cathedrals and squares and palaces, for Rubens and Vandyke to people out of their procreative brains. The population is reduced now to seventy or eighty thousand, the port is content with a hundred vessels at a time instead of two thousand; but the broad clean streets bordered with stately mansions are still here, and the cathedral, whose spire alone is a dower for a province; and the inhabitants, yet rich in fat lands and well-filled coffers, are still richer in the possession of some of the fairest offspring of their great fellow-townsman's genius. The potency of genius and art is here most forcibly exemplified. Take away Rubens and the Cathedral, and Antwerp would not be Antwerp. This tower, steadfast, light, fretted with delicate tracery, springing nearly four hundred feet from the ground, which it seems to touch no more

heavily than a swan about to take flight, is an unfading beauty shining daily on the hearts of the people, while the memory of Rubens and his presence in his gigantic handiwork are a perpetual image of greatness. To the passing stranger they are an adornment to the land, but to the natives a stay and brace to the very mind itself, keeping ever before them the reality of beauty and power, and fortifying them with the consciousness of kindred with genius and greatness.

Antwerp has at this time high artists, Jacobs, Keyser, Waeppers, who sit under the transparent shadow of this marvellous tower, and whose art attains a more juicy maturity in the sun of Rubens's genius. Their works sell at high prices as fast as they produce them. Love of art, blended in the hearts of the people with religion, is an element of their nature. The creations of their great painters illuminate the churches, and through the incense that ascends from the altar, beam upon the upturned countenance of the worshipper. In the public Museum are preserved some of the best works of Rubens and Vandyke; and in private dwellings are seen family portraits from their hands, fresh from the embalming touch of genius, twice-prized,—by personal and by national pride.

In a rich private collection of old books and pictures, I have seen a set of engravings, bound up into several huge tomes of the greater part of Rubens's works. To behold thus at a single view, the collected product of such a spirit's life, is to have in one's hand a key to much of the mystery of the painter's art. This man's mind was an ever-teeming womb of light-dyed forms. These were the spontaneous absorbing growth of his brain. With him, existence could only be enjoyed, fulfilled, by delivering himself of this urgent brood of brain-engendered pictures. What a wealth of invention and inexhaustible vigor! What fertility, and boldness, and breadth and fire! What opulence and grandeur of imagination! What skill in the marshalling of his legions!

What life in each head, in each figure, in each group! And what a flood of beauty in his coloring! 'Tis as if, for his great pictures, he had gathered into his brain the hues of a gorgeous sunset, and poured them upon the canvas.

Among the features wherein old Europe differs from young America, none is more prominent than the large number of idlers in Europe. Capital being wanting in the United States, almost the universal energy is busied in supplying it; in Europe it is abundant, and many live in industrial unproductiveness upon its moderate dividends. With us, it is hardly respectable to be idle; here, only they who are so, enjoy the highest consideration. With us, gentility is confined to those who addict themselves to certain kinds of labor; in Europe it excludes all who labor at all, except in the highest offices of the State. In "good society" here, you meet with neither lawyer, nor merchant, nor physician, not even with the clergy, for in Belgium, priests are drawn from the peasant and bourgeois classes, and their consecration is not believed to confer upon them nobility. Birth has hitherto been an almost indispensable passport into the highest circles, but money, aided by the stealthy progress of democratic ideas, is making breaches in the aristocratic entrenchments, and ere many generations, "good society" in Europe will present somethinglike the motley concourse that it does with us, where, the social arrangements having no support from the political, old families go down and new ones come up, and the power of a man on 'Change is often the measure of his position in fashionable drawing-rooms. This is but the chaos of transition: the soul will in time assert its transcendant privileges.

In Europe, notwithstanding occasional intermarriages, the aristocratic prestige still prevails against plebeian merit. In social longer than in political life, the nobility naturally retain a predominance, that is of course exercised despotically. Although, since the invention of printing, the expansion of commerce, and

the rapid development of industry and science, knowledge and wealth, the sources of the highest power in communities, have been passing out of the hands of the privileged few, still, social advantages, depending upon deep-rooted ideas, are the last to be forfeited, and the nobility throughout Europe, long after their exclusion from the high posts in the State, will look down upon the herd of plebeian aspirants to *ton*, just as the *ancienne noblesse* of France did upon the military upstarts of Napoleon, and do still upon the Court of Louis Philippe. And this from a real superiority of position.

The nobility of Europe,—the early, and at first the rightful sole possessors of power as the originally strong men; the acknowledged monopolists of social elevations; the dispensers of place and patronage; the recipients and in turn the fountains of honor; in short, the controllers with kings of all high interests and lords of etiquette and manners,—acquired, by the cultivation of the stateliness growing out of courtly usages and the tone contracted from conscious superiority, an easy commanding style of bearing and intercourse, which was of a natural inward growth, the unforced expression of their social rank and being. Now, as this social rank and being is no longer attainable by others, so neither are the modes of life, the style of manners, the segregation from the people, which were its natural products. All attempts therefore on the part of those, who, since the breaking up of the monopolies of knowledge and wealth, are now sharing their possession with the old nobility, to assume too their bearing and style, are and must be a bare assumption, a hollow imitation; and not merely as such an inevitable failure, but one tainted with vulgarity, the essence of which is false pretension. So long as another standard than the feudal aristocratic is not set up as the measure of social position, there will be war between the old *régime*, which in its sphere was a genuine true thing, and the new, which being an apery of it, is a false thing. In the end, the old, no longer upheld

by law, impoverished by idleness and debilitated by generations of luxurious inactivity, will have to succumb, and become socially extinct, or absorbed into the triumphant new, and pedigrees will grow confused, and the imagination cease to invest birth with virtue.

In this conflict will for a time be aggravated the most repulsive quality of aristocratic life. The feeling of superiority over one's fellows, mere personal pride, will be still more cherished. Their children are already bred up to look upon themselves as better than all other children. Towards their fellow-men a sentiment rather of repulsion than sympathy is generated in the members of a privileged class. Instead of keeping their hearts open with liberal susceptibility to worth and excellence, they are ever on the alert to fend off all others from contact with themselves. They form a narrow circle, living to themselves on sympathies of selfishness. These feelings, latent while their rank was undisputed, become active against plebeian encroachment; while their plebeian rivals and imitators cultivate the same feeling as well from imitation, as to strengthen their new state against the aspiring multitude still below them. An offspring too of this conflict is Fashion, which is an effort to outvie exclusiveness, to be more tonish than *haut ton* itself. Fashion is a wingless aspiration after elegance; a brazen usurpation; a baseless pretension kept alive by quick changes of aspect; an impertinent substitution of personality for principle; an imposition of effrontery upon weakness; a caricature of beauty; a restless prosaic straining for an ideal; a mock flower, bloomless, odorless and seedless.

Although, in the large cities, the mimicry of European ways evolves out of our prosaic citizens an unavoidable portion of vulgarity, the corrective of republican self-respect is ever active; and amidst much false aim and shallow endeavor, there is perceptible a growing appreciation of the genuine and true. Already the aspiring *nouveau riche* feels that culture and taste are the

essence of social excellence, and hastens to give his children the advantages himself has missed. Where there is natural susceptibility of polish, education and republican self-reliance tell at once upon the second generation, and at times,—such is the richness of nature,—a man springs up from the workshop, and while by talent he attains to affluence, attains to grace and courteous propriety by native refinement and generosity; and totally devoid of the grimaces, the sleek well-tailored outside, the money-jingling vulgarity of the *parvenu*, he takes his place as a gentleman without the English ordeal of three generations. We apply a practical test to know what is good blood, and soon recognize him for what he is. Evidence is constantly thrown out of a tendency towards higher things. The intellectual lift up the tastes, and the spiritual the desires, for other wants than for furniture and equipages.

As inequality in mental faculties among men is a law of nature, the idea of a "best society" is real, and will go on manifesting itself more and more distinctly, working constantly upward through impure materials. The mind will by degrees straighten itself into better proportions. Factitious and grossly-bottomed distinctions will be effaced. In our country we have compassed a vantage-ground of liberty, whence to ascend to higher platforms of social condition. Grossly do they underrate the worth of liberty, who regard security of person and property, equality before the law, freedom of speech and of printing, as its ripe fruit. These are but the foundation for a broader and more beautiful structure. Through them the mind will brace its wings and sharpen its vision for wider sweeps into the domain of the possible; and expanding with unrestricted inter-communion, grow in brightness and beneficence. Proofs of this progress are discernible in the easier emancipation from soul-smothering customs, and in the longings and hopes of the freest minds. In this higher organization the gentleman will of course not be wanting; for no well-developed society could be without nim, in whom, as Spenser sings,

"The gentle mind by gentle deed is known."

Let those who regret the decay of the old-fashioned gentleman, because the new-fashioned one, being a coarse imitation of him, is, like all imitations, a failure, take hope, that there is one of a higher fashion possible and already forming, in whom politeness, being the offspring of love and beauty, shall cease borrowing of falsehood; in whom refinement shall not be the superficial show of conventional discipline, but a spontaneous emanation from the purified mind; courtesy be free from pride, and elevation be enjoyed by right neither of pedigree nor Plutus, but solely by natural endowment, be acknowledged as ungrudgingly as difference of stature, and sit on the possessor as unconsciously as flowers on stalks, and like them dispense beauty all around.

Boppart, on the Rhine, July, 1841.

After spending six weeks most pleasantly at Antwerp, we turned our steps towards the Rhine, stopping but a day in Brussels, to get a glimpse of the pictures in the Museum, a look at the painted windows of the Church of St. Gudule, and some insight into the manufacture of Brussels lace. We didn't care to see Palaces. We had been paced through those of Paris and its neighborhood, and Palaces are all alike; on the outside, huge, overgrown, depopulated-looking edifices, and in the inside, suite upon suite of lofty rooms and halls, where upholstery, with its glittering gildings and silks, keeps repeating its short circle of adornment. Brussels is a cheerful, sunny city, but it is always associated in my mind with its little ambition of being a little Paris, and with its sub-population of questionable and vulgar English, that taint its atmosphere. I was told at Antwerp of an Englishman and his family, who came there to live, although a dull town compared with Brussels, because, as he said, he had a good name at home, and he wouldn't have it blasted by a residence at Brussels.

From Brussels steam carried us in a few hours through the fat, well-tilled land to Liege, the Sheffield of Belgium. The railroad not being finished beyond Liege, we there took post-horses. The country all about Liege lifts itself briskly up into hills, and the road thence to Aix-la-Chapelle offers lively landscapes to the traveller's eye. Before reaching Aix we passed the Prussian frontier. After fifteen years I found myself again in Germany: the strong, rich tones of the language came back familiarly to my ears. They came laden with memories of kindness, and enjoyments, and profit. My re-entrance into Germany was one of the happiest hours of the journey; nor was it marred by vexations at the Prussian custom-house, through which we were allowed to pass after a nominal search. It is one of the important events in a traveller's career, the crossing of a boundary. Another variety of the species man, with new fixtures and environments. Another people, another language, another look to the land and everything on it. Other sights and other sounds to the freshly busied senses; and to the interior mind,—alive in each region with its peculiar heroes and benefactors,—other inmates. History unrolls another leaf of her illuminated testament, and we tell over again another treasure she has bequeathed us.

In Aix-la-Chapelle, the birth and burial place of Charlemagne, famous since the Romans for its sulphur baths, we spent but a night, and continued our way to strike the Rhine at Cologne. Thence to Göttingen was, by the nearest route through Westphalia, hardly more than a two days' journey. It would have been but a melancholy pleasure to re-visit the noble old University, now made ignoble by the base-mindedness of her rulers. What a fall, with her seven hundred students, from her palmy state in 1824–25, when she counted over fifteen hundred; and when, drawn from all quarters of the globe by her high renown, we sometimes assembled together under the *Cathedra* of

a single Professor, listeners from North America and from South America, from England and from Italy, from France and from Sweden, from Russia and from Switzerland, from Poland and from every State in Germany. The galaxy of teachers she then had, the successors of others as eminent, the cowardly policy since pursued towards her, has prevented from being renewed. Göttingen has ceased to be what Napoleon called her, "l'Université de l'Europe." She has dwindled into provincialism.—And beyond was Weimar, enwreathed to all cultivated imaginations with a unique glory. In his youth, the Grand Duke Charles Augustus,—a natural leader among men, for fifty years the companion of Goethe,—belted his little Capital round with the brightest stars of German genius. During his long life they illuminated and refined his court, and were a blessing to his people; and since his death, their sparkling names form a diadem round his, that outshines the crowns of haughty Kings. At the time of my visit in 1825, the Grand Duke and his congenial Duchess, and the greatest of his poetic band, Goethe, were still alive; and over the hospitalities of the Palace, the remarkable beauty of the ladies of his court threw a fascination that made it like a fairy castle.—Still further was Dresden, with its natural charms and its treasures of Art. But I was not now to behold those well remembered spots. Our destiny rules us most despotically when our will seems freest.

We arrived at Cologne early enough in the afternoon to go out and look at the Cathedral, which, finished, would have been, as well from its size as its beauty, the foremost among Gothic Churches. Most of the Gothic Cathedrals are, like this, unfinished. The conceptions of their artists were loftier than the power or will of those who supplied the means for their execution. Their incompleteness is symbolical of the short-comings of the noblest minds in their aspirations. Our road now lay up the Rhine, but the river only enjoys the embrace of its hills, and the animating company of the old castles that crown them, between

Bonn and Mayence. Bonn is twelve miles above Cologne. Here, on my way from Göttingen fifteen years before, coming down the Rhine, partly on foot, before the day of steamboats in Germany, I had stopped, with an English fellow-traveller and student, to see Niebuhr and A. W. Schlegel, who were Professors in the University of Bonn. Schlegel kept us waiting some time in a neat drawing-room, where hung a portrait of Madame de Stael. He then came in hurriedly, adjusting the tie of his cravat. He was affable and lively, and in his dress, bearing and conversation, seemed anxious to sink the Professor and appear the man of the world. Niebuhr was out, but came in an hour to the Hotel to see us. He was a tall, striking, man and spoke English perfectly. The sight of an American seemed to excite his mind. He plied me with questions about our institutions and customs. Doubtless his thoughts were often busied and puzzled with the new historical phenomenon of the great Republic, whose huge bulk was heaving itself up portentously in the far west. But Niebuhr was not the man to seize its significance or embrace its grandeur. His mind was exegetical and critical, rather than constructive and prophetic.

We are now in the heart of Rhenish Prussia. The civil government of Prussia is after the military model. The king is the commander-in-chief of the nation, and the schoolmaster is his drill-sergeant. The boys are taught in such a way that the men shall fall readily into the ranks of obedience. A uniform is put upon their minds, and, as with the rank and file of a regiment, the uniformity is more looked to than the fitness. The government does all it can to save men the pain of thought and choice, and if it could would do everything. The officers of administration having the intelligence and industry of the cultivated German mind, and these being everywhere the German solidity and honesty, the system bears some good fruit, such virtue is there in order and method, though only of the mechanical sort. Prussia

is a well-managed estate, not a well-governed country; for good government implies a recognition of the high nature of humanity, the first want of which is freedom. The only basis whereon the moral being of man can be built up is individual independence. To reach that higher condition of freedom, where he shall be emancipated from the tyranny of self, of his own passions, he needs first of all to be free from that of his fellows. The one freedom is only possible through the other.

That the Germans are a breed that can keep pace with the best in the development of civilisation, they have given manifold proof in achievements by word and deed. They are a strong-brained, deep-hearted race. What creative power have they not exhibited in letters, in science, in Art! With what soul and steadfastness they backed their mighty Luther, in his great strife for mental independence! How they rose, like a giant from his sleep, against French usurpation, and with Leipzic paid Napoleon for Jena! The conditions were reversed. At Jena, Napoleon, though with dementing egotism he had set a crown upon his head, was still the leader of a freshly emancipated people warring against old tyrannies: at Leipzic he was the hardened despot, with no instruments but his legions, and no props to his vulgar throne but force and fear; while the monarchs of Germany and Russia were upborne on the hearts of the liberty-seeking people. The sceptred weaklings, whose capitals had been a prey to the conqueror, became suddenly strong with the strength of wrath-swollen multitudes. This wrath is ever ready to be rekindled. Its next outburst will not be against foreign oppressors.

At Bonn we stopped but to change horses. Now it is that the Rhine discloses its treasures. Two or three miles above Bonn, we passed under the ancient Castle of Godesberg; a little further that of Rolandseck; opposite, on the other side of the water, the Drachenfels gives life to the "Seven Mountains;" and midway between them, lying softly in the low river, is the Island with the

old Convent of Nounenwerth. Around are green valleys, and plentiful fields, and grape-mantled steeps, and frequent villages and compact towns. And thus, the whole way from Bonn to Mayence, you drive through a double population. Above, the sides of the castle-crowned hills are alive with mailed cavalcades, bugles are winding from the turrets, fair ladies are leaning over parapets waving their sweet welcomes and farewells; while below, through the tranquil movements of a secure industry, the noiseless labors of tillage, the hum of busy towns, you roll smoothly forward on a macadamized road, and try to stir up your phlegmatic postillion to a race with a steamboat abreast of you on the river. To eyes at all open to natural beauty, this region, unpeopled, rude and naked, were a feast; but twice-touched as it is by the productive hand of man, the broken shadows of ancient strongholds checkering the turfed flanks of the cannon-guarded fortress; the images of spires, of cottages, of wooded heights, of ruins, of rocky precipices, of palaces, all playing together in the ripple of the sinuous stream; the old river, fresh and lively as in the days of Arminius, with its legends, its history, and its warm present life; senses, thought, imagination, all addressed at once amid scenes steeped in beauty;—'tis a region unmatched, and worth a long journey to behold.

As we approached Coblentz, Ehrenbreitstein, the Gibraltar of Germany, lifted high its armed head, frowning towards France. The next morning we were again on the enchanted road, and in two hours reached Boppart. Turning up hill to the right, just on entering the town, we ascended to a large substantial old pile directly behind and above it. This was formerly the convent of Marienberg, for noble ladies, most solidly and commodiously built for a household of two hundred; seated in a valley between hills, with shady walks, and springs, and fountains, and broad terraces, whence you look over the old town, founded by Drusus, into the river, now enlivened almost hourly with sociable steam-

boats. The convent has been converted into a water-cure establishment. While at Antwerp several small works on the water-cure had fallen into my hands, and impressed my mind at once almost to conviction with the truth of its principles. I will endeavor to give you a sketch of what it is and what it does. I cannot better begin than with an account of my own daily proceeding.

At five in the morning I am waked up by a bath-attendant. Having stripped the narrow bed, he lays on the bare mattress a thick blanket, wherein he wraps me closely from neck to heels; then another blanket doubled is laid on and tightly tucked in, and then another, and then a light feather bed. This is fitly called being packed up. In about an hour I begin to perspire; whereupon the window is opened to let in fresh air, and half a tumbler of cold water is administered, which draught, repeated every quarter of an hour, promotes perspiration. After perspiring for forty or fifty minutes, I am unpacked, get streaming out of the blankets into an empty bath-tub at the bed-side, when instantly a couple of large buckets of cold water are poured over my head and shoulders. For a minute or two my hands and the attendant's are swiftly plied all over the surface, as if to rub in the water. Then comes a thorough dry rubbing with a coarse linen sheet, and after dressing quickly, a walk abroad for half an hour or more to support and hasten re-action, drinking the while from the fountain two or three glasses of water. On the breakfast-table are wheat and rye bread, butter, milk, and water, and fruit for those who choose it; no tea, nor coffee, nor anything warm. Between eleven and twelve I take a sitting-bath of from fifteen to twenty minutes' duration, on coming out of which I go up to the top of the hills as if the muscles that had been immersed were turned into wings. Two or three more tumblers of water are drunk during the exercise. Dinner, at one, is never smoking hot, and consists for the most part of beef, mutton, and fowls

roasted or boiled, with vegetables, followed by a simple dessert. No spices are used in cooking, and water is the only beverage. Bathing re-commences about four, a long interval being prescribed after each meal. My afternoon bath is generally what is called a *staub-bad*, literally, a dust-bath, which is in fact a shower-bath, except that the shower, instead of falling from above, comes laterally from circular tubes in the midst of which you stand, and which, the moment the water is let on, pour upon you a thousand fine streams. Resolution must be well seconded by quick friction with the hands, to keep you within this refrigerating circle two or three minutes. After this is the best time for a long stroll over the hills or along the shores of the Rhine. Supper, between six and seven, is much the same as breakfast; nothing hot, nothing stimulating. All meals are alike in the voracity of appetite with which they are eaten. I wear all day over the stomach a water-band or compress,—a double fold of coarse linen, six or seven inches wide and about twenty long, half wrung out in cold water, over which is tied a dry one of the same material and thickness, a little broader and meeting round the body. This, excluding the air, prevents evaporation from the wet bandage, and keeps it always warm. The compress is re-wet every two or three hours. Its effect is, to draw more life into the weakened stomach.

A similar course is daily followed by the rest of the inmates. Instead of the affusion from buckets, most plunge directly into the full-bath after the sweating in the morning. Some are wrapt in a wet sheet, within the blankets, in which they lie about an hour. Then there is the potent *douche*, a stream of two to four inches diameter, falling from ten to twenty feet perpendicularly, which is taken when the body has become invigorated and the skin opened by the other applications. There are, moreover, local baths; foot-baths, head-baths, eye-baths.

The number of patients in this establishment at present is about eighty, with all kinds of chronic maladies,—gout, rheumatism,

neuralgia, dyspepsia, deafness, lameness, paralysis, &c. Fill up the &c. with every name that has been coined to express the bodily afflictions of man, and not one that is curable, but can be cured by means of water. By *means of water*, note that; for water can cure no disease; it can but help or force the body itself to cure it. What more does medical Art profess to do? No intelligent physician aims at aught but so to rouse or direct the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, the curative force of nature, that it may throw off disease. To his lancet, his purgatives, his emetics, his narcotics, his stimulants, he ascribes a purely secondary agency, that of touching the spring of life in a way that it shall rebound against the evil that presses it. All his appliances and efforts and doses have but one single aim, namely, to act on the vital force. In awakening, seconding, guiding this, consists his whole skill. Herein, then, the water and drug systems are alike. Most unlike are they in the innocence and efficacy of their means, and in the success of their endeavors.

Patients are here, as at mineral watering places, on account of chronic diseases, that is, diseases that have taken up their abode in the body, because the body has not vigor left to eject them. These complaints the Faculty hardly ever profess to eradicate. In most patients so afflicted, disease and the Doctor have a joint life-estate. Change of air, temperance, quiet, diet, are the alleviating prescriptions to some. Permanent restoration is seldom promised by the upright physician. Priesnitz and his disciples undertake to cure, and do cure, many such; and by means of water nearly all are curable, where there is constitutional vitality enough for re-action, and no organic lesion. The process is as simple as nature's laws. The world will soon wonder, as it has done at other revelations of genius, why it was so long undiscovered. Priesnitz has revealed the power there is in water. With this one agent he can co-work with all the processes and movements of nature in the human organism. He can draw the vital stream

from one part to another; he can unload the congested blood-vessels; he can quicken or slacken the action of the heart; he can elevate or depress the nervous energy. And his agent, in this at once subtle and powerful co-operation, is not a poison, as is almost every drug, never weakens, as does every bleeding, but is a pure nourishing element, as precious to the body as the vital air itself, and having with its every texture such sympathy, that four parts out of five of the constituents of the blood are water. In this consists much of its virtue as a curative means. It is not enough that it be cold: Priesnitz rejects all mineral waters, and even salt sea-water.

The first step towards a restoration of health is a re-subjection of the body to natural laws, as regards food, drink, air, and exercise. Further; as the vital energy is the final source of restoration, it is necessary, when disease has become fixed in the body, that this energy be directed against it with undivided aim. Hence, there must be withdrawal from business and care and serious mental occupation; and therefore it is, that the cure of chronic complaints can, in most cases, only be undertaken with hope of success at a water-cure establishment. These first conditions being satisfied, under which the body begins at once to feel fresh vigor, the next step is, to accelerate this invigoration. The fortifying effects of cold bathing are universally known. Without considering now the various forms of its application, devised by the sagacity of Priesnitz, the mere loss of caloric in a cold bath necessarily stimulates the appetite. More food is called for to supply the lost heat. The quickened respiration in the bath and during the rapid exercise it provokes, supply a correspondent increase of oxygen. As Liebig simply and beautifully explains, animal heat is the result of the combination within the body between the oxygen brought in through the lungs, and the carbon and hydrogen in the food. The oxygen consumes, literally burns up, the waste of the body, the dead particles that have served their

purpose of nourishing the vital activity. The fire burns more briskly. By the increase of food, fresh material is furnished more rapidly; the burning of the old keeps pace through the increased influx of oxygen; and thus the transformations in the body, the source and index of health, go on with increased quickness, and the strength grows in proportion. A man with a good fund of vitality left, who takes three or four cold baths and drinks a dozen glasses of cold water daily, will eat just double his usual quantity, and that of the plainest fare, and with a relish that he never felt at the costliest banquet, and a sweetness and fulness of flavor, that recall the time of his fast-growing boyhood.

'Tis a familiar fact, that if a fragment of bone, for instance, in case of fracture, be left loose and unknit up when the fracture heals, it will be thrown out to the surface by the vital force. Where there is life enough, the same self-purifying, self-protecting effort will be made against whatever arrests or disturbs the vital process, against every form of disease therefore. The third step in the proceeding of Priesnitz is, to encourage and assist this tendency by more specific means than the mere addition of strength by cold bathing.

How is the determination from the centre to the surface to be promoted?

