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THE

AMERICAN IN ENGLAND.



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AMERICAN IN ENGLAND;

BY

A. SLIDELL MACKENZIE,

AUTHOR OF "A YEAR IN SPAIN," ETC.

“ If we may judge of what has been wrote on these things, by all who have wrote and galloped, or galloped and wrote, from the great Addison, who galloped with a satchel of books hanging at his tail, and galling his beast's crupper at every stroke, there is not a galloper of us all, who might not have gone on ambling quietly over his own ground, in case he had any, and have wrote all he had to write dry shod as well as not.”—STERNE.

ABERDEEN:

PUBLISHED BY GEORGE CLARK AND SON.

LONDON:—W. BRITTAIN, 54, PATERNOSTER ROW.

MDCCLXVIII.

1848

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1848

P R E F A C E.

FEELING that irresistible impulse which prompts a man to perpetrate a book, and having no land of his own on which to amble quietly about and write a work of travels dry-shod, according to the approved method set forth in the motto, the author, as an only resource, was forced to cross the water, and visit, in his proper person, the country which he proposed to describe.

Trained almost from infancy to a profession which rendered connected study almost impossible, and having, only by dint of much perseverance, got what little education has fallen to his share in much the same discursive and vagabond manner that a chicken, gets his breakfast, a kernel of information in one corner and another in the next, he found himself, on mounting to begin his journey, quite unencumbered by any satchell of books such as hung at the crupper of the great Addison. To set out as a teacher of wisdom, with such poor qualifications, was to be destitute indeed. Thus situated, yet still impelled by the necessity of writing, the author felt all that remained for him was to forget that any books before his own had ever been written, and, despising the erudition which was beyond his reach, endeavour to see each thing as his own eyes might convey its picture to his mind; and, looking watchfully about him, from the moment of his arrival in the country which was to be the scene of his travels until he should leave it, take as accurate notice as he might of all his impressions, and seek, in simple language, to convey them to his countrymen.

The author has simply attempted, then, to give, in the following pages, a faithful narrative of whatever he saw during a visit of a few weeks to England. Thus setting out with promising little that little he will yet exert himself conscientiously to perform. He feels that he has at least a right to lay claim to honesty of intention, and to as little prejudice of opinion as may possibly fall to the share of a writer who attempts the description of a country

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having so much in common with his own, and in the study of which comparisons must, of necessity, suggest themselves at every step. The two countries are, indeed, so much alike, that one is perpetually prompted to inquire wherein consists the difference. This he will endeavour to do with as little partiality for his own as is consistent with that ardent patriotism which is the common attribute of Americans, a feeling of nationality inherited with the laws, the language, and the manners of the country from which we derive our origin, and which is sanctioned not less by the comparison of the blessings we enjoy with those of other lands, than by the promptings of good feeling and the dictates of good taste.

It is, perhaps, but fair to admit, that the author did set out with some feeling of animosity towards England—a feeling engendered in his bosom by the calumnious depreciation of his own country by British writers, actuated by the desire, through the misrepresentation of our institutions and national character, to promote their own personal interests, or react in the interest of conservative principles upon public opinion at home. From the perusal of their works, which he very naturally assumed to be the prevailing sentiment of England towards his country, he had been led to feel some measure of ill-will towards England in return. This, however, has yielded almost entirely to his own personal observation. If, indeed, a jealousy towards America, growing out of the recollection of that war which resulted in our independence, and which, having been successful on our side, has left us without any feeling of rooted dissatisfaction, be, as it certainly is, a prevailing feeling among some classes of Englishmen so remarkable for their inveterate egotism, it is, on the contrary, pleasing to observe that the more elevated and enlightened look to our growth and prosperity with a liberal and kindly interest, the more creditable to those who entertain it, that they have most to dread from the influence of our example.

The author found, moreover, that there was so much identity between his own country and that which he was visiting, that it was not easy to hate the one without also hating the other. Hence the patriotism, which made America dear to him, prompted him to love England: for, after all, we are ourselves but Englishmen in another hemisphere. We are only different editions of the same work; in America plain, useful, and got up with something more

of the spirit of the age, while in England, though the common type be mean and defaced, yet is the volume pleasing to peruse, rich as it is with antique blazonry and illumination. He has found, indeed a pleasure, to describe, in the observation of so many objects connected with the early history of our race, and in offering his homage at a thousand sites hallowed by the consecrating associations of genius and heroism.

He cannot help feeling that there is in the two countries unbounded motive to mutual pride, instead of any incentive to jealousy. America may look with well-founded enthusiasm to the past history and present greatness of the country from which she sprung; and if there be any one achievement of which more than another England has occasion to be proud, it is the planting of this vast empire, so rapidly spreading itself over a noble continent, worthy to be the field of the most magnificent experiments, and destined to perpetuate her religion, her institutions, her literature, and her laws, and to keep alive the memory of her greatness, of which its own existence is the noblest monument, to the remotest ages.

The writer begs, then, at the outset, to be acquitted of any injurious prejudices. In a professional point of view he has nothing to gain by subserviency to parties; and his success and advancement, depending wholly on himself, can neither be made nor marred by men in power, while, as for any reaction in his own country to be brought about by the abuse of the institutions of England, he is not aware that there is one native-born American among the whole thirteen millions of our population, whom it would be necessary to convert from any partiality towards such institutions of the mother-country as have been omitted in the construction of our political system.

If the writer, in appearing before the public some years ago, had occasion to express the well-grounded diffidence and distrust which he felt for the fate of his performance, he may with still greater reason, and with far deeper conviction, avow the misgivings which at present disturb him. His work on Spain was written with the same enthusiasm which attended the travels it described, and was truly to him a labour of love; the country, the climate, and the people, all offering themselves with new and pleasing impressions to his mind, and tinging his imagination with a romantic colouring

It was quite otherwise in England; the climate presented itself to him at the most sombre season of the year, when it was his fortune first to visit it, under an aspect of more than usual gloom. He has laboured, moreover, under restraints which did not fetter him in writing on Spain, growing out of the circumstance that his work would be likely to find readers in the country it described. This consideration has hung upon his pen with a nightmare influence, and driven him, in a great measure, from the description of that which was most likely to prove of general interest.

There are two ways in which one might write of a country like England: in the first place instructively, by the collection of materials and facts of a statistical and political nature, reasoning upon the results they present, and indulging in comparisons; in the second place amusingly, by describing whatever characters or events of a private nature might pass under the observation of the writer, and by serving up, for the public's money, details of conversations incidents, and opinions which had been furnished to him without price through the hospitality of his entertainers. For the first method the author found himself unqualified by actual knowledge, and by the taste to acquire it; for the second, which has been so successfully used by British writers on his own country, and with scarce inferior profit by others on England, he felt that he had no vocation.

It only remained for him, then, to take a middle course, and attempt to describe the popular manners such as he had opportunities to observe them in his condition as an ordinary traveller. He thinks he has satisfied himself that these do not present, in England, that picturesque character necessary to furnish materials for amusing description, or at any rate that he does not possess the power of appreciating them. Writing without enthusiasm concerning that which he saw with apathy, his work appears to himself, as it will doubtless do to the reader, a most laborious performance, in which a minuteness of description which might have pleased, if directed to objects of such general and prevailing interest as the peculiarities of society sarcastically described, has been wasted upon subjects which possess little interest. The result of this up-hill journey is before the reader, and, however distasteful it may prove to him, his feeling of aversion can scarce exceed that with which the author now takes leave of it.

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CHAPTER I.

THE VOYAGE.

Departure from New-York. Scenes in the Bay. Leaving the Land. Survey of the Ship. Night View in scudding before a South-wester. The Watch on Deck. Hard Life of Merchant Sailors. Review of Ship's Company.

IT was a beautiful autumn morning, being the 1st of November, 1833, when I found myself, at the hour of ten, punctual to the announcement of the newspapers, on board the steamer Hercules, which was in attendance on the ship in which I had taken passage for London. A number of friends had gathered there to greet me with their parting good wishes and hopes for an agreeable and speedy passage, and the effort which I was obliged in decency to make to listen to their conversation and reciprocate their kindness, checked the indulgence of those regrets with which I was leaving my home.

The steamer was crowded with the friends of the passengers, cabin and steerage, a motley group, conspicuous among whom stood our captain, who was about to become so important a personage to us. He was taking leave of friends, attending deferentially to the last behests of owners and consignees, watching over the due arrangement of certain packages, letter-bags, and more interesting heaps of beef, mutton, and poultry, reserving however a more peculiar

care to a chronometer, which he carried suspended in a handkerchief. The moment the steamer reached the ship's side, she was there stoutly secured by hawsers. The bars which had been lying against the windlass were shipped, and a dozen or more jolly tars, headed by a stout, boatswain-looking second mate, rose upon them with the energy of strong bodies and stout hearts, making the palls of the windlass rattle as they hove round, and the whole harbour resound with the long-drawn and monotonous, yet not displeasing song with which they accompanied and gave concert to their labour.

Our anchor was soon apeak; the steamer started her engine, and we moved boldly ahead, despite the flood tide which was still running. My native city, with its bay, its islands, and charming environs, had never worn a more attractive aspect than now that I was prepared to leave it, with regret that I had never before experienced. It was the beginning of that delightful season known among us as the Indian summer, and the weather was beautifully still and calm; the smoke from the city and the countless steamers that were everywhere urging their busy way and disturbing the calm waters with their bustling passage, rose in perpendicular threads toward the sky; while four other packet-ships were lying over their anchors, their sails set, and ready to weigh with the first of the ebb. The small craft bound in the direction of the tide suffered themselves to be borne lazily along, while those to which it was unfavourable, with jib down and peak of the mainsail dropped, were riding at their anchors. Farther up the Hudson the sloops were bounding merrily along, under the influence of a western breeze which was beginning to blow. Not a cloud was anywhere to be seen; yet a light haze, which hung over the shore and water, and which the diminished energy of the wintry sun had not yet dispersed, gave a tempered and melancholy beauty to the picture which was in harmony with my feelings.

I took a farewell look at the city, with its encircling forest

of masts; at the Battery, with its trees and promenades, the spires which rose in every direction, and the dark and venerable steeple of old Trinity; at Brooklyn, smirking in tasteless finery; at Hoboken and Weehawken, fringed with their forest trees and variegated foliage; at the beautiful bay, whose still waters spread in glassy smoothness on every side, and at the islands with which it was so picturesquely studded. The vigorous efforts of the *Hercules*—well deserving the name—soon brought us to Staten Island and the Quarantine Ground, with its fleet of ships, and the Narrows quickly closed behind us, shutting the city from our view, as we entered the broad bay into which the Hudson, Passaic, and Raritan, pour the mingled tribute of their waters. A light breeze had now sprung up; we made sail, and when all was well, trimmed sharp, and we found ourselves heading up for the Swash Channel, the steamer cast off, and, greeted by three hearty cheers from the friends of the steerage passengers, who had accompanied them thus far, charging them with thousands of parting messages to friends in the old countries, we were at length abandoned to our own efforts.

The tide was now strong under our lee, and the bar at the mouth of the harbour, with lighthouse and beacons, was soon behind us. A vexatious delay of an hour in getting rid of the pilot, whose boat was not at hand, put our captain, who seemed to have more than an American's share of the spirit of despatch, quite in a passion. This was increased by the clumsy way in which the young pilot, who was evidently a new hand, managed the ship; he got her twice in irons, and going astern at a famous rate, while endeavouring to lay her to. At length, however, the beautiful *Trimmer* was seen emerging from the harbour; she came swooping along like a wild bird, rounded to under our lee, and, taking the pilot off in her little cockle-boat, which skimmed as lightly over the waters as herself, hurried away in another direction. The pilot bore with him our letters and latest adieus, and we had taken a final leave of our country.

And now the captain, relieved from the temporary suspension of his authority in his own ship, joyfully resumed the command, issuing, in a manly, distinct voice, which carried obedience with it, a few necessary orders; the sailors, sensible of the propriety of each, and tired of wasting their labour, sprang with alacrity to obey. The ship was soon under complete command, fell off to her course, the yards were trimmed, the studding-sails set, and she bounded joyfully forward.

Meantime the mate and sailors busied themselves in securing every thing for sea. The anchors were got on the bows, the cables unbent and paid below, the fenders hauled in, the ropes coiled clear for running, and every thing that could be moved from its station by the lurching of the ship, securely lashed. The breeze blew fresh, and we skimmed rapidly along, and the ship soon began to dance to the unequal and rolling surface of her appropriate element. Those who had been long enough on shore to lose their sea-legs, or who had never been anywhere else, now began to cling for support to the rails and belaying-pins. The Highlands were soon lost in the distance, and the shores of Long Island also grew dim and mingled with the sea; and the only remaining objects for the attention to fix on without, were the other packets following in our track, a few vessels making for the port, and the vast ocean whose depths we were rushing forth to explore.

Our ship, thus isolated, began to assume a new consequence in our eyes. I measured her extent, to be for some weeks the limits of our little world; scanned her sails and rigging, which were rather in a tattered condition, with a seaman's eye; looked to the physiognomy of each sailor and fellow-passenger; took a glance of observation at sundry pigs and sheep, and a nautical cow without horns, which was on her fourth voyage, and which was, with the rest, very comfortably housed in the longboat, with the jollyboat inverted over their heads for a shed; and, finally, made some progress in studying the character of a bear, which was to find her home on the main hatch until transferred in England to the menagerie of some

noble, weary of herding with his kind, or to form the poetic appendage of some yacht, or perchance to figure as bowman in the gig of a dandy young captain of one of His Majesty's frigates. Bruin was stretched upon her back, scratching herself with a truly feminine grace, and grinning with the pleasure of her sensations. I felt the muscles of my own face gradually losing their stern contraction, and relaxing into a sympathetic grin, which seemed a sort of treachery to the friends I was leaving.

My eye, in glancing round, next caught sight of a pleasing group, consisting of sundry stout sirloins of beef and haunches of mutton, garnished with occasional turkeys, geese, and game, which were hanging from the mizen stay, and which, when fresh from the comforts of breakfast and the sorrows of parting, had attracted less of my attention. My stomach, upon which I happened just then to place my hand, felt lean and hollow, and I began to doubt whether part of my malaise did not proceed from the circumstance, when the appropriate ringing of the dinner-bell, and the joy which it occasioned within me, convinced me that such was the fact. As I directed my steps towards the companion-way, my eye caught a last glimpse of the Highlands, trembling in the horizon; the dark fringe of trees that crested them, seen but occasionally, as the ship mounted on the top of a higher wave, and beautifully illumined by the last rays of the autumnal sun, then sinking behind them, and playing in a line of golden light on the broken billows which danced and lifted their white caps between.

Just then, as I was threatened with a new access of sentiment, one of the most uncivil of these billows overtaking us, and swashing rudely against the mizzen channels, sent a whole bucketful of spray into my face. Unaccustomed as I had been in the larger vessels, in which I had sailed of late, to be thus unceremoniously boarded on the hallowed region of the quarter-deck, this seemed to me quite a superfluous piece of impertinence. The remains of my sentiment were at once washed

away ; and, not minding a little honest salt water, I betook myself forthwith to the substantial comfortings of the repast, which I found smoking on the cabin table.

Dinner was over ; tea and conversation had followed ; the evening was already far advanced, and I began to yield to the sleepy sensation which the familiar roll of the sea inspired. Before turning in I ascended to the companion-way, to breathe the fresh air, and see what progress we were making, and took my station on the taffrail, near the helmsman. Familiar as I was with the sight of ships in every possible situation, I was much struck with the beauty of the scene. We were tearing along at a fearful rate ; the sails were bellying and straining to the extent of the sheets which held them, under the influence of what is called a smoky south-wester, unaccompanied by a single cloud, but with a pervading and heavy haze, by which the horizon was circumscribed to narrow limits, and through which the moon, just then rising beneath the foot of the foresail, and slightly shorn in its orb, was struggling to reveal itself, shining dim and murky. The sea was agitated and broken into short but yawning ground-swells, into which the ship plunged and surged violently, trembling with the opposing action of the two elements by which she was driven and restrained ; now settling her stern into the trough of the sea, now overtaken by a succeeding billow, rising proudly on its crest, and dashing the white and sparkling foam far away on either side.

At dark our studding-sails had been hauled in, and made up as the breeze increased ; the mizen topgallant-sail had been furled, and the mizzen top-sail reefed ; but the spanker, that worst of all sails in a strong quartering breeze, was still set, acting as a powerful lever to force the bow into the wind. The steersman was standing, with every muscle stiffened, against the wheel, giving the ship the full force of the helm as the quartering seas struck rudely against her counter ; then relaxing his hold, and allowing the wheel to spin freely round as she fell off toward her course.

I readily recognised our helmsman to be a collier, and a North of England man, a smasher, as they are called in the service. He was quite a handsome youth, with light curly hair, but a sooty complexion, stained in the coal trade. He was characteristically clad in a rough peajacket, a pair of trousers tightened round his waist with a leathern belt, from which depended a long sheath-knife, while his head was surmounted by a huge canvass cap, having a long apron behind, which was confined by a rope-yarn nettle beneath his arms, so as to exclude all streams of water from the back of his neck, which is much the most sensitive part of a sailor's person. The whole was thoroughly stiffened with tar and pitch, which with true nautical forethought, our youth had doubtless daubed on as often as a bucket of either passed through his hands in the duty of the ship. This famous head-gear, borrowed from the coalheavers in England, is now in general use among all nautical worthies, who have adopted it under the name of a south-wester, which made it peculiarly applicable to the breeze before which we were staggering.

Just forward of the mizzen rigging stood the mate ; he was holding on to a belaying-pin to steady himself ; eyeing the wind keenly ; glancing knowingly at the sails ; and, as their leeches occasionally lifted, giving his orders to the helmsman, which were promptly re-echoed. One other of the watch might be seen sitting on the windlass, and leaning against the bithead. This was the look-out, stationed there to see that we should run nothing down, and to strike the bells. He was beguiling the time with a doleful song, a word of which reached us from time to time above the noise made by the dash of the ship through the water, and the whistling and the roar of the wind through the blocks and rigging, and against the sails. The rest, sheltered from the blast under the lee of the hurricane-house, and nestling snugly like a litter of pigs, were singing in a low tone, as became their proximity to the captain and his fellow-nobs of passengers, some rude ditty, that told of hapless or happy loves with Sues and Nancys, in which all

joined in a suppressed and melancholy moan at the burden : or listening to some older worthy as he told of toils at sea ; anchors broken, or cables parted in road-steads ; stranding upon rocks and quicksands ; ships run down, and masts gone by the board ; or dwelling upon the more favourite theme of rascally usage from mates and captains ; and long-shore vengeance wrecked upon that unhappy scapegoat, the second dicky.

In the midst of this pastime they were startled and aroused by a loud snorting, as if of some sea monsters immediately beside them, proceeding from a noisy school of porpoises, whose path we had crossed, and which immediately gave chase to us. They came bounding joyously over each other ; sometimes leaping from the very crest of a wave far into the air, and descending into the yawning trough below with a plunge that sent forth a thousand sparkles. After playing about our bows until they found we were no match for them, and that there was to be no race, they suddenly wheeled off, pushing their course in the direction of the wind, and by their lively, joyful gambols, proclaiming, according to nautical superstition, a continuation of the noble breeze before which we were driving.

Our passage commenced under happy auspices ; and for three days we drove gayly before the wind, which hauled to the north-west ; the fourth found us in the midst of the Gulf Stream, which we were crossing obliquely. It was idle to dream of passing this barrier without a blow ; so on it came, whistling from the cold north ; and we had nothing to do but to roll our sleeves up to it ; that is, get everything snug, and face it boldly. The sky lowered, and the clouds flew low, dropping an occasional sprinkling of rain. The current, running in an opposite direction to the wind, produced a heavy, irregular sea, which frequently on board of our deeply-laden ship, keeping the deck constantly flooded. Between the larger waves innumerable miniature ones ruffled the intermediate space ; while from their summits, at the eddies of the current, masses of water were torn and driven along in whirlwinds of what the sailors

call spoodrift. The scene of elemental strife was indeed sublime.

Our ship was soon reduced to close-reefed top-sails and foresail. The wind had drawn a-head, and our hitherto rolling motion was exchanged for that fatal one to sea-sick stomachs, the disturbing pitch of a head sea. Our sailors had a hard time; and often did the stroke of the handspike, three times repeated over their heads, and the maliciously-pleased cry of the watch on deck—"All hands to shorten sail!" "Hear the news there!" Heave out!" "Show a leg!" call out the poor fellows of the watch below, perhaps but an hour in their bunks, after four hours of drenching and severe toil. Now, it was one of our old sails, split, to be unbent, and another got up; now another reef in the topsails; and now the mainsail to be furled. The poor fellows would come crawling up, half clad, or in the wet clothes of last watch, heated in the confinement of the forecastle, and sickened by the stench from the cargo and bilge-water, to encounter sudden damps of the cold wet wind, and remain aloft by the hour, tugging at the earings, or contending with the rustling canvass, which, full and bagging with the force of the hurricane, was struggling to keep free. Splicing the main brace—that is, a glass of grog—when the work was done, seemed, however, always to send them away in a good humour and happy.

If, however, the watch below met with little compassion from the watch on deck, they also met with less from me than, as fellow-sinners, they ought to have done. I never awoke at the striking of the bell and calling of the watch, without finding my regrets for the fellows who had to rouse out, swallowed up in my pleasure at discovering that I was not of the number. After nearly four years of watch keeping, it was delightful to miss the tickled youngster of a midshipman, overjoyed at having reached the end of his own watch, and hardly waiting for the sound to get out of the bell, ere he would thrust forward his obtrusive lantern, with the welcome

message—"It is eight bells, sir!" "Four o'clock, sir!" or, "All hands, sir!" "All hands to shorten sail, sir!"

After a day or two the wind again became fair, and we started gaily forward. Our situation in the cabin was comfortable and pleasant enough. Among the passengers were two Americans besides myself; one of whom was an old friend, besides being a great traveller and an agreeable companion. There were two Englishmen: one a half-pay captain in the army, who had served many years in India, whence he had returned after having been severely wounded at the siege of a town in Java, during the war with France and her dependencies. He was gentlemanlike, unaffectedly kind-hearted, and intelligent. His Eastern reminiscences, which usually came out with the fumes of his cigar after dinner, were quite as amusing as a chapter of "The Younger Son," with the advantage of having more the air of truth. The other Englishman, though intelligent enough, being a graduate of one of the universities, was far from being equally agreeable; he had a bad tone, and was not so remarkable for gentlemanlike propensities as for the pertinacity with which he kept up the argument, the whole way across the ocean, with the captain of the ship, upon the banal subject of America and England; Basil Hall, Mrs. Trollope, and Cyril Thornton—I beg the last-named gentleman's pardon for mentioning him in such company. Both these Englishmen seemed to be staunch radicals in their own country, and decrifiers of the clergy and aristocracy; but the moment that our captain, in the simplicity of his heart, would join their conversation and concur with them in opinion, both would turn upon him, like man and wife against the ill-judging interferer in a domestic quarrel. We had besides a philosophizing, free-inquiring old Frenchman, who was always declaiming against the state of education and society, and forming the most utopian picture of what was to be the condition of the world, when the human mind should cease to be bewildered by the false systems and theories that now fetter it. According to

him, almost any individual might, by proper teaching and judicious induction, be converted at will into a Scott, a Byron, or a Pagannini. My other countryman was a young man just beginning his travels; a carrot-headed youth, who had nothing to recommend him except his modesty and unobtrusiveness; though these, as the world goes, are worth taking note of.

Very few of the steerage passengers were at all visible during the voyage, though, according to the captain's account, they amounted to near forty. After a few days, indeed, some of them began to muster up from their den of sea-sickness.— They came forth haggard and pale, with long beards and unwashed faces; their clothes covered with straw, feathers, and pitch from the deck. The women had a wretched, helpless, squalid appearance, like chickens with the pip. One fellow brought his wife up one fine day, and endeavoured to cure her by trotting her about the deck. Instead of taking her arm in his, he placed himself behind her, with one hand under either arm, and thus steered her along with a certain low-lived Irish grace. She was a tall, long-fingered, lank-haired lassie, in a plaid cloak; and I felt a most painful desire to possess Hogarth's pencil for a moment, that I might sketch her.

A few of the steerage passengers were Germans, returning circuitously home, for the want of a direct conveyance; they had no wives but their long pendant pipes, to which they seemed wedded. The rest were sturdy Englishmen. Some were going home for the friends who had sent them on a pioneering voyage; others, happy fellows, for their sweethearts, whom they found themselves in a condition to turn into wives; and there was one widow, whose husband had fallen a victim to the bilious fever, or the cheap price of whiskey, returning to find relief for her sorrows in the sympathy of friends, or perhaps more solid consolation in the shape of a second husband. Let me not forget to make honourable mention of the white-headed little ragamuffin who was working his passage, and who in this capacity had the

decks to sweep, ropes to haul, chickens and pigs to feed, the cow to milk, and the dishes to wash, as well as all other jobs to do that belonged to no one in particular. As a proof of good-will, he had chopped off the tails of a dandy, velvet-collared, blue coat, with the cook's axe, the very first day out. This was performed at the windlass bits, in full conclave of the crew, and I suspected at the suggestion of a roguish man-of-war's-man, a shipmate of mine. The tails were just cut below the pocket-flaps, which gave them a sort of razee look; and, in conjunction with the velvet collar, made the oddest appearance in the world, as he would creep, stern first, out of the longboat after milking the cow. Blow high or blow low, the poor boy had not time to be sea-sick; sometimes he would get adrift in the lee scuppers, and roll over in the water, keeping fast hold of the plates he was carrying to the galley. The only day that the poor lad wore a bright face, was that on which we anchored in Portsmouth.

Such was our ship's company; and with the little interest that their society afforded, the time wore heavily enough. Like most idle men, we found our most interesting pastime in the pleasures of a well-provided table. The lapse of time, with us, was measured entirely by our meals. These were no fewer than four in number, or five, if we may be allowed to count our midnight assemblage around a dish of baked apples, which gave the mercy-stroke to our gastronomic capacities; and all this in a single day, or rather in less: for as we were five hours ahead of the New-York time on our arrival in England, it followed that we daily threw overboard a considerable portion of the twenty-four hours, into which the days of those happy people who can remain quiet are regularly divided. In the evening, a game of whist or chess lent its friendly aid in relieving the load of existence.

CHAPTER II.

THE CHANNEL.

Strike Soundings. Land. Escape from running down a brig. St. Alban's Head. The Pilot. Isle of Wight. British hardihood exemplified by a Pilot. The Needles. Animated spectacle in entering the harbour. Anchor near Spithead. The Navarin and Skipper Sam. Fate of the missing Pilot.

ON the sixteenth day out we struck soundings on European bottom, and in two more a continuation of the same breeze would have placed us in port; but there it left us, and during two days we beat about to no purpose against a light east wind. On the third the good old south-wester came quietly stealing over the water; it was a whole twenty-four hours in acquiring force. During the two days of light weather, the number of vessels pouring into the Channel had become considerable. As the breeze freshened in the afternoon, they gradually dropped astern, all except an English gun-brig, a King's packet, which bravely held her way. In the afternoon the English coast was indistinctly seen, and as the night advanced, the brilliant lights on the Lizzard pierced through the gloom and mist.

As the night advanced, the wind still freshened to a gale. We were going along at a rapid rate, and the chances of our getting in the next day amounted nearly to a certainty. The baked apples had been discussed, and we had all turned in unusually cheerful, when we were aroused by a violent commotion on deck. I was just dropping asleep, when the words "hard to starboard! hard to starboard!" quickly repeated in the voice of the mate, and in a simultaneous chorus by the whole watch, with an energy that showed there could be no time to lose, convinced me that we must be in imminent danger of running down some other vessel. I leaped at once upon deck, and ascended the mizzen rigging, to see what the chances were. Our ship had rounded to a little, bringing the

wind on the larboard quarter, and was breaking through the agitated waves at a fearful rate. From the gloom just clear of our starboard bow was emerging a large, heavily-laden brig, under low sail. She had borne away a little, bringing the wind abeam, and increasing her headway. We cleared each other perhaps six or eight yards. Had she been discovered a little later; had any hesitation occurred as to the use of the helm; or had our wheel-ropes which had broken no fewer than four times on the passage, failed us at that moment, we should have gone through the brig in an instant, scarcely having time to hear the cries for aid sent up by the drowning men ere they were far behind; and whatever might have been our own fate, theirs, at least, would have been inevitable. The danger we had escaped, and the increased force of the wind, of which, in rounding to, we were made sensible, imposed the wholesome idea of greater caution. The handspike was heard striking three times on the forecastle; "All hands ahoy!" was the cry that followed. Our topsails were close reefed, with many a plaintive "ho, heave ho!" as they tugged at the struggling canvass; the mainsail too was furled; and though our rate seemed little diminished, the ship was under more commanding sail to haul by the wind, should other vessels be seen ahead; as indeed actually occurred several times during the night. On our arrival we heard that the Canada, the packet preceding us, had run down an English brig in the night, whose captain was knocked overboard and drowned. Encounters of this sort are necessarily very common in so frequented a sea, where the weather is so often thick. Our packets, which run in all weathers, and never heave to, are especially liable to accidents of this nature; and it is a curious commentary upon the received opinion in England,—by which the people seek to console themselves for that superiority in model, equipment, and speed, which it is not easy to deny to us, in insisting, that if our ships are handsomer, theirs are strongest,—that in all these encounters, Brother Jonathan passes as if no-

thing had happened to him, and John Bull goes uniformly to the bottom.

The next morning saw me up betimes. As it dawned toward eight we discovered land,—Saint Alban's Head,—indistinctly seen through the drizzling rain, and the clouds which hung low and heavy around us. It rose rather boldly, and was of a white or grayish colour, which contributed to render it indistinct. These were the chalk cliffs of Old England, characteristically ushered in amid clouds, rain, a hurricane of wind, and an all-pervading gloom. Ere long we could discover Corfe Castle, Poole, and Christ Church on our left; and presently the Isle of Wight was seen breaking through the gloom, the bold, naked point of the Needles standing in strong relief far above the horizon.

It was blowing so very fresh that the captain feared we might not find a pilot-boat at sea. However, we soon discovered one ahead, and a few minutes placed us alongside of him. She was a short, black, clumsy, and misshapen craft as it was possible to see; cutter rigged, with an immense protruding bowsprit, and huge mainboom. She was under close-reefed sails, yet floundered about at a famous rate, throwing the water up to the head of her mainsail. As we hove to with our head in shore, she came under our lee, with her jib sheet to windward, and launched a light boat overboard, in which two men presently put off for us, leaving only one to take care of the cutter, a vessel of thirty tons or more. They soon reached our side, jumped on board, and hauled their boat up on our deck. We then bore up, and the pilot-boat followed. The chief of the two, who took charge of the ship, was a stout, hale, hearty Englishman, frank in manners, and free of speech; he was neatly as well as comfortably clad, having on his head a broad-brimmed glazed hat, with blue jacket, with the buttons of the Royal Yacht Club, he being master of one of the yachts during the sailing season in summer. Over his blue trousers he had a pair of uncommonly thick hose, which he said he had bought in Sicily some years

before when on board of a nobleman's yacht: and out side of all a pair of formidable fisherman's boots, in which the whole of his legs were swallowed up. His companion was a smaller and much less distinguished looking personage. He too had on a glazed hat and blue jacket, somewhat the worse for wear, with a pair of equally formidable boots, although their dimensions might not be so well estimated, as they disappeared altogether beneath the canopy of an immense overhanging petticoat of tarpaulined canvass, which was secured at his waist with a drawing-string and strap of leather.

The course being given to steer by, we immediately laid siege to the pilot, to extract such items of news as he might have to communicate. The most interesting by far was that of the unexpected return of Captain Ross. The King of Spain was dead; matters, according to his account, too, were not going on very well in England: there was the old story of hard times, and worse to come. We had already made some progress; the bleak point of the Needles reared itself boldly before us; its bald precipitous side of white chalk seeming to offer a stout yet ineffectual obstacle to the waves that tore it: and the breakers on the reef which forms the opposite boundary to the entrance of the harbour, sheltered by the Isle of Wight, were beginning to be seen in a broad expanse of shattered and broken waters. Our pilot just then discovered that the Danish schooner which was following us, had hoisted a signal for a pilot at her fore. He consulted a moment with his comrade, and then gave orders to put the helm down, and launch the little cockle which had brought him on board; saying at the same time, there was no reason why a Yankee should have two pilots and the Dane none at all. It was now blowing a hurricane: the sea was running short and quick, with a combing wave and driving spray; and I could scarcely credit my senses when I saw a single individual stepping quietly and calmly into a boat, about twelve feet long, to put forth alone in such an uproar of the elements. Yet this was actually done by our little pilot in the tarpaulin petticoat.