By action on the skin through the sweating in blankets, and the soaking in the wet sheet inclosed by blankets. The power of these applications cannot be conceived but by one who has seen them, I may add, felt them. An activity is awakened in the skin unknown to it before, and this without any foreign or hostile appliances. Under the air-tight blankets softly oozes out the perspiration; the wet sheet sucks at the whole surface, like a gentle all-embracing poultice. The skin is in a glow—a glow which it owes to no heat but that beneath it. The life of the whole body is drawn to and towards it. In this state of heightened animation it re-acts against the cold bath with alacrity. One or other of

these processes—according to the disease, condition or temperament of the patient—repeated daily, keeps the currents, so to speak, always setting outwardly. The skin, that great auxiliary of the lungs, grows elastic, regains its functions, that had become lamed by the destructive practice of swathing in flannel, and the neglect of cold ablutions, needed daily for the whole surface as much as for the face. Chronic congestions and inflammations are thus gradually relieved; the system feels lightened. Morbific matter is expelled. That it is morbific, is often known by its odor and color. Frequently, too, what medicines have been taken, sometimes years before, is discovered by the odor of the perspiration; as valerian, iodine, assafætida, sulphur, mercury.

The sitting bath performs the important part of drawing the blood from the brain, and of invigorating the great nerves of the stomach and bowels, which in nearly all chronic complaints have become weakened by drugs, heating food and drinks, and sedentary habits. When, by the sweating or the wet sheet, the sitting bath, and copious daily draughts of cold water, the skin has been opened and animated, the internal skin—the lining membrane of the lungs and digestive organs—stimulated, and all the functions invigorated, so that the system is restored in a degree to its pristine power of resistance, then is applied the most vigorous of all the water agents, the douche, which rouses to the utmost the nervous energy, and thus contributes much towards putting the body in a state to cope with its foe.

Now the aim of all these purifying energizing processes is, to bring on a *crisis*, that is, an effort of the system to rid itself of the disease which obstructs and oppresses it. The *crisis* is, in fact, in strong cases, an acute attack, taking the form of diarrhœa, more or less active or prolonged, or of vomiting, or cutaneous eruption, or fever. Sometimes these symptoms come one after the other, or even several at once. With knowledge and judgment, the crisis is guided surely to a cure. When the disease is not of long

standing, the functional derangement not being firmly established, the cure is effected of course much more quickly and often without apparent crisis. On the other hand, in aggravated cases, when the body, in the phrase of Priesnitz, is very full of bad stuff, the patient may have to go through two or three crises, before his system is perfectly purged of disease. Once through the crisis, the patient is cured, cured effectually, radically, not apparently and temporarily, but permanently and absolutely. The nervous energy is renovated, the skin is restored to the full performance of its important functions, the digestive apparatus works perfectly, the blood flows actively and impartially, no morbid condition lurks in any of the tissues, the transformations go on briskly and smoothly, life plays lightly and evenly through the whole organism ; the man is well. With healthy habits he can keep so all his days, and end them with an easy natural death, not the hard unnatural one that most are doomed to, dying of disease and the Doctor.

Visitors are astonished at the cheerfulness of the inmates. A merrier company is not to be found on the joyous Rhine. Such a happy Hospital is a phenomenon. No brilliant balls, nor luxurious lounges, nor dainty viands, nor fragrant wines, nor gambling saloons, are needed here as at the neighboring Ems and Wiesbaden, to charm away ennui and make the day endurable. Noon drives away morning, and evening noon, ere we have done with them ; and when we lay our heads down at night, so quick and dream-tight is sleep, that morning is upon us again as if he had but waited for the closing of our lids, and nature had compressed hours into moments that they might lie weightless on our brains. Such is the virtue of water, which at once soothes and exhilarates. It must be remembered, too, that the invalids here are all outcasts, unfortunates sentenced by Doctors' edicts to perpetual banishment from the realm of health. Hence the slowness of the cure, which few who have the time have the perseverance to complete. Most of us are impatient if complaints of years' standing are not washed

out in a few weeks. Thus, but a small number earn the full benefit of a radical cure; more are partially relieved of their pains; the rest, and largest proportion, only get strength and habits wherewith the better to bear them.

But it is in acute diseases, that the triumphs of the water-cure are most signal and astounding. Here its results look like miracles, so rapid are they, so regenerative, so complete.

I have said, that the *crisis* is an acute attack. On the other hand, an acute disease is but a *crisis* brought about by the vital force of nature, unexalted by the water-processes. Priesnitz cures all such, rapidly, with ease, with certainty. What he is always striving to produce, is here brought to his hand. An acute disease being a strenuous effort that the organism makes to throw out the enemy, Priesnitz comes in helpfully, by cooling the skin and opening its pores. This sounds very simple and easy. Is there in Christendom a physician who can cool the skin and open the pores at will in a burning fever? Not all the schools and systems of all countries through long ages of experiment and woe, have discovered the nature of fevers and the art of treating them. In spite of his tonics, his diaphoretics, his antiphlogistics, his lancet, Death strides past the Doctor, and seizes upon the young and the robust, as boldly and surely now as a thousand years ago. Let the world, then, rejoice. Glad tidings have come from Graeffenberg. Some of the scourges of mankind are stayed. The cholera, the scarlet-fever, the small-pox, are shorn of their terrors. At this proclamation some will smile, some will chide, the most will ejaculate incredulous. Facts upon facts are there, and thousands have witnessed them and spread afar the news of the blessing, and those who have looked at them studiously, know why they are and that they must be. Inflammations and fevers are perfectly manageable by Priesnitz and his pupils. What is the glory of Harvey and Jenner to that of the German peasant?

From the times of Hippocrates and Galen, down to those of

Currie and Hoffman, many are the Doctors, as set forth in the books brought out by Priesnitz's doings, who have cured diseases with water. But the shrewdest of them had only glimpses of its power. Nature, as is her way, has constantly thrown out hints to them, and temptations with facts; but not in one of them before Priesnitz did the facts inbreed thoughts, that, wrought upon by the awakened spirit of research, led it on to the detection of the laws, whereby this one element becomes a curative means of an efficacy beyond the liveliest hopes of medical enthusiasts. Still, "the Faculty" say, forsooth, there is nothing new in Priesnitz's pretended discoveries. Is there nothing new in putting a patient daily for months through four or five cold baths, one or two of them while his skin is dripping with perspiration produced by his own warmth, and thereby curing him radically of the gout? Is it not new to thrust a man delirious into a cold shallow bath, and there keep him for nine hours with constant friction on his legs and pouring of cold water on his head, and thus to restore him in twenty-four hours? Who ever before put a child with a brain fever through forty wet sheets in as many successive half hours, and by so doing completely subdued in three days a disease, whose cure would have been doubtful with drugs, in three weeks. This magical wet-sheet itself, what a discovery! Is it not a stupendous novelty to regard fevers as, in all cases, but the manifestation of the struggle going on within between the vital principle and a disease which threatens it? And is it not a new feeling, in the summoned healer, to approach the fever-heated patient with clearest confidence, looking on the fever as a sign of vital activity, which with a single agent he can uphold and helpfully direct to a rapid and safe issue? instead of going to work against the vital principle with his drugs,—which draw it off from its struggle with the disease to fight themselves,—and with his life-tapping lancet, inwardly trembling,—if he be clear-headed and conscientious,—for the slow result, doubting of

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his whole procedure, coming back daily for weeks with the trepidation of one who is tussling in the dark with Death for a human being, and often overwhelmed at the sudden victory of his foe, by the conviction, that himself has opened to him the path. I refer now to the best of the medical guild, the few men of thought, feeling, and integrity. Such will feel, how sadly true is the self-reproach of Faust, who, on being hailed with honor and thanks by the peasants for having, a young assistant to his medical father, saved so many of them from the plague, exclaims that their praise sounds like scorn, and relates to his companion the blind, desperate nature of their treatment, concluding as follows:—

> And thus with most infernal pills,
> Among these valleys and these hills,
> Far worse than did the Pest we blazed.
> Thousands did I the poison give;
> They withered off, and I must live
> To hear th' audacious murderers praised.*

The common crowd of legalized botchers walk through their daily mischievous routine, partly in ignorant thoughtlessness, partly in insensibility.

"The whole baseless calamitous system of drug-poisoning," says a German expounder of Priesnitz's practice, "which has already snatched away many millions, had its origin in the misconception of primary or acute diseases. Because people did not perceive that these abnormal feverish conditions are only efforts at healing which the organism makes, they mistook these fever-symptoms for the disease itself, and finding that they could be

> * So haben wir mit höllischen Latwergen
> In diesen Thälern, diesen Bergen,
> Weit schlimmer als die Pest getobt.
> Ich habe selbst den Gift an tausende gegeben;
> Sie welkten hin, ich muss erleben,
> Dass man die frechen Mörder lobt.

allayed by blood-letting and drugging, they prized this fatal discovery. Then sprang up from this poisonous seeding a whole host of terrible deadly maladies. But because the afflictions did not show themselves immediately, within a few weeks after the medicinal suppression of the acute disease, no one had a thought that the drugs and bleeding were the cause of them." The same author thus writes of inflammation in case of wounds !—"In order to heal a wound, the organism must form on the part where the wound is, new flesh, new vessels for the new capillaries, &c. To be able to form this flesh, it is necessary that the material for it,—the forming sap, which is the blood,—be led to the part in abnormal quantity. Thus, too, plants heal an injury by sending to the injured spot sap in unusual abundance. Through this abnormal blood-life, increased warmth is produced in the part to be healed, which warmth, however, only then gets to real inflammation when the instinct of the wounded person for cold water inwardly and outwardly is not satisfied. Allopathy, in its stolidity, looks upon this streaming of the blood to the wounded part, and the exaltation of life therein to the point of heat, as disease, as something which must be removed, and lets blood. Hereupon, notwithstanding, the organism continues to send blood to the injured part, where it is needed, and the Doctor continues to let blood, sometimes until the extremities become bloodless and cold, and the patient often dies of weakness,—as is also the case with internal, so called, inflammations."

These views of fever and inflammation have been deduced from the facts observed and brought to light by Priesnitz. If any like them were ever before entertained, it was but in a partial, feeble way. They have never formed part of the medical creed; they have not been made the foundation of a school. As great as between the momentary illumination of lightning and the light of the day-long sun, is the difference between having a thought pass through the mind, and having it planted there till it grow to a

fruitful conviction. Hereby is the Healing Art become, for the first time, what all Art ought to be, the handmaid of Nature, and thus, at last, what it never before was, a genuine healing art, and a blessing to humanity.

This broad, absolute condemnation of the drug and lancet practice, is at any rate not new. Hear some of the most famous physicians speak of their Art.

Van Helmont says:—"A murder-loving devil has taken possession of the medical chairs; for none but a devil could recommend to physicians blood-letting as a necessary means."

Boerhave:—"When one compares the good performed on the earth by half a dozen true sons of Æsculapius since the rise of the Art, with the evil done among men by the countless number of Doctors of this trade, one will doubtless think, that it were much better if there never had been a physician in the world."

Reil:—"It is perfectly clear that we do not know the nature of fever, and that the treatment thereof is nothing more than naked empiricism.—The variety of opinions is a proof that the nature of the subject is not yet clear; for when the truth is once found, certainty takes the place of hypothesis in every sound mind."

Rush:—"We have not only multiplied diseases, but have made them more fatal."

Majendie:—"In the actual condition of medical science, the physician mostly plays but the part of simple spectator of the sad episodes which his profession furnishes him."

Billing:—"I visited the different schools, and the students of each hinted, if they did not assert, that the other sects killed their patients."

Water too can kill, or it could not cure. Yet may it fearlessly be affirmed, that where one will be hurt or killed by the water-treatment, one hundred will be by drugs. Relatively, the water-cure is without danger; nay, it is so absolutely. Knowledge is

needed to do anything, even to grow cabbages. An idiot may break his neck falling down steps safely used by thousands daily. But conceive knowledge with poisons for its instrument, and the same knowledge with one pure agent, and able with that one to bring out any and all the effects aimed at by the lancet and whole pharmacopœia. In the skilfullest hands, arsenic, prussic acid, copperas, oil of vitriol, mercury, iodine, strychnine, all medical poisons in constant use, suddenly cause death at times, to the confounding of the practitioner. Their remote effects in shortening and embittering life, are incalculable, unimaginable. In short, the water-cure, at once simple and philosophical, is dangerous only where there is clumsiness, rashness, or stupidity: drugs, virulent and treacherous, are full of immediate danger in the most prudent and sagacious hands, and are besides charged with evils distant and insidious.

By means of water, then, whose energizing and healing power has been to the full revealed by Priesnitz, chronic diseases, till now deemed hopeless, are eradicable, and acute ones cease to be alarming. By the thorough cure of acute attacks, chronic complaints,—mostly the consequence of suppressed or half-cured acute ones,—will be much fewer. Through the same influence, acute will become less frequent. Were this discovery to cause no other change of habits, the substitution of cold for warm baths and the general practice of cold bathing, will alone produce such bodily fortification as to ward off an immense amount of disease. But the change cannot stop there. Wedded as men are to routine, hugging custom as if life itself were intertwined with its plaits, still they do by degrees let in the light of new truths. When one of her great laws is discovered, Nature smiles joyfully and benignantly, as a mother on the unfolding of her infant's mind, and in man's heart is reflected the smile, the harbinger of new blessings. This discovery is already hailed by tens of thousands as pregnant with immeasurable good. It is so simple, so intelligible, so ac-

cessible, that it must spread its blessings in spite of prejudice, interest, and ignorance.

Health is nearly banished from Christendom. Even among those who lead an outdoor life of healthful labor, there is the debilitating counteraction of stimulants, in drink, in food, in tobacco. The wealthier classes are more the victims of drugs, the poor of alcohol. These two curses, poisoning the sources of life, have diminished the stature and strength of the race, far more even than vice and poverty, of which too alcohol is a prolific parent. That there is this diminution is proved, among other evidence, by the falling off in the standard of stature for soldiers in the principal countries of Europe, in England, in France, in Germany. Through these poisons, the natural instincts of appetite have been depraved. There is a general vitiation of the palate through the perverted nerves, brought about by the universal use of all kinds of foreign stimulants, medicinal, spirituous, and spicy. Water is deemed good to mix with spirits and wine, and milk with tea and coffee. Pure, they are insipid, and so deep has reached the corruption, that it is quite a common belief, that water is unwholesome! There is a general craving for stimulants. They are esteemed temperate who use them only at meals! Their hurtful effects upon the health, temper, strength and morals, cannot be estimated. Against all this, Nature protests by the sighs of weakness, the groans of disease, the pangs of conscience, and the agonies of premature death. Priesnitz would seem to be commissioned to re-utter the commands of Nature, to rouse mankind to a sense of its growing physical degeneracy, and to open the path towards health, refreshed life and enjoyment. Priesnitz has demonstrated, that for the preservation of health and restoration from disease there is an efficacy, a virtue in WATER, hitherto undreamt of; that all kinds of stimulants, under all circumstances whether in disease or in health, are always falsehoods, disguised like worse moral lies under cajoling flatteries; and this he enforces with the

eloquence of cheerfullest, sweetest sensations, renovating, I might almost say, re-creating, the nervous system, and thus putting literally new life into the body.

GENEVA, September, 1841.

The last of July, after a six weeks' experiment of the water-cure, we left Boppart. These few weeks have made, I may say, an epoch in my life. It is not the bodily strength I gained,—and the time was much too short for a full restoration to health,—but the gain of new truths and convictions, which give me in a degree command over my bodily condition; the gain of insight and knowledge, whereby I can ward off attacks against which I, like others, before felt myself powerless. I have learnt to know the effects of stimulants, and am emancipated from their tyranny. As on the morning of our departure from Marienberg, we drove along the beautiful shores of the Rhine, I felt, that new and beneficent laws had been divulged to me, and that I was closer under the protection of Nature.

At Bingen, after exploring the Niederwald on donkeys, and visiting the Rheinstein,—a turretted old castle perched among rocks and woods high above the river, fitted up and inhabited by a Prince of Prussia,—we quitted the Rhine to take the road to Wiesbaden, where, as at other fashionable watering-places, Idleness holds an annual festival; for the proportion is small of those who are here solely for the business of cure. Thence a short railroad carried us to Frankfort, famous for its biennial fairs, where merchants thickly congregate; for the election and coronation in past centuries of the Emperors of Germany; and most famous of all as the birth-place of Goethe, who as boy, among the other sights and sounds that were teaching his young mind its powers, witnessed with greedy delight one of the imperial coronations, himself already appointed to a throne and a sway, firmer and wider than that of Emperors. Here were laid the founda-

tions of a nature, the richest the earth has borne since Shakspeare.

Sir Egerton Brydges, that genial old man, says:—"A large part of the existence of a human being consists in thought and sentiment." Most true. Like air through the lungs, thought and emotion are curling unceasingly round the brain; they are the atmosphere of the soul, as impalpable, yet as real and vital, as that we breathe. Without this lively presence of feeling and thought, we cannot be as soul-endowed beings; it is the state of mental life. Our friends, our neighbors, our children, are far off from us, in comparison with this sleepless inward offspring of the mind. Is it well-limbed, healthy, clean, we live the erect, loving, steadfast life of a genuine man; is it deformed, crabbed; our life is narrow, suspicious, timid. What a task, then, how high, how deep, to feed, to purify, to enlarge, to enrich this spring of every human movement, endeavor, purpose, deed. Such is the Poet's function, the noblest, the most useful. Through his sensibility to the beautiful, he sees furthest into the nature of things, goes down to the root of the matter, discerns in each class of being the original type, wherein Beauty has its perfect dwelling. Embodying the visions thus had, in moulds which each creates for itself, he brings before his fellow-men mirrors, wherein they behold themselves, their thoughts and feelings, subtilized, exalted —magic mirrors, whose images, glowing with almost supernatural effulgence, are yet felt to be true. For poetry is a distillation of Beauty out of the feelings and doings of daily life, and a poem is but the finest, maturest fruit of impulses, which exist in, and openly or secretly control, the most prosaic worker in a trading community. Who so base or dull, but has had moments of spiritual abstraction, when his whole being was penetrated with unearthly light, whereby all things, as it were transfigured, looked calm and joyful? Breathes there a man, not blasted with idiocy in whom at times a gorgeous sunset would not awaken emotion,

whose heart would not open to the mystic beauty of the midnight sky, who has not felt, though but for an instant, a quickening impulse towards perfection? Such moods the poet fosters, awakens, confirms. He teaches the mind to use its wings: he peoples it with richer possibilities. The Poet is the highest of educators. With the gushings of the young untainted heart, mingle his warm expansive thoughts, and as years ripen, we embrace more closely the truths he has melodiously unfolded, unconscious often whence they have come.

The fortune of worldly position and of length of years, favored the pre-eminent genius of Goethe, in performing the great task of the poet in a way unparalleled in these latter times. No man of the age has so widened the intellectual horizon of his country, so deepened and freshened the common sea of thought, so enriched the minds of his contemporaries with images of beauty and power. Among the heartless, senseless complaints against Goethe,—as such will be made against the greatest,—that of his want of patriotism is the most vapid. Let the man be pointed to who has done so much to enlighten, to elevate Germany. He has thus contributed more towards the liberty of his country than any score of "Liberals," even though they be genuine ones. There is a fitness in his being born at Frankfort, at once the capital of Germany and a free town. Saving Luther, there is none other who better deserves the title of Father of his country.

His fellow citizens are about to raise to him a colossal statue in Frankfort. In the neighboring town of Mayence, a noble one, designed by Thorwaldsen, has been lately erected to Gutemberg. Goethe and Gutemberg will be side by side. They belong together; the one, the German who invented types, the other, the German who has made the best use of them.

A day sufficed for Frankfort. The most beautiful thing they have to show, is Dannecker's statue of Ariadne. For our route towards Switzerland we chose what is called the mountain road,

which traverses one of the most fertile plains of Europe, bounded on the East by a range of hills, sloping up into soft valleys and wooded heights, with here and there a ruined castle to connect the fresh-looking landscape with the olden time. Our first night was at Weinheim, an ancient town begirt with towers, and snugly seated, amidst orchards and vineyards, at the foot of the hills. Early before breakfast, I walked up to the old castle of *Windeck*. I met people going out to work; they looked mostly hunger-pinched and toil-bent. To how many is the earth a cold prison, instead of the fair warm garden Nature offers it. To none, even the most favored, is life what it might be. When will men's aims be truer, and their means juster, and existence cease to be a harrying scramble? The earth is yet shadowed by the scowl of man upon his fellow. Nature is most rich and bountiful, would we but live after her law. The resources are within and about us; and a Christian must believe that they will be awakened and improved, till man at last smiles upon man.

A night rain had sweetened the air and land for our morning drive to Heidelberg, which was the next stage. We spent an hour among the broad ruins of the famed castle, saw the streets lively with students, joyous intelligent looking youths, sought out two or three young Americans at their lodgings, and then went again rolling smoothly on our journey, to end the day at Carlsruhe (Charles' rest), the capital of the Grand Duchy of Baden. The next day we dined at Baden—Baden, the celebrated watering-place, lying beautifully in a stream-enlivened valley, between gentle hills, overrun for miles with shady walks and drives.

The *Cursaal*, containing the spacious public saloons and ball-rooms, and furnished like a palace, is the general resort in the evening. Here are the gambling-tables, three or four of them, all plying at the same time their silent gloomy trade. Round each large oval table, with its wheel of destiny in the centre, and its fine green cloth covered with figures and mystic divisions, was

a crowd of spectators and players, standing or seated. To partake of the scene actively and from its midst, I joined one of them, throwing down occasionally among the twinkling gold pieces and fat piastres a pale florin, the lowest stake allowed. The players were of various conditions and ages and aspects ; a few of them mere players, to whom it was an arithmetical trial, a sportful excitement, like one young Englishman who gaily scattered a handful of Napoleons at a throw, choosing, as though he could choose, the numbers to stake on, dallying carelessly with Fortune. But out of the fixed serious countenances of most, stared the Demon of gain. He must have laughed one of his bitterest laughs at his dupes. The scene would have adorned Spenser's cave of Mammon. In the glare of a large overhanging light, a circle of human beings intent upon gold, and all the features of Avarice concentrated in haggard unity on one little spot. A circle, but without bond of union ; each pursuing his end in selfish isolation, unmindful of his neighbor, except when Envy stirred at his good fortune ; absorbed, possessed by the one feeling ; his whole nature quenched under its cold tyranny ; his visage half petrified by the banishment of all other thought.—It had too its poetic side ; the hope ever renewed ; the mysterious source of the decree, coming out of unfathomable depths ; its absoluteness, representing perfectly the inexorableness of Fate.

Before entering on our route through the Black Forest to Schaffhausen in Switzerland, we made a circuit of half a day by Strasburg, to see the Cathedral, one of the most beautiful of Gothic churches, the pinnacle of whose spire is the highest point ever reached in an edifice of human hands, being twenty-four feet higher than the great Pyramid of Egypt. These airy Gothic structures, rising lightly from the earth, as if they were a growth out of it, look, amidst the common houses about them, like products of another race. They have an air of inspiration. Their moulds were thoughts made musical by deep feeling.

They are the Poems of an age when Religion yearned for glorious embodiment. They declare the beauty and grandeur of the human mind, that it could conceive and give birth to a thing so majestic. Those high-springing vaults; those far-stretching aisles, solemnized by hues from deeply colored windows; those magnificent vistas, under roof; those outward walls, so gigantic, and yet so light with flying buttresses and the relief of delicate tracery; that feathery spire, which carries the eyes far away from the earth; to think, that the whole wondrous fabric, so huge and graceful, so solid and airy, so complex and harmonious, as it stands there before you, stood first, in its large beautiful completeness, in the brain of its architect, *Erwin von Steinbach*. Those great builders of the middle ages have not been duly known; their names are not familiar, as they should be, like those of the great painters.

Strasburg, and Alsace, of which it was formerly the capital, though long in the possession of France, are German still in language and customs. The original character of a people clings to it through all kinds of outward vicissitudes. This is strongly exemplified in the French themselves. The exact similarity between certain prominent features in the ancient Gauls and the modern French, shows with what fidelity mental qualities are transmitted through advancing stages of civilisation, and what permanent unfailing effects, soil, atmosphere and climate exert upon the character of a people. The Gauls were as noted for the fury of their first onset in their battles with Cæsar, as the French were at Agincourt and in the Spanish Peninsula, and seem to have been discomfited by the steadfastness of the Romans precisely in the way their descendants were by the cooler courage of the British. Winkelman, endeavoring to show the effects of air and nourishment on national character, states, that according to the Emperor Julian there were in his day more dancers in Paris than citizens, and I have somewhere seen this quotation from Cato;—*Duas res Gens Gallica industriosissime persequitur,*

rem militarem et argute loqui :—Two things the Gallic people cultivate most diligently, military affairs and glibness of speech.

In a day and a half we reached Schaffhausen by Homberg and Donauschingen. At Schaffhausen we had to resign the comfort of post-horses. The inn-keepers of Switzerland, a numerous and wealthy class, have influence enough, it is said, to prevent the introduction of the posting-system, it being of course their interest to have travellers move slowly. On the way to Zurich, we stopped an hour a few miles below Schaffhausen, to see the Falls of the Rhine, the finest in Europe, and well deserving their fame. In the afternoon we had the first view of the snow-capt mountains. Far before us, fifty or sixty miles off, they lay along the horizon like a bank of silver. We approached Zurich, descending among gardens, and vineyards, and villas, with the lake and town in view. The evening hour of arrival is always a cheerful one to the traveller, and it is trebly so, when the smiling welcome of "mine host" is preceded by such a greeting as this from Nature. We had time before dark to enjoy the wide prospect from the top of the Hotel. The sublimities of Switzerland were still remote, but we were already encompassed by its beauties.

The next morning we started early, intending to sleep that night on the top of the Righi. Crossing before breakfast Mount Albis, from whose southern side the mountains about the Lake of the four Cantons came grandly into view, we descended upon Zug, passing through which and along the northern shore of its lake, we reached Arth at one; whence, at half-past two, we commenced the journey up the Righi on horseback with a guide. The ascent begins a mile east of Goldau, one of the villages destroyed by the fall of the Rossberg in 1806. Conceive of a slip of rock and earth two miles long, one-fifth of a mile wide, and one hundred feet thick, loosened from the summit of a mountain five thousand feet high, rushing down its side into the valley below. It overwhelmed three villages with five hundred of their inhabit-

ants, and spread desolation over several miles of the valley. We passed through the terrific scene, a chaos of rock and rubbish, where Goldau had been. Huge blocks of stone, as large some of them as a small house, were forced up the Righi far above the site of Goldau. There are traditions of similar slides from this same mountain in past ages, and still higher up were scattered other blocks which the guide said had come on one of those occasions from the Rossberg, three or four miles distant. We were more than three hours ascending, and went up into a cloud, which enveloped the top of the mountain, so that we had no sunset. The cloud passed away in the night.

The next morning before dawn, with cloaks about us, we were out. From the top of this isolated peak, a mile above the lakes at its base, we saw light break slowly over the earth, as yet without form in the darkness. We had almost a glimpse of the creative mystery. We were up in the heavens, and beheld the Spirit of God move upon the face of the earth. We witnessed with magnificent accompaniment the execution of the mandate,—Let there be Light. The peaks in the sun's path rose first out of darkness to meet the coming dawn, their jagged outline fringed with grey, then with gold. Day had hardly broke about us, when off to the south fifty miles a rosy tint shone on the snowy heads of the Bernese Alps, the first to answer the salutation of the Sun. Soon, the summits of all the mountains rose up in the growing day, a world of peaks, the giant offspring of the Earth awakened by the Morning. Below was still twilight. Gradually light came down the mountains and rolled away the veil of night from the plain. The Sun grew strong enough to send his rays into the valleys, and opened the whole sublime spectacle,—a spectacle affluent in sublimities, that lifted the Thoughts out of their habits, and swelled them to untried dimensions. The eye embraced an horizon of three hundred miles circuit; the Mind could not embrace the wealth of grandeur and beauty disclosed. Towards the west,

the view ranged over what from such a height seemed an immense plain, bounded by the far dim Jura; an indistinct landscape, with woods, and rivers, and lakes; or, rather, a hundred landscapes melted into one, that took in several of the largest, most fertile cantons, covering thousands of square miles. Turning round, we stood amazed before the stupendous piles of mountain. From five to fifty miles away, in a vast semicircle, rose in wondrous throng their wild bulks—rugged granite or glittering snow, towering in silent grandeur, an upper kingdom, their heads in the sky. They looked alive as with a spectral life, brought from the mysterious womb of the Earth. You gaze, awed, baffled, in their majestic presence, overwhelmed by the very sublimity of size.

We had come up by the north path, we went down by the south. What a walk on a sunny morning! Down we went, nearer and nearer to the beautiful lake right under us, plunging deeper and deeper into the magical scenery of its shores. We reached Weggis in two hours and a half. The perpendicular height from the level of the lake to the pinnacle of the Righi is about a mile; in the descent I must have walked seven or eight. By steamboat we reached Lucerne at one. From Lucerne we looked back down the lake at the throng of mountains that rose out of its waters and crowded the eastern horizon. A slight haze made the sun shine on them more warmly. The scene was like a vision, so strange was it and beautiful.

The same afternoon we left Lucerne and slept at Entlebuch, whence the next day we came to Berne, traversing the broad cantons of Lucerne and Berne, through a country abundant in crops and landscapes. Our attempt to see some of the splendors of the Bernese Oberland was frustrated by the weather; so that, after going from Thun to Brienz, through their two lakes, we turned back in the rain, having merely got a momentary glimpse at Interlaachen of the *Yungfrau*. We made a long day from

Berne to Lausanne, passing through Freyburg, the stronghold of Romanism in Switzerland, remarkable for the singularity and picturesqueness of its position, high up in one of the bends of the river Saane; for its suspension bridge—the longest in the world—one hundred and seventy feet above the river which it spans; for its Convents and Jesuits' College, and for the dirtiness of its streets. A transparent morning for the drive from Lausanne along the shore of Lake Leman to Geneva, gave us a clear view of Mont Blanc, more than sixty miles off. We reached Geneva on the 17th of August.

Calvin, Rousseau. An old town that hasn't its great men is tasteless to the traveller. These two give the flavor to Geneva. Of necessity far apart in time, for one would think the spirit of Calvin must have been well-nigh worn-out or dormant ere the little Republic could have engendered a Rousseau. I figure Calvin as gaunt, fleshless; a man of a gritty substance, on whom flesh couldn't grow. A nature tough as steel, unbending as granite—as was needed for his task. With what a bold biting lash he scourged the sensualities of his time! How he defied the principalities of the earth! How he scorned the tempests of papal, and regal, and popular, wrath! They did but invigorate his will, sublimate his genius, for the building up of a power that was to stretch over many nations and endure for ages. He would not have been Calvin had he not burned Servetus. This crime was the correlative of his virtue. It condensed with the heartiness and earnestness, the austerity and narrowness of Calvinism. His followers continued and continue to burn Servetuses after a different fashion. Honor to the patriarch of the Puritans.

Calvin, who was not born in Geneva, became there a ruler; Rousseau, who was, doesn't seem to have been held of much account by his townsmen, until lately, when they have erected to him a statue, more out of pride probably than love. Rousseau was made of anything but granite; an unstable tremulous nature,

devoured by passions which yet hadn't life enough to energize him. His life-long sorrows were of the Werterian kind, but he had'nt the strength to shoot himself. He was a Werter *manqué.* Yet he too did a large share of good. In a time of coldness and misbelief, he helped to bring men to the knowledge of the truths and beauties of Nature, and of the resources of their hearts, through which knowledge alone can there be fruitful love of God. And this indeed, in different moods, is the office of all thinkers. Even Rousseau's sentimentality, insipid or sickening now, was savory and healing to his sophisticated generation. Had his writings had no other effect than to re-awaken in the hearts of so mamy mothers the duty of nursing their own infants, he would deserve well of the Christian world.

FLORENCE, October, 1841.

We remained at Geneva a fortnight, preparing for Italy. On the third of September we set out by the route of the Simplon, along the southern shore of the Lake and up the valley of the Rhone, sleeping the first night in Martigny, the second in Brigg, at the foot of the pass. The valley of the Rhone is generally level, barren, and subject to inundation. The long day's drive from Martigny to Brigg was of less interest than any we had had in Switzerland. The valley, almost unpeopled, without deep verdure or the softness of tillage, desolate without being wild, offers no pictures to the eye ; and the mountains that enclose it, are bare and cold without elevation enough for grandeur. This is one of the worst regions for goitre and cretinism. Before noon we stopped to change horses in the public square of *Sion,* the capital of the canton of Valais. Happening to be a market day, there was a throng of people in the square. An assemblage of such unsightly human beings I never beheld. Nearly all looked as if they were more or less under the blight, whose extreme effect is the idiocy called cretinism. Mostly of a pallid Indian hue, with lank black hair, they had a strange weird look.

At Brigg, whilst we were getting ready to start in the morning, the master of the hotel, whose son or son-in-law had the furnishing of horses, came to inform me that I should have to take six for the ascent. I represented to him that for a carriage like mine four would be as sufficient as six, and that it would be unreasonable, unjust, and contrary to his own printed regulations to impose the additional two upon me. The man insisting, I objected, then remonstrated, then protested. All to no purpose. I then sought out the burgomaster of the town, to whom with suitable emphasis I represented the case. He could not deny that the letter of the law was on my side. Whether or not he had the power to over-rule the post-master I don't know, but at all events my appeal to him had no practical result; the carriage came to the door with six horses. I had the poor satisfaction of letting the inn-keeper hear his conduct worded in strong terms, and of threatening him with public exposure in the guide-books as an extortioner, which threat acted most unpleasantly upon his feelings, and I hoped, kept him uncomfortable for some hours.

What a contrast between the irritations and indignations of the morning, and the calm awed feelings of the day! 'Twould be worth while for an army to be put into a towering passion at the base of the Simplon, just to have all anger quelled by the subduing sublimities of its sides and summit. As we went up the broad smooth road of Napoleon, the gigantic mountains opened wider and wider their grandeurs, heaving up their mighty shoulders out of the abysses, at first dark with firs, and later, as we neared the top of the pass, shining far, far above us in snow that the sun had been bleaching for thousands of years. We crossed the path of an avalanche, a hundred feet wide, that had come down in the spring, making as clean a swarth through the big trees as a mower's scythe does in a wheatfield. We passed under solid arches, built, or cut through the rock, to shield travellers against these opake whirlwinds, these congealed hurri-

canes, this bounding brood of the white giantess, begotten on her vast icy flanks by the near sun. On the summit of the pass, the snowy peaks still high above us, we came to the *Hospice*, and then descending quietly on the southern side a couple of miles, reached about sunset the village of Simplon. At the quiet inn we were greeted by two huge dogs of the St. Bernard breed, who, with waggings of tail and canine smiles, seemed doing the hospitalities of the mountain. Here we met two English travellers, and spent a cheerful evening as the close to such a day. After a sound sleep under thick blankets we set off early the next morning. What a starting point, and what a morning's drive! Ere noon we were to be in Italy, and the way to it was through the gorges of the Simplon.

With wheel locked, we went off at a brisk trot. The road on the Italian side is much more confined than on the northern. Yesterday, we had the broad splendors, the expanded grandeurs, of the scene ; to day its condensed intenser sublimities. We soon found ourselves in a tunnel cut through a rock ; then sweeping down deeper and deeper into what seemed an endless abyss ; close on one side of us a black wall of rock, overhanging hundreds, thousands, of feet, and darkening the narrow path ; as close on the other a foaming torrent, leaping down as it were a wild creature rushing by us to head our track. Over dark chasms, under beetling precipices, across the deafening rush of waters, the smooth road carried us without a suggestion of danger, the wonders of the sublime pass all exhibited as freely as to the winged eagle's gaze ; as though Nature rejoiced in being thus mastered by Art. On we went, downward, downward. At last the descent slackens, the stream that had bounded and leapt beside us, runs among the huge rocky fragments, the gorge expands to a valley, the fresh foliage of chestnut trees shadows the road, the valley widens, the mountain is behind us, a broad even landscape before us, the air is soft, the sun shines hotly on fields where

swarthy men are at work,—we are in Italy! It was a passage from sublimity to beauty. We were soon among vines and strong vegetation. This then is Italy. How rich and warm it looks! We entered Duomo d'Ossola, the first town: it looked solid and time-beaten. In a public square hard by where we stopped for a few minutes, was a plentiful show of vegetables and fruit, juicy peaches and heavy bunches of grapes. At a rapid pace we went forward towards Lake Maggiore. These are the "twice-glorified fields of Italy." This is beautiful, passionate Italy, the land of so much genius, and so much vice, and so much glory. This is the land, for centuries the centre of the world, that in boyhood and in manhood is so mixed in our thoughts, with its double column of shining names familiar to Christendom. It was late in the afternoon when at Fariolo we came upon the beautiful Lake. For ten or twelve miles the road ran on a terrace, whose wall was washed by its waters. About sunset we passed the Borromean Islands, the evening clear and bland. 'Twas after nightfall when we entered Arona.

We had to-day an incident, which gave assurance that we were arrived in Italy, as convincing as did the beauty and fruitfulness lavished upon this chosen land. Opposite in character to them, that have their source in bounty and love; this, in penury of spirit and hate. It came too from one of "God's Vicegerents on Earth," although its nature smacked of paternity in the Prince of Darkness. God floods his creation with liberty and light, the which his vicegerents, Kings and Popes, are ever busy to smother, lest men be maddened and blinded by the too free use of Heaven's best gifts. God's vicegerents! his counterworkers rather. They are oftenest the very antidotes of light. Their God is Power, whom they worship with human sacrifices. Monarchies and Hierarchies are the tokens of man's weakness. The stronger they, the weaker he. As men strengthen, they dwindle. They are like props planted beside a young tree, that having insidiously

taken root, divert into themselves nourishment due to it, so that the tree languishes and perishes, while they thrive and wax strong. They are the bridle put into the horse's mouth in the fable, for his help, as he foolishly thought, which became the instrument of his enslavement. They are the stewards of Custom, which is the tyranny of the lower human faculties over the higher. I once heard when a boy a stump-speaker at a "barbecue" declare, that a visit to Europe had made him a democrat. The process whereby this effect was wrought will be clear to most Americans who sojourn here for a time. As counterpoise to this, it will be but fair to mention that German Prince, who, becoming tainted with republicanism, was sent to the United States to be cured thereof,—and was cured. That man deserved a throne. But to the incident.

At the Piedmontese frontier, the custom-house officer, who as usual examined but one of our trunks, hit upon the one that contained books. "Ah! Books," said he; "I must make a list of them." Hereupon he ordered his assistant to take them all out, my representations that they were solely for my own use, and that I was merely passing through Piedmont, having no effect. On first alighting, I heard one say to the other, "Il Signore é militare;" a conclusion which was probably dispelled by the sight of the contents of the trunk, and not, I think, to my advantage. The making of the list was a long process, the officer having to write the titles that were not Italian letter by letter. The task seemed to him a hard and unaccustomed one. The subordinate displayed the title of each volume beside his principal, I superintending the orthography. The assistant handled the books carefully and even tenderly, as though in his eyes they were things precious. The poor man, I fancied, looked at me with an expression of deferential regard, as one who possessed and had free access to such a treasure. Among them was Silvio Pellico's story of his imprisonment, in Italian. He turned it in

his hands, looked into it, gently shuffling over the leaves, and quietly glancing from the volume to me, not at all as if he would beg it, but as if he transferred towards me some of the feeling the book awakened in him. He probably had heard vaguely of Pellico's martyrdom. The list finished, the books were repacked, and the trunk was leaded, that is, tied round with stout twine, over whose knot was pressed, with long pincers, a small leaden seal. The trunk was replaced on the carriage, and a paper was given me certifying its contents and the operation it had undergone. This overhauling and list-taking was but the commencement of the vexation. The next day,—to make an end of the story,—on passing out of Piedmont, an officer was sent with us to see the sealed trunk delivered unbroken at the custom-house of Lombardy, some distance off. It was just as if I had had a criminal in company, and Piedmont warned Austria of his danger. Books, in truth, are criminals in both countries. On arriving at Milan I was obliged, before driving to the hotel, to go first to the custom-house, to leave in safe keeping the mysterious trunk, as big with mischief as the Grecian Horse to the Trojans, but luckily by the vigilance of Piedmont its diabolical purport was revealed to Austria. Quitting Milan I had to call for it, to leave it again at the Piedmontese custom-house on re-entering Piedmont on the road to Genoa; for I found that otherwise, owing to a press of business there, I should be delayed two or three hours. It came after me the next day to Genoa, where, not to have any more frontier troubles, I left it, to be sent to Florence, which it reached several days later, bringing with it a bill against me, for separate travelling charges, of ten dollars. This affair, trifling as it appears, marred the enjoyment of our first days in Italy. It makes a man, too, feel little, to find himself utterly defenceless against such pitiful abuses from low officials.

Through the bountiful plains of Lombardy, we had a short day's drive from Arona to Milan, passing near the first battle-field

between Scipio and Hannibal. Entering Milan by the arch of the Simplon, we came first upon the broad Parade, or *Place d'Armes*, where the cannon are kept always loaded, Milan being the capital of the Austrian Lombardo-Venetian Provinces, and residence of the Imperial Viceroy. The two principal objects of Milan are, Leonardo da Vinci's great picture of the last supper, and the cathedral, a vast, beautiful, gothic structure of white marble, from whose roof ascends a forest of light pinnacles and marble needles, surmounted by statues. Around, upon and within the church are two or three thousand statues, numbers of them the effigies of benefactors. Conspicuous on a pinnacle was one of Napoleon. A gift of cash to the church will obtain for the donor the honor of a statue, its prominence and elevation being measured by the amount bestowed. What inventive genius these solemn gentlemen of the robe have always shown in unloosing the clasp of money-clutching man! What a scent they have for the trail of gold! A traveller relates, that passing through "the noble little state of Connecticut," and stopping to bait in one of its dreariest townships, he asked a tall raw-boned man, who was measuring him keenly with his eye, what the people did in so barren a country for a living: "When we can catch a stranger, we skin *him*, and when we cant, we skin one another." I defy the leanest native in the stoniest part of Connecticut, to devise the means more shrewdly for compassing a given dollar, than these ghostly bachelors. From the roof of the cathedral we looked down into the opulent city beneath, and far away over the rich plain of Lombardy. To the west, as distant as the pass of the Simplon, was visible the snowy head of Mount Rosa.

We left Milan after forty-eight hours, and were a day and a half on the road to Genoa, sleeping the first night in a clean good inn at Novi. Some miles out of Milan, not far from Pavia, we stopped to see the famous *Chartreuse*, with its beautiful church and dozen little chapels, each one enriched with precious mar-

bles exquisitely wrought and inlaid, whereon millions have been spent in work and materials. Madame de Stael said, that Genoa has the air of having been built by a Congress of Kings. We walked through its streets of palaces, searching the palaces themselves for pictures, which is the chief and pleasantest occupation of the stranger passing through Italian cities. From the best points we had a survey of the town and harbor. The port is very active, and Genoa is growing in population, commerce and wealth. What a country this beautiful Italy would be, if it could drive out the foreigner, if it could shake off ecclesiastical domination, if it could bind itself up into a single nation, if—but there are too many ifs.

We were glad to find ourselves on the third day out of Genoa on the road along the shore of the Mediterranean. It takes some time to get accustomed to Italian cities and ways. One has too a feeling of loneliness, which custom never entirely overcomes, in a large crowded town, where you know not a soul, and have speech with none but hirelings; so that, after having "seen all the sights," you are cheered by departure, and smile upon the Cerberus at the gate, who stops your carriage to learn from your passport that you have the right to go. Starting from Genoa in the afternoon, we slept the first night at Chiavari, the second at Massa. The Mediterranean on the right, valleys and hills on the left; the road winding, mounting, descending with the movements of the shore, where land and sea are gently interlocked; compact towns nestled in the green bosom of valleys, the mountains behind, the sea before them; vines gracefully heavy with purple grapes, festooned from tree to tree;—these are the chief features of the day-long picture. From Massa, seated by the water, with a shield of marble mountains against the north, we started early on the sunny morning of the 16th of September, wishing to reach Florence before dark. We soon left the sea, and crossing the mountain range, went down on the other side

into the territory of Lucca, among hills clothed with chestnut and olive, and fields the gardens of Plenty, the sun shining warmly, the earth breathing fragrantly through its leafy abundance. Valery, in his excellent guide-book, recommended to me by Wordsworth (Murray's wasn't yet published) says of Lucca ;—"Un certain perfectionnement social et philosophique parait avoir prévalu pendant long temps dans ce petit état, qui n 'eut jamais de Jésuites. L'Encyclopédie y fut re-imprimée en 28 vol. folio, 1758–71." Surely the Lucchese were wise to keep out the Jesuits ; for priestly venom, which so poisons in Italy the cup of life, festers nowhere to bitterer virulence than in that dehumanized corporation. But the letting in of such a flood of French philosophy, as is implied by a reprint of the renowned *Encyclopédie*, that was a questionable proceeding. Yet after all, Voltaire, Diderot and their associates sharpened and helped to disenthral the intellect of the Christian world ; they opened the eyes of men, though they could not tell them what it was best to look at. Valery, whose book is that of a man of letters, and is a mine of minute historical, biographical and miscellaneous information, lets go no opportunity of bringing France and Frenchmen before his readers. Always cheerful and polished, he is a thorough zealous Frenchman, who neither disturbs nor is himself disturbed by the stiffest nationalism of another.

While changing horses in Lucca, we were tempted by voluble *domestiques de place* with enumeration of the sights of the town ; but our eyes and hearts were set upon Florence. The postmaster questioned us eagerly, how many carriages were behind. Now is his autumnal harvest. The English, to whom all other travellers are so much indebted for the cleanliness and comfort of the inns on the Continent, are swarming southward. Soon after quitting Lucca we entered Tuscany,—proud Tuscany, in bygone times, the intellectual centre of Italy, the home of her language, the warm nest of genius, the cradle of her giants, of

Dante, of Michael Angelo, of Bocaccio, of Petrarca, of Leonardo da Vinci, of Machiavelli, of Galileo. By Pistora and Prato, we drove along the south-western base of the Appenines, and through fields closely tilled up to the trunks of the olive, the mulberry, and the vine, and among white villas glistening in the western sun, we approached the high walls of Florence.

Nature and Art contend the one with the other in beautifying Florence. Except westward, where the Arno flows towards the sea, all about her are gentle hills that have come down from mountains, visible here and there in the distance. The Appenines and the Arno have scooped out a site, which man has made much of. The moment you pass out of almost any one of the gates, smooth gentle paths tempt you up heights, as if eager to exhibit some of the fairest landscapes even of Italy. In twenty or thirty minutes, you turn round to a view embracing the dome-crowned town, with its spacious leafy gardens, and far-stretching valley, and the countless heights and mountains which, bestudded with white villas, churches, convents, and clothed with the vine and olive, lie all round "the most beautiful daughter of Rome." Towards sunset, seen through that purple haze, which gives it a voluptuous, sleepy aspect, the landscape, so beautiful from its forms and combinations, looks almost like an illusion, a magical diorama. Carefully guarded within the walls, are many of the loveliest offspring of the Arts, ever fresh with the grace of genius; without them, Nature unrolls her indestructible beauties, heightened by Art and the associations of creative thought. Within the same hour, you may stand before the Venus of Cleomenes and on the tower of Galileo, which overlooks Florence and the vale of the Arno; before the Madonna of Raphael, and on the "top of Fiesole."

Even where the accumulations of Time are the most choice, the curiosities outnumber by much the beauties; so that the sight-seer has some weary and almost profitless hours, and re

joices occasionally like Sterne, when the keys could not be found of a church he went to see. It is true, sight-showing has become so lucrative, that he seldom has that pleasant disappointment. Neither, on the other hand, does one like to miss anything, nor to do by halves what one has come so far to do. There are things too that are not much in the seeing, but that it is well to carry away the memory of having seen. The rapid traveller through crowded Italy, must therefore work nimbly with body and mind, from morn till night, to accomplish his labor of love. As we have the winter before us in Florence, we proceed here in a more idle and gentlemanly way. We can lounge among the marvels of the Pitti and the Uffizii, and let the mood of the moment prompt us what to sit before, without self-reproach, postponing the rest till to-morrow, or next week, or next month; or we can even let a whole day go over, without setting eyes on a picture or a statue or a church. Some of our first and pleasantest hours were spent in the studios and company of our own sculptors. It is much for a stranger, to have here fellow-countrymen of character and intelligence, who rank with the best as artists.

The first fortnight after our arrival, the town was enlivened by the presence of a Scientific Congress, numbering nearly nine hundred members, mostly Italians, to whom the amiable Grand Duke did the honors of his capital in graceful and munificent style. Among his hospitalities, was a dinner given at the *Poggio Imperiale*, one of his villas a mile out of the Roman Gate. Nine hundred guests were received in the suite of elegant drawing-rooms on the first floor, and sat down in the second to tables supplied with as much taste as luxury. 'Twas a brilliant animated scene. After dinner, toasts were drank, and short sprightly speeches made amidst vivas and bravos. The guests were all carried to and from the villa in carriages furnished by the host. As we drove back in the evening, my three Italian chance-companions vied in commendation of the courtesy and liberality of

the Grand Duke. At last, one of them, a tall, stout, comfortable shrewd-looking man of about fifty, a priest too, I think, informed us, that he had come against orders, for he lived in the dominions of the Pope (who, with the arch-priestly dread of light, prohibits his subjects from attending these Congresses), and that he was the only representative from the papal states. To this disclosure the other two said not a word, and I dare say, what in me rose as a suspicion, mounted in them to pretty nearly a brimming conviction, namely, that our portly papal fellow-passenger was there for the purpose of taking notes quite other than scientific.

The crowning scene to the proceedings of the Congress was its last meeting in full session, in the large hall of the old Palace. Seven or eight hundred Italians, educated men, numbers of them men of thought, a noble-looking assemblage of heads. The purpose of their meeting I overlooked in the bare fact of such a convocation in that hall, where in the olden times of popular sovereignty were heard the stirring accents of free deliberation. May it be an omen of better days, when an assemblage as large and enlightened shall meet on the same spot for even higher objects, and with the new vivifying feeling, that at last they have become once more thoroughly men!

Florence, May, 1842.

One can lead here for a season an intellectual life without much mental effort, with enough of activity to keep it in a receptive state; and the mind will lay up stores of impressions, to ripen hereafter into thought. The Past opens to the stranger rich pastures, wherein if he can but feed with healthy instincts, he will assimilate into himself abundantly of the old. The creative spirits of bygone periods invite him to communion; all they ask of him, is sympathy with their labor. Even the Poets exact not for the enjoyment of them, that vigorous co-operation in the reader, which Wordsworth justly intimates is necessary from

his. The best Italian poetry is more superficial than the best English. It is based upon, not also impregnated throughout with thought. It has more of music and sentiment, of form and grace. Only Dante obliges you to gather yourself up as for a fraternal wrestle. Alfieri at first somewhat, until you have found the key to his mind, which has not many wards.

A scale of the occupations, pastimes, idleness, of a semi-passive half year in Florence, would have at its basis the walks and drives in the *Cascine* and environs. But first, a word about the climate. It is much like ours of the middle states, except that our winter is colder and drier. An American is surprised at this similarity on arriving in Italy, having got his notions from English writers, who, coming from their cloudy northern island, are enchanted with the sunny temperance of an Italian winter, and oppressed by the heats of summer. The heat is not greater than it is in Maryland, and our winter is finer, certainly than that of Florence, being drier, and though colder, at the same time sunnier. As with us, the autumn, so gloomy in England, is cheerful, clear, and calm, holding on till Christmas. They have hardly more than two cold months. Already in March the spring is awake, and soon drives back Winter, first into the highest Appenines, where he clings for a brief space, and thence retreats up to the topmost Alps, not to reappear for nine or ten months. Nor is that beautiful child of the light and air, the Italian sunset, more beautiful than the American.