He did not leave the side, however, until he had secured the customary fee of a piece of salt pork from the harness-cask, and a bottle of whisky, which he uncorked, smelt, and from which he took a hearty, heaven-regarding quaff. Having carefully recorked and stowed it under the head sheets, he now hauled in his painter, took to his oars, and got the boat's head to wind; pulling with a long and steady stroke clear of the ship, and catching the stroke quickly to prevent the boat's gathering sternboard. The pilots both looked upon this feat of reckless hardihood as a matter of course, but I felt sure that it was attended with great danger. I clambered to the poop, braced myself against the mizzen rigging to prevent my being blown away, and watched for the catastrophe with a painful interest. The little egg-shell, scarce distinguished from the ducks that floated around her, bore herself bravely; head to wind she faced each coming sea; at one moment disappearing in the trough, as if gone for ever; in the next, mounting on the top of the very spray which broke wildly from the crest of each wave.

The schooner, on discovering the boat, which we feared for a time she might not do, hauled up for her. Presently after, to the horror of all of us, she again bore up and passed to leeward, following us in and depending upon our guidance. The only chance of safety for the poor fellow, who had thus boldly perilled himself from a sense of duty, and for the sake, of the honest gain on which he was dependant for his support, now rested upon the bare possibility of his being seen by the single individual who remained in the pilot-boat, and who must already be sufficiently occupied by his absorbing and perilous charge. If seen, too, the task of rounding to and picking up the boat was not easy or unattended with danger. The pilot-boat was now very far astern; we watched the too reckless adventurer until the eye grew weary, and then abandoned him to his fate with a fervent wish for his deliverance.

By this we began to open the Needles. They are a collec-

tion of isolated chalk rocks, which make out in a western direction from the Isle of Wight, and are so called from the circumstance of some of them being sharply pointed, others being connected at the top, the ceaseless wash of the sea forming an arch below, which the imagination, fruitful in discovering similes between the fantastic shapes of nature and the symmetric forms of artificial objects, and sometimes puzzled for a name, has fancifully likened to the points and eyes of needles. The bold cape from which these isolated rocks made off, and from which they have evidently been gradually broken, is called the Needle's Point. It rises perpendicularly five or six hundred feet from the sea, which, as we passed, was madly dashing against its base, and sending its waters far up the side. It is of a chalky white, and is altogether one of the most remarkable and boldest headlands in the world. To the left of the narrow passage through which we were entering lay the dangerous reef called the Bridge; the sea, agitated by the full blast of an autumnal gale, broke over it in a vast extent of the most terrific breakers I had ever seen. Vast quantities of gulls, gannets, and sheerwaters, driven in from sea, yet apparently delighting in the scene of strife and uproar, contended against the gale, wheeled in circling eddies, or allowed themselves to be borne before it with the speed of lightning. As we flew by with almost equal rapidity, the pilot gave, in a few sententious words, the appropriate tale of the loss of His Majesty's schooner the *Nightingale*, which had grounded some years before on the Bridge. Turning to the right he pointed to the Needle's Point, where, on the brink of the precipice, stood the lonely and isolated light-tower; and in the same breath related how, one foggy morning, the keeper, having swallowed his morning dram, walked off the edge.

We passed quite near Hurst Castle, a venerable ruin that told of feudal times, and which, until the late reform, sent two members to parliament. Its gray and time-worn sides were finely contrasted with the deep red of the two huge

light-towers that rose beside it, and the neat appearance of the white and well-kept cottages of the lightmen and coast-guard that clustered around it. Though the coast of England lay but a couple of miles beyond, it was but indistinctly seen through the lurid and driving clouds. Occasionally the spire of a church or the tower of some ruined castle broke through the gloom; but the numerous towns that lined the coast were not even momentarily seen. In return, we had a full view of the Isle of Wight, which we passed at the distance of a quarter of a mile; from the Needle's Point, it stretched eastward in an uncultivated down, covered with a short grass, which was still of a dusky green. The ridge itself appeared, against the background of dark clouds, of a singular regularity, defined as distinctly as a black line upon paper, and broken by no other objects than the lighthouse and beacon to guide ships in crossing the Bridge, and by a single individual in a white shirt, who, as he strode along the summit of the hill, soared into the clouds in giant-like and preternatural relief. Here the chalk cliff changed its hues to yellow, red, and purple; and gangs of labourers were employed in quarrying for a sand used in the manufacture of glass, and said to be very valuable.

The succession of objects past which we were now hurried, at a very short distance and a tremendous rate, furnished an uncommonly spirited and gay spectacle. Yarmouth, Newtown, and Cowes, came and went like magic; these were quickly followed by a continuous fleet of windbound ships, which we passed within the toss of a biscuit—by pleasure-yachts moored in the bays—gigs and fishing-boats lining the strand—by Gothic churches rising at frequent intervals, the venerable shrines of a pure and heart-felt religion—and by the charming residences of a rich and most tasteful people. There were beautiful cottages surrounded by hay-ricks, hedges, and gardens; French and Elizabethan chateaux, with formal walks and alleys; or admirable imitations of antique castles over-run with ivy, yet filled apparently with all imaginable comforts, and graced with the fair form of wo-

man, gazing with rapture from the shelter and security of the veranda, and from amid the plants and flowers that embosomed her, upon the swift flight of our ship, the strife of the elements, and the triumphs of man in commanding them.

We were to anchor on the Mother Bank, off Ryde, as furnishing the most protected part of the admirable roadstead formed by the Isle Wight. While yet three miles off we commenced shortening sail and furling every thing, that we might neither part nor drag when the anchor should be let go. We still continued to run at the rate of eight knots, under bare poles, and were soon off Ryde, where we rounded to and let go the anchor. The chain rattled out at a tremendous rate, to the great dismay of the steerage passengers, all of whom had risen from the dead and come forth, and of my old friend the bear on the main hatch. Presently it was all out, and the ship brought up with a violent surge, and swung round quickly to her anchor.

There was an immense fleet of the outward bound anchored in every direction around us. Two or three cruisers and troop-ships lay, with housed masts and yards pointed to the wind, in the roadstead of Spithead, and a mile beyond was the town of Portsmouth; its rusty steeples, and the fortifications which protect its harbour, indistinctly seen through the storm. A number of diminutive steamers were struggling slowly against the wind, in the direction of Ryde, Yarmouth, or Southampton; and a small cutter, having an American ensign stopped in her rigging, was seen standing towards us. This was the vessel belonging to the packet agents, which they were sending off for our passengers and letter-bag. She was called the Navarin, a very trim little craft, of which I had heard a great deal on the passage, as well as of her skipper, the son of one of the agents, a semi-nautical worthy by the name of Sam. She now passed under our stern, bearing herself gallantly under her close-reefed sails, and, luffing short round, came alongside and made fast by the ropes which we threw to her.

The Navarin and her skipper Sam seemed to be less at home in this subordinate association with our overgrown ship, than when moving about independently and on her own account. Her jibs had been hauled down, but the mainsail still fluttered violently in the gale, and the mainboom swung about in a way very formidable to those who stood near it. At every sea, bowsprit and bows went completely under, sousing the sailors who trod the deck, while the intrepid Sam, in danger of having his head knocked off by the restless boom, had taken refuge within the door of his companion-way, and seemed to lose all heart. He was a little urchin of one-and-twenty or more, mounted ambitiously upon a pair of enormously high-heeled boots, which served to make his footing at this time the more insecure. He had on a dandy blue jacket, covered with buttons, which were meant to look like those of the Royal Yacht Club, though instead of those initials they bore the humble one of the American Packet Service. An oil-cloth cap, and cloak of the same, which he in vain struggled to keep round him, completed his dress; while a face beaming with good-nature towards others and himself, and long locks of sandy hair depending at either side to please the eyes of the Portsmouth syrens, formed the ensemble of his appearance.

And now commenced the scene of disembarking our passengers; as odd a one as could be well witnessed. The only way to get into the cutter was by reaching from the channels of the ship to her rigging, and descending along it. This was a very simple matter to sea-going characters, but not so much so to clumsy labourers and countrymen, who had moreover nearly lost the use of their limbs by sea-sickness, confinement, and inactivity. They would plant themselves in the channels, hold on with both hands to our rigging, and with eyes half shut through fear, stretch forth an exploring and ineffectual foot in search of the rattlings of the Navarin's rigging, which would sometimes rise under them, and nearly turn them over. They never would have got down if the sailors had not come

to their assistance, turned them round, guided their feet and hands, and sometimes trundled them over. The baggage was now sent down with as little ceremony; slung in ropes, or tossed from hand to hand; a more beggarly assortment of clothes and furniture could scarce be met with at an auction in Saint Giles's. One box slipped from the slings upon deck, just as the *Navarin* gave a desperate plunge and set her whole deck afloat. The contents tumbled out, and were scattered far and wide; a dingy shirt or two, the leg of a pair of red flannel drawers, the fragments of a green surtout, a broken jar of brown sugar, which was quickly converted into salt molasses, and sundry nails, and odds and ends of half-smoked cigars, with some small articles of plunder picked up about decks, which the second mate, had he not been better occupied, might have recognised and reclaimed. Part of our cabin passengers landed at the same time, still preserving on board of the *Navarin* their aristocratic advantages over the humbler worthies of the steerage, who were stowed with the baggage in the hold, while they were conducted to the narrow closet which Sam dignified by the ambitious name of the cabin. Being very desirous of seeing something of the intermediate coast, and the navigation of the river, whose pilots are so celebrated for their seamanship and dexterity, I determined to remain with the ship until she should reach London.

Our business at Portsmouth was soon over, and we were ready to depart; but such a hurricane as was then blowing, with constantly increasing violence too, furnished no fit moment to put to sea. The captain determined, therefore, to remain in our present snug anchorage until the weather should moderate. We were indeed very much disposed to thank our good fortune that we were not still in the Channel, and to appreciate the good sense of the pilot's remarks as to the inestimable value to England of the Isle of Wight as a breakwater, and the vast amount of life and property which is annually saved from destruction by its happy position.

Our interest in the fate of the pilot who had so boldly put

forth in the little boat to board the Danish schooner, though it had been checked by our rapid run along the Isle of Wight, and the swiftly-passing diorama of so many picturesque objects had not been forgotten. No sooner were we safe at anchor than we began to follow the anxious looks of the pilot in quest of his cutter, which was out of time. The individual who embarked alone in the little boat was his brother in law; these two, with another brother, were joined in company, owning the little craft among them. We were pleased soon after to see her heave in sight, coming down from Cowes. As she came on, however, the pilot's anxiety was greatly excited in discovering, as she sheered a little, that the boat which she towed astern was not the same one in which his brother-in-law had embarked; it was a new one, not yet painted black, as all boats on the coasts of the United Kingdom are required to be, in order to distinguish them from those of the preventive service, which alone are painted white. He saw at once that the little boat must have been lost, and that the cutter had stopped at Cowes for a spare one kept there in readiness. The painful question now occurred, what had become of the hardy fellow who had ventured forth in her? Had he been passed without being seen by the cutter, and left to exhaust his strength at the oars in delaying the moment when the wind and tide would inevitably carry him among the breakers; or had he been run down in the dangerous attempt to pick him up, made by the single individual left alone to manage so large a vessel in a gale of wind. The fears of the pilot, in which we anxiously sympathized, were soon relieved, by finding, as the cutter came nearer, that the man was upon her deck, all life, and in possession of the helm. Passing under our stern he hailed his companion, to say that they had taken the boat in tow, and that she had been swamped in the breakers, as they crossed the Bridge. This was a loss of four or five pounds to these poor fellows, which would swallow up nearly the whole gains of piloting our ship in.

The ship being now snug, and the work done, the sailors mustered round their supper on the fore-castle, having previously been comforted with each a wine-glassful of rum dispensed to them at the mainmast by the second steward; while we were summoned to discuss a saddle of mutton, with sundry other good things, in the more comfortable, though perhaps not happier, sanctuary of the cabin. The conversation naturally turned upon the lost boat, for which we all agreed that the Dane should, in justice, be made to pay. The pilot said that all that could be got from him, when there was time to look to the matter, was half pilotage for following us in. He seemed to take the matter very philosophically; "There must be losses as well as gains my masters, in all trades." He added that the loss of a boat was a frequent occurrence to them, with now and then a man; and sometimes a cutter was lost with all on board. They had lost as many as three small boats in one winter.

CHAPTER III.

PORTSMOUTH.

Sail to Portsmouth in the Navarin. Sensations on Landing. A Stage-coach. Dress and Appearance of the Population. Buildings and Shops. The invisible Dock-yard. Sailors on Shore. English Steamers. A Family Group.

ON the morning after our arrival at Portsmouth the weather had greatly moderated; but as the distance to the entrance of the Thames was only about one hundred and twenty miles, the captain determined not to sail until the evening, so as to have daylight in passing that part of the coast from Dungeness to Margate, where there are some dangers to be avoided, and where daylight is necessary to procure a pilot.

As we had the whole day before us, the captain proposed a visit to the shore; and we straightway embarked in the Navarin, under the guidance of the doughty Sam, whose energies,

rising as the gale abated, were now quite equal to the management of his craft. He had shaken out all his reefs, set his largest jib, fiddled his topmast, and carried the American ensign with a swagger at the truck, instead of hanging it with a depressed and dishcloth air in the rigging. The old sailor, to whom he had very willingly abandoned the honour and responsibility of command the day before, as he escaped from the salt spray and the sallies of the mainboom to the protection of the companion-way, was now again degraded to the condition of foremast hand, and turned upon the forecastle, while the youthful skipper, perched upon his high-heeled boots, grasped the helm with a knowing cock of the eye, and issued his commands with the authoritative air of a newly-caught midshipman.

A quick and pleasant sail brought us under the fortified point of land which forms the entrance to the beautiful harbour of Portsmouth. Here a number of convicts were at work; many of them wearing chains, which clanked as they moved along. The entrance to the harbour being quite narrow, offered a very lively scene; small steamers were arriving and departing; boats were crossing from the town to Gosport with passengers; square-rigged and smaller vessels were entering or beating out; while in the harbour above, lay several cruisers at their moorings. Among them was a stately three-decker, which wore the flag of the admiral. It was Nelson's ship—the ship which so nobly upheld the banner of England at Trafalgar, and bore the worthy and well-won name of the Victory.

We had scarce reached the neighbourhood of the shingle beach which forms the landing-place, ere we were surrounded by watermen anxious to turn an honest penny in carrying us ashore. At the beach, another set of worthies obsequiously aided us to land, and offered their services in transporting our luggage. Neither the captain nor I was in a condition to need their services; but we delivered up to their tender mercies our young countryman, who had not landed the day be-

fore; his luggage was overhauled by the custom-house officer with somewhat less scruple for having felt the touch of his silver, and passed from one hand to another until it reached the top of a stagecoach, which was waiting for him, and where he hastened to place himself also, relieved in a very few minutes of the weight of sundry sixpences and shillings, transferred to the greasy pouches of watermen, dock-rangers, and coach-porters. Being a disinterested witness, and at leisure to observe, I could not help smiling at the respectful courtesy with which each claimant commended himself to the attention of the sufferer, lifting his hat, and proffering the sententious words, "Waterman, sir!" "Porter, sir!" "Coach-porter sir!" and contrasting it with the air of well-bred indifference with which, when the demand was listened to and the sixpence hidden, each turned away in search of other victims.

A ship careering proudly under a cloud of bellying canvass is a noble object; the ocean, with its vastness, its monotony, its symmetric boundary, met by the blue dome of the overhanging heavens, its unfathomable depths, and the huge monsters that alone have penetrated their unrevealed mysteries, is full of sublimity and grandeur. But with what rapture do we not ever exchange the ocean, with all its sublimity, and the winged messengers by whose aid we are able to traverse it, for the firm footing and the more varied spectacles of the land! More than a third of my life has passed upon the water, and for years together I have never slept out of a ship; yet, after all, the land is the only place for life and for enjoyment; but the zest with which we regain it can only be appreciated by those who have gone forth into the sea in ships; and they only can understand the interest and attraction with which the eye reverts to a thousand familiar objects. The mariner will bear witness with me to the sensation of almost delirious rapture with which, after a long voyage and a familiarity with no other odours than those of the sea itself, or the staler exhalations of the ship in which we traverse it, we first, even while the land is as yet unseen, snuff the perfumes of meadows in

temperate climes, or the aromatic gales which the land-breeze wafts to us from some fair island within the tropics.

We had scarcely landed before our attention was taken up by a battalion of foot soldiers, marching down to embark in small boats for Gosport. Their well-drilled air, the high order of their accoutrements, and the gaudy, flamingo-like glare of their scarlet coats, with the fluttering of their colours, and the clang of the martial music to which they marched, all formed a spectacle on which I was for a moment arrested to gaze; but, after all, perhaps I was more delighted with the appearance of the stage coach, in which my fellow-passengers were just starting for London. The neat, graceful, compact form of the pretty toy, the mettled and impatient air of the shining and well-groomed horses, the high polish of the harness, and admirable order and neatness of the whole affair, together with the stately and consequential air of the portly and well-muffled coachman, as he ascended to his box with the mien of a monarch seated himself upon his throne, all delighted me while yet the vehicle was in repose. When, however, the guard mounting behind called forth the characteristic "All right!" and the stable-boys who held the horses had released and abandoned them to their impatience, the whip cracked, the wheels began to spin round, and the pavements to rattle, while the veils of the fair occupants of the top of the coach streamed out from the rapid motion, and the whole presented an array of excited and happy faces, I thought the scene one of the most spirited and striking that it was possible to behold; and the sensation with which I contemplated it worth all the musings of sublimity with which, for want of something better, I had fed my imagination on the outward voyage.

Leaving the seaside, in the hope of escaping altogether for an hour or two from nautical associations, we penetrated into the town. In coming from America, the streets looked narrow and confined; the houses low, antiquated, contracted, and ill built; and the effect of the seacoal smoke, in connection with an atmosphere in itself covered and overcast, was gloomy

and depressing, aiding the influences of a temperature which, though apparently not cold for the season, was raw and chilling. The population did not, however, seem to suffer in their health, or allow themselves to be depressed in spirits by the action of any such causes as these. They were ruddy, hale, and robust, and seemed very well satisfied with their climate and their condition. Many had breeches, stout woollen stockings, and smock frocks; and the variety of their costume was very pleasing after the monotony so prevalent in America; where, bating some difference in texture and fashion,—less there, owing to the comfortable and independent condition of the labouring classes, than in any other country,—all dress as nearly as possible in the same way. The women wore cotton gowns, gay-coloured handkerchiefs, warm cloaks, gipsy hats of straw, and stout shoes, with clogs of wood or iron. These were country people apparently who had come to town with game, vegetables, worsted stockings, and other articles, which they were selling in the squares and markets. There were, too, a number of French women with eggs, who did not seem to be in any particular favour with the beldames of the land. Among the people of the better orders I fancied that I discovered an air of greater health, larger size, fairer and finer complexions, and a less saturnine expression of countenance. Instead of the ease, independence, and proud carriage of the republic, however, their demeanour seemed constrained and formal, as if each were acting in imitation of some established model. The women had better complexions and a brighter look than those I had seen as I rode down Broadway to embark; but their figures were robust, stalwart, and redundant with large extremities, and [a determined and heavy tread, their dress, too, was far less elegant and tasteful, and evinced a less happy judgment in the selection and contrast of colours; still it had the appearance of being both appropriate and comfortable; and the thick shoes, the heavy shawl, and circling boa, seemed much more conformable to right reason and the fitness of things than the silks, the lace, and feathers of our

light and tripping countrywomen. Upon the whole, these had a sturdy, wholesome, substantial, enduring, and serviceable look, as contradistinguished from the somewhat too gossamer forms, the graceful carriage, and distinguished air of the American fair.

As we strolled through the streets, I was struck with the extreme neatness of the shops, and, on entering one or two to purchase a few trifles, with the address, civility, and obligingness of the shopmen; though the conventional eloquence with which they recommended their wares, and insisted on their being precisely what the purchaser was in need of, however respectful and obsequious, had in it something obtrusive and impertinent. I found in England that it is not the practice to enter shops, inspect goods, ransack shelves, and give much trouble without purchasing, as is not unfrequently done in America: a practice which argues more forbearance in the shopman than consideration or sense of good breeding in his lounging and yawning visitor.

The shops here were nearly all open to the air, which was an evidence of the mildness of the climate. Another point which particularly distinguished them from those of America, was the frequent occurrence of stalls of butchers, fishmongers, and poulterers; which, in America, being all collected in the public markets, are here, as on the continent, spread about at intervals, with the same view to the advantages of position and the supply of a neighbourhood as the shops of grocers or hosiers. Whole sheep and calves hang up at the front of the butcher's stalls, considerably curtailing the dimensions of sidewalks already sufficiently narrow; and parts of dismembered animals, joints, sirloins, and the inferior offal that announced the food of the poor, were hung about on hooks within doors, or suspended over the street. I never anywhere saw meat so nicely prepared, though it looked so preposterously fat and bloated that I fancied that the art which is still so extensively practised in France is not yet forgotten here, where it was

well known in those days when the redoubted Talgol was tauntingly told that—

“Not all the pride that makes thee swell
As big as thou dost blown up veal,”

would avail to save him from the ire of Hudibras. Though the meat looked coarse and puffy, it seemed to possess the rudiments of life and restoration, to judge of its effects upon the dispenser of these wares; in almost every case, a hale, hearty, round, and cheerful-looking personage, in well-filled top-boots, neat apparel, and scrupulously clean apron, from whose drawing-string depended a shining knife and steel. There was something in the portly size, the rosy rubicund hue, and the cheerful, whistling, hey-day air of each and all of these worthies, which seemed to illustrate very conclusively the relative advantages of meat and vegetable diets. A well-drawn figure of one of these worthies, and of a lean, thread-bare, and attenuated peasant of Erin's unhappy isle, would serve as no bad or unfair personification of Mr. John Roast-beef and plain Pat Potato.

The fishmongers' stalls also made a very attractive appearance. The fish, lobsters, and neatly-washed oysters were displayed on clean stone slabs, inclined to the street, so as to expose the commodity to the customers, and carry off the water with which it was frequently refreshed. The poulterers also suspended their wares most temptingly within and without their shops. They consisted chiefly of hares, partridges, and pheasants with very rich plumage and long tail-feathers; also of venison, turkeys, geese, and chickens, prepared for the broach, or partially divested of their feathers from the breast and bodies, and left with their wings and heads untouched. Having just landed from a three weeks' voyage, which had been passed in demolishing, and then, to prolong the pleasure, discussing the merits of real wild game from a wild country, and of the best flavoured poultry and provisions, and which in short had been devoted wholly to gastronomy, I did not

contemplate the spectacle of these edible appliances with all the rapture that I might have done in other passages of my life, and at the termination of other voyages in far distant seas, where I had been half starved for months together. I could, however, well sympathize in the yearning and voracious glances with which some young midshipmen, just landed from a newly-arrived cruiser, whose sunburnt countenances, contrasting with the light locks of England, proclaimed them wanderers from some torrid clime, eyed these treasures of good cheer. They seemed to have but little admiration to spare for the fresh and blooming faces of their passing countrywomen; though this indifference was not unlikely to give place to more ardent feelings in their subsequent walks, after they should have provided for the comfort and refreshment of their inner man at the George Inn, which they now entered under the guidance of the oldest of the party, round whom the youngers rallied, and who seemed chosen to act as commodore in the land cruise on which they had so heartily and so adventurously set out.

Strolling along the ramparts of the town, we caught some glimpses of the surrounding country. It was flat and monotonous for some miles, until bounded by a line of chalk hills of no great height. The whole expanse was divided into small fields, carefully separated by hawthorn hedges, out of which grew at intervals an occasional elm-tree. Some were still green with grass, others elaborately cultivated, and clothed in every direction with white cottages, surrounded by stacks of hay and corn, or with tasteful villas, of forms as various as individual caprice could suggest.

Though very anxious to see the Dock-yard, I did not, of course, attempt to gain admittance. All persons entering it are required to record their names and places of residence at the gate; and foreigners are only allowed the privilege in virtue of a specific order from the Admiralty. Such is the vigilant yet ineffectual jealousy with which England watches over all that pertains to her waning dominion on the ocean;

and those wooden walls which extend the arm of her power everywhere to the remotest seas, and display her proud banner flauntingly and disdainfully in the eyes of an overawed world. If there were any thing new in the science of naval war in England, a single month would, in this age of publicity, reveal it to the whole world. The power of the British navy consists in the vast collection of materials, the number of her ships, in the skill and experience of her officers, and the excellence of her seamen, nurtured in a commercial marine which covers every sea. Add to this the vast wealth, the accumulated capital, and untold treasures which are the production of previous and still-sustained industry, and which gave life and energy to her other resources, and we have the real causes of England's naval superiority, which does not consist in any exclusive ingenuity in the construction and equipment of her ships. The foreigner who would steal into the Portsmouth dock-yard with any surreptitious purpose, would probably be found studying the models of the *President*, the *Endymion*, the *Blonde*, or some captured Spaniard, and not in carrying off any outlines of those crazy and dancing cockboats, in which the forms of caiques and polacres, intended to traverse circumscribed and sheltered seas, are extended to the largest ships, turned out to roll and wallow in the full-grown billows of the Atlantic; or attempting to gain a useful idea in construction in the building-sheds of a navy which is abandoned to a wild spirit of innovation, trampling upon established rules and all that experience has consecrated, and which is given up to the ruinous guidance of charlatans and yacht-fanciers.

Though we did not enter the dock-yard, we took a look at the gate that gives admission to it, and enjoyed a broadside view from the land, of the noble old *Victory*. The beach and adjacent streets were crowded with jolly sailors; some, just discharged, had yards of ribbon hanging from their neat trucks, and fluttering like the pendants of so many cruisers, and the gilded chains of one or more watches dangling from

their tight-set waistbands. These rolled over the ground with a glorious swagger; and, in their trim gala air, were the very opposites of some other worthies, who, with tattered shirt, bunged-up eyes, and minus the jacket which they had doubtless swallowed in the shape of rum the day before, were skulking to a house whence depended a union-jack to which was pasted a handbill, setting forth that able seamen were required for His Majesty's service. These fellows work hard three years at sea, and recreate a week on shore; if indeed that can be called recreation which, if it does not kill them outright, often severely injures their health, and leaves them more exhausted than months of toil and privation. The different favour and estimation in which these poor victims seemed to be held by the luring syrens that filled the streets, and ogled or frowned from the windows, furnished a true though low-lived picture of wordly interestedness. Never before did I see such teeming evidences, and so much of the outward and visible signs of vice, as in these my rambles through the streets of Portsmouth. I might perhaps have been led to draw conclusions unfavourable to the chastity of England, herself so critical, so prudish, and so unforgiving in her estimation of her continental neighbours, had I been in any hurry to draw conclusions of any sort; or, had I not remembered that, besides being a garrison town, this was the great rendezvous of the greatest navy in the world, and that sailors, somewhat earlier than the days of Horace, were already allowed by universal consent to be a wicked and perverse race, without morals and without religion. Wo is me, brother sailors! we lead but a dog's life in this world. Is it only that we may be the more certain of roasting in the next?

It would have been too much good fortune to have made two passages in one day with Captain Sam in his Navarin. There were, however, steamers running at stated hours from Portsmouth to Ryde, off which the Hannibal was lying, and we got on board one of them at two o'clock. There is no wharf or pier for the accomodation of passengers here. The

port is lined with a shingle beach, on which the boats are hauled up. The steamer lay at a short distance from the shore, stemming the tide, and we reached her in a small boat. This steamboat, like all in England, was of very different construction from ours in America; most of ours being constructed to run on rivers and in smooth water. Here there are no rivers, the harbours are generally more or less open, and all boats are occasionally exposed to a heavy sea. Hence they are constructed fuller and deeper, and have no superstructure of any sort, such as pavilion-decks, and roofs for the shelter and comfort of passengers. None of their machinery is on deck; and were it not for the funnel emitting a black coal-smoke, and the paddle-wheels, there would be nothing in the appearance of their hulls to distinguish them from sailing vessels, for they are even painted in the same way. The travelling-beam and piston, which work up and down in sight in our boats, here move horizontally below. Perhaps this is one reason why the celerity in English steamboats is so inferior to ours; for, extravagant as the disparity may seem, I do not believe that the average celerity of all the boats in the United Kingdom is more than equal to half that of American steamers. In a noble steam ship-of-war, recently built in England, having two engines of each one hundred and ten horses, the length of the stroke is only five feet, while with us it would be just double. The disparity in speed is not wholly, but indeed very partially, owing to the flat construction of our boats, and the different character of the navigation. In shoal water it is more difficult to displace the resisting fluid, and the velocity is checked. We have steamers built of deeper draught for the navigation of the Long Island Sound, one of which, the Lexington, has a uniform speed of eighteen statute miles the hour; and the Charleston packets, which are exposed occasionally, in passing along the Gulf Stream, to as terrific storms and as dangerous seas as any to be encountered on the boisterous coasts of the United Kingdom, go at a velocity of from twelve to thirteen knots.

But to return to our little steamer now on her way to Ryde, she scuffled along at the rate of six or seven knots. She was evidently doing her best to oblige us, and it would have been cruel to complain. Though there was no gilding, brass, or ornament of any sort about this boat, she was scrupulously neat, and the sailors employed about her were better clad, and evidently a better class of persons, than those usually seen in ours. The air being raw and chill, I went below to the cabin, which I found exceedingly small. Instead of the rich and costly woods, the gilding, carving, carpets, and tapestry which are found in most of our boats, all was here plain and simple, the joiner's work being unadorned and merely painted white, with an oilcloth and green cushions of moreen; here however, as on deck, the cleanliness and order were admirable.

The little cabin was occupied, as I entered it, by a very interesting group, consisting of a young gentleman, and a lady of great beauty and elegance, who was evidently his wife. Beside her sat a nurse, whose good looks, though of a more substantial character, were not without claims to admiration, and who was endeavouring to amuse a pretty boy of two or three years, and divert his mind from the effects of the boat's motion; in which task she had a most useful coadjutor in a little spaniel dog, very prettily spotted, and with long silken ears. There was an air of mutual confidence and affection between the happy pair which evinced itself in none of those sickening epithets and mawkish dalliance which married people not unfrequently indulge in, for the edification of others whom chance has sent as spectators of their exhibition; but in every quiet look, word, and action. Nothing delights me more than the spectacle of a happy group thus blessed in the present, and with hope to gild each cloud that hangs about the horizon of the future. Every thing, indeed, seemed in good keeping in this charming living picture after the manner of Raphael. The noble, manly, protecting air of the husband; the grace, the delicacy, the soft security and confiding repose of the wife; the more solid and substantial charms of the rus-

tic fair one; and the innocence of the child, at the age when children first begin to have any interest, were all aided by the effect of graceful drapery and well-chosen colours. To render the scene complete, they were surrounded by a thousand little appliances of comfort and luxury, which were all called into use in the course of our short voyage. A neat port-folio was first produced and opened, exhibiting the combination of compactness and high finish, which luxury and refinement have given rise to among a highly civilized people. There was no table in the cabin, but the obliging husband contrived to make one of his lap; while his wife penned a hasty line to put in the post at Ryde, in order to announce a safe arrival to some dear friend from whom they have recently parted. This care disposed of, a basket was produced and unpacked, which was found to contain the very opposites of the intellectual contents of the port-folio, in the shape of sandwiches, done up in white paper, and an entire roasted chicken. Ere they made any inroad upon their store of good things, they very politely and cordially invited me to partake. An act of courtesy like this would have been obvious enough on the continent; and in Spain would surely, under like circumstances, have been practised by the humblest muleteer; but I certainly was not prepared for such civility by a slight intercourse with various repulsive specimens of English people in my own country and elsewhere. As I had not, however, come to this country armed, in imitation of the aimiable example of its travellers in my own, with a set of opinions to which facts were by some means to be accommodated, I very willingly stored up the circumstance in my memory as a pleasing incident, which I am happy to record. Perhaps the attention may have been unusual, and owing to my removing my hat and bowing as I entered an apartment, of which, though public for all the passengers, they were the only occupants, having rendered it probable that I was a foreigner. At any rate, I learned on this occasion one lesson of national manners, which was confirmed by all my subsequent experi-

ence. This was the sensible custom of English people, of going always armed with eatables to sustain their energies and keep alive their enthusiasm. The pleasures and excitement of a journey, the rapture which is enkindled by the contemplation of fine scenery, or the ecstasy with which the soul is moved by the triumphs of music at a festival or an oration, are never in England allowed to be diminished by the inward discomfit of an empty stomach. There is a sympathy of feeling on this subject throughout the land ; and never shall I forget the loud and enthusiastic burst of loyalty with which I once saw King William greeted by an overflowing house at Drury Lane, as he accompanied his cup of tea by the customary bread and butter, eating, as one remarked beside me, exactly like a common person.

But to return to our little steamboat ; she ere long stopped under the stern of the Hannibal. A boat came from the ship to take us alongside ; and, soon after, we were seated at dinner, when I endeavoured as well as I could to do justice to the good cheer of the captain's table, and imitate the energetic attacks of my late friendly companions.

CHAPTER IV.

THE KENTISH COAST.

Leave Portsmouth. Beachy Head. Dunge Ness. Lighthouse Sinecures. River Pilot. Shipwrecks. Appearance of the Coast. Hythe. Dover. Cinque Ports. The Downs. Kentish Wreckers.

TOWARDS sundown we weighed anchor and stood to sea, going out from behind the Isle of Wight by the opposite entrance from which we had arrived, in coming from the west. We had come in by the Needles, and now passed out by St. Helen's. The gale had ceased, and though the sky was still gloomy and overcast, the pilot, and those who could judge in an English sense and speak advisedly, pronounced the weather beautiful. The wind blew gently from the south, and we swept quietly along the coast. As the day declined, and the darkness spread around, the beautiful beacon-lights of this admirably marked coast grew into distinctness and brilliancy. The salutary care of a government, watchful of the lives and property of its subjects, has provided lights at every headland and place of danger. These are visible from twenty to thirty miles in fine weather, are distinguished by their colour, phases, and periods of revolution, and have sufficient power to pierce the gloom which ordinarily envelopes the coast to a distance sufficient to secure the safety of the watchful mariner. Other intermediate points of inferior note, having piers or natural harbours, have beacons of less brilliancy, which are placed on the extremity of the moles, and called tide-lights; because they are only lit towards high water, when alone it is possible to enter. In this way we passed the Owens, which mark the existence of a danger; a brilliant collection of gas-lit streets, sloping down a hill side, marked the site of Brighton, a city exclusively of the rich, then the residence of the court, and the scene of festive revelry; at length the brilliant, meteor-like light of Beachy Head blazed up in the direction of our

course, to remind me of one of the commonest of sea similes, applied equally, in narrative, to ships and women—"She loomed like Beechy Head in a fog."

Having walked the deck until a late hour, excited by the balminess of the gentle south breeze, the steady and quiet motion of the ship, and the bright array of lighthouses, beacons, and illuminated cities of Sussex, past which we nearly and leisurely glided, I retired at length below, with the determination of being out again betimes. The day was dawning as I rose, and we were off that southern point of the coast of Kent which, stretching out into a low sandy headland, is known by the name of Dunge Ness. Here is a very fine light, whose power and brilliancy we could still appreciate, though the gathering day had already announced the coming of nature's luminary. If, however, it were nearly as brilliant as the sun, it was not by any means so cheap. I forget, now, how much the Hannibal had to pay each voyage for this Dunge Ness light; but I well remember that she and other ships make up for Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, the pretty purse of four or five thousand pounds over and above the annual expenses of maintaining this light. I was told, moreover, that Mr. Coke, whose name was familiar to me among the distinguished Englishmen of the day, was an individual of enormous patrimonial wealth, and of elevated character, and honourable estimation in the land. He had repeatedly declined being called to the peerage. He was a very great patriot; indeed, he owed to his patriotism, that is, if patriotism and whig principles be admitted to be synonymous, the late renewal of the charter from Trinity House, or from whencesoever it came, securing to him this rich sinecure, chargeable to the commerce of the country, for other ten years. I think, in declining to be called My Lord, Mr. Coke might very consistently have put back this dishonourable subsidy, the want of which to him would have involved the abridgement of no luxury, but which is felt oppressively as added to the burdens of merchants, ship-owners,

and masters, toiling, economizing, and exposing themselves to become owners also.

Daniel O'Connell—by whom, however, I am by no means disposed to swear—being without fortune, has devoted those rare talents and acquirements, and that brilliant eloquence, which might have conducted to the highest honours and unbounded wealth, to the restless and unwearied advocacy of Ireland's wrongs. For these services he receives, as a voluntary offering from his countrymen, such sums as his professional labours would make his own with less vexation at the bar, or the tithe of what he might throw away in patronage upon his family, had his vocation been for office. For the receipt of this voluntary tribute he is each day proclaimed infamous to the world, branded as a selfish and sordid spirit, and the most wretched of beggarmen. Mr. Coke, of Holkham, being the hereditary possessor of unmeasured acres, extorts compulsorily four thousand pounds from ship-owners, skippers, and smack masters, which the legislative obliquities of the land permit him to levy, and for which he renders no service in return. Yet the world's estimation, denouncing O'Connell as infamous, proclaims *him* just, generous, and a patriot.

It so chanced that the first English newspaper which came in my way contained some evidence, given by a distinguished merchant before a committee of the House of Commons, on the depressed condition of the shipping interest. To enforce this opinion, he stated, that if any person would place at his disposal a thoroughly equipped ship, without the payment of any consideration, and simply upon the condition of his keeping her in repair, he would not consent to sail her in times like the present. The individual was upon oath; perhaps he had been broken in by swearing to manifests. At any rate I do not believe him, for I read his evidence soon after it was given, in working up the Thames, and surrounded by fleets of ships and teeming indications of a not motiveless or unprofitable activity. Though I do not believe the case to be so extreme a one, yet I placed the circumstance beside the other

of the Dunge Ness light, and could not help wondering that a country which has become great by freedom and commerce, should permit the sources of its power to be thus obstructed and preyed upon.

The day now grew apace. The chalky hills of the interior grew into distinctness, and many towns scattered along the coast testified to the populousness of this maritime county.— There were fleets of outward-bound vessels anchored under the land, waiting a wind to get to the westward.— The sky, though overcast, did not indicate rain or inclement weather; the water being free from swell and of a very bright green, was stirred into miniature billows by the growing breeze. Here the Thames pilots cruise for the inward-bound from the Atlantic. We soon saw one, having her signal up and standing towards us. She was a small cutter of thirty or forty tons, under reefed sails. We found that she had been out a week, and of course had encountered the tremendous gale we had rode out under the Isle of Wight. Though clumsy, awkward, and apparently unmanageable, these cutters must certainly be excellent sea-boats to live in such weather. The boat's crew of four which pulled the pilot alongside were a very hardy, weather-beaten set; their mode of life exposes them to frequent storms and rain, and the perpetual drenching of the salt spray; they were, however, most comfortably clad in suits of tarpaulin, coal-heaver's hats, huge boots, and canvas petticoats. The pilot was a puffy little man, with a braggadocio air, and a nautical swagger. He had a copper nose and a red eye, that showed that he knew how to empty a bottle. He fully proved this ere we reached Gravesend, as well as that, both as a pilot and a seaman, he was very competent to the discharge of his duty. The boat's crew, except one, followed him up, besieged the cook for raw pork, levied a bottle of rum, and contrived to exact an extra glass each before their departure.

During breakfast the pilot regaled us with an account of some of the wrecks, attended with loss of life, which had occurred since the last voyage of the Hannibal. Quite recently, a Quebec ship had been cast ashore near Calais, and lost nearly the whole of her crew. The pilot expatiated on the inhumanity of the French in not making greater efforts to save them. By his own admission, however, those who reached the land had been nursed with the greatest kindness; and I not long after saw an account of a most singular act of courage and hardihood of some French fishermen, in saving the crew of an English vessel, at the great risk of their own lives, and under the influence of humane feelings alone. Their heroism was commended in all the English papers, and the bounty of the sovereign was most becomingly bestowed upon them. The vituperation of the pilot was only the effect of the national antipathy, still existing in all its force among the amphibious inhabitants of the opposite coasts.

Our course lay very close to the coast. It blew fresh immediately along it, and we drove rapidly before the wind with square yards. After breakfast we were opposite to Hythe.— This was the native place and the chosen retirement of our our worthy fellow-passenger, the half-pay captain. He had expressed the hope the day before, that some boat would be off as we passed the town, and that he should be able to get on shore in time to go to church with his wife and his little ones. I found the captain looking anxiously with the glass, in the hope of seeing some one of the objects of his affection. He pointed out to me his abode, a stone house pleasingly situated on a terrace of the sloping cliff. One of the gables was overrun with an evergreen creeper, and it had an inviting, habitable look, as of a place to which one might become attached, and be satisfied to live in for ever. At no great distance stood the village church, a venerable and time-honoured pile, of various architecture, the patchwork combinations of remote ages. Its clear and clarion-like bell was sending over down and cliff

the preliminary notes of invitation to the faithful to bestir themselves, put on their gayest holiday suits, and repair to take part in the religious offices of the day. On the naked downs surrounding the town, flocks and herds were placidly grazing on the still partially verdant herbage. Occasionally a cow, standing on the top of the ridge, was brought out through the half misty sky in strong relief, so as to seem of preternatural dimensions. A gentleman on horseback, followed by his dog, was picking his way across the fields in the direction of the village.

The captain seemed very full of the antiquities of his little town, a place indeed not unknown to fame; and which, being one of the Cinque Ports, makes no inconsiderable figure in the early naval history of England. He gave me a full account, pointing too to the localities, of a very dreadful battle fought here against an army of invading Danes; who, having effected a landing, were defeated after terrible efforts, and put to the sword. A huge vault beneath the chancel, he said, was filled with the bones of the slain in this day of peril.

It blew fresh, and no boat came off to us. I really sympathized in the disappointment of the veteran captain, when he found himself carried past his house at the distance of not more than a quarter of an hour's sharp walking, such as, in his vexation and impatience, he was wasting on the deck of the Hannibal. Each familiar object was plain in view; he descanted upon the healthfulness of the situation; the commanding nature of the view; the agreeable walks; and the array of comforts within which he had intrenched himself in his smiling habitation. To me the place appeared full of attraction, though unhallowed by the consecrating power of past association. And yet he was preparing to leave this abode, so endeared to him, for a new and distant home in a wild country. He had bought land in Canada, and had come out for his family. His reasons for emigration were that his children were growing up; though he had the means of living

comfortably, yet he had no means to buy his sons commissions in the army, or titled relations to gain them preferment in the church; his portionless daughters, too, must remain unmarried. I could not help agitating the question in my mind whether, after balancing the pleasures and perplexities of his condition, he had really augmented by marriage the aggregate of his happiness. Had he lived single, he might have ended his days in tranquillity amid the scenes which had met his earliest gaze. He might have had for ever beside him some trusty domestic, disabled, like himself, in the service of old England, and who might now share his pleasures as he had shared his whilome toils. In short, instead of the unprofitable employment of bringing children into the world without knowing how they were to fight their way through it, he might have enacted again the old but true story of my Uncle Toby and the Corporal, fighting battles and taking towns to the end of life's chapter. There was, however, an essential difference between the two parallel cases, consisting chiefly in the nature of the wounds.

Folkstone, with its steep-gabled houses of red or gray sandstone, and its shining slate roofs, soon came and went like Hythe. Ere long we were in sight of Shakspeare's Cliffs, so called because the poet has made them his own in those undying lines with which the world is familiar. They seemed to me not less than five hundred feet in height, and nearly perpendicular, having been undermined and crumbled by the attacks of the sea. The chalky soil was naked and revealed, being of a dingy white, save in partial spots, where it was streaked with clay. Farther to the north frowned another precipitous range of cliffs, of equal boldness, the two being separated by a deep ravine. On this last cliff stood toppling the antique towers of the famous old castle of Dover, whose earliest foundation is ascribed to Julius Cæsar, and which is familiar to childish recollection as the depository of that famous gun, known as Queen Elizabeth's pocket-pistol, which

as nursery maids do say, will carry a ball across twenty mile, of channel, to the land of frogs and Frenchmen. Beneath the embattled walls, the face of the cliff is seen to be singularly perforated with casemates and lodgements for the garrison, being lit from the side of the precipice. Far below, partly situated on the beach at the foot of these cliffs which semicircularly surround it, partly straggling up the valley that divides them, lies the town of Dover, so important as being the nearest port to France; and the point whence, in winter, all the intercourse between the two great countries is carried on. It is built of dark stone, with slate roofs, and has the same lugubrious air with the other towns that I had seen. There is an unsafe natural roadstead here; but the harbour is wholly artificial, being excavated from the soil, and having massive stone piers running out into the sea, with a beacon light at the extremity. Here vessels of an easy draught of water may enter when the tide is in, the receding tide leaving them again, with the whole harbour, to the dominion of the land. The masts of many vessels, and the chimneys of steamers, mingled with the buildings. It was now eleven o'clock, the church-bells were pealing merrily, groups of gaily-dressed inhabitants were steering in a continuous current to the church, while the more ungodly strolled towards the pier. The streamers were fluttering gaily from all the vessels in the harbour; and high over cliff and battlement hung out the flag of England; in salutation of the Sabbath.

Presently we rounded the South Foreland, losing sight of Dover, and bore away along the coast due north for the bold point of the North Foreland, which forms the south-eastern boundary of the estuary of the Thames. The Downs were crowded with ships; and various towns were indistinctly seen along the shore through the misty veil, which, notwithstanding the beauty of the day, circumscribed the view in all directions, and which I afterward found was a perpetual attribute of the climate. Among the chief of these towns were

Deal, Sandgate, and Ramsgate. Walmer Castle was also pointed out to me at no great distance from Deal. It is and has been, from time immemorial, the residence of the Lord-warden of the Cinque Ports, a singular association, which had its origin in the early ages of the monarchy, and which was the embryo from which has grown the British navy. It was very useful to England at the time of its creation, and is now kept alive because it is useful to one individual, who receives a salary of some thousand pounds, levied, like Mr. Coke's sinecure, on the commerce of the country. At the present moment, however, the outrage against justice is not so crying as it may be, the incumbent having served and honoured his country beyond any other living Englishman, he being no other than the Duke of Wellington.

The well-known Downs, which make so frequent and so conspicuous a figure in the naval annals of England, and are associated with the names of all her heroes from Raleigh to Nelson, are a continuous bank, which extend some eight miles along the coast, and nearly as far outward from Deal to the Goodwin Sands. The holding-ground is good, but the situation is wholly exposed to all winds, except those from the west. Here vessels bound to the Atlantic ride at anchor, in preparation for a wind which may enable them to get to sea. When the wind comes in strong from the south, they sometimes weigh, and run behind the North Foreland for a lee, and anchor off Margate. At other times they get adrift, losing their anchors and cables, and have to run for the North Sea; or, to avoid the danger of approaching the coast again without ground-tackle, they push for the pier of Ramsgate, and dash in among the shipping at a venture. This, however, can only be attempted when the tide is in.

I looked with no little interest to the light-boat, which was the gloomy monitor to warn the mariner from Goodwin Sands; a name which awakened in my mind a thousand

disastrous recollections. The first stroke on these shoals often suffices to rend the stoutest keel; the quicksands enter instantly, and, ere long, all is swallowed to the truck. The pilot related the fate of the Houghie Castle Indiaman, as a warning to all refractory captains, and as a sea-moral never to be forgotten. She was running for the Downs or Margate, I forget which, when a pilot hailed her captain, and offered to bring him to anchor for twenty guineas. The charge was exorbitant, and the captain commended him to the Devil; the pilot sheered off, bidding him carry his own errand. She was under close-reefed topsails, for it blew a gale. Lord Liverpool, who was on a visit to Walmer Castle, happened to be watching her with a telescope when she struck. She gave three sallies from side to side, and disappeared entirely, ship, crew, passengers, all to her very mastheads.

There was a very large fleet riding in the Downs; their cables were straining, and they were plunging rather uneasily, though there was a little swell, and dashing the water far from their bows. They had been collecting here for several weeks, and were likely to remain as much longer; indeed, they actually did remain several months. One of the New-York packets, which, by superior sailing and great exertion, had got to sea shortly previous to this time, actually made her passage home and returned again, finding still in the Downs an Indiaman, and several other ships that had sailed in company with her from London. We exchanged the salute of colours with one unhappy American, whose patience was likely to be well tried. Our passage through this fleet was to us most exhilarating. The wind and tide were strongly with us, and we fairly flew before them. No pity for the wind-bound qualified our delight; for nothing can equal the selfish gratification with which a sailor glories in the monopoly of a staggering breeze. His own happiness were incomplete without the contrasting misery of others; besides, he is unwilling that the wind should blow the other way, lest it

should exhaust itself before he is ready to have the benefit of it on the homeward voyage.

There was a vast deal of passing to and fro in boats, to alleviate the condition of the wind-bound, and, for a consideration, to carry to these the consolations of the land; newspapers, vegetables, beef, and mutton, bottles of rum, and now and then a tearful, tender Susan, to ask if her sweet William sailed among the crew. The supply of the ships in the Downs is the great support of Deal. Their boats are famous for their speed, lightness, and safeness; and their oarsmen are no doubt the most skilful and hardy in the world. They think nothing of their own lives or of the pockets of other people. The habit of risking every thing to gain every thing makes them insatiably greedy. Their extortion for the slightest services is incredible. They are in league with the ship-chandlers on shore, and aid in extracting enormous prices from vessels requiring cables and anchors. The most delightful weather for them is a gale of wind, and a hurricane they deem the very smile of nature. A distressed vessel is the most pleasing object that their eye can rest on, and a wreck is a thing altogether lovely. Brave, active, skilful, they must ever furnish excellent recruits for the navy; reckless, turbulent, indomitable, if a new Jack Cade were to rise up, he would do well to follow the example of his predecessor, and unfurl his banner among the men of Kent.

CHAPTER V.

THE THAMES.

English Coasting Craft. French Fishermen. Ramsgate and Margate. Kentish Watermen. Tales of Shipwreck. The Convict Ship. Dangers of the Thames. Navigation of the River. The Nore. Approach to Gravesend. Leave the Hannibal.

ONE of the most obvious comparisons which rises in the mind of an American in approaching the coasts of Europe, is suggested by the wide difference between the coasting vessels he now sees around him and those he left on his own. He looks with wonder and derision at the shapeless and lumbering forms of cutters, ketches, and galliots, with their dark sails often tanned and painted; and contrasts their heavy, sluggish movements with the bounding, sprightly air of the small craft of his own country. He recalls to his recollection the proud majestic sloop, with her towering mainsail of white canvass, as large as that of a first-rate; the rakish fishing-smack, rising over the curling waves with the grace of a bonita; the brigantine and the pettiauger; but, most of all, his imagination reverts to the pilot-boat which bore back his last adieus, haply, as in our own case, the fleet and sylph-like Trimmer; her low hull, her graceful curve, which might be adopted as the true standard of the line of beauty; her raking masts, her sails, white, tapering, and cut with admirable precision; her matchless speed and lightness, and the docility, ease, and grace of every flexile movement, all proclaim her the Venus of the seas. She is, to the same class of vessels in England, what the dolphin is to the shapeless skate and the bloated toadfish; what one of our airy flutterers in Broadway is to the emigrant peasant-woman beside her, with uncompassed waist, projecting elbows, high quarter-deck, straddling steps, and iron-shod

hoofs;—light, easy, and Corinthian—a thing of life; she is among ships precisely what Taglioni is among women.

Among the small craft by which we were now surrounded, I was particularly struck with a French fishing-boat, which came very near us. It was short, broad, and very deep, and entirely open to the sea; one large mast rose in the bows, to which a lug-sail was hoisted; there was a small jigger-mast abaft, and a gallows beside it on which to lower the main-mast in pulling to windward, or in order to pull the sail over it in port to make a roof for the shelter of the crew. She was rendered more uncouth by being daubed outside with pitch, save where Boulogne, with her number, was written; and by her jib and jigger being tanned of a deep red colour. The crew were variously clad in tarpaulin jackets and trousers, or petticoats and fishermen's boots; and had on red wollen caps or coal-heavers' hats. At the helm, which was the rib of some wrecked boat about the size of his own, sat a veteran fisherman, heedlessly grasping the ominous relic. He strongly reminded me of an old sea-lion, which I once saw on a desert rock, giving the law to a family of seals of which he was the patriarch. As I gazed on the uncouth boat and her equally uncouth inmates, I have fancied her some strange sea-opossum, with its young ones in its belly. Like them, doubtless, were those Norsemen and sea-kings of old, their actual ancestors, who put forth in open cockles such as these to overrun the shores of Europe and subjugate kingdoms.

Notwithstanding the rude and lumbering appearance of this boat, she sailed well. The pilot told me, that when at anchor on the coast, they make a tent of the sail and sleep under it; at all other times they are completely exposed to spray and rain by day and night. Hardly as these poor fellows earn their existence, they are yet the objects of much envy. I gathered from the pilot, who did not seem to like them, that the English fishermen complain much of their fishing on the English coast. They find fault with the number of men which

they carry, which deters them from falling on board, beating them, and plundering their fish. They have recently petitioned Parliament to protect their invaded interests. If, however, a gale drives the Frenchmen on shore, they take the law into their own hands, and plunder and maltreat them without mercy. The poor Frenchmen steal like culprits along the coast, but rarely venturing to land to buy a few loaves of bread, which, with dry herrings and cheese, compose their food. Upon the whole, their life offers only one extended scene of danger and privation; passed as it is in contending in open boats with the almost perpetual rains, and the frightful squalls and hurricanes of this inclement coast, with the additional danger of being each night exposed to be run down in the Channel by the thousand keels that plough it unceasingly. I remember reading the next year, soon after the commencement of the herring season, that in Boulogne alone three hundred children of fishermen were already fatherless.

As we passed Ramsgate I was attracted by the noble appearance of its pier, which is one of the most celebrated of the great works of this description in England. It constitutes a harbour here, where one is much needed, into which vessels may run, if the tide be in, after parting a cable in the Downs. In a late gale, the pilot had seen a Deal boat board a Dutch West Indiaman, sugar-laden, which had thus broken adrift from the Downs. They undertook to run her into Ramsgate; but, dropping to leeward, came full against the pier, stove her bows in, and made switche! of the whole harbour. Ramsgate is a famous watering-place; and, being at so convenient a distance from London, is much frequented by its citizens during the bathing season.

Having doubled the bold promontory of the North Foreland, we hauled our wind up the river, and soon after clewed up and anchored off Margate to wait for the morning's tide. Here also was a jetty running far into the sea, with a basin for small vessels, and a beacon-light. Though Margate was

quite deserted now, the pilot told us that in summer it was thronged with cockneys : being in the river, they can reach it quicker than Ramsgate, and with less danger of getting sick in rounding the Foreland. They came here, he said, to eat fresher fish than Billingsgate affords, and take the sea "hair" into their coal-smoked and leathern lungs.

We had scarcely anchored ere one of those neat four-oared boats, like those of Deal, shot out from the pier of Margate, and sped quickly for us under her lug-sail. As the half-pay captain was very anxious to get quickly on shore, in the hope of reaching his home that night, for we were only five-and-twenty miles from Hythe, he was delighted to see this boat come to us. I was very much amused, however, at the air of indifference he assumed as the boatmen came over the side, lest they should discover his wish. They began by offering the captain a paper ; and asking, in sufficiently bad English, if they could be of any use ; and whether he had any passengers to land. He answered, that his passengers all liked the ship so well, that they were for finishing the voyage with him ; and, besides, there was every prospect of a fine wind the next day. The boatmen were all unanimous in prognosticating a wild night, and advised the passengers by all means to get their land tacks on board. They would land as many of us as chose to go at ten shillings a-head. The captain, who seemed to understand these amphibious worthies perfectly, then hinted, that possibly one of his passengers might be disposed to go, if he could be taken on shore quickly and in a dry state ; and the veteran, delighted to agree to terms so very moderate, compared with what would have been exacted from him had his eagerness been known, hastened to collect his luggage and take leave of us. The captain then bargained with the boatmen to bring us the papers in the morning, and come off to aid us in getting under weigh.

After dinner our pilot, who had become warm and eloquent from the effect of his potations, launched forth into the relation

of the wild adventures of his life of peril and hardihood. I, for one, was an attentive listener to all these tales of danger, narrated with the life and spirit of one who was telling what he had not only seen, but been part of. He recounted how, when the *Julian* was lost on the Kentish Knock, two men only escaped, on a raft, hastily prepared, of oars; he had been running past the Galloper the next morning, looking to see if there were anything to be picked up, and discovered these two sailors: one of them was already dead, the other in the last state of exhaustion. When last seen, the captain of the lost ship was looking mournfully from the quarter-gallery window, as she lay over on her side.

It was only on the first day of the previous September that he had himself been drifted from Margate roads, in a Quebec ship, and, after loss of sails, got on shore near Calais, where the greater part of the crew were drowned in the effort to reach the shore in the boat, and himself and a few others only were saved, after undergoing incredible hardships. It was also in that same storm that the *Amphitrite* was wrecked. She was bound to Botany Bay, laden with convicts, and was stranded near Boulogne. A fisherman and pilot most courageously swam off and got a rope from her, returned with it to the land. The boat too was got out, and the convicts were about to be unironed and released from their cells under deck, by order of the surgeon having charge of them, when the surgeon's wife prevented it, and threw difficulty in the way of the arrangement, by positively refusing to go in the same boat with them. Meantime the favourable moment for escape went by. The tide rose; the waves dashed against the ship, and entered her riven sides; the shrieks and curses of the convicts a while rose high above the storm; ere long they were hushed in death. The ship was overpowered and driven in pieces by the waves. Of that fated crew, the boatswain and two seamen alone escaped to relate how horrible had been the scene. The pilot and the fisherman were rewarded by the generous liberality of

the English, ever ready to kindle at the relation of a deed of heroism and humanity. Subscriptions were raised for them in London. The English king made them pensioners of the state, and the French one bestowed upon them the more characteristic and more economical reward of the riband of the Legion of Honour. The whole of these unhappy individuals, to the number of a hundred or more—I do not now remember how many—lost their lives through the absurd scruples of a single female; a disaster which could only have been occasioned by that peculiar sort of personage, an Englishwoman of what is called the middling class.

I dreamed that night of storms, of wrecks, and the struggles of drowning men. But the morning, notwithstanding the prognostics of the watermen, dawned auspiciously. The wind was still at west, blowing nearly down the river; but the weather was fine, and the breeze just suited to work briskly. We got our anchor, and, running seaward to enter the channel, commenced beating up, having the first of the flood tide. The estuary of the Thames is a vast bay, about forty miles across, and having an open, fine appearance in an ordinary map. But when seen in the nicer delineation of the mariner's chart, it presents a frightful collection of banks, shoals, and dangers, which the tide reveals and makes bare at low water, and which at other times are only distinguished by the position of buoys of various colours; for the shore on either hand is low, remote, destitute of objects suitable for landmarks, and is in most cases rendered indistinct, or totally hidden from view, by the prevailing obscurity of the atmosphere. The names of these shoals are not unfrequently but too well suited to recall the tales of shipwreck and dire disaster with which each is associated. Among these occur the euphonous and encouraging sounds of the Nob, Brake, Barrow, Kentish Knock, Galloper, Black Deeps, Spit, Sunk, and Shipwash. Through these the mariner has to make his way, the channel leading him not unfrequently over places which are

naked, and become land at ebb. Such almost everywhere is the coast of England; and the weekly lists of wrecks and tales of perished crews during the season of storms, testify to the reality of the dangers which beset her seamen. I am particularly anxious to impress these facts forcibly upon my countrymen, in order that they may appreciate that feeling of admiration, not unaccompanied with wonder and with awe, with which I was approaching the metropolis of a country which, though inconsiderable in extent, with a climate healthful indeed, yet unsuited to rich productions, and, on the whole, unpropitious; its coasts, destitute of natural harbours, exposed to the inconvenience of excessive tides, and devastated by frequent and frightful storms, has yet risen by commerce to an eminence of wealth, power, and consideration, of which the world had hitherto known no example.

The Hannibal, though a dull packet, easily distanced every thing we met. A large West Indiaman had started an hour before us from Margate; yet we left her so far behind that we were able to save our tide across certain flats, and get into the main channel, where we would be able to avail ourselves of the night's tide. The Indiaman, finding that the tide had left her, was obliged to put her helm up and run back in search of an anchorage, where she would have water enough to float at low tide. While she was rapidly disappearing with wind and tide, we came to an anchor and clewed our sails up, holding all that we had made, and in readiness for the next flood. We had thus gained certainly one day on her in the arrival at London, possibly several, and perhaps it might make the difference to her of a gale of wind and a shipwreck. As it was, the ship was in some danger. Had we too been suddenly becalmed in crossing the flats, we should have remained dry at the ebb, and possibly have bilged. The pilots, however, understand their situation, and take care not to cross the flats unless they are sure of a wind.

With the evening's tide we were again underweigh. Though

at a distance from any lights to guide us, and surrounded by shoals and dangers; not being able, moreover, to make a straight course, but being compelled to beat, the pilot yet contrived, by his accurate knowledge of the position of the shoals and the depth of the soundings, as well as by his exact allowance for the strength of the tide, so nicely to direct the course of the ship, and calculate at all times her precise situation, that he actually made two buoys which it was all important for us to see, and passed within a few feet of them. Yet at this very time he was more than half drunk. As often as he went about, so often did he "freshen the nip." But it did not seem to stupify, but rather to excite him. He was as loquacious as possible, and kept perpetually boasting that no pilot but himself could have handled the ship as he had done that night. The captain said that there was some truth in what he said; and, indeed, there were none but smacks and colliers in sight.

As we approached the Nore, which, like Spithead, is another great roadstead for the fleets of England, and bearing the same relation to the neighbouring dock-yards of Chatham and Sheerness that the latter does to Portsmouth, the channel narrowed, and we made our way in the midst of an immense fleet of vessels, beating up the river like ourselves; for here the various channels unite, and vessels, whether from the North Sea or the Atlantic, join into one common current, and move forward in a vast procession, bearing the tribute of every clime to the commercial capital of the world.

The moon was up, and her yellow light gleamed in every direction on the white canvass of so many vessels. It was beautiful to behold the rapid interlacing of such a throng, which seemed at each instant to the eye to be running into each other at every intersection, until they were again seen to emerge in pride and safety. There is an order of the Trinity House, a chartered company to whose guardianship the pilotage, buoys, beacons, lights, and various other interests of com-

merce are intrusted, which requires all vessels, in approaching the river, to get their studding-sail booms down, the irons off the yards, and to remove every object which could hook or entangle the rigging of another vessel, in the event of two approaching each other so closely. We were often near enough to throw a biscuit on board of another vessel during the night; but we avoided any contact, and anchored at midnight off Southgate.

The pilot now descended to the cabin, and commenced an attack on a round of corned beef, with plentiful potations of brandy. Having the second mate for a listener, he fought all the battles of the night over again, and went into the particulars of each separate tack, accompanying each, as before, with its corresponding libation. I went to sleep while they were yet carousing. More than once during the night I was awaked by the unquiet pilot, snoring and snorting like a startled horse. He was called the next morning three separate times ere he arose. The scene around us at daylight was one of unbounded activity; a hundred or more vessels, anchored about us, were hoisting their sails with the jovial glee which becomes so lively as the sailor nears his port; and the palls of as many windlasses were clanging merrily as the anchors tripped. In consequence of the delay of the pilot in getting up, the flood tide had made strongly ere we got our anchor. The wind, blowing directly down the river, drove the ship over her anchor, and we lost an hour, besides exhausting the crew, before we also were under-weigh. Our consorts of the night before all left us far behind; but we were not without company, for a new set had come up and gathered round us; for upward and downward, as far as the eye could penetrate the haze, nothing but sheets of canvass were to be seen; the fluttering pinions of those winged messengers that minister to the greatness of England.

The day was bright apparently, and the air mild, genial, and balmy. No cloud obscured the sky: yet there was a

pervading and murky haze, which circumscribed the horizon in every direction within narrow limits, and through which the sun loomed forth portentously. On either hand were the low, marshy banks of the river, extending far back in monotonous alluvial plains, not unlike the banks of the Delaware, or those of the Guadalquivir, below Seville; while beyond, a range of somewhat higher land was indistinctly seen looming. The haze which overhung the scene was different from any condition of the atmosphere with which my various rambles had brought me acquainted. The captain and pilot both said that it was occasioned by the smoke of London. We were yet thirty miles off; but the wind blew directly from it, and, as I had seen nothing similar, I was willing to believe the thing possible. There was little encouragement, however, in the thought, that I was about to fix my abode, for an indefinite period, in a metropolis which was able, at the distance of half a degree, already to overshadow every thing with such an aspect of despair.

We had now left behind us the mouth of the Medway, and the vast estuary by which the Thames empties itself into the sea. We had entered the river proper, having both shores in sight, separated from each other at a distance varying from one to two or three miles. Here the navigation, though circumscribed, becomes less intricate; the Channel extends nearly everywhere from bank to bank, and we were able to stretch completely across. The mass of vessels became here, of course, more condensed. The whole expanse of the river was covered with vessels; ships, barques, brigs, schooners, smacks, and cutters; crossing rapidly from side to side, and intersecting each other in all directions, until the canvass darkened in the distance and blended with the mists. I fancied that there might be something accidental in so vast a concourse; but the pilot and captain both told me that it is ever the same. By day and by night, the ceaseless throngs of arriving and departing vessels still pour on.

The wind was too light to enable the outward-bound to stem the tide. They lay, with their sails clewed down, at their anchors. As we glided by them, some were recognised as Indiamen, others as timber ships, others as emigrant vessels, transporting to the remote countries of the East colonies of Englishmen, destined to adapt to more auspicious climes the laws, liberties, and arts of the mother country, and haply to keep alive her literature and her language, together with the memento of her greatness. One large black ship, whose open ports displayed gratings of stout iron bars, was bound with convicts to Botany Bay. She was filled with criminals, of a die of guilt and depth of depravity such as England only can produce. They were the victims of a system of legislation, for centuries in the hands of the rich, and used by them for the maintenance of their vantage ground, for the enslavement of the poor, to secure to them and to their descendants for ever, whatever profit is evolved by the efforts of labour, conceding only to labour the food that sustains it. They might be looked on as prisoners of war, captured in the battles of that perpetual contest which is kept up between property and poverty. They were going into exile to the fertile fields of a distant colony, which, however it may, and indeed must, become one day great, can never wholly escape from the stigma of its origin.