Walking or driving ;—the opera, theatre, and company ;—the galleries of painting and sculpture, and the studios of artists ;—reading and study at home. Thus and in this gradation would I divide the hours of a man of leisure in Florence, especially if he be one whose nerves oblige him to lead a life of much more gentlemanly idleness, than with a perfectly eupeptic stomach he would choose. I put walking and driving first, as being, although the most innocent, the most absolute forms of idleness. The

Cascine, a public promenade, just out of the western gate of the town, stretching a couple of miles down the right bank of the Arno, cannot be surpassed in situation and resources by anything similar in Europe. In warm weather, you have close shade, and in cold, the sun all along the margin of the stream, with a hedge and groves of pine and ilex as a cover against the *tramontana* or north wind. Thither on Sundays and other holidays resort the people at large, and every day in fine weather, the free and the fashionable, including among the former, monks, white and brown, whom I see here almost daily in shoals, with a sigh at the waste of so much fine muscle.

On the Continent, not a town of twenty thousand inhabitants,—nay, of fifteen or ten, but has its theatre, for operas or comedies at stated seasons. Music and the theatre are not, as with us, an occasional accidental amusement, but an habitual resource: they have an honorable place in the annual domestic budget, even of families of small means. Music is part of the mental food of the Italians. It is to them a substitute for the stronger aliment of freer countries. May it not be, that the bounds set to mental development in other spheres, are in part the cause of the fuller cultivation of this? Nature always strives to compensate herself for losses and lesions. Life, if cramped on one side, will often swell proportionably in another. Music has been to Italy a solace and a vent in her long imprisonment. This is not, of course, an endeavor to account for the origin of musical genius in Italy: original aptitudes lie far deeper than human reason can ever sound: but, that the people has musical habits, is probably in a measure owing to such influences. I don't remember ever to have heard an Italian whistle. They are too musical, the emptiest of them, for that arid futility. They sing as they go for want of thought; and late at night 'tis most cheerful to hear, moving through the street, laden with airs from operas, mellow voices that die sweetly away in the stillness, to be followed by others,

sometimes several in chorus. To me there is always something soothing and hopeful in this spontaneous buoyant melody, the final sounds of the Italian's day.

As nothing in Art is more marketable than musical talent, London and Paris take, and keep, to themselves the first adepts. To the gifted songsters of the South,—whose warmth seems essential to the perfecting of the human musical organ,—showers of gold make amends for showers of orange-blossoms; and the dazzling illumination of palaces and sumptuous theatres, for the brilliancy of their native sky. Italy scarcely hears, in the fulness of their powers, her Pastas, Malibrans, Grisis, Lablaches, Rubinis. Their gifts once discerned, they are wafted across the Alps, to share the caresses, the triumphs, the largesses of the great northern capitals. When their career is run, the most of them come back to their never-forgotten home. The dear, beautiful, sorrow-stricken mother, who gave them their cradles,—and who alone could give them,—gives them too a tomb. Florence therefore has no richly equipt opera. In Italy itself, Naples and Milan have choice before her.

The Opera is not a perfectly pure form of Art. It is a forced marriage between language and action on the one side, and music. The poetry of the language is smothered by the music, while on the other hand words often clog the wings of melody. Language and action are definite, music is vague. In their union, the indefiniteness of music is resisted, the distinctness of words is obliterated by a haze, albeit a golden haze. In the compromise, whereby the union is brought about, some violence is done to the nature of each. The effect of music is best when its source is invisible. This mode of presentation accords with its nature; for music is a voice from the depths of the infinite,—a disembodied spirit, delivering its message through the least substantial medium of access,—sound. The glaring showiness, the pomp and corporeal effort of the stage, are an obstruction to its airy aspirations.

While to the dramatic reality the music imparts a lightness and poetic transparence, by these coarse material forms some of its own life is absorbed. Of all Art the genuine effect is, to exalt the tone of the mind, to refine its temper. Even the knowledge communicated is but incidental, altogether subsidiary to a fruitfuller gain. Facts, history, Art uses merely as vehicles, to convey to the mind its offerings of beauty. The results of Art are not, like scientific acquirements, tangible, measureable; they are chiefly in the mood awakened. The deepest, grandest truths, which it is the function of Art to reveal and illustrate, are presented in an indirect way. A noble poem leaves the mind of the reader in an expanded state. He feels a higher, clearer consciousness of life, a broader hope, a refreshed content. Available facts have not been piled away in his memory; but his best susceptibilities have been stimulated; his nature has been attuned on a higher key than common; he has a quickened sensation of freedom, of nobility. He is lifted into a higher state of being, and in that state is apter for the performance of all practical duties. Herein consists the noble usefulness of poetry, of Art. This mental exaltation, this disenthralment of the spirit from all gross bonds, good music especially never fails to produce. Its opening voice is a grateful summons to the spiritual part of our nature. The glare, bustle and complex movements of the stage, make a confusion of effects. The spectacle, busying the senses, unstrings the rapt intentness of the spirit. The joyful calm and solemnity of the religious mood, always created by the best music, is ruffled.

For a really good society, two things are requisite; a high state of culture, and the habitual re-union of the most cultivated through genial and intellectual sympathies. But as social distinctions, in part factitious, prevail even in republican countries, this fusion into unity under high influences, is nowhere more than partially practicable. Gross and accidental advantages are still prized,—

and that even by the intellectual,—above those that are inherent and refined. They who possess, watch them jealously. Instead of the *salve*, printed in large letters on Goethe's threshold, they would like to inscribe on theirs, "No admittance to strangers;" that is, to those who hav'n't the same interests to guard. Against a partition of their power, they in various ways protest; and now with the more emphasis, from a perception of the growing disregard of them. The land of Promise, where men and things shall be valued at their just worth, is much too remote for its remoteness to be measured; and we can only discover that we are less far from it, by a comparison of where we are with where we have been,—a comparison which, if made broadly and with a free spirit, will, in other domains of life as well as in this, induce hopefulness and trust.

The second requisite, therefore, is found, from general causes, as little in Florence as elsewhere, and less than in the great capitals. As to the first, Florence has its creditable circle of men of Letters, Science, and Art. But while with those to whom rank and affluence give opportunities of education, they are but slenderly connected, they are at the same time sundered from the masses; they and the multitude cannot duly co-operate; their light scarcely pierces the blighting shade cast upon the people by the tangled brambles of priestly abuse. A community under Roman ecclesiastical dominion, cannot attain to the highest state of culture possible in its age. By the growth and diffusion of knowledge, through the long peace and the intercommunication among nations, the bonds of episcopal tyranny have been somewhat loosened in the Italian states. The body of the scientific and literary men have of course always lived in secret protest against this curse. But though they hate the tyrants and contemn their impostures, they cannot escape from them. The mind is stinted and thwarted in its wants and aspirations. Thought itself, free in the dungeon and on the rack, languishes where it

has not free utterance by speech and pen. That under this long double load of political and religious despotism, the Italians have still kept alive the sacred fire of knowledge; have, through the thickest atmosphere, shot up into the sky, high enough for all Europe to see them, lights, poetic and scientific, proves, what deep sources of life, what elasticity and tenacity of nature there are in this oppressed people. Let those who for their abject state would despise them, think of this, and they will perhaps wonder that the Italians are not even more prostrate.

The political despotism to which Tuscany was subjected by the first Medici, has been, since the extinction of that bad breed, a paternal one, under a branch of the house of Austria. Still, though mild and forbearing in the hands of the present worthy Grand Duke, and his father, so justly beloved by the Tuscans, it is a despotism (and nothing else would be permitted by the other states of Italy), and as such, crushes in the people some of the richest elements of life. Florence, therefore, cannot be in advance of its sisters in social organization and spirit. Like other cities of its compass, it has nothing better than what, by a combination of the figures Amplification and Hyperbole, is termed "Good Society," composed here, as elsewhere, by those who have inherited, or by wealth acquired, social rank; embracing in Florence, besides the native *noblesse* and diplomatic corps, a large body of "nobility and gentry,"—in the phrase of the English newspapers,—from other lands, who for a season take up their abode in the Tuscan capital. The occupation of this circle is idleness. Start not at the apparent solecism. It is but apparent; for, to people who are not urged to exertion either by body or spirit; whose infinite natures are in a measure circumscribed within the animal bounds of the ephemera of the fields, their whole life revolving in a quick diurnal orbit; whose minds, left void by exemption,—not, however, entirely wilful,—from active duties and labors, are obliged, in order to oppose the pressure of time,

literally to make something out of nothing; to people thus dislocated from the busy order of nature, it becomes an occupation, requiring method and forethought, to resist the weight of their waking hours, and maintain the daily fight with ennui. Their insipidity of life is seasoned by a piquant ingredient, supplied by clouds of little cupids,—imps that, with their inborn perverseness, choose here to hover over nuptial couches, assaulting the hymeneal citadel with such vigor, that all, says dame Gossip, have not strength to withstand them. Their chief public performances are, to support the opera, and adorn the *Cascine* with their equipages and toilettes.

The Galleries of Painting and Sculpture come next in the scale, on which I have subdivided the hours of a stranger's Florentine sojourn. They might, without inaccuracy, take their place under the head of company. Genuine works of Art speak to you more clearly than most tongue-wagging speakers. In them is a soul which puts itself at once in connexion with yours. When at Antwerp, I never walked on the ramparts without feeling what companionship there was in the spire of the Cathedral: the mind felt its presence constantly and cordially. A shot-tower, you will say, of equal height, that met the eyes whenever they were turned towards the town, would have been just as much company. With this difference: that the one would be the company of a ponderous bore, the other, that of a buoyant poet.

Whenever your mood is that way bent, you betake yourself to the Grand Duke's residence, the Pitti Palace. Passing through its wide portal, you ascend, under the guidance of civil guards, by broad flights of steps, to a suite of spacious apartments, where are lodged Raphael, and Titian, and Claude, and Rubens, and Leonardo da Vinci, and Guido. From room to room, through a long series, you converse with these great spirits for hours together if you choose. Every day in the year, except Sundays and holidays, these refulgent rooms are thus courteously thrown open.

The servant at the door, who takes charge of your cane or umbrella, is not permitted even to accept anything for the service. A noble hospitality is this, to which strangers are so accustomed that they do not always duly value it. The Gallery attached to the old Palace over the *Uffizii*, where is the Tribune with its priceless treasures, daily invites the stranger in the same liberal way.

Among the studios of living Artists, the most attractive naturally to an American, are those of his fellow countrymen. Nor do they need national partiality to make them attractive. The first American who gained a reputation in the severest of the Fine Arts was GREENOUGH. For some years he was the only sculptor we had, and worthily did he lead the van in a field where triumphs awaited us. I happened, five or six years ago, to travel from Boston southward with him and Powers, and heard Greenough then warmly second Powers' inclination, and urge him to hasten to Italy. Powers was soon followed by Clevinger, who, in turn, received from him encouraging words. The three are now working here harmoniously together.

Artists of merit have seldom much to show at their rooms; for their works are either made to order, and sent to their destinations as fast as finished, or they are sold almost as soon as seen. Sculptors have an advantage over painters, inasmuch as they retain the plaster casts after which each work is chiselled in marble. As Greenough does not always finish the clay model up to the full design in his mind, but leaves the final touches to the chisel itself, he is not forward to exhibit his casts taken from the clay, the prototypes of the forms that have been distributed to different quarters of the world. He has just now in his studio, recently finished in marble for a Hungarian nobleman, an exquisite figure of a child, seated on a bank gazing at a butterfly, that has just lighted on the back of its upraised hand. In the conception there is that union of simplicity and significance, so requisite to make a work of plastic Art, especially of sculpture, effective, and

which denotes the genial Artist. The attitude of the figure has the pliable grace of unconscious childhood; the limbs are nicely wrought; and the intelligence, curiosity, delight, implied and expressed in its gaze at the beautiful little winged wonder before it, impart vividly to the work the moral element; wanting the which, a production, otherwise commendable, is not lifted up to one of the high platforms of Art. The mind of the spectator is drawn into that of the beautiful child, whose inmost faculties are visibly budding in the effort to take in the phenomenon before it. The perfect bodily stillness of the little flexible figure, under the control of its mental intentness, is denoted by the coming forth of a lizard from the side of the bank. This is one of those delicate touches whereby the artist knows how to beautify and heighten the chief effect.

Another work of high character, which Greenough is just about to finish in marble, is a head of Lucifer, of colossal size. The countenance has the beauty of an archangel, with the hard, uncertain look of an archangel fallen. Here is a noble mould not filled up with the expression commensurate to it. There is no exaggeration to impress the beholder at once with the malevolence of the original which the sculptor had in his imagination. The sinister nature lies concealed, as it were, in the features, and comes out gradually, after they have been some time contemplated. The beauty of the countenance is not yet blasted by the deformity of the mind.

Greenough's Washington had left Italy before my arrival in Florence. By those best qualified to judge, it was here esteemed a fine work. Let me say a few words about the nudity of this statue, for which it has been much censured in America.

Washington exemplifies the might of principle. He was a great man without ambition, and the absence of ambition was a chief source of his greatness. The grandeur of his character is infinitely amplified by its abstract quality; that is, by its clean-

ness from all personality. Patriotism, resting on integrity of soul and broad massive intellect, is in him uniquely embodied. The purity and elevation of his nature were the basis of his success. Had his rare military and civil genius been united to the selfishness of a Cromwell, they would have lost much of their effectiveness upon a generation warring for the rights of man. Not these, but the unexampled union of these with uprightness, with stainless disinterestedness, made him Washington. If the Artist clothes him with the toga of civil authority, he represents the great statesman; if with uniform and spurs, the great General. Representing him in either of these characters, he gives preference to the one over the other, and his image of Washington is incomplete, for he was both. But he was more than either or both; he was a truly great man, in whom statesmanship and generalship were subordinate to supreme nobleness of mind and moral power. The majesty of his nature, the immortality of his name, as of one combining the morally sublime with commanding practical genius, demand the purest form of artistic representation,—the nude. To invest the colossal marble image of so towering, so everlasting a man, with the insignia of temporary office, is to fail in presenting a complete image of him. Washington, to be best seen, ought to be beheld, not as he came from the hand of the tailor, but as he came from the hand of God. Thus, the image of him will be at once real and ideal.

That Greenough's fellow-countrymen, by whose order this statue was made, would have preferred it draped, ought to be of no weight, even if such a wish had accompanied the order. To the true Artist, the laws of Art are supreme against all wishes or commands. He is the servant of Art only. If, bending to the uninformed will of his employers, he executes commissions in a way that is counter to the requirements of Art, he sinks from the Artist into the artisan. Nor can he, by stooping to uncultivated tastes, popularize Art; he deadens it, and so makes it

ineffective. But by presenting it to the general gaze in its severe simplicity, and thus, through grandeur and beauty of form, lifting the beholder up into the ideal region of Art,—by this means he can popularize it. He gradually awakens and creates a love for it, and thus he gains a wide substantial support to Art in the sympathy for it engendered, the which is the only true furtherance from without that the Artist can receive.

A statue which is a genuine work of Art, cannot be appreciated,—nay, cannot be seen, without thought. The imagination must be active in the beholder, must work with the perception. Otherwise, what he looks at, is to him only a superficial piece of handicraft. The form before him should breed in him conjecture of its inward nature and capacity, and by its beauty or stamp of intellect and soul, lead him up into the domain of human possibilities. The majestic head and figure of Washington will reveal and confirm the greatness of his character, for the body is the physiognomy of the mind. That broad mould of limbs, that stern calmness, that dignity of brow, will carry the mind beyond the scenes of the revolution, and swell the heart with thoughts and hopes of the nobleness and destiny of man. Let the beholder contemplate this great statue calmly and thoughtfully; let him, by dint of contemplation, raise himself up to the point of view of the artist, and it will have on him something of this high effect. He will forget that Washington ever wore a coat, and will turn away from this noble colossal form in a mood that will be wholesome to his mental state.

This attempt to justify Greenough's work by no means implies a condemnation of other conceptions for a statue of Washington. A colossal figure,—but partially draped,—seated, the posture of repose and authority,—Greenough's conception, seems to me the most elevated and appropriate. Artists have still scope for a figure, entirely draped in military or civil costume, on horse-

back or standing. Only, this representation of Washington will not be so high and complete as the other.

POWERS left America with a goodly cargo of busts in plaister, carrying them to Italy, there to execute them in marble. With these he opened his studio in Florence. The first that were finished he sent to the public exhibition. All eyes were at once drawn to them. Here was something totally new. Here was a completeness of imitation, a fidelity to nature never before approached, never aimed at by modern sculptors. Even the most delicate blood-vessels, the finest wrinkles, were traceable in the clear marble. Nor did the effect of the whole seem to be thereby marred. People knew not whether their astonishment ought to pass into admiration or censure. The Italian sculptors gathered themselves up. This man's Art and theirs were irreconcileable. They felt,—we must crush him, or he will overmaster us. They crowded the next exhibition with their best busts. Powers too was there. In the Tuscan capital, a young American sculptor not merely contended publicly with a host of artists for superiority; he defied to mortal combat the Italian school in this department of Art as taught by Canova. It was a conflict not for victory solely, but for life. Where would be the triumph, was not long doubtful. Powers' busts grew more and more upon the public eye. The longer they were looked at, the stronger they grew. By the light they shed upon the art of sculpture, the deficiencies of their rivals became for the first time fully apparent. Connoisseurs discovered, that they had hitherto been content with what was flat and lifeless.

The principle of the academic style of bust-making, thus suddenly supplanted, was, to merge the minor details into the larger traits, and to attempt to elevate,—to idealize was the phrase,—the subject, by preserving only the general form and outline. The result was, that busts were mostly faithless and insipid, their insipidity being generally in proportion to their unfaithfulness.

Powers made evident, that the finest traits contribute to the individuality of character; that the slightest divergence from the particularities of form vitiates the expression; that the only good basis of a bust is the closest adherence to the material form, as well in detail as in gross. So much for the groundwork. Hand in hand with this physical fidelity, must go the vital fidelity; that is, a power to seize life as it plays on that beautiful marvel, the human countenance. From the depth of the soul comes the expression on the countenance; only from the depth of a soul flooded with sensibility, can come the power to reproduce this tremulous mystical surface. Nay, this susceptibility is needed for the achievement of the physical fidelity itself. Without it, the lines harden and stiffen under the most acute and precise perception. Finally, to this union of accuracy in copying the very mould and shape of the features, with sympathy for the various life that animates them, must be added the sense of the Beautiful. This is the decisive gift, that turns the other rich faculties into endowments for Art.

The Beautiful underlies the roughest as well as the fairest products of Nature. It is the seed of creation. In all living things this seed bears fruit. In the embryo of each there is a potentiality, so to speak, to be beautiful, not entirely fulfilled in the most perfect developments, not entirely defaced in the most deformed. This spirit of beauty, resplendent at times to the dullest senses, lambent or latent in all living forms, pervading creation, this spirit is the vitality of the Artist. In it he has his being. His inward life is a perpetual yearning for the Beautiful; his outward, an endeavor to grasp and embody its forms; his happiness is, to minister in its service; his ecstasy, the glimpses he is vouchsafed of its divine splendors.

As sympathy with the motions of life is needed, to copy physical forms, so this loving intimacy with the Beautiful is needed, to refine and to guide this sympathy. In short, a lively sense of

the Beautiful is requisite, not merely to produce out of the mind an ideal head,—an act so seldom really performed,—but likewise, to reproduce a living head. He who would copy a countenance must know it. To know a human face,—what a multiplex profound knowledge! Not enough is it, to have a shrewd discriminating eye for forms; not enough, to peer beneath the surface through the shifting expression. To get knowledge of any individual thing, we must start with a general standard. You cannot judge of a man's height, unless you bring with you a generic idea of measures and a notion of manly stature. So of a man's mind,—though the process be so much deeper,—and so too of his head and face. A preconceived idea of the human countenance in its fullest capability of form and expression, an aboriginal standard must illuminate the vision that aims to take in a complete image of any face. What mind can compass this deep-lying idea, except one made piercing, transparent, "visionary," by an intense inborn love of beauty? Each face is, so to speak, an offshoot from a type; each is a partial incarnation of an ideal, all ideals springing of course out of the domain of Beauty. It is only by being able to go back to this ideal, which stands again closely linked with the one, final, primeval, perfect idea of the human countenance; it is only by thus mastering, I may say, the original possibility of each face, that you can fully discern its characteristics, its essential difference from other faces—learn why it is as it is and not otherwise. A vivid, electric sensibility to the Beautiful, in active co-operation with the other powers, is the penetrating, magnifying telescope wherewith alone the vision is carried into the primitive fields of being. Thus is every face, even the most mis-shapen, brought within the circle of the Beautiful; cannot be fully seen, cannot be thoroughly known, until it is brought within that circle. Under the homeliest, commonest countenance, there is an inner lamp of unrevealed beauty, casting up at times into the features

gleams of its light. These translucent moments,—its truest and best states,—the Artist must seize, in order to effect a full likeness. This is the genuine idealisation. And these states he cannot even perceive without the subtle expansive sense of the Beautiful.

The unexampled excellence of Powers's busts was soon acknowledged. In this department of Art, the Italian sculptors yielded to him the first place. Thorwaldsen, on coming, astonished, out of Powers's studio, declared that he could not make such busts, that there were none superior to them, ancient or modern. The cry now rose, that Powers could make busts, he could copy nature, but nothing more. This false inference sprang not wholly from jealousy, but in part from the false school of Art long dominant in Italy, where students were taught to study the antique more than Nature; whereby the perceptions and mental powers became so weakened and sophisticated, that it was no longer felt, what a task, how high and intense it is, truly and vitally to copy Nature. Conceive what is a human countenance,—the most wonderful work of God that our eyes can come close to! What an harmonious blending of diverse forms, what a compact constellation of beaming features, what concentrated life, what power, what variety, what unfathomable significance, in that jewelled crown of the body, that transparent earthly temple of the soul! Adequately to represent this masterpiece of divine workmanship, what a deed! He who can reproduce it in its full life and truth and character, must be a great Artist; that is, a re-maker, in a degree, of God's works,—a poet, a creator. To copy Nature, forsooth; the words are very simple: the act is one of deep insight, of noble labor, anything but a superficial work. He who performs it well, co-works with Nature, his mind exalted the while by poetic fervor. Hence none but Artists of the first class have left good portraits.

The faculty for the Ideal is then indispensable to the execution

of a good bust. It is the key-stone which binds the other endowments into the beautiful arch, whereby works of human hands grow stronger with time. The basis in plastic Art is always, unerring accuracy in rendering physical forms. Sense of beauty and correctness of drawing, are thus the two extremes of the Artist's means. Between them,—and needed to link them in effective union,—is fullness of sensibility, to sympathize with and seize the expression of, all the passions and emotions of the soul. These, with imitative talent and manual dexterity, embrace the powers needed as well in the portrait-artist as in him whose subjects are inventions. I speak of the plastic Artist without distinguishing the sculptor from the painter. The difference between them is in the inequality of their endowment with the faculties of form and color; the sculptor requiring a severer eye for form than the painter, and dispensing with an eye for color. The moment the Artist begins, by the working of his imagination, to compose a subject, then comes into active play the Reason; the faculty whereby, in every department of work, prosaic as well as poetic, the mind selects and adapts,—the faculty whereby the means within reach are picked and arranged for the completest attainment of the end in view. This, it seems to me, is the only power needed in larger measure for the artist who composes groups, than for him who would make the best portrait.

It is the completeness of his endowment with all the requisites for sculpture, that stamps Powers with greatness. In the circle of his genial gifts there is no chasm. They are compactly knit together. To his ends they all co-operate smoothly, through that marvellous instrument, the human hand. Such is the precision of his eye, that he who exacts of himself the most faithful conformity to Nature's measurements, never needs the help of compasses to attain it. Such his sense of the Beautiful, that he does justice to the most beautiful countenance, and has given a new grace even to draperies. Such his sympathy with life, that with

equal ease he seizes the expressions of all kinds of physiognomies, so that you cannot say that he does men better than women, old better than young; and hereby, in conjunction with his mimetic talent, he imparts such an elastic look to his marble flesh, that the spiritual essence, wherewith all Nature's living forms are vivified, may be imagined to stream from his finger-ends while he works. Such his manual dexterity, that in twenty hours he can turn out one of these great busts in its unparalleled completeness. And as if nothing should be wanting which could serve in his calling, Nature has bestowed on him a talent, I may call it a genius, for Mechanics, which,—had it not been overborne by superior faculties, destined to lift him up into the highest field of human labor, —would have gained for him a name and living as an inventive and practical machinist. It is now the pliant servant of nobler qualities; helping him to modelling tools, to facilities and securities for the elevation or removal of clay models, and to other contrivances in the economy of his studio.

Powers had not been long established in Florence, ere he set about his first statue, the Eve. This work was planned before he came to Italy. Almost precisely as it stands now embodied in attitude and character, he described to me in America the image he had there evolved in his mind. The figure is above the average height, undraped and nearly erect. The only support it has from without is a broken stem by the side of the left leg, representing the tree whence the fruit has just been plucked. On this leg is thrown the weight, the other being slightly bent at the knee. The head, inclined to the right, follows the eyes, which are fixed upon the apple, held in the right hand, raised to the level of the breast. The left arm hangs by the side, the left hand holding a twig of the tree with two apples and leaves attached. The hair, parted in the middle and thrown behind the ears, falls in a compact mass on the back. Round the outer edge of the circular plot of grass and flowers, which is the sole basis of the statue,

coils the serpent, who rears his head within a few inches of the right leg, looking up towards the face of Eve.

Here, without a fold of drapery to weaken or conceal any of Nature's lineaments, is the mature figure of a woman ; nearly erect, the posture most favorable to beauty and perfectness of proportion ; the body unconsciously arrested in this upright attitude by the mind's intentness ; while the deed over which she broods, without disturbing the complete bodily repose, gives occupation to each hand and arm, throwing thereby more life as well into them as into the whole figure. Thus intent and tranquil, she stands within the coil of the serpent, whose smooth but fiery folds and crest depict animal fierceness, and contrast deeply with the female humanity above him. Both for moral and physical effect the best moment is chosen, the awful pause between obedience and disobedience. Her fresh feet pressing the flowers of Eden, Eve, still in her innocent nakedness, is fascinated against her purer will,—the mother and type of mankind, within whose bosom is ever waging the conflict between good and evil. What fullness combined with what simplicity in this conception, which bespeaks the richest resources of imagination under guidance of the severest purity of taste.