The steamers alone ascended or descended the river without reference to the tide. Some of them, which I was told were Scotch and Irish packets, were very large. They had light masts and yards, to use in case of accident to their machinery at sea, or with a fair wind. Some of them moved with considerable velocity. Several smaller ones were employed in towing fishing-smacks to town, in order to get fish to market in a fresher condition. We floated by the anchored vessels, and by the banks of the river in our sidelong course, coming repeatedly near enough to other vessels to have jumped on board. One Newcastle brig came so close to us in

tacking under our lee, that she was obliged to let her jib-boom come in, brushing us within a foot. The colliers begged for some tobacco. Our sailors immediately emptied their hats and shirt bosoms, throwing all they had on the brig's fore-castle, where there was a lively scramble for possession. In consequence of the delay and neglect of the pilot in rising, we did not reach Gravesend before the tide failed us; had we done so, a steamer would instantly have taken us in tow, and we should have reached London by the river at an early hour. We should have passed Woolwich, which conveys so formidable an idea of England's power; and Greenwich, which is so magnificent a monument of her greatness and her generosity. Thus I should gradually have approached the metropolis until the dome of St. Paul's was discovered, under the canopy of eternal smoke by which it is overhung; and, arriving in the midst of all the vast movement and activity of the Thames and docks adjoining, thence to traverse its whole extent westward, have realized that full impression of its wealth and magnitude which I was so anxious to receive. As it was, the captain and all the passengers were about to leave the ship. Though there was no motive of impatience to impel me, and I rather clung than otherwise to the ship which bore the flag of my country, and where my condition had at least been tolerable, yet I did not like to be left alone: so I packed up and bundled my baggage and myself into the boat with the rest. I bade good-by to the mate and the pilot, though I did not thank him for disappointing me. The captain had promised him a guinea from his own pocket, provided we reached Gravesend before the tide failed us. He gave it to him, though he had failed through his own neglect when the thing had become easy, because he had displayed so much skill the night before. As I went down the side, I did not fail to shake hands with an old shipmate of mine, who assisted me over; for his face called to mind happy days passed in a stout frigate in

more poetic seas, and gay companions with whom I had there been associated.

CHAPTER VI.

JOURNEY TO LONDON.

Row to Gravesend. Dover Coach. Face of Country. Scenes on the Road. Style of Vehicles. Appearance of Population. Management of the Coach. Relays of Horses. Conversation. Approach London. Shops. Street Rabble. Westminster.

WE had a long and weary pull from the Hannibal to Gravesend. The distance to be sure, was only four or five miles; but the tide was against us, and our boat was heavily laden. We kept close to the shore, passing one or more black looking hulks, the corpses of departed cruisers, anchored here as coast-guard stations, receiving-vessels for seamen, or connected with the police of the river. The banks were naked, marshy, and very unsightly. One ragged, hungry-looking ruffian, prowling along the shore, stopped to gaze at us as we passed. There was something ludicrous in his appearance, and some of our party could not suppress a smile. He was very near having the laugh on us, however. A case containing a chapeau, which had been rather insecurely perched on the top of the luggage at the stern of the boat, had got overboard, and had quietly embarked to make a little voyage of discovery on its own account. Had it been Napoleon's little cocked hat, it could not have set out on its travels more ambitiously. The fellow was watching it with the eager spirit of a wrecker, when we fortunately discovered it, and saved him the trouble of putting in a claim for salvage.

Landing at the Custom-house quay, we were conducted to the inspector's office, where a very rigorous search took place for contraband articles. As the superior himself was present,

the watermen, his subordinates, prosecuted their search with so much fidelity, that we were relieved from the necessity of bestowing on them the gratification which, in England as in Spain or Italy, in the customary retainer for unfaithful services. In France, as in our own country, this sort of tampering with government officers is unknown. One very happy exemption here, however, is from the vexation of passports. It is true that aliens are by law required to produce them: but none were demanded of us. We were therefore now free to remove our luggage, and go unmolested and unquestioned to whatsoever corner of His Majesty's dominions either fancy or fate might lead us. We blessed the benignity of the laws, accepted the boon, and made the best of our way to the Brunswick Arms.

I may be mistaken in the name of the inn, but am sure, at least, that it stood at the corner of the main street, being the high road from Dover to London. It was a low, antiquated brick building, having the exterior almost hidden under the placards of coaches. Within was a bar, with a formidable array of decanters and kegs of strong waters, duly labelled; and a safe, filled with cold joints of meat adjoining. The presiding deity here was a tidy handmaid; plump, buxom, and rosy, just then engaged in pumping, with one of a variety of brass handles, a foaming tankard of "heavy wet" for a well-known coachman, whose arrival a bugle was merrily announcing. Beyond was seen a little parlour, plain though neat, to which a seacoal fire imparted an air of cheerfulness; illuminating, as it flickered on an engraving, the huge protruding fish-eye, and heavy animal-like countenance of the third George, of glorious memory.

And now the rattling wheels, the cracking whip, and tramping hoofs of the Dover coach, called forth inn-keeper, barmaid, stable-boys, mischievous urchins, and all the idlers of the neighbourhood. The horses were pulled back upon their haunches, and stopped as if shot; the reins were thrown down

on either side; the whip given unceremoniously to the envied occupant of the box-seat; and the coachman descended, with a princely air of condescension, to the dirty level of the earth. A ladder was placed at the back of the coach for the accomodation of some pretty and neatly-dressed young women, and the guard, with decent and pious care, preserved their clothes from discomposure as they descended backwards.

While the captain inquired for places, I read with curiosity on the coach the ostentiously displayed words, Plough, Ship, Elephant and Castle, Bull and Mouth, the names, as I afterward had occasion to learn, of well-known inns with which the coach was in connexion. There were just five seats, corresponding exactly with our number; two insides and three outs, as the guard hastened to assure us. Within the coach was a grave, distinguished-looking gentleman, with a young man, whom I supposed from his attention to his son. Without were a number of young bloods, who seemed to have been slightly Frenchified by a visit to Paris. Those who had come on were much annoyed at the detention occasioned in waiting for and loading our luggage. However, five passengers were not to be despised; and there was no use, as the coachman said, to leave a couple of pounds on the road for the Nimrod to pick up. The vexation of the passengers was not, however, offensively expressed, and they endeavoured to beguile it by walking onward in advance, after the coachman, mindful doubtless of his incoming shillings, had courteously apologized to them for the detention.

I should have greatly preferred occupying the vacant seat which fell to our share in front, in order to see something of the road, and catch a lively impression of my first entry into London; but my English fellow-passenger, the graduate of Cambridge, more mindful of his own convenience than of what was due to the rules of good companionship, or the curiosity of a stranger, hastened to possess himself of it without prelude or apology. It only remained for me to mount to the less com-

modious station behind, having my back to the horses, and my vision, moreover, obscured in that direction by the toppling mass of luggage that overhung me. There was something, however, redeeming in my situation. Instead of the five bloods disfigured by the super-added dandyism of London and Paris, here were five ladies' maids, not wholly unsophisticated, as I discovered in the course of the drive, yet far more attractive than the dandies. They formed part of the establishment of some people of distinction or of wealth, who changed horses at an adjoining post-house, and passed us at a gallop while we were taking our seats. All except one had beauty of some sort; and not one of them had that curse of scragginess which a writer, not less prejudiced than clever, ascribes, with what truth I will not pretend to say, as an attribute to my countrywomen.

It was natural enough that, even in this unhappy predicament, I should endeavour to reap all the pleasure I could from such a share of good things as the gods had sent me. Accordingly, after carefully reconnoitring the premises, I proceeded to plant myself opposite to a very fair-haired English girl, with cheeks of carnation, a fresh mouth exhibiting an array of strong white teeth, and overhung by a full, pouting lip; while beside me was another damsel, not less pretty, though in a different style; a Parisian grisette, apparently full of grace and minauderies, whose coquettishly arranged attire, with its well selected colours, evinced her qualifications, as a dame d'atours, to preside at the toilet of an English elegante, and correct the defective taste of the land. I was preparing, in the spirit of bonhommie, to make the best of my situation, when the guard desired me, with little ceremony, to shift over, as that was his post. I expostulated a moment with him; but he assured me that he must be there to attend the drag, and it only remained for me to obey. I had to cross to the corresponding station at the other side, having for my opponent the only ugly female of the five, to whom, I am grieved to say, I

made no apology for increasing her discomfort, as I had before done in the case of her fairer companion.

My situation here was uncomfortable enough ; if I were softly cushioned on one side, this only tended, by the contrast, to increase the obduracy of a small iron rod, which served as a parapet to protect me from falling off the precipice, over which I hung toppling, and against which I was forced with a pressure proportioned to the circumstance of my being compressed into a space somewhat narrower than myself ; the seat having doubtless been contrived to accommodate five men, and there being no greater anatomical mistake than to suppose there would be more room because four of them were women. As for my back, it was invaded by the sharp corner of an iron-bound box ; while, to complete the catalogue of my discomforts, a row of superincumbent trunks, whose elevation corresponded with my head, were from time to time vigorously pushed against me by my identical fellow-passenger, who took, unconsciously, this mode of reviving in my mind the sense of his previous politeness.

I was of course in no condition to make observations on the picturesque ; and I think the reader would be cruel indeed were he disposed to exact from me any account of this disastrous outset of my English travels. Nevertheless, I will tell him how, when all was ready, six spirited horses, well groomed and richly harnessed, the two leaders being conducted by a trim postillion, in tight jacket, breeches, and top-boots, whirled us into rapid motion ; how Gravesend did not affect me with any particular impression of grandeur or beauty. Yet it was not wholly wanting in that air of neatness and cleanliness, which I was already disposed to consider an attribute of the land. Every thing was on a sufficiently small scale, to be sure ; but there were many little snuggeries, with their green doors, highly-polished knockers, their well-trained vines and creepers, and rows of flower-pots arranged within,

that haply indicated the abode of retired ship-masters or decent burghers, who placing the little competency which the industry of their early life had secured to them beyond the reach of accident, had settled here to end their days in comfort and peacefulness. It was not, indeed, to be expected, that Gravesend should furnish any great claims to the admiration of a stranger. It is an outport of London, the rendezvous of outward and homeward-bound merchantmen, a species of nautical colony, redolent of tar, cordage, gin, and tobacco, and all that pertains to the unscrupulous tastes and inelegant uses of the sea; it was moreover, the opposite extreme to that West End whose fame had travelled beyond the seas, and might well, therefore, be accounted the antipodes of all that is elegant.

Had my bodily discomforts been a little abated, there were however, scenes by the wayside which might have pleased my eye, and imparted to my musings an agreeable colouring. The country had not, by nature, a very picturesque conformation, and was but slightly wooded. Neither were there, as yet, any of those vast parks and venerable mansions which constitute the marked attribute of the scenery of England, and attest the magnificent tastes and unbounded wealth of her gentry. Still there were lesser undulations of the soil, over which the road wound gently, commanding, ever and anon, from the summits, views of the busy and crowded river and the country around it. The scenes, though still of the same character, were yet perpetually varying, as the road, defying the straight lines of France, of Spain, and of my own country, gently and capriciously meandering through valleys and hamlets, and over little antiquated bridges that spanned the modest streamlets. On either side were hedges of hawthorn, elder, or holly, in the place of our less picturesque enclosures; while the precincts of the estates were yet father marked by rows of bending elms.

There was occasionally a villa of a more modest character, quaint, yet not ungraceful in its architecture, with a paddock

stretching towards the road, whose short smooth sward a pony would be cropping, teased at his meal by the caresses of a group of healthful children, under the guidance of a nursery-maid. A cow might be seen submissively yielding to the dairy-maid the healthful nutriment which was to accompany the evening meal. At the sheltered side of the house, which was usually overrun with ivy and eglantine, a small enclosure, bounded by a neat railing of iron, formed the little flower-garden, which still displayed the gaudy colouring of dahlias and roses, with gold-trees and laurels prolonged the season of verdure, and kept the idea of winter aloof. If there was nothing of luxury in all this, there was yet all that was required to impart comfort and joy to a contented mind. I saw many modest habitations like this, which, placed in my own country on any one of the thousand unnoticed and unimproved sites of my native Hudson, would have bounded the circle of my unambitious hopes.

Even the cottages of the peasantry were not only comfortable and scrupulously neat, but were overgrown with creepers, whose deep verdure added to the brightness of the freshly whitewashed walls; while here, too, flowers tastefully arranged in the windows, and a few evergreen plants covering the narrow space which usually separated them from the highroad, gave evidence of a pervading good taste, not the exclusive attribute of the rich; and that embellishment was not wholly shut out by the mandates of uncompromising utility.

But the groups that covered the highroad, or lined the neatly-gravelled walks reserved for pedestrians at one side, furnished a yet more exciting theme for contemplation. The concourse was already great, and conveyed the idea of vast population; for the rush of stage-coaches, even at this distance from the capital, was immense. The travelling-carriages and post-coaches were passing in all directions, and the variety of vehicles was infinite. The waggons and carts were

of a far more ponderous description than with us; the horses being of a large, coarse breed, particularly adapted to farm-labour and draught; with drivers heavy and boorish like their cattle. The pedestrians were either dressed in the common costume of the day, such as universally prevails with us, or else, when of the lowest classes, in frocks of blue cotton or of coarse linen, with corded breeches, leggings, and heavy shoes. They were, for the most part, sturdy and athletic. They had more fulness of outline, freshness of complexion, and freedom from wrinkles, than the same classes in America, but the advantage in physical conformation ceased in studying their countenances, where the animal qualities seemed to predominate; giving a doltish, stupid, and brutal air, that conveyed the idea of a degraded class, envious of their superiors, discontented with their lot, and strangers, through many generations, to moral and intellectual development.

Many bore the marks of intemperance; at each instant we passed little porter-houses and dram-shops, at which most of the pedestrians halted, and which were filled with clamorous drinkers. We saw several people reeling from drunkenness; one of them, being a soldier in his full accoutrements, and benevolently accompanied by two countrymen, carrying his musket and supporting him. They were probably old acquaintances, who, out of pure kindness, had made him drunk, and were now re-conducting him to the barracks, and the consequences of his misconduct.

We sped onward at a tearing rate over hill and valley; the road was as smooth as if laid with rails, and nothing impeded the rocket-like rapidity of our course. Why should it? Indeed, if my memory does not mislead me, the Rocket was the ambitious, yet not ill-worn, name of our conveyance. As we were very heavily laden, a third pair of horses, with a postillion, was added wherever the ground rose to the dignity of a hill. This occasioned no delay; each horse had its attendant hostler, alike characteristic in figure and in dress;

the descendant, no doubt, of a long line of horse-rubbing ancestors; and the business of changing was managed with admirable system and despatch.

A wooden block, having a handle to it, was thrust under the hind wheel the instant we drew up, by a gray-headed retainer, worn out by hard working and harder drink; or prematurely superannuated by a kick, that left him to limp and go sideways through the world for the rest of his life; the coachman would nobly toss off the foaming tankard presented to him, and have time to offer some little conversational gallantry to the attendant and not unwilling tap-maid; and ere a minute had flown by, the guard would say "All right!" as he ascended the back of the coach, the block be withdrawn, and the horses, leaving their blankets behind them in the hands of the hostlers, would dart away at a gallop.

Our coach, being greatly overladen, would have been dangerously top-heavy on any roads but these. As it was, it required much care in the descents. The guard was watchful on all proper occasions to get the drag under the wheel, an operation which occasioned little loss of time from his dexterous activity. Hardly would we stop before the word "Right;" sharply repeated, would serve in itself to set the horses in motion. He was a cheery, gay Lothario, this guard of ours, who had already, in the journey from Dover, made immense advances in the good graces of the fair waiting-maids, and had especially found favour in the sight of the cherry-lipped, laughing damsel opposite him.

The intelligence which had grown up between them in so short a time was astonishing. It would have been cruel had my obstinacy in the outset interrupted the mutual yearning. "Don't go!" she would say to him, with a tender unction, when it was necessary for him to fix the drag. "You can't tell what a difference it makes when you're gone; its so cold!" Just before, when one of the others had complained of the growing cold, a feeling which I shiveringly responded

to my very bones, she replied with a charming inconsequence. "La me Susan! how can you say so? I'm so hot. I'm burning this very minute!"

It was singular to compare the lively and consecutive conversation of the French girl, in her broken English, with the silly, random, flagging discourse of her companions, which was often interrupted by long pauses. They produced provisions of various sorts from their work-bags, and ate frequently. One of them, moreover, drew forth a little flask, being a better description of pocket-pistol, charged with wine. They seemed, indeed, armed at all points; were most comfortably clad, and many articles of their dress were of a rich quality, which indicated the rejected finery of their ladies. "Are you warm, Susan?"—"No, Maria, I'm ungrateful; where are the sandwiches?"—"We are so fortunate to have such fine weather. What would we have done had it only rained?"—"Sunday was a very fine day. It was so lively on the pier."—"The wind was very high," said Maria. "It rained very ard," rejoined Susan; who, just before, had lauded the beauty of the weather. After pauses of silence, followed each time by a meal, their ideas would start forward and the conversation be resumed. We were slowly ascending a hill, when one who seemed sleepy roused to ask if we were going down. "No," said the guard, chuckling at the idea of the good thing he was about to utter, "we be going up, as we often has to do in this world!" This, I afterward found, might be considered a rare and splendid ebullition of popular wit. Countrymen of Sancho Panza! What, in this land of popular dulness, shall console me for your shrewd and ingenious cleverness, and your sententious humour?

"Is this Blackheath?" I thought of the olden time, and looked round for mounted robbers with blackened faces and in masks. Susan and the guard were talking matrimony. The poor fellow was querulously complaining, with an air of affected sentiment, that nobody would have him. He did

not stay long enough in one place; he was here to-day and there to-morrow; one night sleeping in Dover, the next in London; there was no time for love-making. Then pray what are you about now? thought I to myself; for I had not the heart to interrupt him. Susan encouragingly protested, that if she were not married within the year, it would be somebody else's fault besides hers.

Presently they all talked fashion; they asked if anybody was in town; it was decided that there was nobody there. In the month of May or June, then, indeed, the town would be so delightful, and the country so odious. I had expected to find near two millions of people in London, and was now shocked to hear that there would be nobody there; or the next thing to it, nobody but nobodies. These fair ladies' maids seemed to have the same sort of contempt for masses and for the ignoble vulgar, that the negroes of rich planters in Virginia have for those unfortunate people who fall under denomination of "poor white folks."

Various were the towns we passed through, and countless were the objects that caught my eye, and presented themselves as curious to my imagination. The sky was unobscured by a single cloud, yet the stars in vain struggled to reveal themselves through the thick and murky medium which man had interposed. The moon, though at the full, shone not through the lurid smoke, but seemed hung over head like a gas-light of greater magnitude, or an ill-illuminated balloon. At length we traversed Deptford, and the chain of houses became nearly continuous on either hand until we entered the borough of Southwark, and, surrounded by a perpetually increasing concourse, reached a great fork where many of the principal avenues for Surrey, Sussex, and Kent unite, and which, from the name of an ancient inn, is called the Elephant and Castle.

Who can realize the uproar, the deafening din, the rush, the vast movement in various and conflicting directions; the con-

fusion, which yet seemed strangely enough to result in order ; and the pervading bustle of that scene, so teeming with activity and life ? I was stunned, confused, overpowered, heart-sick, at the sight of so immense an assemblage of my fellow-creatures with whom I had no feeling of sympathy. There was a dazzling blaze of light from shops and lamp-posts to aid the obstructed efforts of the moon, and unbounded animation in the scene, yet there was nothing that was cheering.

The dark masses of dwelling-houses had a confined, narrow gloomy, and lugubrious aspect. They were of brick, without window-sills of marble or other coloured stone ; unpainted, and unenlivened by blinds. They were closely shut, and the glimpses of cheerfulness and domestic comfort exhibited in our streets were here unseen. All the shops were open to the weather ; many of them having the whole front removed, and gas-lights blazing and streaming like great torches, rather than with the puny and flickering illumination seen in ours. The articles were completely exposed to view at the side of the street : clothing, provisions, crockery, hardware ; whatever is necessary to the wants of man. The druggists, with their variegated vases, as with us, cast the iris hues of their nauseous mixtures into the street. Sellers of cheap goods exposed them in the windows, with their prices labelled. The butchers hung out beef, pork, sausages, and enormous coarse sheep, in a nearly whole state, with sometimes the price affixed to the inferior portions, in order that the poor might judge whether the price they had received for their day's labour would compass a meal of meat ; or whether they should seek a diet more suited to their means, of a neighbouring potato-merchant ; or whether to turn in despair, as many of the most wretched seemed to do, to accept the flattering invitation of the magnificent gin-palace at the corner.

It was the most splendid building of the neighbourhood ; built with some little architectural elegance, whose effect was magnified by the unadorned character and gloomy air of the

surrounding edifices. A beautiful gas-light, in a richly ornamented lamp, stood as an inviting beacon, visible in many diverging directions. The windows were glazed with costly plate-glass, bearing inscribed, in illuminated letters, the words—"gin at threepence—generous wines—hot spiced;" and the door surrounded by stained panes of rich die, having rosettes, bunches of grapes, and gay devices. The art which once was reserved for the ornament of temples, and was made to idealize on Gothic windows the lives of saints and martyrs, is here no longer the attribute of religion alone, but serves to lure the poor and the vicious of England to greater poverty and more abject vice. There was a singular moral in the contrast between the magnificence of this temple of misery and the wan and tattered aspect of its votaries. It was an obvious example of the connexion of cause and effect, and seemed intended as a ludicrous illustration and mockery of their fate. And yet they entered; men and women; the last, moreover, in numbers not inferior to the men; sometimes, too, with children by the hand; sometimes pressed, in the helpless state of infancy, to their polluted bosoms.

I know nothing more exhilarating than to be suddenly ushered in the night into a populous quarter of a great city. My recollection readily conjures up the impressions made upon me under similar circumstances in entering Paris, Madrid, Brussels, Milan, or gay and lively Naples. The lower classes, with their good humour, their quaint drollery and sprightliness, there offer the most agreeable objects of contemplation. Here, however, there was in the corresponding classes nothing pleasing, or even picturesque. All seemed in search of food, of the means of intemperance, and of gratifying low and brutal passions. The idea of amusement had evidently no place. The streets swarmed with abandoned women, filthy in their dress, open, brutal, and indecent in their advances.

In the place of the guitar, the serenade, the musical cries of

chestnut-women, lemonade-sellers, and watermen, the sound here were harsh and grating; uttered in words ill pronounced and nasally prolonged, or in an unintelligible and discordant slang, which I no longer recognised as belonging to my own language. In the place of skilful musicians performing the favourite airs of Mozart or Rossini, or the witty colloquies of the sententious Punchinello, the poor were invited, in the nasal twang of clamorous mountebanks, to amuse themselves by a sight of the latest cases of seduction, murder, suicide, and hanging, represented in the shadows of the camera-obscura. I dare say many an unprejudiced Englishman has made the same observations, and noticed the same contrasts in the manners of the lower classes, in returning from foreign countries to his own.

At the Elephant and Castle we discharged a number of our passengers, who took omnibuses or hackney-coaches to convey them to the City, or to some of the suburban districts. There was quite a rush of hackney-coachmen, porters, and omnibus-drivers, to secure the employment thus thrown into the market, and cries of "Paddington—Angel—Bank"—were loudly and nasally vociferated. This done, we set forward again at a rapid rate. Not seeing before me, I was astonished that, whirling onward in this way, we should escape contact with the countless vehicles which were rushing in every direction. The space necessary to pass seemed calculated to the inch, and though each instant a crash seemed inevitable, the next saw us in safety. I had never before seen such accurate driving.

The omnibuses were of similar form to ours; but the hackney-coaches were filthy, lumbering, and tattered, and the drivers and their horses were equally sorry and jaded. The hackney-cabriolets struck me as being very peculiar. They had a body having seats for two, while the driver was perched apart, on a little seat which formed an excrescence to the body, and overhung the wheel, so as to enable him to calcu-

late the space in passing another carriage with the nicest accuracy. These drove at a furious rate. The vehicles differed from ours, in general, by being lower hung, and having much smaller wheels, the roads here being so much smoother and more free from ruts. They were, as a general rule, heavier and stronger, though they did not strike me as being of better form or higher finish. They were, however, infinitely more various in character. There were heavy carriages, and chariots driven by neat postillions; gigs drawn by active cobs, re-conducting weary citizens to the comforts of a suburban residence; and, not to mention dog-carts and donkey chaises, there were frequently very low, diminutive vehicles, drawn by ponies, and driven by old women.

In traversing Westminster Bridge we took leave at once of the inelegant suburb, with its coarse and brutal population. For a moment, as we turned the centre arch, I caught sight of the upward and downward course of the stream, spanned by so many illuminated bridges, traversed by wherries with twinkling lights, and skirted on either side by irregular habitations, whose squalidity the darkness partially concealed, as it did all but the vast proportions of that Hall and Abbey which are connected with all the great events of England's history. I looked with a feeling of intense interest to the walls which have echoed with the eloquence of her greatest men, and to the lofty roof and towers of that venerable shrine where repose the ashes of her patriots, poets, and sages.

Leaving Westminster Hall and Abbey behind us, we sped through Parliament-street and Whitehall. The way was broad and stately, suited to the avenue by which the constitutional monarch of a great people was wont to approach the scene of their deliberations. On either hand were palaces of the nobility, or edifices connected with the machinery of state. Here were the Horse Guards, the Treasury, the Admiralty, and the entrance to Downing-street. Here the greatest affairs

are agitated; and hence, more than from any place else, are the destinies of the world controlled.

As in the buildings, so also in the equipages and all external objects, was there a marked difference in passing from Southwark to the more elegant precincts of St. James's. At Charing Cross we passed the bronze statue of that amiable and interesting prince, the site of whose execution we had the moment before traversed. Turning from this to the left we entered Pall Mall, among magnificent club-houses, having the air of palaces. On all sides were statues, columns, and all the attributes of wealth, splendour, and magnificence. And thus did I make my triumphant entry into the capital of England, and the glories of the West End, upon the back of a stage-coach, weighed down and persecuted by boxes and luggage, and jammed up and inserted among five chambermaids.

CHAPTER VII.

THE COLONNADE HOTEL.

Leave the Coach. Arrangement of the Inn. Coffe-room. Tête-à-tête with a Sirloin. Dining Groups. Scene of Dulness. Breakfast and the Times.

HAD Monsieur Feuillade not been a Frenchman, I have my doubts whether I should have been received with any particular courtesy at the Colonnade Hotel. An English innkeeper of the West End would probably have kept aloof altogether from an unfortunate "outside," stowed away, moreover, upon that part of the coach which is the farthest possible removed from aristocracy, and in the unworshipful company of bouncing ladies' maids. At best, he would have left him to scramble down as he might, by the aid of an inferior "boots," and find his way to the top of the house under the guidance of one of the chambermaid's subordinates.

As it was, I had no reason to complain of any ungracious

reception. Perhaps the natural courtesy of Monsieur Feuillade's country was aided, at that conjuncture, by the reflection that the town was very empty, and his house also; and that even an humble guest without suite or equipage was better than no one. But where is the use of digging deep for a sordid motive, when a kind and creditable one stands staring upon you at the surface? The waiters held their arms and aided me to descend. I was in need alike of assistance and sympathy. My feet were numb with cold; my unfortunate leg, which had so long dangled in unsustained dependence over the side of the coach, absolutely refused duty. I hobbled through the colonnade, and entered the vestibule. It was paved with black and white marble, in lozenges; at the side of the door was a commodious chair, having a hood at the top. It was covered with green morocco, and padded, and evidently intended for the convenience of the porter who should watch during the night for the admission of the guests, without occasioning delay to them, disturbance to the house, or any very positive discomfort to himself. Against the wall, on either hand, hung a clock, a thermometer, and a weather-glass, that every guest, as he went out, might here obtain, without the trouble of asking questions, such information as concerned him.

At the extremity of the vestibule was a low counter, behind which sat a pretty and neatly-dressed young woman, with a pen in her hand, and a book of accounts before her. She was taking down an order for dinner, given through a small window from the adjoining coffee-room, in order that No. 10 might not only be sure of getting what he called for, but likewise, as was indeed just and reasonable, of duly paying for it. Beyond her, in the distance, might be discovered a glimpse of a dresser and furnaces, over which presided an artist, whose white apron, jacket, and cotton night-cap, announced a member of one of the most respectable and estimable classes of Frenchmen. To the left, a double door,

opening either way, from which came the sound of knives and forks, showed the entrance to the coffee-room; to the right was the stairway leading to the apartments above, up which the chambermaid hastened to conduct me.

My room was not very high up. It was carpeted and curtained; the bed had a heavy tester; there were decanters, large and small pitchers, china foot-tubs, a stand with an array of clean napkins, and various continental luxuries scattered about the room; among which I was delighted to notice a spacious fauteuil. Indeed, when the fuel, which was prepared in readiness, had been kindled, and the chambermaid, who was tidy, officious, and obliging, had pulled down the window-screens, the place had an air of decided comfort, and seemed very habitable.

Having inquired if there were baths in the house, I was happy in being answered in the affirmative; and, presently after, was shown into one, at no great distance from my own room, which equalled in comfort, spaciousness, luxurious appliances, almost any that I remembered to have seen. Glowing delightfully as I left the bath-room, improved in my dress and feelings, I felt reconciled to myself and to the land. And now for dinner. I could not discover, indeed, that I was hungry; but it was only eight o'clock, and there were some hours of time to be gotten rid of.

The coffee-room, into which I now entered, was a spacious apartment of oblong form, having two chimneys with coal fires. The walls were of a dusky orange; the windows at either extremity were hung with red curtains, and the whole sufficiently well illuminated by means of several gas chandeliers. I hastened to appropriate to myself a vacant table by the side of the chimney, in order that I might have some company besides my own musing, and be able, for want of better, to commune with the fire. The waiter brought me the carte, the list of which did not present any very attractive variety. It struck me as very insulting to the pride of

the Frenchman, whom I had caught a glimpse of on entering, not to say extremely cruel, to tear him from the joys and pastimes of his belle France, and conduct him to this land of fogs, of rain, and gloomy Sundays, only to roast sirloins and boil legs of mutton.

The waiter, who stood beside me in attendance, very respectfully suggested that the gravy-soup was exceedingly good; that there was some fresh sole, and a particular nice piece of roastbeef. Being very indifferent as to what I ate, or whether I ate any thing, and moreover quite willing to be relieved from the embarrassment of selecting from such an unattractive bill of fare, I laid aside the carte, not however before I had read, with some curiosity, the following singular though very sensible admonition, "Gentlemen are particularly requested not to miscarve the joints."

I amused myself with the soup, sipped a little wine, and trifled with the fish. At length I found myself face to face with the enormous sirloin. There was something at least in the rencounter which conveyed the idea of society; and society of any sort is better than absolute solitude.

I was not long in discovering that the different personages scattered about the room in such an unsocial and misanthropic manner, instead of being collected about the same board, as in France or my own country, and, in the spirit of good fellowship and of boon companions, relieving each other of their mutual ennui, though they did not speak a word to each other, by which they might hereafter be compromised and socially ruined, by discovering that they had made the acquaintance of an individual several grades below them in the scale of rank, or haply as disagreeably undeceived by the abstraction of a pocket-book, still kept up a certain interchange of sentiment, by occasional glances and mutual observation. Man, after all, is by nature gregarious and social; and though the extreme limit to which civilization has attained in this highly artificial country may have instructed

people how to meet together in public places of this description without intermixture of classes or mutual contamination, yet, they cannot, for the life of them, be wholly indifferent to each other. Though there was no interchange of sentiments by words then, yet there was no want of mutual observation, sedulously concealed indeed, but still revealing itself in a range of the eye, as if to ask a question of the clock, and in furtive glances over a book or newspaper.

In the new predicament in which I was now placed, the sirloin was then exceedingly useful. It formed a most excellent line of defence, an unassailable breastwork, behind which I lay most completely intrenched, and defended at all points from the sharp-shooting of the surrounding observers. The moment I found myself thus intrenched, I began to recover my equanimity, and presently took courage—bearing in mind always the injunction of the bill of fare, not to mis-carve the joints—to open an embrasure through the tender loin. Through this I sent my eyes sharp-shooting towards the guests at the other end of the room, and will, if the reader pleases, now furnish him with the result of my observations.

In the remote corner of the coffee-room sat a party of three. They had finished their dinner, and were sipping their wine. Their conversation was carried on in a loud tone, and ran upon lords and ladies, suits in chancery, crim. con. cases, and marriage settlements. I did not hear the word dollar once; but the grander and nobler expression of thousand pounds occurred perpetually. Moreover, they interlarded their discourse abundantly with foreign reminiscences and French words, coarsely pronounced, and awfully anglicised. I drew the conclusion from this, as well as from certain cant phrases, and vulgarisms of expression in the use of their own tongue, such as “regularly done”—“completely floored,”—“split the difference,” that they were not the distinguished people of which they laboured to convey the impression.

In the corner opposite this party of three, who were at the cost of all the conversation of the coffee-room, sat a long-faced, straight-featured individual, with thin hair and whiskers, and a bald head. There was a bluish tinge about his cheek-bones and nose, and he had, on the whole, a somewhat used look. He appeared to be reading a book which he held before him, and which he occasionally put aside to glance at a newspaper that lay on his lap, casting, from time to time, furtive glances over book or newspaper at the colloquial party before him, whose conversation, though he endeavoured to conceal it, evidently occupied him more than his book.

Half-way down the room, on the same side, sat a very tall, rosy young man, of six-and-twenty or more; he was sleek, fair-faced, with auburn hair, and, on the whole, decidedly handsome, though his appearance could not be qualified as distinguished. He sat quietly and contentedly, with an air of the most thoroughly vacant bonhommie, never moving limb or muscle, except when, from time to time, he lifted to his mouth a fragment of thin biscuit, or replenished his glass from the decanter of black-looking wine beside him. I fancied from his air of excellent health, that he must be a country gentleman, whose luxuriant growth had been nurtured at a distance from the gloom and condensation of cities. I could not determine whether his perfect air of quiescence and repose were the effect of consummate breeding, or simply a negative quality, and that he was not fidgety only because troubled by no thoughts, no ideas, and no sensations.

There was only one table between his and mine. It was occupied by a tall, thin, dignified-looking man, with a very grave and noble cast of countenance. I was more pleased with him than with any other in the room, from the quiet, musing, self-forgetfulness of his air, and the mild and civil manner in which he addressed the servants. These were only two in number, though a dozen or more tables were spread around, each capable of seating four persons. They

were well-dressed, decent-looking men, who came and went quickly, yet quietly, and without confusion, at each call for George or Thomas. The patience of the guests seemed unbounded, and the object of each to destroy as much time as possible. The scene, dull as it was, furnished a most favourable contrast to that which is exhibited at the ordinaries of our inns, or in the saloons of our magnificent steamers.

Having completed my observations under cover of the sirloin, I deposed my knife and fork, and the watchful waiter hastened to bear away the formidable bulwark by whose aid I had been enabled to reconnoitre the inmates of the coffee-room. A tart and some cheese followed, and then some dried fruits and thin wine biscuits completed my repast. Having endeavoured ineffectually to rouse myself from the stupefaction into which I was falling, by a cup of indifferent coffee, I wheeled my capacious arm-chair round, and took refuge from surrounding objects by gazing in the fire.

The loquacious party disappeared on their way to Drury Lane, having decided, after some discussion, that the hour for half price had arrived. The saving of money is an excellent thing; without economy, indeed, there can scarcely be any honesty. But, as a question of good taste, discussions about money matters should be carried on in a quiet and under-tone in the presence of strangers. When they had departed, a death-like stillness pervaded the scene. Occasionally, the newspaper of the thin gentleman might be heard to rumple as he laid it aside or resumed it; or the rosy gentleman from the country awoke the awful stillness by snapping a fragment of biscuit, or depositing his wine-glass upon the table. Then all was again silent, save when the crust of the seacoal fire fell in as it consumed, and the sleepy, simmering note in which the tea-kettle, placed by the grate in readiness either for tea or toddy, sang on perpetually.

I sank into a lethargy from which it was impossible to arouse myself; despondency took possession of me, I abandoned myself

to the most melancholy musings. The dingy walls, the sober illumination, the dim glare of the fires struggling to reveal themselves through the dense smoke, the awful and unbroken stillness and quiescence of a scene in which restless man was yet the principal actor, all bore upon me with a nightmare and overpowering pressure. The spirit of dulness and stupefaction seemed to hover over us with leaden wings. I cast my eyes round in despair in search of something that might arouse me. The first object that presented itself was my own face, reflected back from the mirror with an expression more than usually sullen; looking next along the dark yellow walls, I caught sight of the various cloaks of the guests, suspended from hooks, and each surmounted by its corresponding hat. I thought of the "spectral box-coats" of my inimitable friend, Geoffrey Crayon; and would have given the world, in that moment of despondency, for one of his quiet unwritten jokes, or one friendly pressure of his hand.

My thoughts had taken a most gloomy turn; there was only one object which, by awakening my curiosity, seemed a little to excite me. On either mantel stood a singular and curious pair of little scales, such as I had never before seen. From one end of the beam was suspended a small weight, which rested in a socket at the bottom; from the other hung a flat hook, whose use I could not conceive, unless it were to receive papers, or a letter. The scales were evidently calculated only to poise articles of one given weight. What could be their uses? My curiosity was greatly excited, and I lived in the hope of learning on the morrow.

At nine the next morning, the tidy chambermaid, after a modest knock at the door, entered my room with a pitcher of hot water, and quickly kindled the fire. When I rose I found traces of Boots having been in my room, in the nice polish which he had left on his leathern namesakes, and in the neat arrangement of my well-brushed clothes. An hour after I made my entry into the coffee-room, which I found almost

entirely unoccupied, few of the guests having yet risen. Breakfast was soon brought to me, and I found the butter, the cream, and the muffins excellent. Each person made his own tea, being furnished with canisters of two kinds, and the water brought by the waiter in a boiling state from the adjoining fireplace. On a table in the centre of the room were set out joints of cold meat, to which the guests carried their plates to supply themselves.

I asked for the Times. The oracle was placed in my hand, full of news not an hour old. There was one undoubted advantage of being in London, that of feeling that you were at the head-quarters of the world for intelligence of every kind. I read the leading articles, which were full of ability, and then went regularly through the paper, my curiosity being perpetually excited at the strange things that were there recounted: how, for instance, one Captain James Sargeant sued for a divorce from Harriet, his wife, on the ground of adultery; and how the said Harriet set up, as allegation in bar to the suit, the plea of recrimination, charging her husband with adultery in return; secondly, with collusion and connivance on his part in the adultery of his wife: how Tom M'Gill was indicted at the Middlesex Sessions for feloniously assaulting his wife, and breaking the collar-bone of his child, the dispute having arisen about the expenditure of money given her to buy mourning for her child, then lying dead in the house. The said M'Gill had charged his wife with spending the money in liquor; she, denying the same, was then and there knocked down, jumped upon, and, while apparently dead, her finger was by the said Thomas nearly bitten through, to ascertain if life were extinct; upon which she revived, crawled into the street, where, fainting, she was found drenched with blood by a policeman, and remained labouring under an affection of the brain: how John Barnes had wantonly and feloniously maimed, by cutting his hamstrings, a pony gelding, the property of Thomas Cheshire the younger: how a gentleman of elegant

appearance, by the name of Coyle, had swindled the unfortunate Mr. Dalton of a superb dressing-case: how the paupers of St. George's parish had struck in the workhouse, and stood out for labouring diet: how Dr. Blick, in driving quietly in his cabriolet, was stopped by the mutes attendant upon a funeral, and severely beaten by their maces: how Mr. Rothschild had been discomposed, and the financial operations of the world interrupted, by some impertinent individual, who had taken possession of his peculiar pillar in the Exchange. Finally, how Henry Mason was charged with extorting from Samuel Singer, coal-merchant, the value of six shillings and sixpence, under a threat of accusing him of an indecency. When I put all these evidences of an advanced civilization together, occurring in a single day's history of a single metropolis, and contrasted it with the simple rusticity of my own country, I felt quite overwhelmed at the idea of how much we have to learn before we can even enter into a comparison,

The venerable and benevolent looking man was seated near me at the same table as the previous night. He had already finished his breakfast, glanced at one or two papers, and, the waiter having furnished him with a small leathern portfolio, went on to write a number of letters. He then proceeded to direct them; and when he had done this, the waiter approached with a letter which I had noticed one of the young men of the talking-party the night before in the act of placing in his hand, with some particular injunction, in a low tone of voice, as he was going away to the theatre. The waiter addressed the benevolent gentleman in a very respectful manner, and begged, if he had a spare frank, he would oblige him with it for that letter. The benevolent gentleman immediately complied, after counting the letters which he had himself written, and others which he took from his pocket, and finding that he had not completed the number which he was entitled to frank daily for any one given post-office, which I afterward found to be ten. He proceeded to copy the address, which was pen-

cilled on the reverse, in his hand, writing out the date and his own name, as I presently discovered; for, having some doubts whether the letter were not over the legal weight for a frank, he sent the waiter to test it in the little scales on the mantel-piece before me. It was placed upright, with the direction towards me, and proved to be within the rule. This singular effort to save a few shillings by seeking a favour, through a waiter, of an unknown person, struck me as being very strange at the time, and corroborated the unfavourable opinion I was already willing to form of the whole of the blustering party whose conduct I had observed under cover of the sirloin.

I found, in time, that this was a very prevailing trait of national manners in England; and that there is nothing that people have such a horror of there as paying postage, which is, indeed, sufficiently high to be disagreeable. On visits at the mansions of individuals possessing this privilege, I was frequently afterward a witness of the shifts that people resort to in procuring franks. Indeed, the franking privilege is often the source of much annoyance to those who possess it. Thanks to it, however, I was now, without any necessity of betraying my ignorance by asking the waiter what would have seemed to him as absurd a question as one concerning the uses of a poker, let into the whole secret of the mysterious scales, about which, the night before, my soul had been so disquieted within me.

CHAPTER VIII.

WALKS IN LONDON.

Appearance of Shops. Stand of Hackney-coaches. Life of a London Horse.
Regent-Street. Architect of club-houses. Duke of York's Statue. St.
James's Park.

LEAVING my hotel with the intention of taking my first walk in the streets of the metropolis, I found myself in the colonnade which forms a covered way, round the quadrangle of which the house formed part, and set myself quietly in motion to make the circuit of it. This building, which is enclosed by a series of cast-iron columns, painted to correspond with the plaster of the walls, had its origin in the construction of a theatre for the representation of the Italian opera and ballets, which was intended to rival the great edifices of the continent, and do no discredit to its royal appellation of the King's Theatre. It is very magnificent, as I afterward had occasion to see. The great part of this vast edifice not embraced by the theatre is let out for various uses, the Colonnade Hotel being the most considerable establishment of it. There are a collection of the most brilliant shops, filled with costly articles, attesting at once the wealth, the luxury and refinement of the land, and the pitch of excellence to which the arts have been impelled by them. I loitered round to that side of the quadrangle which contained the entrance to the opera. The season does not commence until near May, and there was no entertainments. I stopped, however, to read the programmes of the other theatres, and fix upon some amusement for the night. Ere long I was interrupted by a sensation about my pocket, something approaching a nibble in piscatory language, but discovered no one near me except a highly fashionable personage, engaged, like myself, in deciding what theatre to honour. There were, besides a number of gay and elegant young women,

conspicuous for the frank and joyous freedom of their manners.

The street on this side was the Haymarket: directly in front stood the theatre of that name, while the centre of the broad street was used as a stand for hackney-coachs and cabs. Nothing could be more wretched than the appearance of these carriages, filthy, covered with mud, the lining and curtains soiled, the hair-stuffing hanging out, the glasses broken, and the panels smashed. The cabs had little advantage of the coaches, and the horses were not out of keeping with the vehicles to which they were attached. Their sides were hollow, and each rib stood forth in separate and distinct relief; their knees were bent forward, head hanging by the check-rein, and mouths stretched open, with the tongue hanging between the teeth. Some were dozing and nodding, like an elderly gentlewoman under the influence of a dull sermon. Some of them, indeed most, in the midst of their present wretchedness, had a blooded look, and an air of having seen better days. I was in that mood in which gloomy thoughts find a ready admittance into the soul; and I fell into melancholy musings upon the vicissitudes in the life of this noble animal. Let us say nothing about the deadly injuries that are done to him in the days of his youth; though, at the thought, my mind naturally recurs to the more feeling usages of generous Spain, and to the idea of the respectable Rosinante. I happened to be at Burgos, the city of the Cid and his Babieca, at the time when the furniture and equipages of Mr. Villiers, the elegant and accomplished young minister of the British king, were passing on their way to Madrid, under a heavy escort, to protect them from the Carlists. In the train marched seven noble horses of the best blood. The landlord who was likewise postmaster, was a young man whose whole soul was devoted to horse-flesh, being himself the possessor of many arrogant mules, and some noble Andalusian horses, reared in the meadows of the Guadalquivir. How did his anger rise, and his whole soul

glow with honest indignation, as he contemplated their severed tails and their cruel mutilation! He grated his teeth, and, grasping his knife, exclaimed, with Spanish brevity and sententiousness, and in the spirit of retributive justice, the remnant of that law of talion which has been remembered and not unfrequently practised in Spain since the days of the Moors, —“ *Al hombre que capaba a un caballo—le capaba a el!*”

We talk about our love for a favourite horse; but there is no such feeling; it is only a reflection of our love for ourselves. The horse carries his rider nobly and proudly, helps him to appear well, and is for the moment part of himself. Let him fall lame, or lose his beauty, and he is sold at once without regret, and another succeeds the next day to all the affection which was but yesterday his own. From a broken-down hunter he passes at once to the carriage, the stage-coach, or the plough, until at length he is driven furiously over the London pavements, and worn out by labour, increasing ever as his forces diminish, by blows, and by ill usage, he dies miserably under the hands of a cab ruffian. Verily, it may well be said, that the last stage of that horse is worse than the first. The most noble, the most elegant, the most useful of all the auxiliaries which nature has provided for man, his life is at the same time the fullest of misery, and his death the most long-drawn and disastrous. A pig is a king to him. A pig gorges, and wallows, and revels in a thousand luxuries dear to his swinish heart, increasing ever in health and happiness, until, reaching the climax of all the bliss of which his nature is capable, the merciful knife reaches the seat of vitality in a twinkling, and suddenly, without suffering, his soul is required of him, and with a single squeal he yields it up.

As were the cab horses, so also were the drivers. All were filthy, squalid, and tattered; some were drunk, others dozing. I afterward found, from the police reports, that many of them are also thieves. They are banded with what is called the

“swell mob,” an institution which, like the name, is peculiar to this country, and aid in carrying off plate and other plunder taken from the houses of the rich. One of the party learns the secret of the premises through the connivance of a servant; and, not unfrequently, they take the agreeable mode of making love to a maid. A plan is thus matured for weeks beforehand, and rarely fails in its execution.

The miserable plight of these vehicles, intended for the accommodation of the public at large, contrasted singularly with the same class of conveyances in our own country, and bore strong testimony to the distinction of classes and disparity of fortunes here, and the humble condition of the third estate. With us, the hackney-coaches are almost universally neat and elegant vehicles, drawn by fine horses, not easily distinguishable from the modest equipages of the rich. There are a vast number of the people with us, who, while they may not be able to set up an equipage, have yet abundant means to compass the gratification of an occasional drive. Here those who keep no carriage must be content to take the air in miserable, filthy vehicles, inferior in all respects to the worst of those that may be seen in New York, or Philadelphia, figuring in a funeral cortège of negroes. Going forth in search of country air and the aromatic gales of gardens and meadows, they carry with them a nucleus of ill odours, and taint the atmosphere wherever they proceed. I never put my foot into one of them without noticing this offensiveness; and being prepared to appreciate the ingenious squeamishness of our eccentric countryman, John Randolph, of Roanoke, who was rooted in the idea that the hackney-coaches were habitually used by the London resurrectionists, and who would never enter any but chariots, because there was no room in them for the comfortable accommodation of a dead man.

As I yet stood gazing and musing upon cabs and jarvies, there rolled by the elegant equipage of a rich man, to carry out the contrast between the aristocratic and the lowly. The

heavy carriage was suspended on double springs, and rolled forward without a jar, or the least clatter or noise; within were seen the teints of rich silk, and luxurious cushions. Two proud and prancing horses bore hard upon the reins, which were held by a stout, rosy, powdered, and richly-clad coachman, who was seated high aloft as on a throne. They arched their necks and pricked their ears disdainfully at the villain horses they were passing, little dreaming that a few short years were to reduce them to that same abject condition. Behind were two footmen, in costly liveries, with aiguillettes and long canes to clear the way, if necessary, for their masters. Their looks were disdainful and imperious, and they stood up on their stout supporters, cased in plush breeches and neat white stockings, as proud and as perpendicular as princes.

By this time my attention to the cabmen had attracted theirs to me. Three or four broke the line at once, and beating their reluctant animals, drove against each other in their eagerness to approach me, crying, as they held up their whips or a dirty finger, in a quick, nasal, cockney tone, "Cab, sir! cab, sir! Drive you quick, sir!" I had too much compassion for their horses, and too much consideration for myself, to accept the offer. Therefore, turning away, I continued my circuit until I had traversed the Colonnade to the point from which I had set out; thence I struck off to the left, and found myself in the wide and noble avenue of Regent-street. Here I paused to gaze with admiration upon the magnificent club-houses and other princely edifices which stood isolated on either hand. Many of them are in a noble and chaste style of architecture. They are built of Portland stone, and, being in a neighbourhood not dense comparatively, and where there are no manufactories with steam-engines, furnaces, and belching chimneys, they are not blackened like the buildings in other quarters of the town, especially the east, towards which the wind habitually blows. They have, consequently,

a light and gay colour, which the contrast renders particularly pleasing.

Regent-street terminates at this extremity in a flight of steps, descending into St. James's Park, whose naked trees here intercepted the prospect; while from among them might be seen, rising in the distance, the lofty roof of Westminster Abbey, flanked by its Gothic towers. In this fine situation, at the extremity of the street, overlooking the Park, the Abbey, and the surrounding palaces, stands a lofty column of stone, which I learned with wonder was intended to receive the statue of Frederick, late Duke of York. I could not help asking myself what the Duke of York had done for England, that she should thus commemorate him. Will not posterity be disposed to ask the same question, and to wonder to what achievement of his inglorious career, conspicuous only for ignominious failure as a general, for base and infamous collusion as a commander-in-chief—to what act of a life passed in dishonourable neglect of the common honesty which enjoins the scrupulous payment of one's debts, and in low debauchery as a man, he is indebted for this honour, hitherto reserved as the noblest meed of heroes and patriots! Will it not at least be admitted that he has won his column at a cheaper rate than Trajan in ancient times, or Napoleon in our own?

The indignation which I felt in contemplating this prostitution was not the effect of any anti-English feeling. Were I an Englishman I should but have felt more strongly.—Had I beheld this noble column surmounted by the statue of a Wellington or a Nelson, I should have freely added the full tide of my sympathies to those of a grateful and admiring nation. May not the day arrive when this people will begin to think, that to have been the base brother of a king is a less title to gratitude and consideration, than to have borne the name of Horatio Nelson? When the statue of him who sacrificed a noble army ignominiously in the swamps of

Walcheren, and abandoned a whole service to the avaricious practices of an otherwise unpaid prostitute, will be indignantly dragged down, to make room for the effigy of that hero who unfurled the flag of England so gloriously at the Nile and at Trafalgar?

Being so near St. James's Park, and tempted moreover by the pleasing glimpse I had caught of it from the base of the Duke of York's column, I could not forego the pleasure of seeing it a little nearer. Descending, therefore, the flight of steps conducting to it, I presently found myself in the midst of an extensive plantation of trees, disposed according to the rules of taste, which are here so well understood. In the centre of the park is an oblong sheet of water, artificially produced, and being nearly stagnant. Under our torrid sun, such a creation would prove the fruitful source of fever and pestilence; and we would as soon think of introducing the plague among us, as forming such a sheet of standing water within the boundaries of our cities. Here, however, it is attended with no bad result, and inspires no dread, while it tends greatly to the embellishment of the place, being prettily diversified, indented with little bays, with jutting promontories, and with tufted evergreens.

From the Park, St. James's Palace assumes a much nobler appearance than on the side of the town, though still outshone by the superior beauty of many mansions of the nobility that overlook the same scene, especially Buckingham House, the town residence of the Duke of Sutherland.—Westminster Hall and the Abbey are among the fine objects which the eye takes in from this charming promenade, where every thing contrasted most pleasingly with the crowded and bustling thoroughfares which I had the moment before abandoned.

Rural, however, and retired as I found the Park, it was not a solitude; though the groups who thronged it were of a less bustling character, and bent, for the most part, on pleasure

instead of toil. There were groups of children at their sports, of a healthy appearance, such as I had scarcely ever seen before. These were guarded by comely nursery maids, who seemed to have time not only to watch over their charge, but to exchange words of kindness with tall and well-dressed footmen, whom a happy accident had led there, and sometimes with others, whose costume and air announced a higher station. There were abundance of red coats, too, glancing among the trees and shrubbery; and a whole regiment of them, in admirable equipment, and moving with consummate steadiness, were marshalled along the main avenue, enlivening the groves with the inspiring strains of their military music.

CHAPTER IX.

WALKS IN LONDON.

Picadilly. Quadrant. Placard-bearers. Church of All-Souls. Park Crescent
Regent's Park. The Terraces. Improvements in London. Their good
Taste. Adaptation to America.

LEAVING St. James's Park, and turning my back on the duke and his column, I took my way up Regent-street, and presently reached the point where it opens out into a circus at the intersection of Piccadilly. This is one of the greatest thoroughfares of London or the world. It is the principal connecting avenue between the City and the West End, and one of the great routes to the southern and western counties of England. The rush of vehicles was really fearful; there were many four-horse coaches arriving and departing, cumbered with luggage and passengers; and innumerable omnibuses, whose elegant cads were standing on one foot, leaning far to either side, and holding up a finger which they twitched coaxingly, crying the while through their noses—"Kensing-

ton! Chelsea! Hammersmith! Hyde Park Corner! Bank! Bank! Bank!" Here, too, I stopped to gaze with wonder at a golden bull and an overgrown mouth opening to swallow him, the distinguishing sign of a noted coach-office, whose name I had noticed on the coach which brought me to London. This is one of the few instances which I saw in London of the old signs, belonging to the quaint and simple tastes of ancient times, being retained, together with the names of celebrated inns.

Making my escape, with some address and no little self-gratulation, across the mighty thoroughfare, I entered the Quadrant, and went on my way, rejoicing in my sense of safety; for here I was defended by a range of massive cast-iron columns, and there was no danger of being invaded in this sanctuary and run down, whether by cab or omnibus. The buildings here bend gracefully on either hand from that part of Regent-street which takes its rise in St. James's Park, so as to join a second street, bearing the same name, which runs northward, to connect it with Portland Place and Regent's Park. This Quadrant is flanked on either hand by fluted columns of cast-iron, having the massive appearance of stone, and being coloured to correspond with the stucco of the adjoining edifices. Above is a continuous skylight, connecting the colonnade with the buildings; the upper stories of which are appropriated to millinery establishments and various uses, while the ground-floors are occupied as shops, and are filled with every species of costly wares, to attest the superiority of the useful and elegant arts in England. The effect of this Quadrant, bending thus gradually, is, on the whole, decidedly elegant and pleasing, while the noble street opening beyond, and flanked on either hand by rows of symmetrical and ornamented edifices, breaks upon the eye with an air of great magnificence.

There was much, however, in the groups that filled the elegant precincts, which was disgusting and humbling to the

pride of any one who is capable of being wounded by the degradation of his species. Able-bodied men, many of them, moreover, quite well dressed, were importuning every one to buy leathern straps to put under their boots, or a puppy-dog which they carried in their arms: half-naked wretches were sweeping the streets at the crossing-places, and begging the price of a loaf of bread, with the assurance that they were famished with cold and hunger. I was struck with the appearance of one man, more wretched than the rest. He was tall, graceful, and distinguished in his appearance. His clothes fitted closely to his person, and were of an elegant make, but they were greasy, threadbare, and, being broken in various places, showed that his back rejoiced not in a shirt. His boots were sadly run down at heel, and escaping from his feet; while his unshaven beard, and his emaciated countenance, completed a picture of consummate misery and woe. Yet his air was as proud and elevated as that of any around him, and he strode onward, looking neither to the right nor to the left. What was that man to do? His habits unfitted him for toil, yet he was doubtless ashamed to beg, though evidently starving. I could not fancy anything but the example of Werter, and the relief of that friendly river in whose direction he was walking. Willingly would I have learned his story, though doubtless a common and oft-told tale, of wasted opportunities and ruined character.

Leaving the Quadrant, I was immediately shocked at other spectacles yet more degrading. Here was a man, dressed in a red coat and epaulettes, and having on his head a cocked hat, surmounted by the panache of a field-marshal. At his back and before him were suspended, so as to balance each other, a couple of boards, with printed placards to the following effect: "Gentlemen should instruct their servants to use Brown's blacking!" Farther on were more, dressed from head to foot in one huge garment of green moreen. It had streaming pendent sleeves, and was terminated at the top in a tall steeple-

crowns, like a paper foolscap, such as is used by bullying pedagogues to degrade and break the spirit of a child. There was a single aperture left for the face of these consenting and polluted wretches, who looked out, shameless of the degradation of their species and of their own, as they bore high in the air placards of some ignoble advertisement—a new cure for the itch, or simply the street and number of Dr. Eady, the infamous curer of an infamous disease.

But the chapter of ignominy was not complete. A little further on I saw a noble-looking man, with a sash bound about his waist, having a slight halt in his gait, a decidedly military air, and the port of a veteran. I fancied that I saw in him a worthy companion of Wellington in the field of Waterloo. He was the bearer of a placard which notified where might be seen the statue of Lord Dudley's favourite Newfoundland dog Bashaw. Here was a man, a noble specimen of humanity too, doomed in his old days to carry about a placard touching the statue of a nobleman's favourite dog! This is an outrage not merely against the dignity of man, it is a violation of the intentions of his Maker; and I felt within me, at the contemplation of such a spectacle, not merely loathing disgust at the baseness of the wretches who, rather than starve, should be found thus acquiescing in their own degradation, but a glow of honest indignation against the whole structure and condition of society in a country where, throughout a long series of years, the privilege of legislation for the good of all has been reserved in the hands of a few, and where, systematically exercised in the interest of that few and for the enslavement of the many, it has eventuated in such a preposterous and unequalled elevation of the one, attended by the necessary and corresponding abasement of the other.

Presently I came to a cross street in which was assembled a great collection of people of the lowest class. This was the first specimen I had seen of a London mob, and a more squa-

lid set of wretches could not well be imagined. From the number of policemen collected at the place, armed with their short clubs, there had probably been some disorder which was not unlikely to be renewed. The cause of it was soon obvious. A man was standing before the door of a dirty and suspicious-looking habitation, having on his shoulders a placard on which was printed, in large letters, "Beware of a house of ill-fame," having doubtless been hired to do so by some decent burgher living next door, who had been scandalized by the character of his neighbours. This placard had brought together the mob, who, whatever might have been their own morals, were not sorry to have their fury authorized, and their taste for destruction directed to some legitimate object. Its effects were already sufficiently obvious on the exterior of the building. The terrified inmates had closed the inside shutters, but the glasses were all broken, and the sashes smashed, while the whole front was plentifully daubed with mud, which had been thrown by the handful. The by-standers seemed only to wait for leave to set about the demolition of the whole establishment.

Looking round me as I went, and musing upon what I saw, I presently reached the intersection of Oxford-street; where Regent-street again opens out to form a circus. Here is another thoroughfare between the East and West Ends, well nigh as great as that of Piccadilly; and here too the pedestrian is obliged to halt, and watch, and escape quickly for his life. The shops here assume a still more elegant and fashionable character; among them were druggists, shops the names of whose proprietors I had seen on their preparations in almost every corner of the world; their extent, neatness and elegance of arrangement were admirable. Others were occupied by French milliners, addressing themselves in their signs to those only who could read French; or Parisian and Swiss confectioners, and one or two were elegantly fitted up as cafés and restaurants.

The vista before me terminated at an angle where Regent-street turns into Portland Place. This is a most favourable point for the exhibition of a noble edifice. The objects on either hand prepare the eye for no measured degree of gratification. And here in fact the artist who conceived and so nobly executed in the last reign the magnificent idea of all these improvements, which give such an air of grandeur to this quarter of the metropolis, has accordingly placed an edifice, the Church of All Souls, which seems meant as a master-piece, and which at any rate may claim the merit of being able both to astonish and surprise. It stands forward far in advance of the adjoining buildings, face to face with you as you advance to enter Portland Place, and seems to say to you—Here ! look at me ! And I did look at it, and with not a little astonishment, and some embarrassment. For having never before seen an edifice like this, I could not judge it by any effort at comparison, and remained bewildered in the attempt to analyze my impressions. I was not long in determining that the character of the structure was at least costly, and its mechanical execution very elegant. In some of the details, moreover, there was much subject for unqualified admiration. It formed, however, the oddest whole imaginable. The church itself was of nearly a square form, and stood back with a half modest and retiring air, well nigh concealed by the mansions adjoining. The roof was tall and angular, and sloped back from the more pretending portico and spire, like a vulgar wife, half shrinking from the fellowship of the more genteel husband who is ashamed of her. It was a striking instance of architectural mis-alliance. Had it stood by itself, without pretension and in all humility, it would have attracted neither notice nor animadversion. But the pride of a lofty alliance had dragged it into notice, and subjected it to contumely. The portico and spire, which touched rather than united with it in front, was full of pretension, and not wholly destitute of taste. It was of circular form, surrounded by a row of Ionic columns, and surmounted by an elegant balustrade.

trade. Out of this arose a fluted stone spire, ran up to a needle's point with great lightness and grace. Above the portico a large ring, sustained by a lesser row of columns, surrounded the spire. One is puzzled, in looking at it, to tell how or why it came there. It looks for all the world like a ring, and has the air of a trophy carried off in some jousting match on a great scale, with giant knights, and steeples for lances.

Portland Place is still wider and more vast than Regent-street. It is of more ancient construction. The houses are of unpainted brick, and are all private dwellings. No omnibus is permitted to pollute with its presence these precincts, though now guiltless of nobility, and abandoned to the abode of aspiring merchants and bankers. Compared with Regent-street, it had a certain air of staid respectability, not a little augmented by the occasional display of funeral hatchments, on which family arms were emblazoned, with angels, hour-glasses, and various mournful emblems of the tomb, to announce that death had been busy within. I do not know that any thing ever affected me more unpleasantly than this obtrusion upon the world of that sorrow which, where it is sincere, is apt to shun the sympathy of the unheeding crowd; and this heartless effort to make the dead, by giving occasion to this heraldic display, thus minister to the vanity of the living.

At the extremity of Portland Place the buildings again become modern, and sweeping back on either hand in a circular form, with colonnades, terraces, and architectural embellishments, leave a vacant place between called the Park Crescent. This is enclosed with a massive iron railing. It is planted with trees, and tastefully laid out as an ornamental garden, accessible to the tenants of the neighbouring mansions, who there enjoy the recreation of a daily walk, which the habits of the country render necessary; and where their children, when the weather will at all permit, pass a considerable portion of each day in healthful exercise. I subsequently found

that, notwithstanding the denseness of London, there is scarcely any portion of it which has not in its neighbourhood some planted square or pleasure-ground, reserved for the health and recreation of its inhabitants.

Beyond the Park Crescent lay the New Road, another vast thoroughfare, connecting the City with the extensive suburb of Paddington. Here were the same rush of vehicles, and the same abundance of hackney-coaches, cabs, and omnibuses, mingled with the costlier equipages of the rich. Beyond the New Road lay the Regent's Park. Though my map had shown me in the morning that its extent was considerable, I determined to make the circuit. Its entrance was defended by railings and gates of iron, which may be closed at pleasure, to shut out intruding stage coaches, omnibuses, loaded carts, or aught that is unseemly or inelegant. On my left hand lay the Park, whose recent plantations of trees and shrubbery were in a very thriving state, indicating that, in the season of foliage, they were already in a condition to furnish shade and an agreeable verdure. On the right, my eye took in a succession of stately edifices, grouped together so as to produce the effect of a series of magnificent palaces, each forming by itself an elegant and harmonious whole. The first of these was Cambridge Terrace, which was in a pretty taste, and embellished with architectural ornaments of simple Doric. Here, too, I paused to admire the swelling dome of the Coliseum, a magnificent structure, fit for the exhibition of so vast a panorama as that of London.

Chester Terrace, which was next to Cambridge, struck me as being extremely beautiful. Like the rest, it is thrown back from the main road along the side of the Park. It is of the Corinthian order, has a colonnade in the centre, and at either extremity an elegant entrance, in the form of a triumphal arch, which gives admittance to the private road leading only to the residences which compose it. The Terrace is raised above the level of the main road, securing the dwell-

lings from humidity, and furnishing, from their windows, a commanding view of the road, which is not sufficiently near to annoy with its dust or noise, while it presents an ever-animating scene of gaiety and life,—of the tastefully-planted Park beyond, with its pretty villas, serpentine walks, and sheets of water, and of the noble terraces which close the view beyond. Here, as at the other terraces, the intervening space between the private avenue and the public thoroughfare is enclosed with balustrades of Portland stone, and flanked with evergreens and flowers.

A little farther on I was met by one of the fairest processions that ever blessed my delighted eyes. It consisted of some twenty or thirty young ladies, of various interesting ages between fourteen and twenty. They were dressed with great neatness and simplicity; and, as they passed along, each seemed prettier than the one who had preceded her, though my respect for what was due to their modesty, and some little prompting from my own, prevented me from scanning them with the attention which they merited. This was certainly a very charming spectacle in itself, and I contemplated it very frequently after with intense interest, when I came to learn that these young ladies were the orphans of poor clergymen, for whose education an institution has been endowed in the Regent's Park, by the generosity of some rich person, who added good taste to kindness of heart and discriminating benevolence. They are carefully educated, and qualified to fill the station of governesses in rich families; and, to judge from their amiable appearance, would also make excellent wives, though taken at a venture.