How shall I describe the execution ? Knowledge and skill far exceeding mine, would fall short of transmitting through words an image of this marvel of beauty. The most that the pen can do before a master-piece of the pencil or chisel, is, to give a vivid impression of the effect it makes on the beholder, and a faint one of the master-piece itself.

In executing his Eve, Powers has had twenty or thirty models. From one he took an ankle, from another a shoulder, a fragment from the flank of a third ; and so on throughout, extracting his own preconceived image piece by piece out of Nature. From such a labor even a good Artist would recoil, baffled, disheartened. To none but a supreme genius does Nature accord such familiari-

ty. With instantaneous discernment his eyes detect where she comes short, and where her subtle spirit of beauty has wrought itself out. He seizes each scrap of perfection, rejects all the rest, and so, out of a score of models, re-compounds one of Nature's own originals. Such is the movement on the surface, that the statue has the look of having been wrought from within outward. With such truth is rendered the flexible expression imparted to flesh and blood by the vital workings, that the great internal processes might be inferred from such an exterior. The organs of animal life are at play within that elastic trunk; there is smooth pulsation beneath that healthy rotundity of limb. The capacity and wonderful nature of the human form fill the mind as you gaze at this union of force, lightness, and buoyant grace. In spite of that smooth feminine roundness of mould, such visible power and springiness are in the frame and limbs, that, though now so still, the figure makes you think of Eve as bounding over shrub and rivulet, a dazzling picture of joyous beauty. Then, again, as the eye passes up to the countenance, with its dim expression of mingled thought and emotion, the current of feeling changes, and the human mind, with its wondrous endowments, absorbs for awhile the beholder. But mark; it is by the power of Beauty that he is wrought upon. Through this, humanity stands ennobled before him. By this, the human form and capability are dilated. This awakens delight, breeds suggestion. By means of this, the effect of the statue is full, various; its significance infinite. Take away its beauty, and all is a blank. The statue ceases to be.

The head of Eve is a new head. As it is beautiful, it is Grecian; but it recalls no Greek model. Nor Venus, nor Juno, nor Niobe, can claim that she helped to nurse it. Not back to any known form does it carry the mind; it summons it to compass a new one. It is a fresh emanation from the deep bosom of Art. In form and expression, in feature and contour, in the blending of

beauties into a radiant unity, it is a new Ideal, as pure as it is inexhaustible. Lightly it springs into its place from the bosom and shoulders. These flow into the trunk and arms, and these again into the lower limbs, with such graceful strength, that the wholeness of the work is the idea that establishes itself among the first upon the mind of the beholder. To the hollow of a foot, to the nail of a finger, every part is finished with the most laborious minuteness. Yet, nowhere hardness. From her scattered stores of beauty Nature supplied the details; with an infallible eye, the Artist culled them, and transferred them with a hand whose firm precision was ever guided by grace. The Natural and the Ideal here blend into one act, their essences interfused for the unfolding of a full blossom of beauty.

What terms are left to speak of the Venus of the Tribune? None stronger are needed than such as are used in speaking of the Eve of Powers. Let who will cry presumption at him who places them side by side. Art always in the end vindicates her favorite children. The Eve need fear comparison with none of them.

The clay model of Eve being finished, Powers's mind is busy with another work, also a single female figure, which he will set about immediately. It will represent a modern Greek captive, exposed in the slave-market of Constantinople. Like Eve, the figure will be without drapery; like her, it will not fail to be a model of female beauty, though in frame, size, age, character and expression, altogether different.

Clevinger has been here but a short time, and is zealously at work upon the crowd of busts which he brought with him from America, and several that he has modelled in Florence. Among the former is a fine one of Allston; among the latter, one of Louis Bonaparte, ex-king of Holland, so admirably executed, that it awakens regret that there is none of equal fidelity extant of the Emperor Napoleon.

Two American painters are established here, who give promise of reaching a high excellence; BROWN and KELLOGG. Brown devotes himself chiefly to landscapes, for which he displays rare aptitude. He has just finished a view of Florence, admirable in all respects, but chiefly for the truth with which it gives the rich hue of the Italian evening sky. An evidence of his gifts for this department, is the style in which he copies Claude Lorraine, reproducing the character, tone, and magical coloring of that great Artist with a fidelity that might impose upon a practised connoisseur.

Kellogg, by the progress he has made since he came to Florence, has shown that his ability is equal to his zeal. With an empty purse, and a spirit devoted to Art, he landed in Italy eighteen months since. In that period his genius, through industry and judicious study, has developed itself in a way that gives assurance that he will reach a high rank.

I will conclude this Florentine chapter with a few chips of "fragments" picked up in that division, which the despotism of nerves over the intellectual as well as the physical man, obliged me to put last in my scale of occupations and pastimes.

Among my disappointments are Petrarca and Macchiavelli. I am disappointed in Petrarca that his sonnets are written more out of the head than the heart. They sparkle with poetic fancy, but do not throb with sensibility. In his pleasant little autobiographical memoir, Petrarca ascribes to his love for Laura all that he was and did. For twenty years, it was the breath of mental life to him. Happily he was not of an energetic, glowing nature (his portrait might be taken for that of a woman), or his love would have consumed instead of animating him, or, worse still, would have had perhaps a quick close in success. I am sorry to conclude, that he was very far from being the most miserable man of his generation.

Macchiavelli is not the searching thinker that one unacquainted

with his works might infer him to be, from his so long sustained reputation. He is a vigorous, accomplished writer; a clear, nervous narrator. Subtlety in the discussion of points of political expediency, seems to me his highest power. Princes, nobles, and populace, are to him the ultimate elements of humanity. The deep relations of man to man, and of man to God, do not come vividly within his view. He has no thorough insight into the moral resources of man; he does not transpierce the surface of human selfishness. There is in him no ray of divine illumination, whereby he might discern the absolute. But it is unjust to reproach him with a want which he has in common with most of his brother historians.

A just reproach against him is, that in his History he flattered the Medici, and has handed down a misrepresentation of them. From his pages no one would learn that the first Medici were usurpers, successful demagogues. Sismondi and Alfieri counteract the false report of Macchiavelli, and disclose the long-concealed ugliness of these vulgar tyrants. Describing the state of Italy at the death of Lorenzo, and the loss of independence with that of liberty, Sismondi says:—"Florence, mastered for three generations by the family of Medici, depraved by their licentiousness, made venal by their wealth, had learnt from them to fear and to obey." The hollowness and worthlessness of Pope Leo X., his prodigality, dissoluteness, and incapacity, are exposed by Sismondi, who describes as follows Pope Clement VII., another Medici, and the one to whom Macchiavelli, in a fulsome address, dedicated his History of Florence:—"Under the pontificate of Leo X., his cousin, when times were prosperous, he acquired the reputation of ability; but when he came to confront distress not brought about by himself, then his unskilfulness in matters of finance and government, his sordid avarice, his pusillanimity and imprudence, his sudden resolutions and prolonged indecision, rendered him no less odious than ridiculous." Sismondi relates, that Lorenzo de

Medici, being on his death-bed, sent for Savonarola, the celebrated preacher of ecclesiastical reform and devotee to liberty, who had hitherto refused to see Lorenzo, or to show him any respect. Nevertheless, Lorenzo, moved by the fame of Savonarola's eloquence and sanctity, desired to receive absolution from him. Savonarola did not refuse to him consolations and exhortations, but declared, that absolve him from his sins he could not, unless he gave proof of penitence by repairing as much as in him lay his errors. That he must pardon his enemies, make restitution of his ill-gotten wealth, and restore to his country its liberty. Lorenzo, not consenting, was denied absolution, and died, says Sismondi, in the possession of despotic power, "mori in possesso della tirannide."

Lorenzo dei Medici,—whose portrait in the gallery here is that of an intellectual sensualist, whose largesses, pecuniary liberalities and sensual sumptuosities won for him the equivocal title of "il magnifico,"—Lorenzo and Leo X. have the fame of being the munificent patrons of Poets and Artists. All the fame they deserve on this score is, that they had taste to appreciate the men of merit who lived in their day. These men were the last offspring of the antecedent energetic times of liberty. By the receding waves of freedom they had been left upon the barren shore of despotism. What had Leo X. to do with the forming of the eminent writers and artists who adorned the age to which the servility of men has given his name? Patrons of Poets and Artists! A curse upon patronage. Let it be bestowed upon upholsterers and barbers. Poets and Artists don't want patronage: what they do want is sympathy. Patronage is narrow, is blind; its eyes are egotistical; it is prone to uphold mere talent, mediocrity. Sympathy is expansive, keen-sighted, and discerns and confirms genius.

Leonardo da Vinci, Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarca, men too great to be patronised, were the children of republican Florence. By

Democracy, turbulent Democracy, were they nursed into heroic stature. When the basis of her government was the sovereignty of the people, when nobles had to put away their nobility to be admitted to a share in the administration of affairs, then it was that the bosom of Florence was fertile and wide enough to give birth to the men who are the chief glory of modern Italy. Compare Florence as she then was, vigorous, manly, erect, productive, with her abject, effeminate, barren state under the Medici. Or contrast the genius generated by democratic Florence with that of aristocratic Venice.

Alfieri tells, that he betook himself to writing, because in his miserable age and land he had no scope for action; and that he remained single because he would not be a breeder of slaves. He utters the despair, to passionate tears, which he felt, when young and deeply moved by the traits of greatness related by Plutarch, to find himself in times and in a country where no great thing could be either said or acted. The feelings here implied are the breath of his dramas. In them, a clear nervous understanding gives rapid utterance to wrath, pride, and impetuous passion. Though great within his sphere, his nature was not ample and complex enough for the highest tragedy. In his composition there was too much of passion and too little of high emotion. Fully to feel and perceive the awful and pathetic in human conjunctions, a deep fund of sentiment is needed. A condensed tale of passion is not of itself a Tragedy. To dark feelings, resolves, deeds, emotion must give breadth, and depth, and relief. Passion furnishes crimes, but cannot furnish the kind and degree of horror which should accompany their commission. To give Tragedy the grand compass and sublime significance whereof it is susceptible, it is not enough, that through the storm is visible the majestic figure of Justice: the blackest clouds must be fringed with the light of Hope and Pity; while through them Religion gives vistas into the Infinite, Beauty keeping watch to repel what

is partial or deformed. In Alfieri, these great gifts are not commensurate with his power of intellect and passion. Hence, like the French classic dramatists, he is obliged to bind his personages into too narrow a circle. They have not enough of moral liberty. They are not swayed merely, they are tyrannized over by the passions. Hence, they want elasticity and color. They are like hard engravings.

Alfieri does not cut deep into character: he gives a clean outline, but broad flat surfaces without finish of parts. It is this throbbing movement in details, which imparts buoyancy and expression. Wanting it, Alfieri is mostly hard. The effect of the whole is imposing, but does not invite or bear close inspection. Hence, though he is clear and rapid, and tells a story vividly, his tragedies are not life-like. In Alfieri there is vigorous rhetoric, sustained vivacity, fervent passion; but no depth of sentiment, no play of a fleet rejoicing imagination, nothing "visionary," and none of the "golden cadence of poetry." But his heart was full of nobleness. He was a proud, lofty man, severe, but truth-loving and scornful of littleness. He delighted to depict characters that are manly and energetic. He makes them wrathful against tyranny, hardy, urgent for freedom, reclaiming with burning words the lost rights of man, protesting fiercely against oppression. There is in Alfieri a stern virility that contrasts strongly with Italian effeminateness. An indignant frown sits ever on his brow, as if rebuking the passivity of his countrymen. His verse is swollen with wrath. It has the clangor of a trumpet that would shame the soft piping of flutes.

Above Alfieri, far above him and all other Italian greatness, solitary in the earliness of his rise, ere the modern mind had worked itself open, and still as solitary amidst the after splendors of Italy's fruitfulness, is Dante. Take away any other great Poet or Artist, and in the broad shining rampart wherewith genius has beautified and fortified Italy, there would be a mournful

chasm. Take away Dante, and you level the Citadel itself, under whose shelter the whole compact cincture has grown into strength and beauty.

Three hundred years before Shakspeare, in 1265, was Dante born. His social position secured to him the best schooling. He was taught and eagerly learnt all the crude knowledge of his day. Through the precocious susceptibility of the poetic temperament, he was in love at the age of nine years. This love, as will be with such natures, was wrought into his heart, expanding his young being with beautiful visions and hopes, and making tuneful the poetry within him. It endured with his life, and spiritualized his latest inspirations. Soberly he afterwards married another, and was the father of a numerous family. In the stirring days of Guelfs and Ghibellines, he became a public leader, made a campaign, was for a while one of the chief magistrates of Florence, her ambassador abroad more than once, and at the age of thirty-six closed his public career in the common Florentine way at that period, namely, by exile. Refusing to be recalled on condition of unmanly concessions, he never again saw his home. For twenty years he was an impoverished, wandering exile, and in his fifty-sixth year breathed his last at Ravenna.

But Dante's life is his poem. Therein is the spirit of the mighty man incarnated. The life after earthly death is his theme. What a mould for the thoughts and sympathies of a poet, and what a poet, to fill all the chambers of such a mould! Man's whole nature claims interpretation; his powers, wants, vices, aspirations, basenesses, grandeurs. The imagination of semi-Christian Italy had strained itself to bring before the sensuous mind of the South an image of the future home of the soul. The supermundane thoughts, fears, hopes of his time, Dante condensed into one vast picture—a picture cut as upon adamant with diamond. To enrich Hell, and Purgatory, and Paradise, he coined his own soul. His very body became transfigured, purged of its flesh, by the

intensity of fiery thought. Gaunt, pale, stern, rapt, his "visionary" eyes glaring under his deep furrowed brow, as he walked the streets of Verona, he heard people whisper, "That is he who has been down into Hell." Down into the depths of his fervent nature he had been, and kept himself lean by brooding over his passions, emotions, hopes, and transmuting the essence of them into everlasting song.

Conceive the statuesque grand imagination of Michael Angelo united to the vivid homely particularity of Defoe, making pictures out of materials drawn from a heart whose rapturous sympathies ranged with Orphean power through the whole gamut of human feeling, from the blackest hate up to the brightest love, and you will understand what is meant by the term *Dantesque.* In the epitaph for himself, written by Dante and inscribed on his tomb at Ravenna, he says:—"I have sung, while traversing them, the abode of God, Phlegethon and the foul pits." Traversing must be taken literally. Dante almost believed that he had traversed them, and so does his reader too, such is the control the Poet gains over the reader through his burning intensity and graphic picturesqueness. Like the mark of the fierce jagged lightning upon the black night-cloud are some of his touches, as awful, as fearfully distinct, but not as momentary.

In the face of the contrary judgment of such critics as Shelley and Carlyle, I concur in the common opinion, which gives preference to the *Inferno* over the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso.* Dante's rich nature included the highest and lowest in humanity. With the pure, the calm, the tender, the ethereal, his sympathy was as lively as with the turbulent, the passionate, the gross. But the hot contentions of the time, and especially their effect upon himself,—through them an outcast and proud mendicant,—forced the latter upon his heart as its unavoidable familiars. All about and within him were plots, ambitions, wraths, chagrins, jealousies, miseries. The times and his own distresses darkened his mood

to the lurid hue of Hell. Moreover, the happiness of Heaven, the rewards of the spirit, its empyreal joys, can be but faintly pictured by visual corporeal images, the only ones the earthly poet possesses. The thwarted imagination loses itself in a vague, dazzling, golden mist. On the contrary, the trials and agonies of the spirit in Purgatory and Hell, are by such images suitably, forcibly, definitely set forth. The sufferings of the wicked while in the flesh are thereby typified. And this suggests to me, that one bent, as many are, upon detecting Allegory in Dante, might regard the whole poem as one grand Allegory, wherein, under the guise of a picture of the future world, the poet has represented the effect of the feelings in this; the pangs, for example, of the murderer and glutton in Hell, being but a portraiture, poetically colored, of the actual torments on earth of those who commit murder and gluttony. Finally, in this there is evidence,—and is it not conclusive?—of the superiority of the Book of Hell, that in that Book occur the two most celebrated passages in the poem, —passages, in which with unsurpassed felicity of diction and versification, the pathetic and terrible are rounded by the spirit of Poetry into pictures, where simplicity, expression, beauty, combine to produce effects unrivalled in this kind in the pages of Literature. I refer of course to the stories of Francesca and Ugolino.

Dante's work is untranslateable. Not merely because the style, form, and rhythm of every great Poem, being the incarnation of inspired thought, you cannot but lacerate the thought in disembodying it; but because, moreover, much of the elements of its body, the words namely in which the spirit made itself visible, have passed away. To get a faithful English transcript of the great Florentine, we should need a diction of the fourteenth century, moulded by a more fiery and potent genius than Chaucer. Not the thoughts solely, as in every true poem, are so often virgin thoughts; the words, too, many of them, are virgin words. Their freshness and unworn vigor are there alone in Dante's Italian.

Of the modern intellectual movement, Dante was the majestic Herald. In his poem, are the mysterious shadows, the glow, the fragrance, the young life-promising splendors of the dawn. The broad day has its strength and its blessings ; but it can give only a faint image of the glories of its birth.

The bitter woes of Dante, hard and bitter to the shortening of his life, cannot but give a pang to the reader whom his genius has exalted and delighted. He was a life-long sufferer. Early disappointed in love ; not blest, it would seem, in his marriage ; foiled as a statesman ; misjudged and relentlessly proscribed by the Florentines, upon whom from the pits of Hell his wrath wreaked itself in a damning line, calling them, "Gente avara, invida, e superba ;" a homeless wanderer ; a dependant at courts where, though honored, he could not be valued ; obliged to consort there with buffoons and parasites, he whose great heart was full of honor, and nobleness, and tenderness ; and at last, all his political plans and hopes baffled, closing his mournful days far, far away from home and kin, wasted, sorrow-stricken, broken-hearted. Most sharp, most cruel were his woes. Yet to them perhaps we owe his poem. Had he not been discomfited and exiled, who can say that the mood or the leisure would have been found for such poetry ? His vicissitudes and woes were the soil to feed and ripen his conceptions. They steeped him in dark experiences, intensified his passions, enriching the imagination that was tasked to people Hell and Purgatory ; while from his own pains he turned with keener joy and lightened pen to the beatitudes of Heaven. But for his sorrows, in his soul would not have been kindled so fierce a fire. Out of the seething gloom of his sublime heart shot forth forked lightnings which still glow, a perennial illumination, —to the eyes of men, a beauty, a marvel, a terror. Poor indeed he was in purse ; but what wealth had he not in his bosom ! True, he was a father parted from his children, a proud warm man, eating the bread of cold strangers ; but had he not his genius and

its bounding offspring for company, and would not a day of such heavenly labor as his outweigh a month, aye, a year of crushed pride? What though by the world he was misused, received from it little, his own even wrested from him; was he not the giver, the conscious giver, to the world of riches fineless? Not six men, since men were, have been blest with such a power of giving.

Pisa, February, 1843.

Here is a wide chasm of time. A goodly space of ground, too, has been gone over. Without much stretching, a volume might be put in between this date and the last. That trouble, however, shall be spared the writer and the reader. Let us see whether in a few pages we cannot whisk ourselves through Switzerland into Germany, and back to Italy.

Starting northward from Florence, in the afternoon of June 7th, 1842, in less than an hour we were among the Appenines, over whose barren, billowy surface we rolled on a good road to within a few miles of Bologna, where we arrived the next day at three.

The Italian intellect is quick at expedients. With freedom the Italians would be eminently practical. Free people are always practical; hence, the superiority of the English and Americans in the useful and commodious. From necessity and self-defence, the acute Italians are adepts in the art of deception. Hypocrisy they are taught by their masters, temporal and spiritual; a substitution of the semblance for the substance being the foundation of civil and religious rule in Italy.

The fictions of the Catholic Church are mostly unsuitable to the Arts. Martyrs and emaciated anchorites cannot be subjected to the laws of beauty. The Greek divinities were incarnations of powers, qualities, truths, which, though not the deepest, were shaped by beauty. The Romish saints, with their miracles and macerations, want capability of beauty together with dignity and

respectability, and are thence doubly unfit for the handling of Art. The highest genius cannot make them thoroughly effective. In the gallery of Bologna one is often repelled even from the best execution by the offensiveness of the subject. The geniality of Art is shown as much in the selection of subjects as in the treatment. One tires of heavy virgins that would be thought to float, and old men on their knees to them, trying to look *extasiés;* and more still, of the distortions of mental and bodily agony.

Leaving Bologna at noon, by Modena and Reggio, we arrived at Parma after dusk, through a country, level, fertile and well tilled. Along the road vines hung in graceful festoons from tree to tree, and peasants were gathering mulberry leaves for silk-worms.

After running to the Gallery, just to have a momentary look at the two famous Correggios, we started from Parma at nine in the morning, and coming on rapidly through Piacenza and Lodi, entered Milan just before dark.

By the grandeur of the Cathedral we were even more moved than when we first beheld it. Then we explored its populous roof; now we descended into its vaults, peopled too with statues and busts, some of silver to the value of more than a million of francs. About the tomb of St. Charles Borromeo there is gold and silver to the amount of four million francs. Guard it well, Priests. 'Twill be a treasure on that day, which *will* come, when this people's deep, smothered cry shall end at last in a triumphant shout. From the Cathedral we betook ourselves to the barn-like place, which contains Leonardo da Vinci's fresco of the Last Supper. Here is the inspiration of genius. To produce that head of Jesus, what a conception must have been long nursed in the great painter's brain, and with what intense force of will must he have embodied it, to stamp upon human features such pre-eminence, such benignity, such majesty! With this, the vigor and variety in the superb heads of the apostles, the grace

and spirit of the grouping, bring the scene before you with such speaking presence, that one sees how pictures can strengthen and keep alive religious belief. By its vivid reality, its beauty and character, this sublime picture proclaims the truth of what it sets forth, and takes the mind captive with its power and its fascination.

As we approached Como, we enjoyed much the contact again with mountains. After an early breakfast, June 12th, we were on board the steamboat at seven, to explore the beautiful lake. At nine, about midway, we landed, in order to see and have the views from the Villas Serbelloni, Melzi, and Somariva.

The villa Somariva has some fine sculpture by Thorwaldsen and Canova, and a number of Italian and French pictures. The French Ideal is a medium of the human form taken from measurement of the antique. The genuine Ideal is attainable only through an earnest loving study of nature, directed by a sure eye and a warm sense of the beautiful. Modern French art has an eccentric look; whereas, Art should always be concentric, seeking, that is, the centre of all forms and expressions, the concentration into an individual of the best qualities of many. Hence, high Art looks always tranquil and modest. French Art is apt to have an excited, conceited air.

Stopping as we did where the Lake branches, we had followed the advice of a Milanese gentleman, who accosted us in the boat. Had we gone on, we should not have made by a good deal so much of our morning; for the upper end of the lake has less interest and beauty than the middle. On re-embarking, as the boat returned, between one and two, we renewed conversation with the friendly giver of such good counsel. He had spent his Sunday in a passive enjoyment of the rich soft beauties of the Lake. This was the easy and highest form of worship for a nature like his. He was a man past forty, of rather more than middle stature, with a well made, somewhat stout frame, inclined

to fullness. His complexion was of that rich creamy tint, seen oftener in Italy than elsewhere, with blue-black hair and smooth whiskers; a handsome man, with regular, bold features, that didn't look bold, from the gentleness of his expression; for his graceful mouth and large white teeth were formed for smiling, and his black eyes were not those glowing Italian orbs, in whose depths so much of good or evil lies sleeping,—you know not which,—they were shallow, handsome, happy eyes. He ordered coffee, and pressed me to take a cup. After this, he offered me a cigar from his case, and upon my declining that too, he seemed to conclude that I lived a very poor life. For himself, he let not an hour in the day go by, he said, without regaling his body with some or other fragrant stimulant. He urged us, should we revisit Milan, to stop at the hotel where he lodged, whose *cuisine* and wines he praised with thankful animation. Yet, he was not one of those who spend their mornings in expectation of their dinner. He was too subtle an epicurean for such a dead diurnal vacuity. Though his dinner was the chief circumstance of his being, still, after his mode, he valued time, and knew how to bridge over the wide gulfs between meals upon pillars constructed of minor enjoyments, including among them easy acts of kindness and courtesy.

We got back to Como at four, and started immediately for Lugano, our resting-place that night. The Lake of Lugano pleased us even more than that of Como. There is greater variety in the forms of the mountains. These fairy Lakes, uniting Italy to Switzerland, combine the beauties of both.

As you advance from Lugano, the mountains close in upon you, the scenery growing bolder and grander. Through an opening not far from Lugano, we had a clear distant view down into Lake Maggiore, and then we came upon the picturesque old town of Belinzona, flanked with turrets, the turrets flanked with mountains. Towards evening we approached the southern sublimity of this pass, a rent in the mountain nearly a mile long, where the

river Ticino,—which till now had this deep gorge all to himself,—has been forced by the engineer to make room for a road, the angry, headlong torrent being thrice crossed and recrossed in the course of the mile. As we emerged from this magnificent passage, the mountains stretched up into Swiss stature, their sides clothed with firs as with a plumage. 'Twas dark when we drove into Airolo, at the foot of the St. Gothard, where good beds awaited us.

First through green fields and firs, then rugged wastes, and finally, torrents, snow, and bare rock, up, up, up we went for three or four hours, the steep road making its way zigzag on terraces. The summit of the pass, a scene of cold dreary sterility, is a great geographical centre; for within a circuit of ten miles are the sources of four of the chief rivers of Europe, the Rhine, the Rhone, the Reuss, and the Ticino.