Cumberland Terrace, which next attracted my observation, pleased me less, though the mansions which composed it were of far greater dimensions, and the style of architecture more highly ornamented and of greater pretensions. It consists of a grand centre and wings, connected by arches, under which are carriage-ways leading to the mews in the rear. From a

rusticated basement rises a range of Doric columns, which is crowned by a balustrade, serving, at various points, as a pedestal for statues, standing singly or in groups. In the centre the colonnade is heavier and more imposing, being surmounted by a pediment with a group of statuary, representing the triumphs of Britannia. With such evidences of the grandeur of the Island Queen, exhibited in the residences of her merchants, traders, and modest citizens, I felt no disposition to deny to her the meed of my humble homage and admiration.

St. Catherine's Hospital, which next succeeds, contrasts charmingly with the regular and classical architecture of the terraces and the Coliseum. It is a very pretty specimen of Gothic architecture, evincing—a fact which I found afterwards confirmed by still more favourable specimens in my rambles over England—that this noble style has been revived, in its simpler and more modest forms indeed, with far greater success here than elsewhere. It consists of a beautiful little chapel, with a little nave, flanked by towers on the front, while on either hand are charming groups of cottages, with gables in the Elizabethan taste. This institution was not long since removed to this healthier and more picturesque situation, from the present site of St. Catharine's Dock in the city. It is an hospital, founded in past times for the relief of the families of seafaring persons, or others of the humbler dependants of that commerce which has here achieved her greatest triumphs. It was a worthy monument—and I was afterward called upon to admire many such—of the princely benevolence of Englishmen.

Gloucester Gate is another grand entrance to the Park. It is a species of triumphal arch, in Doric taste. I looked out of it, and walking a few steps, came to a bridge over the Regent's Canal, on the banks of which stands a charming collection of little ornamental cottages of the Elizabethan, Gothic, or Saxon architecture. Many of these have a grotesque and quaint appearance, yet the effect of the whole is pleasing and agreeable.

Small, but beautifully-arranged gardens and mimic conservatories swept down to the borders of the stream. I had occasion afterward to enter some of these, and found them filled with all imaginable comforts.

I could not but regret the unfavourable character of the comparison between these charming cottages, and the tasteless masses of brick and mortar in which people of the same class and greater means are contented to live in my own country. The greater mansions overlooking the Park, though they pay oppressive taxes of various sorts well-nigh equal to the rent, are not more expensive to the tenant than the graceless edifices of equal size from which our city magnates look out rejoicingly into the dust, tumult, and deafening clatter of Broadway; while these modest and charming cottages offer to the individual of humble means, each such a little castle of comfort, such an epitome of all that the heart of man longs for in the habitation of his body, as could not be procured with us at any price, except only at the trouble of creating it. One principal reason, indeed, of the advantage possessed over us by this country, is found in the vast superabundance of capital, ever seeking for means of investing itself within sight of its possessor, and easily satisfied with any interest, however low. Here, however, a knowledge of comfort and good taste preside, and lend their aid in every creation. These we do not possess in any commensurate degree. Let us hope, however, that it may not always be thus. The genius and character of our people are the same, and we are rising to greatness by the same means, with far more rapid strides, and from the unbounded and exhaustless nature of our resources, without any assignable line of limitation. It is to be hoped that, as our means multiply, good taste will grow up to employ them in whatever tends to the embellishment of life.

There is one circumstance, however, connected with the creation of Regent's Park and the palace-like mansions which surround it, which could not well apply to any thing in my

own country. It was originally a royal demesne, and once formed the site of a palace inhabited by Elizabeth. Part of it was afterward leased for a term of years. During the last reign it reverted to the crown, when the plan was formed, under the direction of the commissioners of Woods and Forests, aided by their architect, Mr. Nash, of those magnificent improvements, which were to me a source of increasing delight the longer I had an opportunity of observing them. The Park, consisting of five hundred acres, was laid out in the happiest taste of an art which is essentially English: and the surrounding grounds were leased to enterprising speculators, with the condition of building upon a stipulated plan. After all, it was individual wealth, and capital originating from the same sources which are so rapidly developing it in our own country, which led to all these splendid creations. Nor am I quite sure that the corporation of my native city have not a control over large tracts of land which a few years will bring within its inhabited precincts. No situation offers greater capabilities for ornamental improvement than the island of Manhattan, on which New York is situated. On one hand lies one of the noblest rivers of a world in which every thing is on a grand scale: on the other, and at a distance of two or three miles, a beautiful arm of the sea. Nature has shown its surface into a pleasing variety of hill and hollow, of rock, and glen, and picturesque ravine. What has art hitherto done to heighten these beauties? Why, she has approached her task under the guidance of a blind and mistaken utility, taking no counsel of good taste. Hills have been cut away and cast down into the adjoining hollows; rocks blown asunder and prostrated; coves filled up to be on an equality with the headlands that enclosed them; the whole surface of the country revolutionized; that which nature placed at the top cast to the bottom; the sources of maladies prepared by the efforts to promote health; beautiful groves cut down to make room, at best, for rows of Lombardy poplars; compact masses of brick edifices run up, with-

out any reservation of promenades for the recreation and health of those who are to inhabit them; a thousand things begun, and scarce one finished; and the whole scene brought, under the pretext of improvement, to present one desolating spectacle of chaotic confusion; while in this quarter of London which is as modern as many parts of New York, the effect of newness is already banished. Whatever has been done, has been done permanently; hedges, gardens, and plantations have been quickly created to gloss over and smooth away the rugged aspect of innovation.

Our large, wealthy, and growing metropolis should have in its perpetual employ an architect of ability and cultivated tastes. He should visit the capitals of Europe, and imbue his mind with whatever ideas of convenience, elegance, or grandeur they may present; and he should especially study the liberal and enlightened improvements, and the domestic architecture, in its more modest forms, of the people from whom we sprang, and whose tastes are destined to become our own. Nowhere in England could he find more happy sources of inspiration than in Regent's Park and its ornamented precincts. This is a digression from our subject; but the author is unwilling to permit himself to be deterred by this consideration, while attempting to describe what has excited his admiration in another country, from suggesting whatever may be advantageous to his own.

CHAPTER X.

WALKS IN LONDON.

Circuit of Regent's Park. Southern Terraces. View of the Grounds. Comparison of Regent-street and Broadway. Equipages and Horses. Street Population. Female Walkers. Preservation of Order.

THE reflections which closed our last chapter were presently put to flight by the very pleasing spectacle of a youthful matron emerging from one of these tasteful cottages, attended by her little family. It consisted of two fine, healthy children, very neatly dressed, who were armed with various toys for their amusement, under the guidance of a liveried servant, who carried a couple of umbrellas as a precaution against rain, and seemed to have the additional charge of protector to the whole party; behind followed a child of a year or more, who, bundled in shawls, was trundled along in a waggon of wicker-work, which the nursery-maid drew after her. As they also seemed bound on the same voyage of circumnavigation with myself, I was very willing to sail in their wake, and beguile the way by interesting myself in their gambols. At the entrance of the Zoological Garden, however, they turned in to take a look at the wild beasts, and I was compelled to continue on without any other companion than my thoughts, and the interest which I derived from the observation of surrounding objects.

Leaving the wild beasts to roar, the monkeys to chatter, and the parrots to prate on, for their own amusement and that of my youthful friends who had just entered the Garden, I continued my walk, which now began to bend to the west, in forming the circuit toward the place from which I had set out. From Macclesfield Bridge, which is a beautiful construction of cast-iron, I took in a pleasing view of the banks of the Canal, of Primrose Hill, the holdiday resort of the jaded

artisans of either sex, and the curious scene of practical jokes, and sturdy and somewhat unscrupulous gambols,—of the ornamented villa of the Marquis of Hertford, and of others half hidden beyond within the deepening thickets of the Park, together with the grand panorama of the palaces which enclosed it. Hanover Terrace, with the charming lodges near it, next awakened my admiration, and presently I stood bewildered, yet not displeased, before the fantastic structures of Sussex Place. This is a curious group of buildings, in a Chinese taste, having a singular collection of octagonal towers, surmounted by cupolas and minarets. The effect of it is very odd; and though I felt no disposition to envy those who lived there, and whose ideas, as it struck me, were like to receive an eccentric and fantastic bent from the obliquity of their habitations, it served to give an air of variety to the whole scene, and greatly to enhance, by the effect of contrast, the more regular and undeniable beauties of the surrounding terraces.

From this point the grounds of the Park are seen with all their beauty. They present a great variety of agreeable objects, groves, gardens, sheets of water, the indentation of whose shores imitates the graceful caprice of nature, interspersed with villas, lodges, and airy bridges, and the view being closed in the distance by the nave and towers of St. Catharine's, the dome of the Coliseum, and the colonnades of the adjoining terraces. The inhabitants of these mansions enjoy, in the heart of a great city, the sight of whatever is pleasing in the prospect of the most highly-ornamented scenes of rural life—for even sheep and cattle were not wanting to complete the picture of pleasing rusticity. Nor is it only in the sight of these objects that they found gratification. While many rolled over the smooth avenues in luxurious equipages, others of either sex ambled on beautiful and highly mettled horses, followed by neatly-dressed and equally well-mounted grooms; while others, with an air of not inferior enjoyment,

rambled on foot over the gravelled walks of the enclosures, or, seated on rustic benches at the sunny side of a grove, or by the margin of the water, pored over the pages of some attractive author;—happily a Thomson, a Cowper, or some one of those descriptive poets of the land, who have sung so sweetly of rural scenes, to a people formed by their tastes to appreciate their descriptions and to sympathize in their ecstasies. The laugh and lively prattle of children, too, gave to the scene its most pleasing character of animation. Some were ferried over the water in pretty wherries, while others, hanging over the railings of the airy bridges which spanned the stream, seemed delighted to divide their luncheon with the majestic swans which sailed proudly below, and which for a moment forgot their stateliness and dignity in their eager efforts to catch the descending morsels.

Clarence and Cornwall Terraces, which struck me as being yet more beautiful than any I had seen, brought me to York Terrace, which, having all its entrances at the back, and the gardens in front, without any divisions, conveys more irresistibly than the rest the idea of one magnificent palace. I had now got back to the New Road, whence I had set out. There were two or three churches in sight, that of St. Mary-le-bone and Trinity; but as they were without attraction, and characterized by a bad taste, which my rambles round the Park had unfitted me to bear patiently with, I did not waste my time in a second look at them. So, escaping through the press at the New Road, I re-entered Portland Place by the Park Crescent, and bent my steps homeward.

As I passed along this noble avenue, from its origin in the Regent's to its close in St. James's Park, I had leisure to admire its magnificence, and to appreciate the absurdity of comparing Broadway, or any other street in America, to it. In the brilliancy derived from our transparent atmosphere, and unclouded, deep-blue skies, and the dazzling splendour with which the sun shines through, revealing, gladdening,

and vivifying every thing with the magnificence of an unimpeded and tropical illumination, we possess, indeed, an advantage to which London and England are equally and for ever strangers. In the single particular of unbounded movement and life, Broadway is moreover equal, from the simple circumstance of its immense length, and its being almost the only outlet of a great city, to Regent-street, or any other that I am acquainted with. But in all else its attractions are not such as to entitle it to enter into the comparison.

In the first place, it is greatly inferior in spaciousness and width. In Broadway there is a perpetual and most displeasing variety in the height and fashion of the houses. Each is a complete republican, that has grown up independently and in its own way. A giant of four stories, with a flat roof, looks down upon its next neighbour, a big-headed dwarf of one story, with a most ambitious attic. Here is a dwelling-house, there a shop. The windows and doors are scattered up and down, in defiance of symmetry, and in contempt of right lines, and the variety of colours is infinite. In Regent-street, on the contrary, there are continuous ranges of edifices, erected on a series of uniform plans, decorated with architectural ornaments, and coated with plaster of one uniform complexion. Perhaps the churches and public buildings that one passes in a walk in Broadway are in a better style than those of Regent-street, though this, after all, is not saying much. With us there is a disposition to keep to classic tastes and approved models, while here the taste is to mingle beauties, however discordant, producing what is original and eccentric; something which has no precedent, and is likely to be followed by no imitation. In both places there is the same nuisance of omnibuses, and the same sufficiency of dust, though we excel wonderfully in noise, owing to the circumstance of our pavement being made of round pebble-stones.

Here the private equipages, which were heavy, costly, and luxurious, were intermingled with squalid cabs and hackney-

coaches. With us the vehicles generally are of a lighter and more tasteful make, and the hackney-coaches are often so elegant as scarcely to be distinguished from the private carriages, except by the inferior grooming and showiness of the horses. I could not determine whether there were more fine horses in Regent-street or Broadway. At this season the town was empty of fashionable people, and perhaps our own city had the advantage. The English horses were, however, much better groomed and broken. Here were no long-tailed nags, driven by proud, shabby, genteel people, and no sulkeys with trotting horses, dashing along at the rate of a mile in three minutes. The taxes on vehicles and horses seemed to check the aspirations of poor and humble lovers of horse-flesh, and confine the luxury exclusively to the rich. All kept scrupulously to their proper side, on the left, and the respect for custom and the law in this respect seemed to be uppermost in the heart of every man who held a whip. Here were no accidents and no restiveness. In fact, in more than a year that I subsequently passed in England, I do not remember to have witnessed a single accident, except on a race-course, whereas one of the commonest spectacles I had been accustomed to see in Broadway was that of a horse prancing along without a rider, followed by the full hue and cry of boys, negroes, and Irishmen, or a light waggon, spinning along on three wheels, overturning orange-sellers and demolishing old women.

I think the comparison between the street population of the two places, in point of appearance, was, so far as I could judge as yet, in favour of London. Here was an air of greater health, and more fullness of muscle, and freshness of complexion. To be sure I had been traversing the rich quarter of Westminster, in a part but casually and slightly infested by the poorer and more squalid classes of the metropolis. One remark was most obvious to me; with us, the agitation which is constantly going on throughout the whole mass of

society, is perpetually throwing to the surface that which was but a little before removed from it. Merit, industry, assiduous exertion of any sort,—opposed by no insuperable barriers of pride or prejudice, and fettered by no system of laws conceived in the interest of the few and the idle, and in enmity to the industrious million,—secure of their reward, are perpetually raising to competency and distinction those who, in the outset of life, were humble and unhonoured; while the idle and the profligate, degraded by the contrast rather than sustained by the consideration which their ancestors had won for themselves by their good works, are seen, on the contrary, to sink in a descending counter-current, to mingle ultimately with the dregs. This agitation, then, of the state of society, has the effect, in the large and rapidly increasing communities of the Republic, so to mingle the races as to break down in some measure the physical distinctions which characterize other countries where the classes are stationary, and the castes immutable.

In London, the races are most distinctly marked. It was not necessary to observe the cut of a coat, or the fashion of the nether garment, to tell in an instant who was the bramin and who the pariah. The gentleman was easily distinguishable by his superior height, his air of generous feeding, his pride of step, and a certain erect, elevated, confident, contented, and—if I may add a qualification which applies to most of our native-born population in America—independent and republican freedom and nobleness of carriage. The trader had a very different air, though he struggled to make it the same; for it was the effect of imitation. There was a blending of haughtiness and humiliation, a versatility held in preparation for contact with inferiors or the great; a look which could catch the expression of contempt and scorn, or soften at once into a complacent simper and cringing obsequiousness.

Among the humbler classes, the physical conformation seemed to announce the peculiar and separate calling of each

distinct individual. The same trade, descending perpetually from father to son through long succeeding generations, had occasioned a development of particular limbs and muscles. The absence of intellectual and moral culture, in occupations which rendered it unnecessary for those who worked only to administer food to themselves, and profit or luxury to the class of masters, could only account for the absence of forehead, of the ornamental parts of that face which was moulded after a divine model; and which, among the untutored and unoppressed savages, who roam without distinction of classes over nature's wilds, is ever found to bear the impress of its original. The mouth and jaws announced bull-dog capacity to tear and masticate their hard-earned food. There was often a preposterous development of the neck, the shoulders, the arms, and hands. In many, the effect of unhealthy occupations was visible in a peculiar conformation of their careworn countenances, and in a general physical deterioration. Many generations of a sedentary life, a perpetuity of confinement at a workbench, evinced itself in some by a ludicrous shortness and diminutiveness of the legs. It was cruel to laugh at a deformity thus artificially produced, less the fault than the misfortune of their ancestors, and yet it was not easy to contemplate it with composure.

I could not help speculating upon the effects of pushing such a system to its extremest limits. Might not nature tire at length of making legs, to exhaust unnecessarily, by their demand for vital supply, the bodies of those who were never destined to use them? Just as she has long since given over the bootless effort to supply tails to Spanish poodles, to be cut off by their comical masters; or affixing such a useless encumbrance to serve as a drag and a drawback through the weary journey of life to monkeys, which, no longer serving to aid the purpose of locomotion, or give life to their gambols, are found gradually to dwindle and disappear in countries that have no trees?

The women whom I saw were nearly all plump and comely, and their complexions were universally good, even in this dingy atmosphere. To be sure, their faces were nearly all dirty, at which I was the less disposed to wonder when I found, on getting to my lodgings, that my own was in the same condition. I had several times used my handkerchief in removing objects which had fastened on my face; these proved to be sooty particles, detached from the chimneys and furnaces of the mighty Babylon; and I found, on consulting my mirror, that I was, and had probably been so for some time, the proud possessor of an exceedingly well-defined, coal-black whisker on the left cheek, together with a very promising mustache on the opposite side.

But to return from my own face to the more pleasing study of those of the women: I have to remark that they were almost all expressive, and many of them very beautiful. Moreover, they generally surmounted well-formed and often swan-like necks, reposing on nobly-expanding bosoms. In descending, the analysis became less satisfactory, for their forms were, almost universally, bad; the upper part of the bodies was too large for the lower; the fountain seemed crushed by the weight of the superstructure. There was of course a limit to the observations one might make in the street; but to a man of any observation, or at all knowing in matters of this nature, used to induction, or capable, from the habit of ratiocination, of remounting from things seen and real to things hidden and unseen, there was little risk of injustice, in noticing the awkward bending of the ankle, to infer malformation above. The feet were, for the most part, ponderous and flat, indicating both an inherent ugliness and defective shoeing. They were often crooked and full of excrescences; nor did they always correspond exactly, and seem to be mates. Sometimes both had a leaning one way; the right foot out and the left in, for instance. I was more than once reminded of a stout double-

decker, with high poop and heavy counter, lying down in strong breezes under double-reefed topsails.

The gait, of course, of women thus formed was shuffling, heavy, and lumbering, destitute alike of harmony and ease. Perhaps I cannot better convey an idea of the effect of this peculiar conformation upon the movements, than by citing the opposite conformation and equally opposite movements of Taglioni. I think that any one who has looked at this goddess of the graceful art with any view to analyze the elements of her success, must have been struck with the great length and development of her legs, compared with the light superstructure which reposes on them. This seemed ever to me to furnish one means of accounting for her rare and matchless agility and grace. There is, indeed, a gossamer lightness in all her movements, that sometimes makes one think that her excellence depended less on peculiar conformation and great muscular power, than on a total absence of all specific gravity. One is tempted to believe that she is indeed the sylph, whose wings and wand she wears; an ethereal being; a child of the skies, over whom the laws of attraction, which drag all common mortals down to their mother earth, have no dominion. The French, the Italian, but especially the Spanish women, have, more or less, this peculiar conformation. Hence do they glide forward with so rare a grace, and hence that poetry of motion which is found in a Sevillian or a Gaditana. The absence of this among English women may account for their want of grace. Were you to divide the figure for the sake of analysis, you would be struck with the fact that the lower portion is completely sacrificed to the upper, which is almost always noble.

In general, the women were not well dressed; there was abundant evidence of defective taste, and an ignorance of the effect of colours. Indeed, it seemed that there were few ladies in the street; and that it was not the fashion for them to appear there, still less to look out of the window. The charac-

ter of most of these females seemed to account for this restriction ; it was only occasionally that I saw a modest woman, followed closely by a servant in livery. I was particularly struck with an immense variety in the size of the females ; the extreme height of some, and the equally wonderful smallness of others ; when, occasionally, they came beside each other, the contrast was most preposterous. I could only account for this discrepance by supposing that the big ones were fresh from the country ; and I found, on inquiry, that they were probably from Yorkshire, while the " little uns" were unquestionably the dwindlings and depreciations of the race, through long successive generations of a London existence ; condensed, constrained, pinched up, and breathing and feeding unwholesomely.

On the whole, the street population, excepting the want of elegance in the women, compared favourably with ours. It was more picturesque and more varied in the costume ; there were more good looks, and a more abounding air of health and vitality. Here one escaped entirely from the saffron hue of people from the south, and from the marshy new lands of our western rivers ; as well as from all the intermediate shades between black and white, the effect of the various crossings with the race of Ham. Here were no negroes, black, green, or blue ; no mulattoes, with aspect of mingled milk and molasses, brushing you away with their tattered plaid cloaks. Here the poor made way for the well-dressed, with a cringing air. They seemed to have been taught their place in succeeding ages from father to son. Rural justice, with its stocks and whipping-post, had inculcated a lesson of experience which they were not likely to forget. The boys, like the men, had less spirit and mischief in them than with us. There were none to drive hoops against one's shins, or serenade you with tin kettles or condemned watering-pots dragged over the pavements. The police were seen everywhere, to keep order and prevent nuisances. Such as carried burdens abandoned the

side-walk, and kept to the middle of the street. Hence there was no danger whatever of being buried under a bale, or being struck in the head by the corner of a box or ladder, at the risk of having one's bumps displaced, and character revolutionized for life.

CHAPTER XI.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Conversation at Dinner. Entrance to Theatre. Appearance of the House. The Audience. The Play. Saloon. Picture of Morals. Midnight Scene in the Streets.

I WAS not destined to eat my second dinner in London alone, nor to pass the night in the coffee-room of the Colonnade in solitude and despair. My worthy shipmate and countryman came most happily to my rescue, and we ate our dinner quietly together in a corner. It was not luxurious; it was not after the fashion of Paris, Bourdeaux, or Milan; of many places whose names recall a thousand departed joys to my palate; still it was served with so much order, and with such scrupulous neatness and propriety, that I felt no disposition to regret the more varied, the more abundant, and better-cooked repasts of our own crowded ordinaries. It was, moreover, seasoned with some tolerable sherry, temperately taken, and a flow of agreeable conversation.

My friend had been much in England, and it was not a little in favour of the country that, being a man of quick perception, sound understanding, and honest heart, who had, moreover, enjoyed in his rambles in many lands, indeed, in almost all, opportunities of extensive and liberal observation, he was disposed to award to this country, which he knew intimately, the tribute of his respect and admiration. In his journey from Portsmouth to London on the previous Saturday,

he had found many towns, and particularly Guilford, in all the bustle and animation of the weekly market. The surrounding country of Surrey had poured in its throngs of sturdy cultivators. He fell into ecstasies as he described their good looks, their air of health and contentment, and the scrupulous cleanliness of their attire. He concluded by pronouncing them physically the finest race in the world.

My worthy friend had well-nigh passed that age when amorous vagaries find open access to the breast, and the soul is captivated and carried away by the sight of a happy combination of features, a glorious bust, or the twinkling of a well-turned and taking ankle. He was, moreover, an inveterate votary of tobacco; that luring, love-killing weed, which makes a man oblivious and regardless of all else, whose dreamy fumes and curling vapour dismiss the idea of creature-comforts of another kind, and substitute themselves for the joys of wife and bairns. But the reader must not do my friend the injustice to fancy that he chewed the hated weed. He only smoked, and then none but the most fragrant Havanas. I was going to say, that though past the period when woman has the greatest power to stir the heart, and, moreover, an inveterate smoker, yet he contrived to work himself into no inconsiderable ecstasy as he went on, not only to praise the fine-looking men that he had seen, but to eulogize and proclaim the rustic and sturdy charms of the women of Sussex and Surrey.

Our dinner over, and our discussion dismissed, we drove to Drury Lane Theatre. Long ere we approached it, we were assailed by needy wretches of either sex, running by the side of the coach, holding up the programme, and striking against the windows, their object being to sell us the bill and get two pence, which, of course, was not all profit. Fearing that they might be crushed in the press, we furnished ourselves with a bill each, to hold to the windows when others came to offer them. Another seeker of pennies opened the

door for us as we reached the portico, which seemed in a noble style of architecture, but much blackened by the smoke of the neighbourhood. The street was very filthy, and ill odours met the nostrils in every direction; groups of squalid wretches, easily recognised as thieves and courtezans, were prowling about in search of prey.

The entrance to the theatre is spacious and noble, with a very fine stairway, appropriately surmounted by a statue of the bard of Avon. I do not now remember whether it were with this or Covent Garden Theatre that I was particularly struck, and most favourably impressed with its grandeur and beauty. My recollections of the audience are more distinct. It did not seem composed of fashionable people, and a distinguished air was scarce anywhere to be seen. Yet the women were in general well dressed in the French taste, except the hair, which hung about according to individual caprice, but generally in a very neglected condition; the neglect being of course a studied one. There was, however, no want of personal beauty; indeed, I thought I had never seen such a collection of good looks, and came then to a conclusion, which was confirmed by all my subsequent experience, that no women that I had ever seen make so good an appearance in a theatre as the English. I was struck with the gracefulness of the busts, the fine shape of the necks, the richness and freshness of the complexions, the redundant luxuriance and fine tints of the hair, united to a cast of head and an arrangement of features, which, when they were not elegantly and finely turned, had at least great beauty of expression.

The piece for the night was "Our Neighbour's Wife;" a succession of scenes of low intrigue, laid in the class of tradespeople of the metropolis, such as probably composed the chief part of the audience, and who, under the cover of the incognito afforded by the vast extent of London, were enabled to laugh at their own caricature without the risk of detection. The actors were very much the same as with us;

that is, very coarse and vulgar, and very deficient in the grace good-breeding, and truth to nature, which characterize the stage of France and Italy. The Italian stage, and particularly the opera—for the Italians also have their pure drama, though everybody may not be aware of it,—witness the charming theatre of the Florentini at Naples—has often been reproached for its absurdity. But I never had seen any thing so calculated to destroy all illusion, as the manner in which actors supposed to be concealed in this piece thrust themselves before the eyes of those they were desirous to avoid, or the loud tone in which they uttered that which one was required to fancy said apart. The loudest talker, indeed, was a favourite buffoon, who was supposed to be visible only to the audience.

From first to last the play was most plentifully interspersed with low, coarse, traditional stage-jokes, execrable, atrocious puns and playing upon words, and vulgar and indecent equivoques; while ever and anon a stout and strong-backed actor would grasp one of the lusty wenches, who, after a feigned struggle to escape, would give over her coyness and yield to his embrace, meeting him mouth to mouth, and firing off between a volley of kisses that would ring round the theatre like the report of a pistol. These amorous feats were ever received with the most rapturous applause, and the whole house would echo with delight from pit to gallery. The lewd jokes seemed only less acceptable. They drew an invariable burst of applause from the men, and a half-suppressed titter from the matrons, and overwhelmed the young women with an interesting, disturbed, downcast look of niaserie and confusion, which seemed to be much enjoyed by the cavaliers who accompanied them. It was evident that they understood and were sufficiently knowing to be in a condition to relish the joke, were it not improper to do so. I thought of other women that I had seen, and what would have been their manner in a situation thus embarrassing,—

I pictured to myself their absent air of unconsciousness, their haughty indifference, their proud composure, having its origin alike in a true sense of modesty, and in the dictates of good taste.

Between the acts we loitered into the magnificent saloons. They were vast, lofty, having busts, statues, and columns, and being most elegantly furnished. Though immediately adjoining the boxes, these were not frequented by ladies, who were occasionally abandoned to themselves, while the gentlemen walked there. This magnificent retreat is set apart as the recognised resort of abandoned women, who, in consideration of their being so, are admitted at an inferior charge with season tickets. They were large, fine-looking, richly, though often indecently dressed, from their bodies being half exposed. They were lounging on benches, leaning against the columns, or reclining on luxurious ottomans. Nor was it only here that they exhibited themselves. Many of them were in the second row of boxes, intermingled with ladies and young persons of a very tender age, and often engaged in no very measured or ambiguous dalliance with the persons near them. This spectacle argued extreme coldness of temperament, as well in those who dallied, as in those who looked on. It struck me as being, indeed, the most extraordinary scene I had ever beheld.

How edifying to the young boarding-school misses who might be present! It was not necessary that they should go into the saloon, or look in as they passed, or observe what was going forward in the stairway and surrounding galleries; every thing was visible, and necessarily visible too, from their seats. What with the kisses on the stage and the kisses off it, the evidences on all sides of unbridled licentiousness, the scene was such a one as in all my wanderings I had never beheld, and which could only be equalled by the traditionary revels of Cythera in ancient times, or the real and well-attested ones of the Marquesas in our own.

The after-piece was Black-eyed Susan, in which the part of William was admirably played. I never have seen such a sailor on the stage; and the evident favour with which he was received by the audience, partly on account of the accurate performance, partly for the sake of the character, gave me but a fair foretaste of the feeling of partiality towards sailors and the sea, which I found pervading all classes in England. This actor, whose name I believe was Cooper, possessed a most intimate knowledge of that peculiar personage, the British tar. He must either have been a sailor himself, or else have made many a tour of observation to Wapping and the Docks. I heard, indeed, that he had once been a midshipman. It was certainly better to be a player of some note, than a midshipman without friends. A young midshipman is reasonable enough; but a midshipman of fifty, with children or grandchildren, such as there are a few in the Royal Navy, is somewhat too absurd.

On leaving the theatre, the gloomy and miry streets presented a scene of unbounded licentiousness. Rogues, courtezans, and beggars thronged on every side, obstructed the way, and shocked the ear with words of disgusting indecency. Not satisfied with words, they assailed those who passed with gallantry of a more practical kind. Verily, there was some truth in the Frenchman, who, in explaining the difference between Paris and London, decided that it consisted chiefly in the fact that there were enjoyments which could be procured in Paris if you desired them; but that in London you must submit to them, whether you would or not. Many of these women limited their assaults to supplication for the price of a drink; and, on being gratified, hastened at once to a neighbouring finish or a gin-shop, already filled with crowds of both sexes, and resounding with drunken clamour and debauchery.

CHAPTER XII.

WALK TO THE CITY.

St. Martin's in the Fields. Strand. Waterloo Bridge. Temple Bar Shops. Ludgate Hill. St. Paul's. Interior. Unsited for Reformed Worship. Monuments. Whispering Gallery. Dome. View of London.

AFTER breakfast the next day, I was joined by my friend for a ramble to a very different quarter of London from that which I had as yet seen, being to the City, so called; the scene of trade and money-making on a great scale. Leaving the hotel, we made our way among various club-houses and noble edifices to Charing Cross. Here we paused a moment to admire the beautiful church of St. Martin's in the Fields. It is an imposing structure, with a colonnade, pediment, and spire, reminding me much of the better description of churches in my own country, except that it was on a somewhat larger scale, and the execution far more costly and massive. The effect of its beauty was, however greatly marred by the coal smoke, which had blackened it completely, except in a few places where the courses of the rain had kept the stone clean leaving an occasional streak, which rendered the effect of the rest more strikingly disagreeable. We cannot sufficiently appreciate the advantage we enjoy in this respect from the absence of smoke in our cities, owing to the different character of the fuel, and the elasticity of the atmosphere. Nothing, indeed, can be more striking and conducive to the complete effect of fine architecture, than the brilliant appearance of our marble structures when shone on by a bright sun, and relieved against the deep blue of the unclouded sky; or when seen at night by the sadder and more poetic illumination of the moon.

At Charing Cross a great many principal streets unite to

pour the full flood of their ever-moving currents from the broad avenue of the Strand. As we were about to enter this last, we glanced for a moment at the front of Northumberland House, surrounded by the proud lion which guards the arms of that lordly family. The Strand is a very fine, wide street, with spacious, convenient side-walks, and flanked by well-built modern edifices on either hand. The lower floors are occupied as shops, and the display of goods is costly and brilliant. Among the signs I recognised that of Deville, who unites the two dissimilar occupations of lamp-seller and phrenologist. I had the greatest possible curiosity to consult this celebrated oracle, and put my head under his skilful fingers. If he had given me a good account of my bumps, I should have been proud and glorious, and might possibly have been encouraged to turn them to some account. But I greatly feared his furnishing me with cause to magnify the ill opinion which I already entertained of myself.

The Strand runs parallel to the river, which is at no great distance. We walked down one of the short streets leading to it, and found that instead of a quay or throughfare along it, it was flanked by squalid and unsightly buildings. Formerly this part of the town was the favourite abode of the nobility. Their mansions looked towards the Strand, while the space between them and the river was formed into gardens. Terraces and steps conducted to the level of the stream, which then formed the great highway, and was covered by barges, rowed by watermen wearing the liveries of their masters, who used this as their conveyance in going to the court at Whitehall.