Now we set off in a race with the Reuss, who bounds five thousand feet down the mountain in a series of cataracts, to rush into the Lake of the Four Cantons at Fluellen. We crossed the Devil's Bridge, the northern sublimity of the St. Gothard pass; and the *Pfaffensprung*, so called from the tradition of a monk having leapt from rock to rock, across the torrent, with a maiden in his arms. That's a fine tradition. One cannot but have a kind of respect for the bold amorous monk. He deserved the maiden—better than any other monk. The beautiful maiden,—for beautiful she could not but be, to inspire a feat so daring,—must have been still and passive in the arms of her monastic Hercules; for had she made herself heavy by scratching and kicking, whilst in mid air over that fearful chasm, I fancy the tradition would have been more tragical. Never was maiden more honorably won—by a monk. We passed through Altdorf, Tell's Altdorf, and taking the steamboat at Fluellen, traversed under a serene sky the Lake of the Four Cantons, with its sublime scenery, landing in Lucerne after sun-down. Thus, from dawn to

twilight we had crossed one of the grand Alpine passes, and the whole length of the most magnificent Lake in Europe. This was a rich day.

The next morning, before starting for Thun, we took time to walk a few steps beyond one of the gates to see the colossal lion, cut in the side of a rock, as designed by Thorwaldsen, in commemoration of the faithful Swiss, who fell defending the royal family of France in the Tuileries in 1792. By the Emmendale we reached Thun the following day. Here, in this beautiful portal to the sublime scenery of the Bernese Alps, we sat ourselves down in quiet lodgings, by the water's edge, near where the river issues from the lake.

In the grandeurs, sublimities, movements of Nature in Switzerland, the creative energy reveals itself in doings and voices that astound the imagination. Nature seems here more than elsewhere vivified by the breath of God. Those gigantic piles of riven rock, fixed in sublime ruggedness, proclaim with unwonted emphasis, the awful hand that arrested their upheaving. Those terrific fields of eternal ice, the nourishing mothers of great rivers, tempt the imagination towards the mysterious source of Nature's processes. The common forms and elements of our globe are here exaggerated. Hills and valleys become mountains and gorges; winter dwells on the peaks throughout summer; streams are obliged to be torrents. Walking in a meadow, you come suddenly on a streamlet, that looks in the grass like a transparent serpent at full speed, it runs with such startling velocity, as though it had a momentous mysterious mission. The Rivers rush out of the Lakes, as if they had twice the work to do of other rivers.

At the end of a month, we quitted Thun, about the middle of July, to return, for the rest of the summer, to the water-cure establishment at Boppart. 'Twould have been wiser had we gone to Graeffenberg. Priesnitz understands his own discovery

better than any one else, and inspires his own patients with a deeper confidence. At Graeffenberg, moreover, there is mountain air and the coldest water. Through the secluded Münster valley we reached Basle, whence by railroad, post, and steamboat we rapidly descended the Rhine to Boppart. The Rhine suffers at first by being seen when one's vision has just been enlarged and sublimated by Switzerland.

The left, the wooded, shore of the Rhine was golden with autumnal foliage, the right pale with fading vineyards, when in the middle of October we again turned our faces southward. 'Twas eleven o'clock, a chilly moonlight night, when, at the gate of Frankfort, the officer questioned us, "Are you the Duke?"—"No, I am an American."—"Oh, then," to the postillion, "drive on."

Our former admiration of Dannecker's statue of Ariadne was somewhat qualified, for since we first saw it, our eyes had been strengthened in Italy. The composition is admirable, the attitude graceful; but the limbs want rounding and expressive finish, and the head is stiff, as mimicry of the antique always is.

It being too late to re-enter Italy by the Splügen pass, we bent our course more eastward towards Munich and the Tyrol, through the fine old German towns of Würzburg and Augsburg. We might have been present at the festival held to celebrate the completion of the *Walhalla*, a magnificent temple on the shore of the Danube, erected by the King of Bavaria, in honor of German worth and genius, to be adorned with the statues and busts of Germany's great men, from Arminius to Schiller. When I learnt afterwards that from this temple Luther is to be excluded, I was glad that we had not gone out of our way to see it. Figure to yourself the Apollo of the Vatican with the head purposely taken off, or the Cathedral of Strasburg with the spire demolished, and you will have some notion of the grossness of this outrage. A German Pantheon without Luther! The grandest national temple

that Architecture could devise, and sculpture adorn with the effigies of German greatness, yet left bare of that of Luther, could never be but a fragment. The impertinence of this petty, transitory King, to try to put an affront on the mighty, undying Sovereign, Luther!

In Munich there is a noble collection of pictures; but the city, with its fresh new palaces, and churches, and theatres, has a made up look. It seems the work of Dilettantism: it is not a warm growth out of the wants and aspirations of the time. It is as if it had been said: Architecture and Painting are fine things; therefore we will have them. The King of Bavaria, the builder and collector of all this, has been a great "Patron" of the Arts. Latterly his patronage is said to have taken another direction, and he has become a patron of Religion. The one is as proper a subject for patronage as the other.

We entered the Tyrol on the 22d of October, after a light fall of snow, which weighed just enough on the fir trees to add a grace to their shapes, and on their dark green foliage sparkled in the sun, like a transparent silver canopy. Tyrolese scenery we saw in its most picturesque aspect. Our road went through Innspruck, the Capital of the Tyrol, lying in a capacious valley encompassed by mountains; thence over the Bremer through Botzen, historical Trent, and Roveredo. Coming down from the chilly mountains, the sun of Italy was luxurious. What a fascination there is in this warm beautiful land!

We stopped half a day at Verona. Dante and Shakspeare have both been here; Dante in person, as guest of the Scaligers, Shakspeare in Juliet, that resplendent diamond exhibited by the lightning of a tropical night-storm. Just out of the town they show a huge, rough, open stone coffer, as Juliet's tomb; and in one of the principal streets, our cicerone pointed to a house which he said was that of the Capulets. Preferring to believe, we made no further inquiries. So, we have seen Juliet's tomb, and the

house of the Capulets. We saw too the palace of the Scaligers, wherein, at the table of *Can-grande*, Dante hurled at his host that celebrated sarcasm. One can readily figure the sublime, thoughtful, sorrowful man, sitting silent as was his wont, scornful of the levities and follies of speech around him, and not keeping his scorn out of his great countenance, when, after some coarse sally from a favorite buffoon, the prince, turning to the poet, said, "I wonder that this man, who is a fool, can make himself so agreeable to us all, while you, who are called wise, have not been able to do so." —"You would not wonder," answered Dante, "if you knew that friendship comes of similarity of habits and sympathy of souls."

At Verona we turned from our southward course, and went off due east to Venice, without halting in Vicensa and Padua, that lay in our path. We rowed in Gondolas, saw Titian's picture of the Assumption, walked over the Rialto, inspected the Arsenal, stood near the Bridge of Sighs, took chocolate in the place of St. Mark, and rowed back in the Lagune to Mestre, whence by Padua and Rovigo we came to Ferrara. From the people a traveller has to do with on the highways of Europe, he gets much of the caricature of what in the world is called politeness, namely, a smooth lie varnished.

A scarcity of post-horses detained us a day in Ferrara, and the bridge over the Po having been swept away by late floods, we had to make a circuit to reach Bologna. The Manuscripts of Tasso and Ariosto in the Library, Ariosto's house and Tasso's prison, beguiled the time in the desolate old town of Ferrara.

Off the beaten highways, from which the floods forced us, the people looked fresh and innocent. Wherever strangers throng, there knavery thrives. Hence, on the great routes of Europe, the traveller is constantly vexed and soured by impositions, from the most brazen to the most subtle. From the obsequious innkeeper to the coarse postillion, he is the victim of the whole class

with whom he has to deal. Yet he would be very unjust who should thence infer that cheating and lying are habitual with the people among whom by these classes he is so often plagued and wronged. The country between Ferrara and Bologna overflows with population. Under this warm sun, the fertile valley of the Po yields meat, drink and clothing all at once; silk, vine and grain growing in plenteous crops at the same time in one field.

At Florence we found Powers with his model of the Greek Slave nearly finished. What easy power there is in genius! Here is one of the most difficult tasks of sculpture,—a nude female figure,—conceived and executed with a perfectness that completely conceals all the labor of thought and hand bestowed upon it. Most worthy to be a daughter of the Eve, this figure is altogether of another type, slender and maidenly. Like Eve, it is a revelation of the symmetry, the inexhaustible grace, the infinite power and beauty of the human form. What an attitude, —how naturally brought about,—what a wonderful management of the resources of such limbs for expression! It is a figure

"To radiate beauty everlastingly."

From it one learns what a marvellous work is the human body One feels himself elevated and purified, while contemplating a creation so touching and beautiful. Of this statue a distinguished American clergyman, whom we had the pleasure to meet in Italy, said, that were a hundred libertines to collect round it, attracted by its nudity, they would stand abashed and rebuked in its presence.

This is the fourth ideal female head that Powers has produced, and yet there is not between any two of them the slightest resemblance. Each one is a fresh independent creation. Not to imitate himself evinces in a sculptor even a still greater depth of

resource than not to imitate the antique. It is proof of a mastery over the human countenance. Its elements and constituents Powers carries in his brain. This is the genuine creative energy.

Greenough was absent in America, and his studio was closed. Clevinger was at work at the model of his Indian, his first ideal effort.*

Pisa, famous for its leaning tower and its University, which has able professors, is, for one who wants quiet, a pleasant place to spend three months of winter. The Arno, flowing through it from east to west, for nearly a mile in a gentle curve, cuts the town into two parts, united by three bridges. Our front windows look out upon the river and its western bridge, and from one in the rear there is a view of the long jagged outline of the distant Appenines running towards Genoa, the highest peaks covered with snow. Our walks along the Lung-Arno carry us daily by the palace of Byron, the memory of whom does not seem to be much cherished by the Italians here.

On the 22d of February we found ourselves in lively, dirty, commercial Leghorn, which vulgar cacophonous dissyllable is intended to be a rendering into English of the melodious Italian name of this town, which is Livorno. That the Mediterranean well deserves its reputation of being a very ugly sea in winter we had sickening proof. In a stout French steamboat we were two nights and a day, instead of one night, in getting from Leghorn to Civita Vecchia.

FRIDAY, February 24th, 1843.

We cast anchor in the small harbor of Civita Vecchia at seven,

* The last time I saw Clevinger, he was standing before this work, with his frank, manly countenance animated by the pleasure and intentness of the labor. In the budding of his fame, he was cut off, a loss to his family, his friends, his country.

landed at eight, and at ten set off for Rome. For several miles the road ran along the sea shore, through a desolate but not barren country, with scarce a sign of population. A few massive fragments of a bridge from the hands of the Romans, gave a sudden interest to the deserted region, and kept our minds awake until three o'clock, when, still eleven miles distant from Rome, we came in sight of St. Peter's, which drew us towards it with such force, that we wondered at the languor of the postillion, who drove his dull hacks as if at the end of our journey there were nothing but a supper and a snug hostelrie. We soon lost sight of St. Peter's. The fields,—and this is not strictly part of the *Campagna*,—still looked dreary and abandoned. Up to the very walls of the ancient mistress of the world, and the present spiritual mistress of many millions more than the Cæsars ever swayed, the land seems as if it had long lain under a malediction. At last, towards sundown, after an ascent, whence we overlooked the "Eternal City," the Cupola of St. Peter's filled our eyes of a sudden, and seemingly within a stone's throw of us. Descending again, we entered Rome by a gate near the Church, and, escorted by a horseman, whose casque led one to imagine him a mimic knight of Pharsalia, we drove close by the gigantic colonnade that encloses the court of St. Peter's, crossed the Tiber by the Bridge of Adrian, and after several turns through narrow streets, drove up to the temple of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, with its front of fluted marble columns, under which we passed into the interior and there halted. 'Twas the Custom House, whence a dollar having quickly obtained for us release from the delay and vexation of search, we drove at dusk through the Corso to the *Hotel de l'Europe* in the *Piazza di Spagna*. Here we spent the evening in planning, and in trying to think ourselves into a full consciousness that we were in Rome.

SATURDAY, Feb. 25th.

Before breakfast I took my first walk in Rome up the broad

stairway from the *Piazza di Spagna* to the Pincian Hill; but the atmosphere was hazy. Later, I walked down the Corso, whose Palaces look wealth and luxury. A Palace without political power, what is it but a gilded Prison, where refined sensuality strives to beguile the intellect in its servitude! A scarlet gilt coach rolled by, with gorgeous trappings and three footmen in flaunting liveries crowded together on the foot-board behind; an exhibition, which shows manhood most disgustingly bemasked, and is an unchristian ostentation of the mastery of man over man. 'Twas the coach of a Cardinal! of one who assumes to be the pre-elect interpreter of the invisible God! of one whom millions believe to be among the most divinely-enlightened expositors of the self-denying Jesus' words! Truly, God rights the wrong in our little world by general laws and stoops not to an individual; else, it were neither unreasonable nor profane to expect that the sleek horses of this silken-robed priest might refuse to carry him to the altar, raised to him, who declared it to be hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven. Possibly he is self-deluded; for so great is the power of man upon man, that the world-wide and time-heaped belief in his sanctity may have persuaded even himself, that between his life and his doctrine there is no wide-gaping inconsistency. Some too, being stronger in religious sentiment than in intellect, are blinded, under the bandage of custom, to the monstrous imposture. But many a one, having capacity for and opportunities of culture, must be the conscious worshipper of ambition and the knowing defiler of the Holy, and his life therefore—what I leave each reader to name for himself.

This is a gala-day in Rome, being one of the last of the Carnival. At two we drove to the Corso, where we fell into a double file of carriages going in opposite directions. The Corso is the principal street of modern Rome, about a mile long, proud with palaces, columns, and open squares. Out of most of the numerous windows streamed long crimson silk hangings. At short

intervals were dragoons as a mounted police. The street was thronged with people, many in masks and fantastic costumes; the windows were crowded with gaily dressed spectators. But the chief source of animation to the gay scene, is the practice of throwing bonbons and boquets from carriage to carriage, or in or out of the windows, or from or at the pedestrians, a general interchange in short of missile greetings. Most of the bonbons are of clay, or paste and flowers, and hence can be dealt out profusely without much cost. You assail whom you please, and wire masks are worn by those who are careful of their eyes. 'Tis an occasion when the adult lay aside their maturity and put on childhood again, and, as among children, there is the fullest freedom and equality. We knew not a soul in the throng, and dealt our handfuls of powdered pills into carriages and windows, and received them in turn, with as much glee as if we had been harlequins in a pantomime. We came in towards six.

SUNDAY, Feb. 26th.

We drove first to the Forum. Here then had been the centre of the Roman world! There before you is a door of the ancient Capitol! A few straggling columns and arches stand up still manfully against time. You think 'tis something to find yourself face to face with what has heard the voice of Cicero and the Gracchi, to shake hands, as it were, across a gulf of twenty centuries, with the cotemporaries of the Scipios; when you learn that all that you behold are relics of the Imperial epoch. They showed us too the walls and two columns of a temple of Romulus with a door of well-wrought bronze. Although one likes to believe on such occasions, we had to turn incredulous from these, and settled our minds again into positive faith before the arch of Titus, which stands at the end of the Forum opposite the Capitol, and is enriched with sculpture illustrating the destruction of Jerusalem, in commemoration of which it was erected to the

Emperor Titus. Passing under this, which Jews to this day will not do, we drove down the *Via Sacra* to the Colosseum, near which is the arch of Constantine. Conceive of an elliptical Theatre with stone seats all round rising row back of row, to hold one hundred thousand spectators, who came in and out without delay or confusion through seventy inlets. Here in this vast arena may be said to have been represented the conflict between paganism and Christianity. Here were slaughtered tens of thousands of Christians, thrown to wild beasts as the most grateful spectacle to the Roman populace. The arena itself is now a Christian temple, sanctified by the blood of the faith-sustained victims.

From the Colosseum we went to the Church of St. John of the Lateran, where, if what they tell you were true, are preserved the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul. We were shown too what the exhibiting priest said is the table on which Jesus took the last supper with the apostles. This with other relics is declared to have been brought from Jerusalem by Helen, the mother of Constantine. This is the oldest church in Europe, and is called the mother of all others.

In the afternoon we drove to St. Peter's. I had not imagined the entrance to be so colossal. Before passing the immense portal, I was filled with wonder, which was not diminished by the view within. It is a symbol of the power and hopes of man. What a majestic work of human hands! All its magnificent details are swallowed in its immensity. The one all-absorbing idea is vastness.

MONDAY, Feb. 27th.

Our first visit to-day was to Crawford's studio. His Orpheus is here reputed a statue of high merit. The conception is at once simple and rich. The attitude is well adapted to display life and grace, the long line from the hindmost foot to the end of

the curved arm, being one of the finest sweeps the human body can present. The act of protecting the eyes with the hand, imparts life as well by the shadow it casts on the countenance as by its characteristic propriety. The large fabulous-looking heads of the music-subdued Cerberus sleep well, and the group takes at once such hold of the imagination, that their expression seems that of involuntary sleep. 'Tis in itself a great merit in a work of art to make the mind of the beholder assist its effect. The selection of the subject and the execution are equally happy, and denote the genial Artist. We went next to Thorwaldsen's studio. Here I was somewhat disappointed.*

At the Barberini Palace we saw the Beatrice Cenci of Guido. People go to see it on account of her most awful story; and the story is not fully told to one who has not seen the picture. Guido was wrought up to his highest power of execution. The face is of the most beautiful, and through this beauty streams the bewildered soul, telling the terrific tale. It looks like a picture after which the artist had taken a long rest. It is wonderful. We next went hastily through the Doria Gallery, one of the richest private collections in the world.

TUESDAY, Feb. 28th.

After breakfast I walked to the Minerva church to see the funeral ceremony for a Cardinal. In the square before the church was the Pope's carriage with six horses, and a score of the scarlet carriages of the Cardinals. The interior of the church was hung with black and gold. The body of the deceased Cardinal lay in state, in the centre of the nave, on a broad bulky couch raised about ten feet. Around it at some distance were burning purple candles. The music of the service was solemn and well executed, in part by *castrati*. The Pope descended from his throne, and, supported on either side by a Cardinal, and at-

* It will be seen that this first impression was afterwards removed.

tended by other ecclesiastical dignitaries, went to the front of the couch and pronounced absolution upon the deceased. He then walked twice round the body, throwing up incense towards it out of a golden censer. His pontifical robe was crimson and gold. He evidently performed the service with emotion. The whole spectacle was imposing and luxurious. The gorgeous couch and habiliments of the deceased, the rich and various robes, the purple candles, the sumptuous solemn hangings, the incense and the mellow music, compounded a refined feast for the senses. Such ceremonies can speak but feebly to the soul. In the crowd that filled the large church, there was observable some curiosity, and a quiet air of enjoyment, but very little devotion. After the service, as the Pope's carriage on leaving the square passed close by me, an elderly man at my side dropped suddenly on his knees, shouting "Santo Padre, la benedizione," which the Pope gave as his horses went off in a trot, and of which I too, from my position, had a share.

In the afternoon we hired seats in the Corso, to see the last day of the Carnival. The Italians, disciplined by Church and State, know how to run wild on such an occasion without grossness or disorder. People all shouting and fooling, and no coarse extravagances or interruptions of good humor. At sunset the street was cleared in the centre, and half a dozen horses started at one end, without riders, to race to the other. After this, the evening ended with the entertainment of the *mocolo*, which is a thin wax lighted taper, wherewith one half the crowd provide themselves, while the others, with handkerchiefs and similar weapons, strike at them to put them out. This makes an illumination of the whole street, and keeps up a constant noisy combat. Thousands of people in masks and fantastic costumes.

WEDNESDAY, March 1st, 1843

If priests were raised nearer to God by distinguishing them-

selves from their fellow-men through the means of gorgeous garniture and pompous ceremony, the exhibition we this morning witnessed at the Sistine Chapel would have been solemn and inspiring. Up flight after flight of the broad gently ascending stairway of St. Peter's, we reached the celebrated Chapel. Seated on the pontifical throne, on one side of the altar at the further extremity of the Chapel, under Michael Angelo's Last Judgment, was the Pope. On his head was a lofty mitre of silver tissue, and his stole was of crimson and gold. To his right, on an elevated broad ottoman that ran along the wall of the Chapel and crossed it about the middle, were ranged more than twenty Cardinals in robes of light purple silk and gold. Around the Pope was a crowd of ministering Prelates, and at the foot of each Cardinal sat, in a picturesque dress, an attendant, apparently a priest, who aided him to change his robe, an operation that was performed more than once during the long service. The folio missal, out of which the Pope read, was held before him; when he approached the altar from his throne his robe was held up; and in the same way one of the attendant prelates removed and replaced several times his mitre. Part of the service consisted in kissing his foot, a ceremony which was performed by about a hundred bishops and prelates in various ecclesiastical costumes. This being the first day of Lent, Ash-Wednesday, the benediction of the ashes is given always by the Pope, and on the heads of those who have the privilege of kissing his toe (Cardinals don't go lower than the knee) he lays a pinch of the consecrated ashes.

When I look back to the whole spectacle, though only after the lapse of a few hours, I seem to have been present at some barbaric pageant. The character of the exhibition overbears my knowledge of its purport, and I could doubt that I have witnessed a Christian ritual.

Afterwards in passing over Monte Cavallo, we came suddenly upon the colossal statues by Phidias and Praxiteles. 'Twas a

rich surprise. Like St. Peter's and the Colosseum they surpassed my expectation. Their heroic forms stood out against the sky like majestic apparitions come to testify to the glories of old Greece.

In the afternoon we went to Gibson's studio, where we were pleased both with the artist and his works.

THURSDAY, March 2d.

First to the Capitol, built, under the direction of Michael Angelo, on the foundation of the ancient. Innumerable fragments and statues. In the Colossal River-God in the Court, the grace and slumbering power of the large recumbent figure are remarkable. According to our custom at the first visit, we went hastily through the gallery, only pausing before the dying Gladiator. Here, as in all master-pieces of Art, is the intense infusion of the will of the Artist into his work. This is the inscrutable power of genius.

Thence to the Church of Santa Maria Majore, the nave of which is supported by thirty-six beautiful columns, taken from a temple of Juno. Modern Rome is doubly enriched out of the spoils of ancient.

In the afternoon we drove to the Vatican. What a wilderness of marble! You walk, I was about to say, for miles through avenues of sculpture. Of the Apollo, Laocoon, and Antinous, I can say nothing to-day, except that great statues lose much in casts. What an edifice! Drove to the Villa Borghese.

FRIDAY, March 3d.

Our first stage to-day in our daily travel over Rome was at the baths of Caracalla, one of the most emphatic testimonials of Roman magnificence. The ruins, consisting now of little else than the outer and dividing walls, cover several acres. Sixteen hundred persons could bathe at a time. Besides the baths, there were

halls for games and for sculpture, and here have been dug up several masterpieces. Here and there a piece of the lofty roof is preserved, and we ascended to the top of one of the halls, whence there is a good view of a large section of the region of ruins. Except in the Fora and Arches, one sees nowhere columns among the ruins. These, as well as nearly all marble in whatever shape, being too precious to be left to adorn the massive remnants of Pagan Rome, have been taken to beautify the Churches and Palaces of her Christian heir.

From the baths of Caracalla we went along the Appian way, passing the tomb of the Scipios, and under the arch of Drusus, to the tomb of Cecilia Metella, a large massive round tower, the largest monument ever raised to a woman. Thence to the Columbarium or tomb of the household of the Cæsars. The name is derived from the resemblance of the structure to a pigeon-house, as well in its general form as in that of the little semi-circular receptacles for the ashes.

In the afternoon we visited among other churches that of *Santa Maria Degli Angeli*, formerly the Baths of Diocletian, which was adapted to the shape and purpose of a church by Michael Angelo. A grand one it is with its immense pillars of Egyptian granite.

As according to Roman Catholic usage, several masses are performed in one morning to as many different congregations, a given number of inhabitants would require as Catholics a much smaller number of churches than it would being Protestant. But were the whole people of Rome to assemble at worship, at the same hour, in as many churches as would be needed for easy accommodation, even then, nine tenths of them would be empty. For three or four centuries the population has been at no time more numerous than it is now, and seldom so numerous ; and owing to civil and foreign wars previous to the fifteenth century, and to the seventy years' absence of the Papal Court, it has

probably not been greater than at present since the downfall of the Empire. So that there always have been ten times as many churches as are needed. Rome has a population of about one hundred and sixty thousand souls, and counts over three hundred churches. With thirty, all her people would have ample room for worship. Had half of the thought, labor, and money, wasted in building, adorning and preserving the others, been bestowed upon schools and seminaries, there would have been not less religion, and far more mental culture and morality; and Rome might now be really the intellectual and spiritual capital of the world, instead of being the centre of a decrepid form of Christianity, to which she clings chiefly by the material ties that bind men to an ecclesiastical system which embosoms high places of worldly eminence.

Nothing is shallower than carpingly to point out how communities or individuals might be better than they are. The above estimate is not made in a spirit of barren detraction; it shows into what extravagant abuses of God's best gifts man is prone to run. There is at any rate comfort in the evidence here presented,—if such were wanting,—of great spiritual vitality in human nature. Part of the gross misdirection thereof may be ascribed to the mental darkness during many of the first ages of Christian Europe, and part to the selfishness necessarily inherent in a body constituted like the Roman Catholic priesthood. The darkness has been greatly diminished, and individual independence has been sufficiently developed not to abide much longer corporate usurpations, civil or ecclesiastical. There may be hope, that through this natural fund of spirituality, under healthier development and clearer guidance, humanity will go on righting itself more and more, and that under its influence even Rome shall be rejuvenated, and cease to be the hoary juggler, that out of the spiritual wants of man wheedles raiment of gold for her own body and mansions of marble.

Drove out to Mount Sacer, and afterwards to the Pincian.

Saturday, March 4th.

Rain every day. Among the curiosities we this morning inspected in the library of the Vatican, were a collection of cameos and other small antiques dug up in Rome; several of the bronze plates whereon were inscribed the decrees of the Senate, but of the fallen Senate under the Emperors; specimens of Giotto and Cimabue; manuscript of Cicero's Treatise on the Republic, made in the fifth century, and written over by St. Augustine, with a treatise on the Psalms; manuscript of Petrarch; illuminated edition of the Divina Comedia; papyrus. To us as well as to the Pope it is a convenience that St. Peter's and the Vatican are cheek by cheek. On coming out of the library we entered the great church to enjoy its beautiful vastness.

In the afternoon we went to see Michael Angelo's colossal statue of Moses in the church of St. Peter in chains, a beautiful church (the interior I mean) with twenty fluted Parian columns. Here are preserved, 'tis said, the chains of St. Peter. The Moses is a great masterpiece. It justifies the sublime lines of the sonnet it inspired to Zappi:

> Questi é Mosé quando scendea del monte,
> E gran parte del Nume avea nel Volto.*

Power and thought are stamped on the brow; the nose breathes the breath of a concentrated giant; an intellectual smile sits on the large oriental mouth, which looks apt to utter words of comfort or command; the long, thick, folded beard bespeaks vigor, and gives grandeur to the countenance; and the eyes, of which, contrary to the usage of high sculpture, the pupils are marked,

* This is Moses when he came down from the mountain,
And had in his countenance a great part of the Deity.

absolutely sparkle. The figure is seated, with however one foot drawn back, as if ready to rise, an attitude correspondent to the life and fire of the countenance. From this grand work one learns what a mighty soul was in Michael Angelo.

In the sacristy is a beautiful head by Guido, representing Hope, as rapt and still as an angel listening to the music of Heaven. In this church was held under the Emperor Constantine, as says an inscription in it, a council, which condemned Arian and other schismatics, and burnt their books. We next visited St. Martin on the Hill, also constructed with columns from an ancient temple. Through the church we descended into a vault below where had been Imperial baths, and afterwards a church of the early Christians before Constantine. Adjoining this venerable spot was an opening that led into the catacombs, where the persecuted Christians used to conceal themselves. On slabs in the upper church were inscribed the names of many martyrs whose tombs had been found below; among them those of several Popes. Thence towards sunset, we went to the church of the Jesuits, laden, like so many others, with pictures and marbles and sparkling altars, and sepulchral monuments. The grand altar just finished cost upwards of one hundred thousand dollars. On one side of the church a thin sallow Jesuit in a dark robe and cap was preaching to about a hundred persons, chiefly of the poorer class. I regretted that I had not come in time to hear more of his sermon, for a purer pronunciation and sweeter voice I never listened to. His elocution too was good and his gesticulation graceful, and his matter and manner were naif and unjesuitlike. He told his auditors that what the holy Virgin required of them, especially now during Lent, was to examine their souls, and if they found them spotted with sins to free themselves therefrom by a full confession, and if not, to betake themselves more and more to the zealous cultivation of the virtues. There was a sincerity, simplicity and sweetness

in the feeling and utterance of this young man, that were most fascinating. When he had finished, he glided away into the recesses of the dim church like an apparition.

Sunday, March 5th.

To-day we remitted our labors. Late in the morning I walked up the stairway of the Trinity of the Mount to the garden of the Villa Medici; and afterwards to Monte Cavallo to behold again the two colossal Greek Statues. They must be seen early or late, for at other hours the sky dazzles the sight as you attempt to look up at them.

In the afternoon we drove to St. Peter's. Its immensity enlarges at each repeated beholding. 'Tis so light,—the interior I mean,—so illuminated, that it looks as though it had been poised from above, and not built upward from an earthly foundation. In one section of it is a series of confessionals, dedicated to the various languages of Europe. In each sat a priest ready to listen to and shrive in the tongue inscribed over his portal. Vespers at four. The voices were fine, but the music, not being sacred, was not effective in a church. One hears at times in music cadences of such expression, that they seem about to utter a revelation; and then they fade of a sudden into common melody, as though the earthly medium were incompetent to transmit the heavenly voice.

We drove afterward to the Pincian Hill in a cold north wind.

Monday, March 6th.

Walked before breakfast to Monte Cavallo. Our first stage after breakfast was to the house of Nero, over which were built, in part, the Baths of Titus. This is one of the best preserved bits of old Rome. The walls of brick are from three to five feet thick, the rooms nearly forty high. On some of the ceilings and walls are distinct specimens of Arabesque. Thence to look at the holy staircase of the Lateran, said to be of the house of Pontius Pilate. The feelings that would arise on standing before

such an object is checked by doubt that *will* come up as to its authenticity. No one is permitted to mount the stairs except on his knees; and being of stone, they are kept covered with wood to preserve them from being worn out. In the Church of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, founded by St. Helen, the mother of Constantine, is preserved, 'tis said, the cross of one of the thieves crucified with Jesus.

In the Gallery of the Colonna Palace we saw this morning several fine portraits and a beautiful St. Agnes, by Guido, with that heavenward look he delighted to paint, and painted so well. In the magnificent Hall of the Palace we were shown the portrait of the Colonna who commanded at Lepanto. In the afternoon we went for the second time to the Vatican. How the most beautiful things teach you to admire them! Genius, which is by its essence original, embodies its idea, the totality whereof even the most genial sympathy cannot at first take in. By repetition the whole spirit of the creation is imbibed, and only then does the mind receive the full image of what it beholds, learning thus, by a necessary process, from beauty itself to appreciate its quality. Thus the Apollo will go on growing into our vision until we can, if not entirely, yet deeply enjoy its inexhaustible beauty. On coming out of the Vatican we walked again into St. Peter's. Are its proportions perfect and its colors all in unison, or is it its vastness that tones down all the constituents to harmony? It fills me always with delight and wonder.

Towards sunset we drove to the church of St. Peter, in Montorio, whence, from the terrace, is a sweeping view of Rome. We looked down over the "Eternal City." Directly in front, and east of us about a mile, was the majestic Colosseum. Between us and the Tiber was the Camp of Porsenna. To the left, beyond the Tiber, was once the Campus Martius, now the most thickly peopled quarter of modern Rome. An epitome of a large portion of the world's history lay at our feet. There stood the

Capitol of the Republic, and beyond, the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars, and all about us were the Palaces and Churches of their papal heir. Back of the Church is the Fontana Paolina, built of stone from the Forum of Nerva, by Pope Paul V., a Borghese. The water gushes out through five apertures in volume enough for a Swiss cascade.

TUESDAY, March 7th.

We drove out this morning to the Villa Pamphili, the grounds of which, having a circumference of four miles, are the most extensive of the Roman villas. Here are stately umbrella-shaped pines. Fields of grass, thickly studded with flowers, verified what had hitherto been to me a poetic fiction. From the top of the house is a wide noble prospect. Returning, we drove through part of the Jews' quarter to the Square of Navona, the largest in Rome, in ancient times a race-course, now a vegetable market. In the afternoon we went to the Pantheon, the best preserved remnant of ancient Rome, built by Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus, as the great Hall of the public baths by him established, afterwards converted into a temple to Jupiter, then to all the Gods, whence its name, and as early as the seventh century consecrated a Christian Church, under the name of St. Mary of the Martyrs, by Pope Boniface IV., who buried under the chief altar twenty-eight wagon loads of relics of the martyrs. The light (and rain) comes in through a wide circle left open at the top of the dome. The pavement is of porphyry. Here Raphael is buried. We drove afterwards to the villa Borghese, crowded with ancient marble, among which is a long series of busts of Roman Emperors in "antique red." The heads are nearly all of one type, and denote the energetic, practical character of the Romans. The statue of Pauline, one of the treasures of the villa, is the most beautiful work I have seen of Canova. Returning, we saw near the gate some rich Italian faces. Italy reminds one at times of a

beautiful Guido Magdalen, her tearful countenance upturned towards heaven, so lovely in her affliction, such subdued passion in her luxurious features, such hope in her lucent eyes.

WEDNESDAY, March 8th.

We spent most of the morning in the studios of sculptors, and the afternoon in churches. What a multiplication of the human form in marble! The Churches are peopled with statues brown with age, and in the studios they dazzle you with youthful whiteness.

To describe in verse the surface of a man's mind is not to write poetry; nor is the imitation of the human body the exercise of a fine Art. The Sculptor's function is to concentrate in one body the beauty and character of many. When he does this he creates, and until he creates, he is not up to his vocation. Nature is not always beautiful, but at the bottom of all her phenomena is the spirit of beauty. Her essence is beauty, and this essence the worker with the chisel must extract and then embody, else is he a barren Artist.

We saw this morning Guido's Aurora. Here is a subject most apt for pictorial representation. The idea has sufficient intensity to irradiate the whole body. In few large compositions is there soul enough in the thought to animate the members; or if there be fire, there is lack of beauty. Here the idea, the parent of the whole work, is both strong and beautiful, and the execution being correspondent, the effect is complete. Afterwards, in the Minerva Church, we saw a statue of Christ, by Michael Angelo. It wants character and beauty. The subject is not suited to Michael Angelo's genius.

THURSDAY, March 9th.

We visited this morning the studio of Wolf, a German sculptor of reputation. A sweet dancing girl and a graceful Diana attracted us most. The foreign Artists in Italy seem well nigh

to take the lead of the native, owing, probably, to the enjoyment of greater liberty, the Italians being more under the chilling sway of academical rules, and the influence of the by no means pure example of Canova. We walked afterwards in the garden of the Villa Medici, the prison of Galileo during his trial, now the French Academy; and into its hall of plaster casts, where is a collection of the best antiques. This is going into the highest company. These are genuine aristocrats, choice specimens of manhood and womanhood. With many of them, time and ignorance have dealt roughly. Some are without arms, others without legs, and some without heads, but still they live. In their mythology, what a Poem the ancient Greeks gave birth to and bequeathed to the world. We next went to one of the Churches, to hear a sermon from an English Catholic Prelate. During Lent, there is daily preaching in many of the Churches. Chairs were set for two hundred persons, but there were present not more than fifty. The preacher was evidently a man of intellect, but dry and argumentative. The drift of his discourse was to show that priests are essential to salvation.

Men, with all their selfishness, and perhaps through a modification thereof, have ever been prone to give up their affairs in trust to others, the trustees dividing themselves into the three hitherto inevitable classes, the legal, the medical, and the theological. Some even avail themselves to the full of all these helps and substitutes, abandoning the conduct of their worldly possessions to their man of business, their bodies passively to their physician, and their souls as passively to their pastor. These languid negatives are of course few. By degrees the axiom is getting to be valued, that to thrive, whether secularly or spiritually, a man must look to his own interests. People are beginning to discern, that health is not a blessing in the gift of Doctors, that Religion is independent of hierarchies, and that the first preachers of Christianity were quite a different kind of men from most of the

latest. Some men are pre-eminently endowed to develope and feed the spiritual element of our nature, and most reverently do I regard and cordially hearken to such wherever I meet with them. As in the preacher before me, I perceived no marks of such inspiration, and as there was neither eloquence nor art to give his discourse the attraction of an intellectual entertainment, we soon left the church, a movement which can be effected here without notice. He handled his argument not without skill, and doubtless the sermon was edifying to most of his auditors, their minds having been drilled by him and his colleagues into the habit of acquiescence.

The ordinary service was going on at the same time independently in a side chapel, where a very aged ecclesiastic, in a white satin embroidered robe, was saying mass, which to us, in the outskirts of the English Company, was quite audible. He was entirely alone, having no assistant at the altar and not a single worshipper; until just before he concluded, a bright-faced boy, ten or twelve years of age, came in with a long staff, to put out the tall candle. Ere the venerable father had ceased praying, the little fellow had the extinguisher up, thrusting it now and then half over the flame with playful impatience. The instant the old man had finished, out went the candle, and the boy, taking the large missal in his arms, walked off, looking over towards us for notice, and restraining with difficulty his steps to the pace of the aged priest, who tottered after him.

On leaving the church, we went for the first time to the Borghese Gallery, freely open to strangers, and to artists, of whom, in the different rooms, there were several taking copies. Strangers in Rome owe much to the unexampled liberality of the Italian nobles, in opening to them the treasures of their palaces and villas.

In the afternoon to the Vatican, where again we had a cloudy sky, and were therefore again disappointed before the great fres-

coes of Raphael, which, from the darkness of the rooms wherein they are painted, hav'n't light enough even on the sunniest days. On coming out we took our accustomed walk up under the dome of St. Peter's.

FRIDAY, March 10th.

We visited this morning the Corsini Gallery, in which is the bound Prometheus of Salvator Rosa, with his fiery stamp upon it. The horror which a lesser genius could excite, cannot be subdued by any mastery of art. The keeper of the rooms, with the hostile feeling reciprocated among the inhabitants of the different sections of Italy, remarked, that none but a Neapolitan would choose so bloody a subject. Another remarkable picture in this collection, is a head of Christ bound with thorns, by Guercino. The agony, the fortitude, the purity are all there, and in the upcast translucent eyes is an infinite depth of feeling, as of mingled expostulation and resignation, that recalls vividly the touching words, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" 'Tis one of the masterpieces of Rome.

At twelve we found ourselves in St. Peter's, to witness the ceremony which takes place every Friday during Lent. The Pope, attended by his household and a numerous body of Cardinals and other prelates, says prayers successively at several different altars. The Swiss Guard, in the old-time costume with pikes, formed a hollow oblong, within which the Pope and the whole cortége of priests knelt. For the Pope and Cardinals a cushion was provided; the others knelt on the marble pavement. The Pope prayed inaudibly, and seemed to do so with heart. The strange uniform of the Guards, the numerous robed priests kneeling behind their chief, the gorgeous towering vaults above them, and the sacred silence, made a beautiful scene.

In the afternoon we drove to the Villa Mills, built above the ruins of the House of Augustus, on Mount Palatine. Through a

door in the garden, round which clustered lemons, roses, and oranges, we descended to several of the rooms of Augustus, the floor whereof is about thirty feet below the present surface. From various points in the garden we had views of the majestic remnants of imperial Rome,—the Colosseum, the baths of Caracalla, the temple of Peace, part of the Forum, the temple of Vesta, the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, the tomb of Cecilia Metella, interspersed with convents and churches and scattered buildings. Over the wall on the southern side of the Villa grounds, you look directly down upon some remains of the Circus Maximus, which occupied the valley between the Palatine and Aventine Hills, and where took place the rape of the Sabines. It will take a long while for Niebuhr to efface belief in the reality of those early Roman doings. At last we ascended to a terrace built over a spot where had once been a temple of Juno, whence was a prospect of modern Rome with its throng of cupolas. We next mounted the Capitol Hill, to go into the Church Aracæli.

SATURDAY, March 11th.

We visited this morning the Convent of the *Sacré Cœur* on the *Trinitá del Monte*. This is a sisterhood of French ladies, some of them noble, devoted to the education of the upper classes. The establishment looked the model of neatness. The pupils, who had a uniform dress, rose and curtsied to us as we entered the rooms. They looked healthy and happy. The sisters had the manner and tone of well-bred ladies, chastened by seclusion from the rivalries of the world. It is one of the results of Catholic organization and discipline, that in an institution like this, a field of utility is opened to those whom disappointment, or distaste for excitement, or a natural proneness to piety, disposes to withdraw from the world. Through the principle of association, the various resources of many are centred upon a high object, and much activity, that would otherwise have lain dormant or have been

wasted, is turned to excellent account. From one of the lofty dormitories, with its numerous clean white beds, we looked out into a broad garden belonging to the convent, and beyond this to the Ludovisi grounds and Villa.

Afterwards, at the room of Flatz, a Tyrolese painter, we were charmed with the artist and his works. His subjects are all religious, and are executed with uncommon grace and feeling. A pupil of his, too, Fink, is a young man of promise.

There are people with minds so exclusively religious, that Religion does not,—as is its office,—sustain, temper, exalt their being; it fills, it is their being. When the character is upright and simple, such persons become earnest and calm; when otherwise, they are officious and sentimental. If their intellect is sensuous, they delight in the imagery and manipulating ceremonies of the Catholic worship, and then, having of course, by their original structure, no intellectual breadth or power, they will be liable, under the assaults of a picture-loving mind and absorbing devotional feeling, to become Romanists even in Rome itself!

SUNDAY, March 12th.

This afternoon we returned to the chapel of the *Sacré Cœur*, to hear the music at the evening benediction. 'Twas a hymn from the sisterhood, accompanied by the organ. The service commenced silently at the altar, round which curled profuse incense, that glowed before the lighted candles like silver dust. The few persons present were kneeling, when the stillness was broken by a gentle gush of sound from the invisible choir up behind us. It came like a heavenly salutation. The soft tones seemed messengers out of the Infinite, that led the spirit up to whence they had come. At the end of each verse, a brief response issued from deep male voices at the opposite end of the church, near the altar, sounding like an earthly answer to the heavenly call. Then again were the ears possessed by the feminine harmony, that poured itself down upon the dim chapel like an unasked blessing.

MONDAY, March 13th.

This morning, at the Spada Palace, we saw the statue of Pompey, which "all the while ran blood" when Cæsar fell under the blows of the conspirators in the Capitol. 'Tis a colossal figure, about ten feet in height, of fine character, dignified, vigorous, and life-like. We drove afterwards out to the English burying-ground, where lie the ashes of Shelley, "enriching even Rome," as his wife had a right to say. I revere the character, and admire the genius of Shelley, yet I was not moved by the presence of his tomb. Emotion cannot be summoned at will. I have at times, in a holy spot, found myself in a state of utter insensibility, and, instead of turning my eyes inward under its spirit-moving influence, have caught my lips playing with the reminiscence of a jest, as irrepressible as it was impertinent in such a place. For all that, the visit was not barren; the feeling would come afterwards.

In the afternoon, we visited the rooms of Overbeck, the distinguished German painter, a great master in drawing and composition. Like Flatz, his subjects are all scriptural.

Very few artists being able to achieve the highest triumph in execution, which is the transparence and vivid beauty of healthiest life, addict themselves naturally, in a critical age, to an emulous cultivation of those qualities which through study are more attainable, and then attach to them a kind of importance which they do not deserve. This seems to be the case just now with composition, an element which may shine in a picture unworthy of permanent regard, and which stands related to the genial quality in Art as the narrative does to the poetical in a printed volume. Under genuine inspiration, the parts of a work will always, when Art is out of its first rudiments, put themselves together competently to the development of the idea, although the artist may not excel in composition; but from the most skilful combination of the constituent parts, will never be generated that unfading charm

of life and beauty, which genius alone can impart, and the production whereof even genius cannot explain. In short, composition is the intellectual department of painting, and will be ineffective until vivified by the fire of feeling.

We walked afterwards through the gallery of the Capitol, and then to the Tarpeian rock.

Tuesday, March 14th.

We commenced the day, which was bright at last, with a walk on the Pincian. Visited in the morning a second time the rooms of the German painter Flatz, and his pupil. We drove afterwards through the sunny air past the Forum and Colosseum out to the grand church of St. John of the Lateran, where, in the court, is the finest obelisk in Rome, brought, like the others, from Egypt, the land of obelisks. It is a single shaft of red granite, more than a hundred feet high.

In the afternoon, we walked again on the Pincian, amidst a throng of people from all parts of the world, in carriages, on horseback, and on foot. How seldom you meet a fine old countenance; one that has been enriched by years, that has the autumnal mellowness of joyous and benignant sensations. Oftener you see on old shoulders a face corrugated and passion-ploughed, that may be likened to a river-bed, which, deserted by the turbid spring flood, shows a hard, parched surface, bestrewn with driftwood and unsightly fragments, that tell how high the muddy torrent has revelled. At six, we went to see the Colosseum by moonlight. The wondrous old pile grows more eloquent still at night; its vastness expands, its majesty grows more majestic; the dimness of the hour seems congenial to its antiquity. The patches of moonlight glistening among its arches, look like half revelations of a thousand mysteries that lie coiled up in its bosom. It has the air of a mystic temple sprung out of the gloom, for a Sybil to brood in and prophesy.

WEDNESDAY, March 15th.

This morning, we drove out of the *Porta del Popolo*, the northern gate, a mile and a half just over the bridge of Mole, and returning along the right bank of the Tiber, with the Villa Madama and *Monte Mario* on the right, we re-entered Rome near St. Peter's. Thence, passing through the busiest part of the modern city, we drove between the Palatine and Aventine hills, round the Colosseum, by the three columns that are left of the Forum of Nerva, into the gay Corso, passing thus, suddenly, as we do almost every day, from amidst the gigantic brown fragments that silently tell of the might of ancient Rome, into the bustle and ostentation of a modern capital. I spent an hour afterwards in Thorwaldsen's studio, with a still growing enjoyment. Great Poems are incarnations of a nation's mind, whence in weaker times it may draw nourishment to help to renew its vigor. The creations of Shakspeare and Milton rear themselves the steadfast mountains of the mental world of England, up to which the people can at all times ascend to inhale a bracing air. So, too, after-sculptors will be able to refresh themselves at the clear fountain of Thorwaldsen's purity and simplicity.

THURSDAY, March 16th.

We drove out to the new St. Paul's that they are building on the site of the old one, more than a mile out of the St. Paul Gate. This Church is one of the largest, and the Pope is rebuilding and adorning it in a style of unmatched magnificence. Nations and systems cannot, any more than individuals, pause in their career. Each must fulfil its destiny. From the bosom of Eternity they are launched forth, to perform a given circuit, and long after they have culminated, they continue, though under relaxed momentum, to give out sparks of the original fire, and decline consistently to their end. The Papal State is loaded with a growing debt; Rome has churches enough for ten times its actual popula-

tion; advancing civilisation rejects more and more the sensuous as an auxiliary to the spiritual. Yet, at an enormous cost, this church is re-erected, dazzling with pillars and marble and gold, capacious to hold tens of thousands, though distant from the city in the blighted Campagna; a token not only that the spirit of Romanism is unchanged, but that it has yet the will and vigor, in the face of material difficulties, and in defiance of civilisation, to manifest itself in mediæval pomp and unchristian magnificence.

On getting back within the walls of the city, we turned into the *Via Appia*, and stopped at the tomb of the Scipios, down into which I groped with a lighted candle twenty or thirty feet below the present surface, in a labyrinth of low vaults, where I saw several vertical slabs with inscriptions. After dinner, we drove to the Villa Mattei, whence there is a fine view southward, of the aqueducts and mountains. Late in the afternoon I ascended to the top of the tower of the Capitol. The sky was cloudless, and the unparalleled scene seemed to float in the purple light. Mountain, plain, and city, the eye took in at a sweep. From fifteen to forty miles in more than a semicircle ranged the Appenines, the nearest clusters being the Alban and the Sabine Hills. Contracting the view within these, the eye embraced the dim Campagna, in the midst of which, right under me, lay the noisy city beside its silent mother. Looking down from such an elevation, the seven hills, unless you know well their position, are not traceable; and most of the ruins, not having, as when seen from the plain, the relief of the sky, grow indistinct; only the Colosseum towers broadly before you, a giant among dwarfs, challenging your wonder always at the colossal grandeur of Imperial Rome. In the west, St. Peter's broke the line of the horizon. From countless towers, spires, cupolas, columns, obelisks, long shadows fell upon the sea of tiled roof. The turbid Tiber showed itself here and there, winding as of old through the throng. I gazed until, the sun being set, the mountains began to fade, the ruins to

be swallowed up in the brown earth, and the whole fascinating scene wore that lifeless look which follows immediately the sinking of the sun below the horizon, the earth seeming suddenly to fall asleep.

FRIDAY, March 17th.

Through the high walls that enclose the gardens and Villas in Italy, we drove out to the Villa Albani, reputed the richest about Rome in antique sculpture. There is a statue of Tiberius, which makes him shine among several of his imperial colleagues in grace and manly proportions, a distinction which he probably owes to the superiority of his Artist; a fragment from the bas-reliefs of the Parthenon at Athens, and other esteemed antiques in half size and miniature, amidst a legion of busts, among them one of Themistocles, of much character. Unhappily, on these occasions you cannot give yourself up to the pleasure of believing that you gaze on the features of one of the great ancients; for even the identity of the bust is seldom unquestionable, and of course still less so is the likeness. It were a goodly sight to behold an undoubted portrait of Plato, or Socrates, or Brutus. The villa is in a florid style of architecture, and the grounds are laid out in straight walks between walls of evergreen. The day was balmy, and the parterre walls were alive with lizards darting about in the sunshine. We next drove out of the St. John Gate to get a near view of the aqueducts, which have been well likened to Giants striding across the Campagna. On re-entering the Gate, the front of St. John of the Lateran presented itself very grandly. It is purer than the façade of St. Peter's, in which the perpendicular continuity is broken, a fault almost universal in the fronts of Italian churches. The statues, too, on the St. John, from being colossal and somewhat crowded, have a better effect than statues in that position generally have.

In the afternoon we drove and walked in the grounds of the

Villa Borghese. The entire circuit is at least two miles, and the grounds are varied both by art and nature. Strangers can hardly be sufficiently grateful to the family that opens to them such a resource. I should have stated, when speaking of the statuary in the villa, that the original and celebrated Borghese collection of antiques was sold to the Paris Museum, in the reign of Napoleon, for thirteen millions of francs. The present collection has been made since that period.

Saturday, March 18th.

This morning we began with the Sciarra Gallery, one of the most choice in the world. In a single room, not more than twenty-five feet square, were thirty or forty pictures, estimated to be worth three hundred thousand dollars, comprising master-pieces by Titian, Raphael, Guido, Leonardo da Vinci, and others. For the celebrated *Modesty and Charity* of Leonardo, the size of which is hardly four feet by three, the good-humored old keeper told us an English nobleman offered fifty thousand dollars. These marvels of the pencil teach with glowing emphasis, that the essence of the Art is beauty. If this be a truism, the crowds of prosaic works one daily passes justify its reiteration. Thence we went to Mount Palatine, to explore the ruins of part of the Palace of the Cæsars, adjoining the house of Augustus which we had already seen. Each of his successors for several generations seems to have enlarged the imperial residence, until, under Nero, it spread over the whole of the Palatine and Cælian hills and part of the Esquiline. What we saw to-day covers several acres. The habitable part, of which there are only left fragments of thick brick walls, was built on high arches. The view from the top embraces the greater part of the ancient and modern cities, extending over the Campagna to the mountains. 'Tis now a vegetable-garden, and where Emperors have dined, grows a luxuriant crop of artichokes. A bright-looking woman,

who was peeling onions, and who plucked for us a boquet of hyacinths, told us that she paid for it seventy dollars annual rent. From the Palace we drove to the tomb of Augustus, where among other bones we saw the half of a skull, which the keeper protested was ancient Roman, and was ready to protest to be that of Augustus.