Ere long we reached a spacious and beautiful street, intersecting the Strand, and leading to a bridge over the river. This was Wellington-street and the famous Waterloo bridge, both improvements of our own times, as their names indicate. The bridge is a noble and beautiful object; the arches being all of the same height, and the road above being quite level,

which produces a fine effect. It is built of granite; and strength, beauty, and elegance are all blended in its appearance. Flights of steps of neat construction lead to the level of the river beside the abutments; fine side-walks are raised above the carriage-road on either hand, furnishing a delightful promenade, overlooking the river and its banks; over each abutment of the arches are gas lamps of a classical form, and at the extremities are two neat Doric lodges for the convenience of the keepers, which complete the symmetric effect of the whole. The foot-passengers, on entering the bridge, pass through a neat iron turnstile, which is connected with the machinery of a recording-clock, locked up in the lodge, and not accessible to the keepers. This, by keeping an accurate account of all who enter, protects the Company against the fraud of the keepers in delivering in the amount of their receipts. This is certainly a most ingenious contrivance. It is a monument at once of human ingenuity and human baseness, and furnishes food for reflection on the degradation of the humbler classes in England. Why is it that the man who keeps the key of the clock can be trusted, and the humbler dependants cannot? Because, being sufficiently paid, probably, he can afford to be just, and can be honest without starving; whereas the other finds in his poverty a perpetual temptation. Poverty, the inadequacy of a man's means to the comfortable support of his body, and the disproportion between labour and its just reward of wages, are the causes of the dishonesty with which this land teems; and tend to extend it by custom, example, and the freedom from shame which a wide diffusion begets, until it has become a system. There is no country where mechanical ingenuity is more abounding and has achieved greater triumphs than with us; yet such a contrivance as this is the very last that would have ever been invented there. And I do not believe that a native-born American, however humble, could be found to submit to the insult of

being penny-collector to such an accountant as this, and thus to acquiesce in the imputation of his own dishonesty.

Just below Waterloo Bridge stands the magnificent palace of Somerset House, a noble and imposing quadrangle, having one side on the river and the other on the Strand, and a spacious court in the centre. Once the abode of royalty, it is now appropriated to the meetings of the Royal Society, and the exhibitions of the Academy of painters. As we traversed the broad avenue of the Strand, it narrowed down to an inconsiderable street in approaching Temple Bar, which forms the boundary of the city of London, and the limit, in this direction, of the formidable jurisdiction of its Corporation. Here the heads of persons executed for high treason were formerly exposed to view; and here still, the Corporation of London is wont to receive the king on his visits to the City; the Lord Mayor delivering to him his sword of state, as a symbol of authority in the city. This gateway is very elegant in its form, but is blackened by the coal-smoke in the same way with Somerset House and other buildings I had already seen, except that a more tawny hue indicated a nearer approach to the heart of this great metropolis. In niches on either hand, surmounting the posterns, are statues of the two Charles's. Besides the arches on the side-walk for foot-passengers, there are larger gateways for the vehicles, which here, concentrated and crowded together, pour through in two continuous files. There is a vast deal of time lost here; and if there be not a great thoroughfare opened ere long to the city in this direction to take off part of the crowd, Temple Bar will be very apt to yield to the impatience of the age, and notwithstanding its venerable associations, to come lumbering to the ground.

Beyond Temple Bar the road assumed the name of Fleet-street. It was of more ancient date and less well-built than the Strand; but not less abounding in population, activity, and the multiplied emblems of wealth. I was much struck with

the brilliancy of the shops the whole way to the heart of the City. Many of them, instead of the ordinary panes of glass, had, for the better exhibition of their goods, large plates of the most costly description, such as are used for mirrors, each of them being worth some pounds sterling. The goods were opened out, and tastefully and temptingly exposed to view. There was a much greater subdivision of business and classification of pursuits than with us. A splendidly fitted building would be devoted exclusively to the exposition and sale of the single article of shawls, and the same with every thing else. My friend told me that so great is the extent of business here, and so enormous the transactions, that though dealers are satisfied with much less profit than with us, they yet realize the most colossal fortunes. They do not change their mode of living and begin to incur extravagant expense so soon as with us; but live on in a quiet but comfortable way, training up their children, though often inheritors of a princely fortune to the same occupation with themselves, and keeping up well-known establishments in the same family from father to son.

In the course of our walk he pointed out the establishment of a man who had become a millionaire by the sale of linen told me of another who was a hosier, and at the same time the possessor of the finest stud of horses in the world, and who thought nothing of giving five or six thousand guineas for a great winner at Epsom or Doncaster, in order to improve his breeding stock. He had sold stockings by the pair all the days of his life, and was bringing up his son to sell stockings when he should be no more. A gloomy-looking shop, without show or external ornament of any sort, was pointed out to me as the establishment of the jewellers and silversmiths to the King. Here are perpetually deposited enormous quantities of plate, either their own, or on which they have advanced money or else for safe keeping during the absence of the owners from their mansions. It was through some advance of money on mortgage that this house came in possession of extensive and

valuable coal-mines in New-Brunswick, of which the mere agencies are making people rich in some of our Atlantic cities. The crowd thickened as we advanced; embarrassments were perpetually occurring, and the scene of bustle and confusion was sickening and overpowering, connected with the blackness of all surrounding objects, and the deep gloom which, though the day was not in itself unpleasant, the canopy of overhanging smoke cast over the whole scene. The people had a grave and serious air; everybody except myself seemed to know exactly what he was in search of, and to have no doubt where and on what errand he was going. Among the groups I here saw a beggarly battalion of poor exiles of Erin grotesquely dressed, and sallying out of a newly-established shop with enormous placards on their shoulders, written over with extravagant puffs of the establishment that employed them to take their stands in various parts of the town.

In Ludgate Hill the shops were still more elegant and costly; but ere long my attention was withdrawn from them by a huge dark object which broke through the smoke, closing the view at the termination of the hill; presently it assumed the shape of a dome, and its colossal proportions told that it could be only St. Paul's. Though the beauty of this object was impaired by the partial manner in which it was seen at the termination of a street not sufficiently wide to take in more than half of it, yet its size and grandeur were singularly relieved by the comparison with the lofty houses on either hand, which sunk into insignificance in the comparison.

This first view of the mighty temple affected me not only with an impression of great grandeur, but also of extreme beauty. The façade consisted of a pediment sustained by a double colonnade, and flanked by two towers, which, though not particularly beautiful in themselves, harmonize well with the rest of the edifice, and give effect to the grandeur of the vast dome, which, rising from the centre of the cross, for in this form the temple is constructed, is seen emerging between

these two inferior towers, and swelling nobly and grandly high into mid-heaven. All the ornaments disposed about the edifice struck me as appropriate and in good taste. The conversion of St. Paul is sculptured in relief upon the pediment; statues of the Evangelists look down from the angles, while high over roof, and dome, and lantern, is seen the simple emblem of our faith, displayed in solitary and unapproached elevation against the sky.

In front of the Cathedral formerly stood that famous Paul's Cross whence sermons were preached to the people in the open air, and where politics and religion were mixed up in a manner to which the present time is a stranger. These sermons were not only attended by the Corporation of London, but often by the King in person. The site is now occupied by a fine statue of Queen Anne. This, though of marble, was in a sadly dirty condition. The queen's cheeks, indeed, were clean, and some parts of her robe most exposed to the rain, but her nose would have been the better for the handkerchief. The opposite effects of the smoke and rain upon the whole edifice, which is of Portland stone, were very disfiguring, but on the statues it was singularly grotesque. It produced the effect of colouring and shading, which imparted a certain reality to them, which, with their half-dirty, shabby-genteel look, was very ludicrous.

As the day was finer, according to my companion, than we were likely to have again for some months to come, I determined to make use of so good an occasion to see the Cathedral, and enjoy the prospect from the lantern. My friend having already achieved this feat, and having no desire to repeat it, arranged to meet me at a certain hour at the Exchange. Within the door I was encountered, face to face, by a fat porter, whose whole appearance indicated that religion was as good a trade here as in other countries where it is supposed to be better. He had the softest, though not the most expressive face in the world; a mere ball of flesh indeed, per-

forated at the eyes and mouth, and projecting slightly at the point where the nose is usually placed. He offered me tickets for various parts of the buildings, and other attendants, men or women, proffered tickets in like manner for the rest; that for the dome being half-a-crown, and the whole together about five shillings; each particular object having its particular price set on it; the whispering-gallery, the library, the great bell, down to the remains of the hero, Nelson, which are exhibited to Englishmen at a shilling the head.

On stepping into the centre of the Cathedral to observe it, as well as the impertinence of a fellow who began explaining every thing in a set speech delivered through his nose, and in which the letter *h* was only used before such vowels as could justly lay no claim to it, would permit me, I discovered that the building was in the form of a cross, having, in its greater length, a principal nave, divided from two side aisles by rows of massive pillars. Over the intersection of the nave and transept, swells the noble dome which I had admired from without. It is painted in fresco, with subjects taken from the life of the patron saint, while from the gallery, which runs round the base, are hung out various trophies, the tattered banners which Nelson and his compeers had captured from the enemies of England.

The eastern portion of the nave, forming the head of the cross, is divided entirely from the rest of the temple by a heavy screen, surmounted by an organ. This forms a church by itself; for it is within this that the customary service is alone performed. The part of the edifice without has no connexion whatever with the religious uses and devotional exercises for which it was erected. The effect and unity of the whole building are entirely destroyed by this subdivision, which could have formed no part of the design of the architect. I saw reason to think, in contemplating this building, that a grand and imposing style of architecture is not adapted to our colloquial religion, which requires for its exercise a

small snug place, not remote from the clergyman, who is apt to accede to no inconsiderable share of the homage and adoration, soft backs to lean against, and well-stuffed kneeling-cushions, so that devotion may go on without personal inconvenience or discomfort. The interior arrangement of this choir suggested comparisons between some of the external appendages of the Catholic and Reformed religions, not by any means advantageous to the latter.

The altar, if indeed there might be said to be any, was totally hidden by the pulpit; while on either hand were magnificent thrones for the reception of the Bishop of London and the Lord Mayor, with rich stalls for the City Aldermen. There was every thing to impress the spectator with the worldly grandeur of our fellow-worms, and nothing to call to mind the recollection of Him for whose worship this proud temple had arisen. Every thing tended to keep alive the idea of worldly distinction, instead of inculcating a lesson of common and universal humility in the presence of the Eternal. Though so ill adapted for the exercise of the reformed worship, St. Paul's would serve nobly to give effect to the splendid ceremonial of the Roman Church. Were the screen removed, the organ placed at one side, the heavy pulpit, standing in the centre and obstructing the view of the altar, replaced by one of lighter construction, standing against a column at one side, and the whole view left unbroken from the door, what unnumbered thousands of the faithful might then fill the vast area, contemplating the ceremony which commemorates the sacrifice which has saved them, as the noble anthem fills the nave and reverberates in the hollow of the dome, their souls melting with devotion, and all offering to Heaven the incense of a common adoration!

Loitering about the aisles and angles of the vast pile, I paused to look at various monuments here erected to the memory of the illustrious dead. Among other honoured names, I read those of Dr. Johnson, and Howard the philanthropist;

but the greater number were those of naval or military heroes. That of Johnson and a few others were well executed; but, for the most part, they were execrably bad in design and of worse execution. Almost all of them represented land or sea officers in the act of dying in battle. Some had their uniforms and epaulettes; some were naked; all, however, were encouraged by Britannia, or some other female genius, who stood over them in the act of crowning them with a wreath of laurel, but having more the air of being bent on the merciful errand of taking them out of pain by knocking their brains out with a powerful fist, armed with a great stone.

If, however, the sculpture were for the most part bad, the inscriptions struck me as being in most instances beautiful; those of Johnson and of Nelson pleased me greatly; and, as I stood in the centre of this mighty temple, with the dome overhead, and whatever is grand and imposing around me, I first fully appreciated the noble simplicity and beauty of that inscription in honour of the architect, which I had before so often thought of and so greatly admired. My countrymen are doubtless aware that there is no monument, either here or elsewhere, to the architect who designed, began, and finished this stupendous edifice. Over the entrance to the choir is a brief inscription to the following effect:—"Here beneath lies Christopher Wren, builder of this church and City, who lived more than ninety years, not for his own but the public good. Reader! if you seek his monument,—look around you!"

Having partially satisfied my curiosity below, I was very glad to escape the pestering and intrusive horde of showmen, and make my way up to the whispering-gallery which encircles the dome. A neat iron railing runs round the circuit of the cornice and forms a secure promenade, whence you contemplate the dome and its storied frescoes above, or look down with dizzy wonder on the pavement and the loitering visitors beneath your feet. Having reached the point immediately opposite the entrance to the gallery, I was invited,

with several others who happened to be there, to sit down and put my head to the wall. We obeyed; and presently we heard the whisperer say very audibly, "This church was built by Sir Christopher Wren. It was finished in thirty-five years, having only one architect, one master-mason, and during the life-time of one Bishop of London. It cost one million five hundred thousand pounds. The sound of this little door"—here he illustrated what he was going to say by bringing it to with a tremendous jar—"is as loud as the report of the heaviest cannon." This done, he went on to describe the skylight, the frescoes, and all else. I thought him particularly civil, and he spoke moreover very tolerable English. Nothing, indeed, could equal the grace and courtesy with which, when I was going out, he inclined his head, saying, with a winning unction, "If you please to leave any thing for the whisperer, sir, that is at your pleasure."

Having seen the library, the great bell, the trophies and tinsel ornaments used in the funeral of Nelson, and the model which embodies Wren's original and favourite idea for the plan of this church, and which, however I had heard it praised, struck me as less beautiful than that which was eventually adopted, I continued the ascent upwards, in search of the view from the summit. As I advanced laboriously I had time to study and to admire the construction of the dome, which is very extraordinary.

It consists of three separate shells, springing from a common base, but separating and becoming distinct and detached at the top. The inner one, which forms the dome as seen from within, is of an hemispheric form. It is built of brick. A short distance from its base, a second dome, likewise of brick springs from the first, and ascending with a curve of much greater circle, goes far above the inner shell, terminating in the key-stone and lantern which supports the ball. Still encompassing this second shell is a third, which constitutes the dome as seen from without, and whose curve is thought to be

singularly beautiful. It is formed of wood and iron, most ingeniously combined, and protected from the weather by a sheathing of lead. It is ribbed and subdivided, not unlike an orange after the outer peel is removed. Making my way upwards between the two interior shells of this singular construction, I did not pause until I found myself at the very summit, in the ball itself, into which I dragged myself with somewhat more difficulty than in going through the lubber's hole, by perpendicular steps. This ball which is constructed of copper, is very ingenious, and, no doubt, very strong also, though, as the wind rushed through it and around it with a noise not unlike that of split canvass, or when whistling through the blocks and rigging, and the whole swayed, and yielded, and vibrated sensibly, I indulged in speculations concerning the probable result of an aerial voyage in this copper balloon should it detach itself, and how one would feel while on the journey to the churchyard at the bottom, and the particular shape that the balloon would be likely to assume, as well as that of my own wool-gathering head, when they should come to examine us. To these speculations, the din of the world below, the vibrating and perceptible twitching of the ball, and the mournful sighing of the wind as I seemed to sail madly through it, gave a nervous and exciting, yet strange to say, by no means displeasing reality.

Descending from the ball, I presently entered upon a light gallery which encircles the top of the dome at the base of the lantern. This is the station from which the most extensive and complete view of London is commanded. The elevation of the eye enables it to overlook an extent of the surrounding country, bounded only by the limits of the horizon. There are, however, sufficient obstructions in the way of an extensive view; one of which is the prevailing haziness of the atmosphere even in the finest weather, and the other the gloom imparted to the peculiar atmosphere of this vast metropolis by the use of coal as the sole article of fuel. In fine weather, how-

ever, in midsummer, when the days are the longest, and fires are only necessary for culinary purposes, and at the rising of the sun when they are not yet lit, it is possible to obtain a view of some extent from the dome of St. Paul's.

It was in this way that the laborious and talented artist who has so nobly executed the panorama of London, which strangers should first visit for the purpose of learning something of the metropolis, was able to make the drawings which he has since expanded into the master-piece exhibited in the Coliseum. In order to accomplish his object he is said to have lived for a year or more in the dome of St. Paul's, for the purpose of being at his post at the early hour at which alone any thing is distinctly visible.

My attention was first attracted to the noble object upon which I stood pinnacled, the dome and the church below. The roof was flat, leaded, and having canals and conduits ingeniously contrived to carry off the water; the towers on the front, though in any other situation they would be commanding objects, were dwindled into insignificance from this elevation of near three hundred and fifty feet; and the statue of St. Paul seemed the merest pigmy, though composed of enormous masses of stone strongly clamped together with iron. Extending my view beyond the Cathedral, I fancied that I could trace out the situation of London in a species of basin enclosing the Thames, and surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, so low as scarce to merit the name. The whole of this immense space was covered with the habitations of man. In general they were roofed with red tile or black slate; and from every chimney arose a thread of fleecy smoke, which, incorporating itself with the black canopy which overspread the metropolis, overhung the whole scene with a species of secondary and artificial night, which seemed to give the lie to the noonday sun, whose rays, struggling through at various points, were strangely reflected from the slate roofs on which they shone.

The mass of habitations was everywhere interspersed with the steeples of churches; one which was pointed out to me as being St. Dunstan's, alone struck me as being curious, and there was not one which conveyed the impression of any beauty; indeed, throughout my whole morning's walk, I had only seen one church which was not absolutely ill-looking. Intermingled with the steeples, chimneys of enormous height rose solitary and unsustained. They were connected with steam-engines and manufactories, and were perpetually vomiting forth, as if in rivalry, a smoke as dense and infernal as that of Vesuvius when on the eve of an eruption.

On all sides, as far as the eye could reach, the solid mass was seen to extend itself, except only in the direction of the wind, where the smoke being less, it was possible to determine its limits. Even there the compact masses of building continued along the great avenues, occasionally expanding into vast suburbs. The frequent occurrence of reserved squares, planted with trees, and set apart as promenades for the recreation of the neighbouring inhabitants, was the most pleasing feature in the character of a scene which had little in it that was attractive. To be sure, they were at that season stripped of their foliage, and without verdure to delight the eye; but they conveyed to the mind the assurance that the idea of health, comfort, and embellishment, found a place in the thoughts of this busy throng, and that amid all the triumphs of utility, something had been conceded to the dictates of good taste.

By far the most conspicuous object in the scene was the river. It wound its way through the vast metropolis like a huge artery, serving to entertain health and cleanliness, and to furnish a ready and convenient communication. Many bridges, some of them beautiful, and all of them picturesque, spanned the stream, and opened a passage for thronging multitudes from bank to bank, while trim wherries, borne quickly by the tide, and the efforts of the glancing oars, were seen

shooting the bridges and darting at right angles to the rapid vehicles above; coal-boats and river-craft might be seen moving more sluggishly, and lowering their masts with their darkly-tanned sails as they approached the arches.

Below the last bridge the scene was of a different character for there the port of London might be said to commence, and commerce displayed herself in her most active and imposing forms. Far in the distance, a forest of masts and yards, mingling with the habitations, showed where stood those immense artificial basins, the docks of London, which the enterprise of her citizens has hollowed out to give security to commerce. Opposite to the entrances of these, large ships might be seen preparing to descend the river and put to sea; or, having just arrived, making ready to haul into dock and deliver up the freighted luxuries which they were bringing as a tribute from the remotest corners of the world. Between these and London bridge were masses of inferior vessels, lying in solid tiers, and moored head and stern. There were colliers and coasting-vessels, which were discharging their cargoes in lighters, to be carried to the various coal-yards along the river, to supply, with one of its most urgent and universal wants, so vast a population.

Unnumbered steamers were rapidly glancing over the crowded thoroughfare, and the muddy, unsightly stream, as it swept away the pollutions of such an overgrown metropolis, and wound its way between banks lined with the most ill-built, ruinous, and squalid edifices, if not an object of pleasing contemplation, yet offered a scene of unbounded animation and activity.

In this respect it was nowise inferior to the movement, in another sense, which was going on in the streets below, especially in that great thoroughfare which, connecting Ludgate Hill with Cheapside, half encircled St. Paul's. Here were equipages of every kind, and all sorts of vehicles, whether lux-

urious or useful. The noises were unbounded and deafening ; for this was the most busy and populous part of the busiest and most populous city in the world. The bells rang ; the wheels clattered : the hoofs of the struggling horses resounded on the pavement, and the elegant cads offered their services in carrying the by-standers to Kensington or the Bank ; while the horn-blowing noses of the Jew pedlars resounded perpetually and unvaryingly with "Clao ! Clao Clao ! Clao !" I was deafened by the clamour, disheartened and overcome. The noise, the atmosphere, the combination of ill odours, the smoke and sooty particles which floated in the air, and which had reduced my face and linen to the dark condition of almost every thing I saw, all combined to overpower me with languor and exhaustion.

Descending in all haste, I at length reached the pavement of the church, where the ticket-sellers and showmen were importuning two strangers who had just entered, while two old women were quarrelling about some spoil, in the division of which one of them had been guilty of treachery, and who seemed on the point of coming to blows. Having waited in vain in the expectation of witnessing a scattering of caps and hair, I went forth from that noble temple with feelings strangely mingled of admiration at its grandeur, of veneration for the genius which had conceived, and the power which had executed it, of awe for that divine religion which could inspire the hearts of men to so stupendous an undertaking, and of unmeasured disgust for those faithless stewards of its divine mysteries who, already provided with the superabundant means of a luxury such as was unknown to their divine Master and his humble disciples, have converted this noble temple, which devotion has raised to honour God, into a den of thieves and money-changers.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CITY.

Buildings. Shops. Vehicles. City Population. Bank of England. Stock
Exchange. Royal Exchange. Lloyds'.

HAVING seen St. Paul's Church with the attention that it merited, I set forward to complete my unfinished ramble cityward. Making the half circuit of the Cathedral, I entered Cheapside, which continues the thoroughfare from Holborn and Fleet-street to the Bank. On the right, at no great distance, stands the celebrated church of St. Mary-le-Bow. Though built by Sir Christopher Wren, it has no beauty; and is not a little disfigured by a huge clock projecting from the tower forward into the street, like a sign from a village inn. It exhibits the hour up and down the street as far as the atmosphere will permit the eye to distinguish; and no doubt tends, by its friendly admonition, to stimulate the impatience of the busy throng who urge forward in either direction. Bow Church is esteemed the very focus of the City. The man who is born within the sound of its bells may claim to be a genuine citizen; and if he have never been beyond the reach of the same radius, he is a cockney indeed, in whom there is no guile.

Many of the buildings here seemed more ancient than any I had yet seen in London; and, in looking down some of the courts and passages, there were others in which this appearance of antiquity was still more striking. Every thing spoke of trade and its triumphs. Each house was a shop of some sort. Here, as in all other parts of the town, the stalls of the butchers, and the sellers of whatever is connected with the sustenance of the teeming population, were intermingled with the other shops. I was struck, as I had repeatedly been in

my walk through the Strand, with the extreme neatness of the fishmongers' stands. They were often beautifully fitted, having large, white, cool-looking marble slabs to expose the fish on. This is a great business in London; for these fishmongers not only supply the capital, but also most of the provincial towns, to the distance of a hundred miles or more, and sometimes even those that are situated on the coast. I was afterward assured at Brighton that most of the fish consumed there is drawn from London. It is the great market towards which every thing directs itself, secure of an instant purchase and a regular price. Besides, many of the fishermen have standing contracts to supply all that they take to particular fishmongers; many of whom have indeed large fortunes, the fruits of a life of assiduous industry.

The press in Cheapside was far greater than in the Strand; for Holborn had also poured in its tribute of vehicles and pedestrians. Enormous carts and waggons, drawn by horses of corresponding bulk, piled high with merchandise, and covered with the black and dismal-looking pall of a huge tarpaulin, were intermingled with ponderous brewers' carts, with elephant-like horses, whose size, already preposterous, was rendered more so by the contrast of donkey or dog-carts immediately beside them. There were also abundance of stage-coaches, cabs, and omnibuses, and throngs of the private equipages of the more rich. Many of these were elegant; but in general they were inferior in appearance to those I had seen in Westminster. Sometimes the coachman and horses had equally a fat, coarse, and ill-bred look, and the clumsy and ponderous carriages were often ornamented in a preposterous taste, having coats of arms of portentous dimensions, covering a whole panel. Some horsemen were followed by their grooms, who not unfrequently were loutish-looking fellows, bedizened with glaring livery, and with a want of completeness in their costume, as if they had been taken suddenly from

household or other duties, and were unequipped for equestrian operations, and not at home in the saddle.

Many citizens rode in tilburies, with their servants beside them; others got over the ground more modestly in gigs drawn by pony horses, and often having very low wheels, to accommodate them to the stature of a donkey. This seemed to me the next step to not riding at all. I noticed that, notwithstanding the moist and rainy character of the climate, few of the gigs had heads; whereas with us, where it seldom rains, and, when it does, not suddenly, and without warning or note of preparation, almost all the vehicles of luxury are provided with this protection from the weather. I found afterward that English people delight to be in the open air, and have a horror of being shut up. Perhaps this is a taste which they imbibe in infancy and childhood, from being accustomed, in all weathers, to take exercise out of doors, and to brave the elements. These worthy citizens had a bluff, sturdy, and wholesome look. They were well buttoned and shawled, and sat up in their gigs with an independent air, though I will not answer that they would still have retained it in the aristocratic, and, to them, humbling atmosphere of the West End.

Cheapside brought me to the Poultry, and the Poultry to Threadneedle-street. Nothing can be more dark, gloomy, and overpowering to the soul that delights in bright colours, and is alive to the skyey influences, than this region of banks, Jews, and money-changers, where merchants congregate for the transaction of the weightiest affairs. A perpetual twilight reigns over this region, and all the surrounding objects are of a murky hue; the streets and side-walks, which are cumbered with mud, scarce suffice to give place to the vast multitude who throng thither to offer sacrifices to mammon. I fancied that I could discover much difference between the money-hunters of this region and those of similar places in my own country. These were fuller, fatter, more rosy, more deliberate,

and more staid. They seemed very intent indeed in the pursuit of gain, but by no means so impatient; willing enough to arrive at the result, but not disposed to run the risk of breaking the neck in the pursuit on the starting up of some unseen stumbling-block. In Wall-street the same sort of men would look lean, hungry, unquiet; their hands, grasping bonds, stock-certificates, and promissory notes, would tremble like a gambler with his last decisive card, as they might be seen crossing the street in a hop and a jump, darting like lightning up the steps of a bank or insurance-office, or plunging, like an escaping felon, into the low dark den of a broker.

When I rejoined my friend, he had prepared for me the gratification of seeing the Bank. It stood hard by, a gloomy, prison-like building, of simple architecture, without external windows, and blackened by the coal smoke. The Bank is of quadrangular form, nearly, for its figure is not quite regular, nor the angles all right angles; it contains eight open courts. The rotunda is a spacious circular room, with a dome and lantern, where all the stock transactions were made previous to the erection of the Stock Exchange. The prison-like air of the exterior was well sustained by the darkness that reigned within, making lights necessary almost everywhere, by the massive construction of the walls and arches, the impregnable character of the doors and fastenings, and the air of stillness, quietness, and mysterious solemnity which marked the appearance and manner of the liveried officials. The wan clerks, whose faces were shone upon by the conflicting light from without and from within, as they pored over huge tomes, had the air of familiars of the Inquisition studying the bloody records of its triumphs.

Through the politeness of one of the higher functionaries, we had an opportunity of seeing some of the more secret recesses of the sanctuary. Thus we were shown into an enormous vault, piled high with bullion, and where they were bringing in on hand-carts some pigs of silver, which had just arrived

in a cruiser from Mexico, and which was handled with as little ceremony as lead, or some other baser though more useful metal, to which the consent of the world had not given a fictitious value. I saw also the room in which are preserved, and arranged conveniently for reference, all the notes that have ever been issued by the Bank; for whenever a note above a certain value, which I believe to be ten pounds, is brought to the Bank, it is never re-issued, but cancelled and put on file.

In another room are kept the more interesting scraps of paper, which are yet in all the glory of their power. Here I was not permitted to enter, not being a Bank director; but the guardian of this precious deposit, thinking to gratify me, brought me a small bundle, and placing it in my hand, told me I held five millions of pounds sterling. As I poised the feathery burden, I revolved in my mind the idea of all the comforts of various kinds that these bits of paper would enable a man to surround himself with. Though I could not quite convince myself that contentment would surely be of the number, yet I felt for the moment a little avaricious. I think it would be a very good idea for a father, who was anxious to cherish a money-getting disposition in his son, to conduct him at the outset of life to a place like this, giving him to poise the paper treasure while he pictured to himself its exchangeable value in houses, lands, possessions, and equipages, and permitting him to gloat over the heaped-up masses of gold and silver that cumber the vaults with all the profuse abundance of any common commodity.

In coming out of the Bank by a different door from that by which we had gone in, I was struck by the appearance of a woman standing beside it, whose dress and countenance too surely told of insanity. Her face was thin, wan, and corpse-like, while the ghastliness of its expression was much enhanced by its being most preposterously rouged. This effect was further augmented by the contrasting character of her dress, which was a deep mourning suit; much faded, draggled

and weather-worn. She stood tall and erect beside the door, though poor evidently, yet not with the air of a suppliant, but rather like the mistress of some lordly mansion, receiving ever and anon, with a nod of welcome and of condescension, the guests whom her hospitality had summoned.

I was not at all surprised to hear that she believed the Bank and all in it to be hers; indeed, her air and manner had already carried me to that conclusion. I was, however, quite at fault in my conjectures as to the exciting cause which had brought on so great a calamity. I fancied it some oft-told tale of sudden reverse of fortune; of possessions swept away in a single mad speculation; an impoverished family, with prospects blighted, and hopes irreparably crushed. But I found a melancholy pleasure in discovering that it had its origin in something more honourable to her woman's heart. It was occasioned by a sudden revulsion of grief and horror at her brother's being hung for forgery. Her harmless delusion about the possession of the bank, which is the only remaining comfort of her maniac existence, is nourished and kept alive by the benevolence of the officers of the institution, who from time to time minister from its funds such little sums as are necessary for her maintenance.

I do not believe in banks; I think,—perhaps it is only a prejudice, for I know little about it,—that they give facilities to individuals and to nations for their own destruction and that of others. My predilections are constantly in favour of hard money, and I am an entire convert to the doctrines of Cobbett, that clever and sagacious rogue; but I think that if benevolence, exercised with good feeling, and taking counsel of good taste, can bring a blessing on one of these institutions, the Bank of England is surely entitled to one, for favouring the delusion, while it ministers to the wants, of this poor heart-broken woman.

The Stock Exchange is at no great distance from the Bank. It is a building erected at the expense of the Stock Brokers,

where they meet for the purchase and sale of Stocks, and who form an association, into which no individual is admitted except by ballot, and from which any one not meeting his engagements or paying his losses in the gambling and illegal operations which form no inconsiderable portion of what is done here, is liable to disgraceful exclusion; for here also, as in other similar places, there is a sort of sense of honour.

A distinguished merchant who accompanied us inquired for a broker to whom he was known, in order to place us under his convoy, not being desirous to be seen there himself, or wishing to expose us to the very rough treatment to which intruders and sight-gazers are liable: for the younger members of the fraternity, charging themselves with keeping the ring, are wont to fix their eyes upon strangers and interlopers, and discourage their return by running against them, treading on their toes, and, if they become refractory, hustling them out. Not being accustomed to this peculiar discipline, we had no desire to run the risk of encountering it. The porter, to whom the name of the broker whom we expected to see had been given, thrust his head through an aperture opening on the Exchange room, and called it repeatedly, when, not being answered, he pronounced the individual absent.

There was a most rapid circulation, a perpetual opening and shutting of doors, and a hungry, eager, impatient look about the frequenters of this place, which not a little reminded me of Wall-street. All seemed talking together, and in a rapid tone; many were crying out, so many consols, or so many Cortes bonds at such a price, naming it, while the lower conversation of those who gossiped instead of bargained, was carried on in the unintelligible jargon of the Alley, in which often occurred such words as "bears, bulls, and something about "lame ducks," which last I took for granted were at all events no subjects for envy.

The far-famed Royal Exchange is a building of rather

pleasing form and architecture, completely marred, however, in its appearance, like all the other edifices in this part of London, by the contradictory action of the smoke and rains. The dome, which surmounts the front, terminates in a golden weathercock in the form of a grasshopper, out of compliment to Sir Thomas Gresham, the original founder of the Exchange, that being his crest. Some idea of the rush, the throng, and the hum which prevail in this busy neighbourhood, may be formed from the fact that near three hundred thousand people are daily computed to pass in the front of the edifice along Cornhill, and perhaps an equal number by the back, in Threadneedle-street. The front is adorned with columns and statues, and the entrance to Change is under a massive arcade and portico.

Before going to Change we went into Lloyd's. This is an association of capitalists who meet in an apartment of the Exchange, for the purpose of insuring vessels and their cargoes. The risks are divided among a number of individuals, each putting his name down to pay a certain sum in the event of loss, whence the name of underwriters. By having a great number of small risks, their premiums enable them to pay an occasional loss, and leave them in possession of a handsome income to compensate them for their time. Most of them are people who have grown rich by trade, and having retired with capital qualifying them for the responsibility of underwriting, resort to this as an occupation and means of excitement, unattended, in ordinary and peaceful times, with any extreme risk.