In the afternoon we went to the rooms of Maes, a Belgian Artist of talent, and then drove out to the church on Monte Mario, whence the view is very fine. A lad, who had care of the church, told us, that in the Convent adjoining lived two Dominican friars, there not being means to support more. Each of them receives five dollars a month, besides twenty cents a day for saying mass, making about eleven dollars a month to each for clothing and food. A man here can keep his body well covered with flesh for ten cents a day. His meat will be chiefly maccaroni and his drink water, a good fare for longevity. Be it as it may, there is no class of people in Italy with fuller skins than the friars.

In the evening we saw, at about seven o'clock, the long bright tail of a comet.

Sunday, March 19th.

This morning I heard a sermon at the Church of the Jesuits. The subject was the perfections of Joseph as husband and father, who, the preacher often repeated, had all the realities of the matrimonial union without its chief function, and performed all the functions of a father without having the reality. He enforced, happily and with pure feeling, from the example of Joseph, the sanctity of the marriage tie, and the supreme obligation of duty. It was a practical, animated, sound discourse, which commanded earnest attention from his audience, that consisted of the middle and lower classes, and was very numerous, filling nearly the whole area of the large church.

In the afternoon, we went to hear a celebrated French Jesuit

preach, at the church called St. Louis of the French. In a discourse of more than an hour, to which a large, educated auditory listened with unwearied attention, the preacher summed up with skill and eloquence the chief arguments of the Roman Catholic Church against Protestantism. In an emphatic and adroit manner he presented the best that can be said in favor of the unity and infallibility of the Roman Church. He laid down, that Religion could be preserved but by one of three means; either, first, by God making a separate revelation thereof to each individual man; or secondly, by his having embodied it in a book, which each was to interpret for himself; or thirdly, by instituting a Church to whose guardianship he committed it. After endeavoring to show, that the third was the only means consistent with the simplicity of the divine government, he went on to set forth, that Christ established one Church, that that Church was by its nature, origin, and design, infallible; and in a brilliant sophistical passage he attempted to demonstrate the inherent necessity of intolerance towards doctrine, concluding with the position, that without such a church there would be no faith, no religion.

What a pitiful piece of work were man, if to his fellow-man he owed the very enjoyment of his highest faculty. How ignoble and parasitical must that Jesuit deem his brother men! But it is just and inevitable, that they who by men have been unduly exalted, should look down upon those who have bowed the neck under their yoke. Without any direct knowledge of the fact, it might be inferred, that no class of men have a lower opinion of mankind than the Romish priesthood. No religion without the Church! Why, the Roman and all other churches that have ever existed or will ever exist, are effects of religion, not its cause,—the creatures of man, not his masters—and, as such, obsequious ever to his movements; sucking blood when he has been cruel, relentless when he has been intolerant, humane when he has become humanized; presumptuous towards his inactivity, humble

towards his independence; aristocratic in one country, democratic in another—here upholding slavery, there denouncing it; always a representative of the temporary condition of society. Why were the Catholic priests more openly rapacious and lustful before the Reformation than since? Why is the priest in Spain different from the priest in Sweden, or the Catholic priest of the United States more true to his chief vow than his fellow in Italy? There is but one unity, and that is the universal innateness in man of the religious sentiment. The form wherein it clothes, the creed wherein it embodies itself, depend upon civilisation, temperament, climate, policy, and to these the priest inevitably fashions himself. But as effects reflect often back upon their causes, creeds and hierarchies re-act, with more or less power, upon Religion itself; and it is a symptom of a baleful influence, and of an unmanly passiveness in man, when so degrading a doctrine gets to be part of his creed, as that he owes his religion to his priest.

To learn what priestcraft is, we need not however go so far as Catholic Italy, although there its deformity is the most revolting in Christendom. Some very unequivocal exhibitions of it may be seen among the Protestant *isms* of our country, notwithstanding that the mass of our population is in mental freedom and strength raised above that of Europe, and that comparatively, through the severance of Church and State, we enjoy religious liberty. Priesthood, performing a necessary part in human societies, is, like the other institutions for the furtherance of man's estate, subject under all forms and circumstances to corruptions. The benefits resulting from a priesthood, like the benefits resulting from a magistracy, are purely those of organization. In the earlier stages of culture, or when humanity is partially developed, priests form a distinct authorized power, which, being men, it is of course their tendency to abuse. As society through individual culture developes itself, this organization becomes more and more

merged in the general social one. Priests are first dropped by the state and then by individuals, and the religious element, re-incorporated, as it were, into the whole nature, receives its cultivation along with the other nobler sentiments of man. Rituals and Hierarchies are but the forms through which for a time it suits Religion to express and cherish herself; they are transient, only Religion is perennial. Forms, in their healthiest state, waste somewhat of the substance they are designed to set forth. At their birth, they are tainted with insincerity; when mature, they grow hypocritical; and in their old age, they get to be bare-faced falsehoods, and then they die. In religion, as in politics, and in all things, man becomes weak in proportion as he surrenders himself to the power or guidance of others. This surrender is totally different from helpful co-operation, as well as from reciprocal subordination according to inborn superiorities.

MONDAY, March 20th.

At Thorwaldsen's studio, I stood again long before the St. John preaching in the wilderness. This is a group of twelve parts, ranged in a line declining on either side from the central figure, to suit its destination, which is the tympanum of a church in Copenhagen. St. John, in his left hand a cross, which serves him too as a staff, and his right raised towards Heaven, stands in the centre, with a countenance mild and earnest, his look and attitude well expressing the solemnity of the tidings he proclaims.

The first figure on his right is a man, apparently about thirty, with the left foot on a high stone, and one elbow on his knee, his chin resting in his hand. His fixed look is not turned up as if to catch the falling words of the speaker, but is outward as though his mind were busy with something that had gone before.—Next to him is a group of two figures, the first a turbaned man of middle age, with hands crossed at his waist, in the simplest erect

attitude of deep attention, his closely draped light body in the most perfect repose, while his bearded countenance is intent upon that of St. John with the animated expression of one accustomed to thought, and whose mind is now deeply wrought upon by the words he hears. Behind him, and gently resting on his shoulder, is a beardless youth, like the elder one before him, who may be his father, attentive but passive.—The third figure is a mother, half kneeling, behind her a boy seven or eight years of age, with chin on his hands that are crossed on her right shoulder.—The fourth, an old man seated, with long beard and turban, a tranquil venerable figure.—The fifth, and last to the right of St. John, is a youth recumbent, supporting his upturned head with his left arm.

The first figure on the left of St. John is a boy about fifteen, looking up into his face with half open mouth and a beaming expression, as if the words he was listening to had unlocked his soul.—Next to him is a middle-aged priest, with both hands before his breast resting on a staff. His countenance is strong and rugged, and his brows are knit as if his mind were in a state of resistance to what he heard.—The third figure is a hunter. He looks melted by the preacher, and has an aspect of devout acquiescence. By a band he holds a fine dog, upon which is fixed the attention of,—the fourth group, two bright children, a boy and girl of nine and eight, their faces alive with childish pleasure.—Behind them, the fifth figure, is a female seated, their mother apparently, who is restraining before her a third younger child.—The sixth and last figure is a shepherd, recumbent, with open mouth and joyful look.

This subject is peculiarly fitted to sculpture, from the union of perfect bodily repose with mental animation. The conception, which is the happiest possible for such a group; the ease, life, correctness and grace of the figures; the contrasts in their postures, ages, conditions, sex, expression; the calm power evi-

dent in the fertility and purity of the invention ; the excellence of the execution ; the distribution of the parts, and the vivid character of each figure, make this work one of the noblest of modern sculpture.

In the afternoon we went through the Gallery of the Vatican. From an unnecessary and ungracious arrangement, in order to see the pictures, you are obliged to walk nearly the whole length of the range of galleries in the two stories, a distance of more than a mile, so that you are fatigued when you come in front of the pictures, where, moreover, there are no seats.—We went afterwards to the church of St. Onofrio, not far from St. Peter's. Here I saw a representation in wax of the head of Tasso, from a mask taken after death. Were there any doubt as to the genuineness of this head, the cranium were almost sufficient to dispel it, being just such a one as is fitted to the shoulders of an excitable poet. The monks keep it in their library. Another treasure they possess is a Madonna and child in fresco, by Leonardo da Vinci, which, notwithstanding the injury of time, breathes forth the inspiration imparted to it by that wonderful genius. Neither this, nor the mask of Tasso, both being in the convent to which the church is attached, can be seen by women, except through special permission from the Pope. Below in the church is Tasso's Tomb.

TUESDAY, March 21st.

At the rooms of Vellati, an Italian painter of landscapes and hunting pieces, we saw this morning the Magdalen of Correggio recently brought to light, Vellati having discovered it under another picture which had been painted over it, and which he bought for fifteen dollars. With great labor, by means of the point of a needle, the upper painting was removed without injuring the gem beneath it. Its size is about fifteen inches by twelve, and the price asked for it is five thousand pounds sterling ; but

its value cannot be counted in money. It is the duplicate of the celebrated picture at Dresden. In the same rooms was a fine landscape by Rembrandt.

In the *Piazza del Popolo* is a meagre exhibition of pictures, the best painters always drawing amateurs to their private rooms. We went afterwards to the Farnesian gardens, which are entered from the Forum, to see remains of the palaces of Nero and Caligula and of the House of Augustus. We groped down into the baths of Livia. We walked through the Forum to the Colosseum, and afterwards in the Borghese Gardens.

WEDNESDAY, March 22d.

This morning we saw the Cenci again. What a gift of genius, to reproduce such a face in all its tremulous life! With a deep, awful, innocent look, it seems to peer into your soul and pray you for sympathy. Doubt has been thrown upon its genuineness. If it be a creation and not a portrait, it is the more wonderful. Its character is so perfectly in unison with the mysterious heart-rending story of Beatrice Cenci, that, had it been discovered long years after her tragic end and without any clue to its origin, it might and probably would have been appropriated to her. We drove afterwards to the church of *St. Peter in chains*, to see for the second time the Moses of Michael Angelo. I observed to-day, that with the instinct of genius (in the heads of the antique the ear is further forward) he has placed the ear far back, which heightens the intellectual character of the head. In gazing at this powerful statue again, I felt that in Art 'tis only beauty that ensures constancy. The Moses is grand and imposing, but one does not look forward to a third visit with that anticipation of growing enjoyment, with which one goes back to the Apollo or the Laocoon. Liberate the Laocoon from the constraints of force and pain, and it would stand before you a body pre-eminent for beauty and justness of proportion. On the other hand, suppose

the body a common one, and the work sinks to a revolting mimicry of corporeal suffering.

One who resides long in Rome is liable to be sucked back into the past. Behind him is an ocean of movement and thought, out of which rise countless fragments and monuments, that daily tempt him to exploration. A man might here lean his whole being against antiquity and find it a life-long support. The present becomes but a starting point whence he would set out on voyages into the past.—Walked out at the Porta Pia.

THURSDAY, March 23d.

This morning we went to the Villa Negroni, the neglected grounds of which are in great part occupied by a vegetable garden. The sun was just enough veiled by thin clouds to make walking agreeable, and although the Villa is far within the walls, we strolled for half an hour over twenty or thirty acres of artichokes, onions and peas, enjoying a wide sweep of the mountains. —We then went to see Cardinal Fesch's gallery, containing altogether twenty thousand pictures. Exempt from the officious promptings of a Cicerone, we lounged from room to room, choosing for ourselves, and appealing to the voluminous catalogue to back our vision or resolve doubts. After one has obtained, by familiarity with galleries, some knowledge of the best masters, it is delightful to be let loose in this way upon a new collection. This one is celebrated for Flemish and Dutch pictures.

Great part of the afternoon we passed among the statues of the Vatican. The Perseus looks as if Canova had studied the antique more than nature. The one sole mistress in Art being Nature, all that the artist can gain from the works of others is the best mode of seizing the spirit of the one common model, of compassing her beauties, so that he shall be able to reproduce what shall be at once ideal and natural. Not to imitate their forms, but to extract from them how their authors imitated the best of nature so

truly, should be the aim of the young sculptor in scanning the Apollo or Laocoon. If he can make the wondrous work before him reveal the process of the worker, then he can profit by the example. If he cannot, then he has not the innate gifts of a high artist. But this process of the great masters he will not only fail to detect, by copying the forms that have come from human hands, but by such servility (for it is servility, be the model Phidias himself) he weakens his original powers, and gradually disables himself from standing up face to face before his living mistress. To the young sculptor, the antique should be an armory where he can fortify his native powers for the loving conflict he has to wage with vigorous beaming nature. In the Perseus, 'tis apparent the free play of the artist's mind was under check. You behold the result of fine powers in partial servitude. Nevertheless, both it and the boxers beside it are noble works. I went next to the Capitol, whence, after gazing at the Gladiator, and examining the busts of Brutus and Cæsar, I walked down into the Forum about the base of the Capitol, among piles of broken columns.

FRIDAY, March 24th.

This morning I paced St. Peter's to get for myself its dimensions. Walking without effort, I counted two hundred and sixty steps as the length of the great nave, thirty-seven as its width, and one hundred and eighty as that of the transept. I counted twenty-six altars. Its statues, mostly of gigantic size, and its mosaic pictures, I did not undertake to count. It is reputed to have cost about fifty millions of dollars.

Do not Painting and Sculpture require for their excellence a predominance of the sensuous over the meditative? The Catholic religion, the parent, or, at least, the foster-mother of modern painting, appeals largely to the senses; and the Grecian mythology, the nurse of ancient sculpture, still more so. The pre-

sent tendency is towards the spiritual and rational, and the foremost people of Europe, the English, possessing the richest written poetry in the world, is poor in the plastic Arts. The great features of the German, English and American mind, are deep religious and moral emotions, the fruits of whose alliance with reason are far-reaching ideas and wide-embracing principles, which sway the thoughts and acts of men, but which can be but faintly represented in bodily images.

This sounds well enough, but great modern names refute it. Your fair-looking edifice of logic proves but a house of paper before the breath of great facts.

SATURDAY, March 25th.

We went to look at the continuation of Cardinal Fesch's collection of pictures in a neighboring Palace, but all the best are in the first which we saw a few days since. The keeper unlocked a large room in which pictures were piled away in solid masses one against the other. I noted No. 16,059 on one of them. Fourteen hundred dollars a year rent is paid for the rooms the whole collection occupies.—We then went to the Minerva Church to witness a religious ceremony, in which the Pope is carried on the shoulders of his attendants. We got into the church in time to have a good view of him seated in a rich throne-like chair, which rose just above the dense crowd, borne rocking along, as on a disturbed sea of human heads. Carried on either side of him were two large fans of peacock's feathers, which might be called the sails of the golden vessel. We afterwards walked in the Gregorian Gardens, a public walk near the Colosseum, between the Cælian and Palatine Hills.—In the afternoon we drove out to see the Torlonia Villa.

Canova's statuary wants what may be called the under movement, which Thorwaldsen's has, and which is by no means given by pronouncing the muscles, but by a union of sympathy for vital

forms with clean firm manipulation. In Powers this union is more intimate than in any modern sculptor.

SUNDAY, March 26th.

We walked this morning on the Pincian Hill, and in the afternoon drove three miles out of the Porta Pia to a Roman ruin, whence there is a fine view of the mountains and over the Campagna all round. Behind us was Rome, and stretching out from it over the plain towards the mountains were the aqueducts.

In Italy, the past is a load chained to the feet of the present. The people drags after it, like a corpse, the thought, feeling, act of by-gone generations. Tradition comes down like the current through a narrow strait, behind which is an ocean. Here, more than in most parts of old Europe, the health-giving transformations go on languidly ; the old is not consumed to give place to the hourly created new. The dead and effete is in the way of the quick and refreshing. Hence, languor and irregularity in the currents of life, causing in the body-politic, obstructions and stoppages, and all sorts of social, religious, and political dyspepsias, congestions, rheumatisms, constipations.

MONDAY, March 27th.

Returned with renewed enjoyment to Thorwaldsen's studio. Naturalness and ease are his characteristics. He has not a very high ideal of beauty, and seems to avoid the nude, which is the severest test of the artist.—Thence we went to the Church of St. Lorenzo, in Lucina, where a fine voice was singing. To strive, by such factitious ceremonies as those of the Romish worship, to symbolize the divine, is a degradation of the holy that is in us. It is summoning the solemn spirits of the soul to take part in a fantastic pageant of the senses.—We walked afterwards in the Gregorian Gardens, and on the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars. Thence to look once more at the marvels of the Sciarra Gallery

—In the afternoon, on coming out of Crawford's studio, we drove over the river to St. Peter's.

TUESDAY, March 28th.

We set out at nine for Frascati. Three miles from the St. John's Gate we passed under an aqueduct, still used, and near the erect ruins of another. The Campagna, without trees or enclosures, and almost without houses, is much less level than it looks from the heights in Rome. We passed several shepherds with their flocks, and parties of peasants ploughing, with large, long-horned, long-legged, meek, white oxen. The plough had one upright handle, and by this the men supported their weight on it, for the purpose of turning up a deeper furrow of the dark soil. As we drew near to Frascati, the Alban mountains, which from Rome present themselves in a compact cluster, broke up into separate peaks, the hill sides covered with olive trees, which looked darker and more leafy than I ever saw them, and Villas with their wooded grounds shining out distinctly. From Frascati, which is not half way up the range of mountains, you have a clear view of Rome, twelve miles distant, and of the Mediterranean. Immediately after arriving, we set out for Tusculum, which lies almost two miles higher up, near the summit of one of the peaks. Before we got half way rain began to fall, and the sky was entirely overcast when we reached the ruins, consisting of an amphitheatre and part of the walls of the ancient city of Tusculum. Descending, we were glad to take shelter in Cicero's house, which is on the other side of the ridge. What is left of it, is six or eight deep arched rooms in a row, without direct communication with one another, and all pointing south on a passage way or portico. My imagination refused to bring Cicero before me otherwise than as looking out from his arches impatiently on a rainy day. In a hard shower we descended to the tavern, and after dinner drove rapidly back to Rome.

WEDNESDAY, March 29th.

What is called the bust of young Augustus, in the Vatican, is much like Napoleon when he was General. We walked round the Rotunda, where are the Perseus of Canova, the Antinous, the Laocoon, and the Apollo. What a company ! and what a privilege it is to behold them. We drove afterwards to the Colosseum and for the first time ascended among the arches. Its vastness and massive grandeur never cease to astonish me.

In the afternoon, when we had looked at the pictures in the Academy of St. Luc, we drove to the Pincian Hill at five. The whole Heaven was strewn with fragments of a thunderstorm. Through them the hue of the sky was unusually brilliant, and along the clear western horizon of a pearly green. Standing at the northern extremity of the Hill, we had, to the south, the maze of pinnacles, cupolas, towers, columns, obelisks, that strike up out of the wide expanse of mellow building; to the right, the sun and St. Peter's ; and, to the left, a rural view into the grounds of the Borghese Villa, where, over a clump of lofty pines, lay the darkest remnants of the storm, seemingly resting on their broad flat summits. The gorgeous scene grew richer each moment that we gazed, till the whole city and its fleecy canopy glowed in purple. We walked slowly towards the great stairway, and paused on its top as the sun was sinking below the horizon. 'Twas an Italian sunset after a storm, with Rome for the foreground.

As, after returning to our lodging, I sat in the bland twilight, full of the feeling produced by such a spectacle, in such a spot and atmosphere, from the ante-room came the sound of a harp from fingers that were moved by the soul for music, which is almost as common here as speech. After playing two sweet airs, it ceased : it had come unbidden and unannounced, and so it went. This was wanted to complete the day, although before it began I did not feel the want of anything. There are rare moments of Heaven on Earth, which, but for our perversity, might be frequent

hours, and sanctify and lighten each day, so full is Nature of gifts and blessings, were the heart but kept open to them. But we close our hearts with pride and ambition, and all kinds of greeds and selfishness, and try to be content with postponing Heaven to beyond the grave.

THURSDAY, March 30th.

We visited, this morning, the Hospital of St. Michael, an immense establishment for the support and instruction of orphans, and an asylum for aged poor. It is divided into four compartments; for aged men, of whom there are now one hundred and twenty-five; for aged women, one hundred and twenty-five; for boys, two hundred and twenty; and for girls, two hundred and seventy-five; making altogether seven hundred and forty-five, as the present number of its inmates. We saw a woman one hundred and three years old, with health and faculties good. The boys are taught trades and the liberal arts, and are entitled to the half of the product of their work, which is laid up for them, and serves as a capital to start with when they leave the institution at the age of twenty; besides which, each one receives on quitting thirty dollars for the same purpose. The girls weave and work with the needle, and, if they marry, receive one hundred dollars dower, and two hundred if they go into a convent. They, as well as the boys, are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and vocal music. The superintendant, who was throughout exceedingly obliging and affable, let us hear several pieces of music, admirably executed by a number of the boys.

The income of this Institution, from foundations made chiefly by former Popes, is twenty-eight thousand dollars, to which is added upwards of five thousand paid by some of those admitted into its walls, or by their patrons. The arrangements and administration seem to be judicious. Order, industry, and contentment, were visible in all the compartments. It is a noble institution, which does honor to Rome.

In the afternoon, we visited the Villa Ludovisi, in olden time the garden of Sallust. Among several fine antique statues, that have been dug up in the grounds, is a magnificent colossal head of Juno. I afterwards walked home from the Colosseum, in the warm spring air, taking a look on the way at the Moses of Michael Angelo.

FRIDAY, March 31st.

Through narrow lanes, enclosed by high garden walls, we walked this morning on Mount Aventine. In the afternoon, we drove out to the grotto and grove of Egeria. At the grotto, where is the fountain, they pretend to show the stump of a column of the original portico, and the trunk of a statue of Numa Pompilius, in whose day there were neither porticos nor statues. From this spot there is a fine view towards Frascati and the hills. On the way, we stopped at a church without the walls, where a friar showed a marble slab, indented with two foot-prints, which he said were made by Jesus Christ, when he quitted St. Peter, to whom he appeared to rebuke St. Peter for deserting his post at Rome. The impressions are rudely cut, and the toes of the feet are all nearly square, but they nevertheless probably keep the poor friar and some of his brethren in food and fuel the year round.

The ancient sculptors had an advantage over the modern, in the profusion of poetical subjects; for every deity of their prolific mythology is poetical, that is, unites in itself all the perfections of a class, and stands as the ideal representative or symbol of wants, desires, or ideas. The modern artist is tasked to find individuals that have a generic character or significance. The defect in sacred subjects is, that they must be draped, and thus do not admit of the highest achievement in sculpture, which is, to exhibit the human body in its fullest beauty of form and expression.

SATURDAY, April 1st.

In the morning we visited the rooms of Mr. Rosseter and Mr.

Terry, two young American painters of promise, and walked about the Colosseum. After taking a last look at the beautiful resplendent St. Michael of Guido in the Chapel of the Capuchins, we drove to see the drawing of the lottery, which takes place every Saturday at noon in the square of Monte Citorio. From a balcony, where priests presided, the numbers were drawn to the sound of music, the square well covered with people, mostly of the working classes. In the afternoon, after taking another look at Vallati's Correggio, we walked on the Pincian Hill.

SUNDAY, April 2d.

It is four o'clock in the afternoon. Seated against the huge base of a pilaster, beneath the dome of St. Peter's, I have taken out my pencil to note down what is passing around me. In front, near by, directly under the cupola, in the centre of the church, is the great Altar, beneath which in the vaults is the tomb of St. Peter. The steps that lead down to it are enclosed by a marble balustrade, round which burn unceasingly a row of brazen lamps. At this altar service is performed only by the Pope himself or a Cardinal. Round these lights is a favorite spot for worshippers; there is now kneeling a circle of various classes. People are walking, lounging or chatting, or gazing at monuments and pictures. Across the great nave nearly opposite to me, is a little crowd about St. Peter's statue, kissing one after the other his bronze toe. Yonder is a knot of soldiers. A group of three, the middle one a priest, is passing me in lively chat. A few yards to my left another priest is on his knees; his lips move rapidly, nor are his eyes idle, nor his nose, which he occupies with snuff. Here come a couple of unkempt artisans, laughing. Yonder a white poodle is rolling himself on the marble floor, and a black cur is trotting up to interrogate him. From under one of the great arches is issuing a procession of boys, young acolytes. They crowd up to St. Peter's statue, kiss the toe, pass on, kneel

for a few moments before the illuminated sanctuary, and then disappear in the distance. Not far off stand three priests in animated talk. Across the transept, shines down obliquely through a lofty arch, an immense band of illuminated dust, denoting the height of a western window. I raise my eyes towards the dome; the gigantic mosaic figures on its rich concave are dwarfed like fir trees on a mountain. Half way down the great nave, people are standing or kneeling a little closer, for service is going on in one of the side altars, and vespers are about to be sung in a chapel opposite. Many hundreds of visitors and worshippers mingled together are in the church, but merely dot thinly the area whereon tens of thousands might stand at ease.

MONDAY, April 3d.

Mounted in the morning to the roof and to the top of the dome of St. Peter's. What a pulpit whence to preach a sermon on tne lusts of power and gold!

In the afternoon we took farewell in the Vatican of the Apollo and his inspired companions. In the evening we went to hear an improvisatrice, Madame Taddei. When it is considered that this class of performers study for years their business, and that the Italian language runs so readily into verse, the performance loses its wonder. Moreover, the imagination has such scope, that they can and do spin off a subject very loosely.

WEDNESDAY, April 5th, 1843.

We left Rome at ten in the forenoon. The day was fine and our faces were turned homeward, whence, across the sea, blew a fresh breeze as we approached Civita Vecchia.

THE END.

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