The underwriters were seated about at various small tables, having pen and paper before them; some gossiping about disasters at sea and reports of shipwreck, others transacting business and taking risks. I was presented to one of these gentlemen, and after a moment's conversation about the mode of transacting business here, and one or two questions, he rather abruptly asked me the nature of the risk, little dream-

ing how odd the question would sound in the ears of one whose worldly goods consisted in little else beside what he carried with him. Refreshments were served to those who had access to this establishment, which seemed to be much affected by merchants and skippers. Hence its name of Coffee-House, and that of Lloyds' doubtless came from the individual publican at whose house capitalists first assembled to insure. There are likewise Stock Companies for insurance in London as with us; but most of the commercial insurance is still done by private underwriters.

Leaving Lloyds', we descended to the interior court of the building, where the Exchange is held. This is a very beautiful quadrangle, having an open space uncovered in the centre, which is enclosed by ranges of piazzas, for the purpose of furnishing shelter to those who attend the Exchange in very bad weather. That the Change should be held throughout the year thus in the open air, or simply under cover from the rain, without exclusion of the external air, is a fact attesting the mildness of the climate, though still, with all allowance for this, the practice must be attended with great inconvenience, exposure, and sacrifice of comfort. The covered piazza is flanked within by a range of arches and pilasters, and besides being tastefully ornamented, is enlivened by a collection of statues arranged around the quadrangle. These are of various British kings. In the centre stands a statue of Charles II., with troops of attendant Cupids. I suppose the circumstance of this king's being selected to fill the post of honour is owing to the re-construction of the Exchange during his reign; for there could have been little congeniality between his tastes and those of the frugal, industrious, and honest traders for whose uses it was erected. His talents were for prodigality and waste, theirs for production and re-production, economy and thrift,

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CITY.

Change. American Sea Captains. Comparison with English. Rothschild.
His Character. Dolly's. Covent Garden. Gustavus.

It was four o'clock, and the Exchange was in all its glory as we entered it. The vast open area was well-nigh full, and many groups loitered behind the columns in the obscurity of the piazzas. The different quarters of the world were each represented by a particular division; at the part affected by Americans I felt quite at home, the more so that I had an opportunity of shaking hands with our worthy captain. The sight of so many Americans did not a little contribute to stimulate my pride of country. It was impossible to avoid comparing the American captains who were there, with the coarser skippers of the land. They were well dressed, respectable-looking men, in nowise distinguishable in their air and manners from the best people around them; while the British captains were coarse, rugged, rough of speech, not unfrequently dressed in round jackets, and almost always with a red and blistered nose and a fiery eye. To look at them, one might be disposed to say, however, these last are the best sailors, the true rough knots; the others are too much of gentlemen. Not at all; there never was a greater mistake. Pick out the most gentlemanlike of the Americans, and the most nautical-looking Briton, and start them off together on any given service, or to any remote corner of the world, and the American will beat him twenty per cent. at least in his passages; perhaps he will get back—and there is no absurdity in the supposition, for it happens constantly—before the other arrives at his destination. What is the reason

of this difference? Why, the American has a reputation to sustain or to form; he has something to lose or to gain. He is probably part or whole owner of the noble ship he stands upon, and his time is valuable to him. He is not sailing for a pittance; he is labouring to secure himself an independence, and a comfortable home for the evening of life.

The contrast in the appearance and characters of this class of men in the two countries, is the best illustration of the two very different systems of society existing in England and America. In England, owing to the peculiar character of the government, the vast accumulations of wealth, and its concentration in a few hands, in which the legislation has for centuries been placed, and naturally and necessarily exercised in their own interests, a state of things has been brought about, the inevitable consequence of which is, that one man sows and another reaps; the poor labour, and toil, and sweat, and the rich luxuriate and enjoy. Hence recklessness, indifference, servility, and the absence of pride, among the inferior classes. In America, on the contrary, where the labourer is in truth worthy of his hire, there is nothing to check or limit the ardour of individual exertion.

These American captains have entered upon life with no superior advantages over the others. For the most part from New-England, they have left their homes at an early age, with nothing beyond the plain good education, the religious principles, and the sound morality, nowise inconsistent with the love of thrift, which that model of a commonwealth furnishes to the humblest of her children. They go to sea first as common sailors; and remaining for years in the same employ, by perseverance in good conduct, sobriety, and assiduous attention to the interests intrusted to them, they gradually win their way to the confidence of captains and owners, form a character for themselves, and at the age of five-and-twenty or thirty years, find themselves in command, with an interest in the vessel which they sail. Meantime their

minds furnished with the foundation of a substantial education, have become improved and liberalized by reading, and extensive intercourse with various parts of the world. Their manners, too, are gradually formed, and not being oppressed and kept down by any humbling sense of inferiority, they acquire a dignified, manly, and republican demeanour. From the moment these young men become shipmasters, they are admitted at once to such a share in the profits of the trade, as blends their interests completely with that of their owners. Their fortune may be said to be already made. In a few years they usually retire as proprietors, to live in comfort and contentment in the country in which they were born, in some peaceful village in the land of steady habits, and in the sight of the sea.

But to return from this digression, which the very different appearance of these nautical worthies seemed naturally to suggest, and for which I have endeavoured to furnish a sufficient reason, let us continue our rambles round this scene of bustle and animation. On reaching the eastern side I was struck with the regal air of a man who was leaning against one of the columns, with his face towards the courtyard, giving audience to a crowd of suppliants. He was a very common-looking person, with heavy features, flabby, pendant lips, and a projecting fish-eye. His figure, which was stout, awkward, and ungainly, was enveloped in the loose folds of an ample surtout. Yet there was something commanding in his air and manner, and the deferential respect which seemed voluntarily rendered to him by those who approached him showed that it was no ordinary person. "Who is that?" was the natural question. "The king of the Jews."

The persons crowding round were presenting bills of exchange. He would glance for a moment at a paper, return it with an affirmative nod, and turn to the next individual pressing forward for an audience. Two well-looking young men, with somewhat of an air of dandyism, stood beside him, mak-

ing memoranda to assist in the recollection of bargains, regulating the whole continental exchange of the day. Even without this assistance he is said to be able to call to mind every bargain that he has made. The most singular stories are told of the business habits of this extraordinary individual, who manœuvres stocks and loans with as much skill, and not always without the same important effect, as Napoleon did armies and artillery. His favourite study is said to be looking over his bills of exchange; these are his literary pets—they are both poetry and prose to him; with these he communes by the hour. It is said that he can, on any day, tell without reference every bill that is to fall due. We were delighted to find that he had recovered possession of his favourite column, against which he was standing, and that the intrusive Mr. Rose, on whose conduct there had been much speculation in the newspapers, was nowhere to be seen.

This astonishing man was formerly the mere agent, at Manchester, of a Jew house in Frankfort, for the purchase of cotton goods. Subsequently he removed to London, and commenced the traffic in exchanges. He was first brought into notice during the war, by transmitting to the Austrian government at Vienna the subsidy furnished by England for carrying on the war. He executed this in a bold manner, at a time when the older bankers declined the task, on account of the agitated condition of continental affairs. After this, he was regularly employed by the government in remitting funds to the British troops in the Peninsula and elsewhere; this he was always able to do promptly, by rallying around him all his Jew brethren throughout the continent. Of these he may now be esteemed the king; unless, indeed, his title to royal honours should be disputed by our clever and facetious high-priest, who not long since conceived the project of uniting the scattered tribes of the new Ararat of Lake Erie, and, robed like Melchisadek of old, enacted such a delectable farce within hearing of the roar of Niagara.

The chief origin of the present enormous fortune of this individual was his purchasing largely in the funds of all the old established powers, towards the close of the French war and Napoleon's career. He went into these stocks as deep as he was able, buying extensively, then raising money on what he had bought, and still going on to buy more. By the skilful combination of his plans, and the rapidity of his communications and means of receiving intelligence, he contrived to learn the result of the battle of Waterloo ten hours before it was known even at the Horse-guards. The possession of such exclusive information, of course, was turned to account by extensive purchases. As he anticipated, and no doubt owing, in some measure, to his own speculations, the funds went up astonishingly at the peace, and he found himself enormously enriched. The traffic in stocks and exchanges, in which he can always make good bargains, being able to raise or depress prices slightly at his pleasure, and the contracts for loans, have tended, and still daily tend, to augment this colossal fortune. He can always take loans on more favourable terms than any one else. Having received orders for certain portions of any given stock from various bankers, he takes a loan and divides it, reserving a portion for himself, and clearing the premium, which he receives as a bonus for making the contract. By this means he obviates any unfavourable reaction on the stocks of which he is already a holder, and which would have been depressed by a loan being taken at a low rate. This individual may be looked on as in a peculiar manner the banker of established governments and of the Holy Alliance. War in any shape, and liberal crusades especially embarrassing national finances, and possibly attacking the inviolability of debts contracted for the support of prescriptive right and the subjugation of the people, are not what he desires. He has never had any thing to do with the South American republics, nor with the mining speculations within their territory, for which he is, of course, all the richer. Lat-

terly, he has learned to distinguish between republics, and to believe that there may be such a thing as a stable one. He has turned his eyes to the only one of the great nations of the world whose government has undergone no change whatever, in the letter or in the spirit, during the last half century of struggles and bloodshed. He has seen a people including no antagonist classes, no aristocracy holding in the same hand the wealth with the power of the country, no child of labour chained for ever hopelessly to the oar, and denied all beyond the bare pittance necessary to perpetuate that existence whose energies are to be devoted to the services of his task-master. There labour cherishes no hostility, no deadly purpose of revenge; there it loses no time in repining at its lot, pauses not to complain, but armed with courage, secure of its reward, puts forth its energies and grasps wealth. In that country the government has already quietly assumed the form and fashion to which all others tend inevitably through struggles, convulsions, and blood, being already in the hands of a democracy, from whom none have the means of withdrawing it. It reposes upon the broad foundation of a whole people, unhappily, though through no fault of ours, disfigured in some portions of our vast territory by the existence of slavery, and the presence of a distinct rare unsusceptible of amalgamation; elsewhere polluted by an inundating emigration, bringing us the degraded materials of the worn-out monarchies of Europe; yet in the aggregate, intelligent, moral, cognizant at once of their powers, their privileges, and the means necessary to preserve them.

This man has had the discernment to discover that our securities are the soundest in the world; reposing upon the existence of governments which alone presents no immediate prospect of change, and the guarantee of gigantic and unexhausted resources,—upon British enterprise and British probity, transplanted to more fertile shores,—and on British liberty, intrusted not alone to the guardianship of property and a

privileged few, but made the birthright of all. He has recently taken a loan of one of the most flourishing states; has an agent in America, and is likely soon to have a member of his family there. Moreover, he and our great sachen have recently taken each other by the hand, and he is now our financial agent. It is said that these distinctions are very delightful to him. He glories in being the financial representative of all the great powers at this the capital of the moneyed world. He has declined the offer of a title from a sovereign prince, having the good sense to see that, as a noble, he would be contemptible; while, as a banker and a capitalist, he stands alone and unapproached, respected and honoured alike by kings and presidents.

I looked at this individual with no little interest. Men without talents sometimes grow rich by economy, and by hoarding whatever they lay their hands on,—by keeping close pent within their pockets every sixpence which finds its way there. But a man who, rising from obscurity, is able, by force of mind and character, boldly and successfully to carve out for himself a great career, and make himself of importance to states and sovereigns, must be one of no ordinary character. Greatness is not confined to any particular sphere; it is various and multiform in its mode of exhibiting itself; and Rothschild may well lay claim to be as great among money-bags, as Napoleon was at the head of armies.

I had never witnessed a scene of greater bustle and animation than when the Exchange approached its close. Thousands and tens of thousands of pounds mingled perpetually in the speech of the by-standers. Masters were bargaining for the sale of vessels, or driving a trade for freights and charters. Every thing appeared as unsettled as ever when the bell rang preliminary to the close. This seemed to communicate a new impulse to every one. Differences suddenly disappeared before the necessity of a speedy conclusion, and people separated with a shake of the hand in faith of agreement.

At half past four the bell again sounded to give notice to depart. The vast crowd at once poured out by the various outlets, talking as they went of ships, cargoes, exchanges, insurance, speculations, and bankruptcies, and all the other terms that pertain to trade, and which, though jargon to the ears of those who do not understand them, are solid sense, and solid money too, to such as are in the secret.

Leaving the Exchange we traced our way, by the aid of gas and the faint glimmerings of day that yet remained, down Cheapside to St. Paul's Churchyard, where we struck off to the right in search of Dolly's Chop-house, so famous now as in past centuries for its excellent beefsteaks. The coffee-room had an air of antiquity; for though the building had been renewed from time to time, yet parts of the old structure had been retained; among others, the chimneys, which are antique, projecting, and have a quaint air. The beefsteaks were very sensibly served, in detachments, brought in hot on pewter dishes, with heated plates of the same to eat from. They were cut very thin, and were not particularly good. There was one reflection, however, that seasoned the meal; and that was, that Addison, Steele, Goldsmith, and Johnson, not to mention inferior names, had often feasted similarly in the very same place. Perhaps on the very spot where I was then sitting, the stomachs of those departed worthies had been strengthened to the conception of a Cato, a Deserted Village, or a Rasselas. After all, unromantic as it may seem, food is the element from which all else is derived; and a beef-steak may be looked upon alike as the convertible representative of a sweetly soothing and seductive poem, an exquisite tale, and a sublime tragedy, as of a piece of calico. Invigorated by it, the blacksmith hammers, the bard muses, the sage loses himself in contemplation, and the tragic poet soliloquizes.

The idea is very amusing and very odd, yet perhaps very possible, that these beautiful lines of Thompson—

"How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies !
 What softness in its melancholy face ;
 What dull complaining innocence appears !
 Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
 Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you waved ;
 No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
 Which, having now, to pay his annual care,
 Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
 Will send you bounding to your hills again."

might, if chemically analyzed, and resolved back into their first elements, be found to settle down quietly into a mutton-chop devoured at Dolly's. Verily, if sentiment be not mere humbug, at any rate poetry is, without disparagement, nothing more than beef and mutton transformed.

We closed the day at Convent Garden. The entrance to this theatre is not so grand as to Drury Lane, nor are the arrangements in any respect so elegant and commodious. Yet there is no want of space, large foyers filled with the same description of occupants, and sufficient outlets and vomitories. The entertainment began with the opera of *Gustavus*, from the French. The exhibition of scenery and dresses was so splendid as to leave one, apt to be carried away by present impressions, little disposition to regret the Royal Academy or San Carlo. The scene in the masquerade was indeed most brilliant. The acting in this piece was very good ; and the music, though beautiful in itself, was sadly anglicised in the delivery. The figurantes, of which there were an immense number, formed the prettiest collection of women I had ever seen on the stage, so far at least as the head and bust were concerned. They had charming countenances ; and, instead of paint and brickdust, were beautifully tinted with the hues of health and with nature's vermilion. Unfortunately, their figures were squat, with a superabundance of body in the bottle form, sustained upon bad legs and feet. At the Scala, at San Carlo, or the Academy, I had often admired the effect of the full corps entering in time to a graceful music, and moving

their limbs and bodies in a delightful and most seductive harmony. I never saw any thing more burlesque than the same thing on this occasion. The troupe came tripping in, clothed with meretricious smiles, and an air of forced unction, as they bowed out of time, as if lame first in one leg and then in the other. Their movement was what a sailor would call of the "step and fetch it order," or a species of "heaving and setting like a goat tied to a gate-post." In order to make their demerits the more glaringly enormous, the corps was interspersed with several foreign dancers, headed by Celeste, and the discrepancy in their movements was too palpable. There was, however, one brilliant exception among the English part of the company to the application of this sweeping denunciation of the figures and movement. This, too, was in the case of the best singer and actress of the evening, and among the most pleasing that I saw in England. Let me for a moment pause to do justice to the legs of Miss Sheriff. She appeared as a page, and a more interesting one could scarce be seen. Many of my readers may have seen lithographs of her, presenting the invitation to the ball, on the frontispiece of the music of Gustavus. Her singing was admirable, but it was her leg that convulsed the house with applause. And well might it: for it was one from which Shakspeare might have caught a new charm to embellish his description of Rosaline's, or Robin Burns have dreamed of in his vision, when he exclaims at the recollection—

"And such a leg ' my bonny Jean
 Could only peer it;
 Sae straught, sae taper, tight, and clean,
 Nane else came near it."

I afterward found that the enthusiastic admiration of a fine female leg was a prevailing taste in England. A means of accounting for it may perhaps be found in its extreme rarity. Each theatre is obliged to provide for this taste, by having, if possible, a pair of fine legs in the troupe. Madame Vestris'

have long been peerless in England. I have known persons, deliberating about the selection of a theatre for the amusement of the evening, decide for the Olympic, on discovering that Vestris' character would involve the exhibition of her legs. In this way the mere exhibition of her legs is worth some hundred pounds to her annually.

During the opera I was exceedingly amused by a piece of dry English humour practised by some one at the top of the house. The principal male singer was spinning out his voice to the most delicate thread possible, in one of the fine passages, and had reached the very climax of his capabilities, when this wag uttered audibly a deep and plaintive groan. The effect was irresistibly ludicrous. I had been doubting for some time whether to be carried away by admiration or not, when the fellow's groan convinced me that all was not exactly right. Soulless brute as he doubtless was, it would have been impossible for him thus to have accompanied the exertion of a Rubini's power. I never knew a dog to interrupt a burst of really fine music, though I have often heard one accompany a beginner on the flute, or howl in concert to an unwearied hand-organ. The sublime and the ridiculous are, after all, very nearly allied in this sort of music. One always knows indeed when it is admirably done; but there is a species of mean excellence that is very embarrassing, and often puzzles those who admire without critical skill, and only by the effect of their impressions.

The opera was succeeded by a most amusing farce, full of well-managed perplexities and ingenious dilemmas. Kissing and caressing were carried on through every scene, and the whole piece abounded with equivoques, play upon words, and not a few indecent allusions, which, being more direct and intelligible to the obtuse, were received with greater acclamation. The pictures of middle life in England seemed at once national and true; for they were acted with great life and spirit, and received with unmeasured commendation. The

audience broke up grinning gloriously, and well pleased with their money's worth of entertainment.

CHAPTER XV.

EXCURSION TO THE TUNNEL.

Westminster Hall. Court of King's Bench. Great Brewery. Thames Tunnel. Its Construction. Importance of its Completion.

At an early hour the succeeding day my friend called for me in his cabriolet, to take me to Westminster Hall, to witness a most interesting trial, in a case which was to come on in the Court of King's Bench. The prisoners were a member of Parliament and a soldier of the Coldstream Guards; their conviction involved capital punishment, and public attention had been much awakened through the newspapers to the coming trial.

As we drew up in front of the venerable pile, associated, during so many centuries, with almost every event in the history of this great nation, my attention was attracted to it with no little interest. I found the external appearance of this celebrated edifice far less noble and imposing than I had anticipated. Originally a very pure specimen of Gothic architecture, its simplicity has been greatly marred by additions in a very mixed taste, which do not harmonize with it. Thus there are two square towers, battlemented at the top, which flank the front, and which, while they conceal the pile, yet convey in themselves no impression of grandeur or beauty, for their height is very inconsiderable. Other constructions of recent date, connected with the courts of law or the House of Parliament, which join the Hall, tend, by their want of harmony, still further to disfigure it and destroy its character of simplicity.

Nothing, however, can be simpler or grander than the effect

of the Hall when seen from within. You find yourself in a vast edifice, near three hundred feet in length, having on every side nothing but the plain walls of stone, and no column or obstruction of any sort to intercept the view and break the character of simplicity and vastness. High over head rises a bold and hardy roof, supported by no columns, but propped with inconceivable lightness and grace on a series of wooden groinings, springing from stone mullions on the side walls. This roof is built entirely of chestnut wood, put together with the greatest ingenuity, and is richly ornamented with the heraldic emblems of Richard II., by whom it was built, carved everywhere in the wood. It is almost entirely the same as it was constructed towards the commencement of the fifteenth century, and yet bears no impress of decay. In the various specimens of Gothic architecture which I have seen throughout the continent, there was nothing which bore any resemblance whatever to this, or at all prepared me for the impression which its eccentricity, lightness, and beauty produced upon me.

Westminster Hall was originally erected for a banqueting-room. In the eleventh century it was already used for that purpose, and several hundred years later Richard II. kept his Christmas feast here, which was partaken of by no fewer than ten thousand guests. It was reasonable enough, therefore, that there should have been, as we are told, no fewer than twenty-eight roasted oxen, and other animals without number, devoured on this occasion. It is still devoted occasionally to the same use; for here George IV. at no distant day held his coronation banquet, with a consumption of food, moreover, which clearly shows that change of times brings no innovation in the carnivorous appetites of man. Here, too, in times past, the High Court of Parliament was often held; and here it was, subsequently to my visit, question of temporarily holding it during the re-construction of the houses after their unfortunate destruction by fire. At

present it is only used as one of the thoroughfares leading to the House of Commons, and to the courts of Chancery, Exchequer, King's Bench, and Common Pleas, which hold their sittings in apartments adjoining it.

When I had recovered a little from the deep impression of astonishment and admiration which the contemplation of this magnificent pile awakened, I followed my companion to the Court of King's Bench, which is situated at the right. To our great regret, we found it completely full. The room was of a square figure, and lit from a skylight above; the judges seemed to be seated opposite, under a canopy displaying the arms of England; the lawyers were arranged on grades of benches ascending from the bar; while the spectators stood on either hand, and in small galleries above. The avenues were likewise choked with persons standing and stretching forward to hear; so that I was unable to force my way into the dense mass. I could see nothing of the judges, the counsel, or the prisoners, whose situation, was so awful, and whose countenances I was anxious to study. I was barely able to catch sight of one or two neatly curled barristers' wigs, terminating in double queues or pigtails.

I was exceedingly vexed at not getting in. The details, to be sure, were likely to be very disgusting, and the newspapers, which penetrate every domestic circle in the land, and which about this time seemed to look upon information of this character as a necessary part of the intelligence and intellectual nutriment of the day, exhibited them the next morning in all their enormity. Yet my curiosity was much excited; for the first legal talents in the country were enlisted in the defence, and the Duke of Wellington, backed by peers and poets, the aristocracy of rank and the aristocracy of genius, were there present to testify to the character of the accused, and re-act in favour of an individual, who, by birth and ta-

lents, belonged to both, and save their mutual castes from the foul stain resulting from a conviction.

Crowded, squeezed, in momentary danger of parting with my coat-tails, yet without seeing any thing, or the prospect of being able to do so, I was certainly in a very bad humour, and felt very unamiable,—for there is nothing so irritating and exhausting as the surrounding pressure of a crowd. As I forced myself out, with as much of my coat as I could carry with me, I had no eye to admire anew the magnificence of that noble Hall of Westminster, into which I had again emerged; but abandoned myself to the most illiberal reflections on the vices that spring from idleness and an exhausted refinement, and drawing arguments against the existence of standing armies.

Having looked into some of the other courts, and found nothing of particular interest there, it was proposed that we should continue our ride, and visit the Tunnel, stopping in our way at the great brewery of Barclay and Perkins, whose fame had already been announced to me at the corner of almost every street in London. The ordinary sign of a porter-house, or gin-shop, being in almost every case coupled with the conspicuously-displayed notification of—"Barclay and Perkins's entire." I was told, indeed, that the great London brewers are the proprietors of most of the favourite tavern-stands, by which means they are able to make terms with the lessee favourable to the consumption of their commodity. Having crossed Westminster Bridge, walking over to enjoy the view, while our vehicle drove on before us, we struck into a very busy and populous, though utilitarian and inelegant quarter of the town, and at length came to this vast establishment, which is almost a suburb of London; having whole streets and ranges of edifices, and which, standing by itself, would make a very tolerable town.

Here was a whole population devoted to the production of

beer. They seemed also to be consumers to a very considerable extent; for they were rosy, hale, and portly. Horses of enormous size were circulating in various directions, either harnessed in numbers to ponderous carts, laden with the drowsy fluid, to transport to customers in every quarter of the metropolis, or else singly drawing a barrel about on a wooden drag, similar to a sled. These sleds are seen in all parts of London, and they struck me as offering a solitary exception to the rigorous exclusion from the streets of whatever can in any way interfere with the public convenience and safety. They are certainly dangerous; and I once saw one of them, at the turning of a corner, run directly under the legs of a pair of horses, before they could be pulled up by the postilion.

Having exhibited the letter of introduction of which we were bearers, we were admitted to the establishment, and put in charge of a person to conduct us. We were first shown the vast repositories in which the malt is stored. The malt used in making beer is simply barley parched, or submitted to the same process with coffee preparatory to making the decoction. The store was so arranged that the malt could be let at once through a trap, in any given quantity, into the large boilers below. The beer is made in three large coppers, each capable of containing three hundred and forty barrels. The malt and boiled hops are added together, and boiling water is perpetually forced up from below. This process goes on twelve hours. In order to mix the whole intimately, a machine called a rouser, which is worked by steam, revolves perpetually within the coppers, disturbing the hops and malt, and preventing them from settling. When the liquor is sufficiently boiled, it is carried off to the fermenting vats, where it gradually cools, and goes through the process of fermentation. I was struck here by the singular effect which the sun produced in shining through the blinds, and casting its light obliquely over the purple vapour evaporating

from the vats. When the fermentation is complete, and the beer drawn off into the vats in which it is preserved, the various vessels are cleansed, and the process is renewed the next day.

Every thing in this establishment is on a vast and magnificent scale, and the buildings and works are executed with neatness, elegance, and solidity. There are, among other things, eight vast hop-lofts, each seventy yards long by forty wide; curiously-contrived purchases for lifting and cleansing parts of the machinery; railways to bring the coal from its depository to the furnaces; and even a very beautiful suspension bridge, spanning a street, to connect the upper stories of opposite edifices. I never saw engines in more complete order than the two which move the various machinery of this establishment. Both of them were of Watt's construction; and it seemed to me not a little creditable to the genius of that distinguished machinist, that he should himself have brought to such perfection, for manufacturing purposes at least, a complicated contrivance, which the ingenuity of so many persons who have devoted themselves to its study has not been able essentially to improve. There is much about the air of this establishment to convey the idea, not of something connected with individual enterprise, but of those vast public works, such as magazines, arsenals, and dockyards, in which the greatness of a powerful nation exhibits itself. There was a massive stone inscription let into one of the walls of a new building, setting forth, for the benefit of posterity, that its construction had been commenced in May of the previous year, and finished in November. This was a despatch that would have excited wonder even in our own land of impatience.

In one of the courtyards is a beautiful iron tank, supported on columns, at a sufficient elevation to carry water to any part of the works; this is capable of containing fifteen hun-

dred barrels of water. Neatness, order, and arrangement prevail throughout every department of this vast establishment. The stables would remind one of the military precision of a cavalry barrack, though the animals themselves were not such as would have figured well in a charge, being strangers to every other gait than a walk; they were enormous animals, indeed, and of great price, many of them having cost as high as sixty or seventy guineas. A number of them were distinguished from their comrades by having a wisp of straw woven into their tails. On asking what they had done to be thus honoured above their compeers, I was told that they were either lame or requiring to be shod. At a distance from the stable, a very neat edifice was pointed out as the horse-infirmary, where those which were in delicate health were delivered over to kinder care and treatment. The stable-men and drivers were as colossal as their horses; indeed, the appearance of all the people about this establishment went to prove that beer-drinking, after all, is not such a bad thing in its physical effects: for these people are, many of them, allowed a half gallon a day, which some extend, from their own means, to twice that quantity. Its tendency, however, did not seem to be to quicken the intellect; for most of them had a dull, drowsy, and immoveable look. It was impossible to detect any intellectuality in their countenances, or speculation in their eyes.

It is in the cellars, however, where the beer is preserved, that one is most struck with the extent, and, if I may use the word, the grandeur of this establishment. A system of cast-iron columns props beams of the same material, while on all sides are ranged huge vats, containing beer in a condition for use. There were no fewer than one hundred and sixteen of these, which average two thousand barrels of thirty-six gallons each, and the largest of which contains three thousand four hundred barrels; so that there are actually always two hun-

dred and thirty-two thousand barrels of beer on hand here. One may imagine what would be the effect of an accident which should burst these vats simultaneously. The beer deluge would become as fixed a part of the traditions of Southwark, as that of the olden time is of all mankind.

We left this vast establishment without any disposition to sneer with the conceited and the silly at brewers and breweries; perhaps there is no more direct road in this country to great wealth, and all the consequences which it carries with it, than the diligent and successful prosecution of this business. Barclay and Perkins were the clerks, and became the successors of Mr. Thrale, who was able through his wealth, aided by his own good taste and that of his wife, to surround himself, at his villa of Streatham, with a distinguished circle of the literary men of his time. When Mr. Thrale died, the brewery only occupied one fourth of its present space, and was every way inconsiderable in proportion; yet Johnson was at that time so impressed with its grandeur, that he is said, by the gossiping jackal who has commemorated his slightest doings, to have exclaimed at the sale, he being one of the trustees, with a peculiar display of that "weight of words" which Dr. Parr, in the inscription I had seen the day before in St. Paul's, so felicitously ascribes to him, "We are not here, gentlemen, to sell a mere collection of empty vats and beer-barrels, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the wildest dreams of avarice."

From the brewery we drove to a neighbouring printing establishment, where that admirable publication, the Penny Magazine, is struck off by a most ingenious process, and sent at an inconsiderable expense to the remotest corners of the kingdom, carrying within the humblest roofs healthful and invigorating nourishment for the intellect, substituting a pleasing and almost gratuitous relaxation for the costly and debasing dissipation of gin-shops and taverns, and in impart-

ing to the mind a little information, implanting at the same time the desire to obtain more.

As the Thames tunnel was at no great distance, my companion proposed that we should drive there. I asked nothing better; and we were soon set down at its entrance. We entered the enclosure leading to the shaft by a recording turnstile similar to that on London bridge, intended as a check on the possible dishonesty of the clerk, by taking note of each shilling's worth of humanity that passes it. The present descent to the tunnel is by a spiral stairway of wood constructed in the shaft, pierced for the commencement of the work and the removal of the rubbish. Should the work ever be completed, it will be approached by carriages by means of circular and spiral descents at either end, after the manner of the Tower-of Giralda. In the shaft, beside the wooden stairway, were seen the conduits of the pump, worked by a powerful steam-engine, by means of which the leakage is carried off, and the excavation kept free from water.

Having descended about sixty feet from the surface of the bank of the river, the tunnel broke suddenly upon our view. It consists of two separate roads: the left alone was visible, being lighted with gas. They are of horse-shoe form, leaning towards each other, their sides being nearly straight on the inside, though quite oval without. They are arched on the bottom as well as the top, in order to be tight, and defended in all directions. Being plastered over and well lighted, the effect of this subterranean passage was singularly striking and grand, even without superadding the conception of its position beneath the bed of a river, and the wonderful novelty and hardihood of the undertaking. The idea is, however, constantly forced upon your attention by the dripping of the water, the sense of dampness and chilliness, and the hoarse panting of the steam-engine and the valves of the huge pumps, the only sounds which disturb this solitude, and remind you

of the peculiarity of your situation. You look irresistibly over head, bewildered at the thought that a mighty estuary flows there, cut by thousands of flitting wherries, and groaning under the burdens of huge ships laden to their very gunwales, and that it is for ever struggling, with subtle and resistless power, to make a breach and rush in. When you recollect, as you stand beneath the very centre of the stream, that barely five yards intervene between the crown of the tunnel and the bed of the river, you more than expect to see some great anchor, dropped from the bows of an Indiaman, come crashing through the top, letting in the river itself and every thing in it—a deluge, with all its consequences of desolation and death.

When I learned the very little interval between the Tunnel and the river, it struck me that the ingenious engineer would have more surely tested the practicability of his plan, and placed it still further beyond the possibility of failure, by going ten or more feet deeper. The only inconvenience that could have grown out of this, would have been the adding, in a very trifling degree, to the descent to reach the level on either side. It struck me, that there was another mistake in not making the two passages separate altogether. They are now connected by arches, which form openings in the dividing-wall between them; so that any accident or sudden leak in the one involves equal exposure to the other.

My countrymen are doubtless aware of the mode in which this stupendous work was carried on; for the interest which it excited in America at the time of its construction was unbounded; and the newspapers kept us perpetually acquainted with the details, which were read with an interest nowise inferior to what a bulletin of Napoleon might have commanded some years earlier. The mirror, placed at the extremity of the work, prevented me seeing the iron machine in which the excavators worked, and which was pushed forward as they made room for it, and as the arching became complete

behind. This mirror, by reflecting the portion of the Tunnel already finished, gave to the whole the air of completeness and perfection, and presented it to the view precisely as it would have appeared ere this, had no accident occurred to exhaust the funds of the company and arrest its prosecution.

The beauty and symmetry of the prospect, the effect of the series of lights, extending in endless vista, and the dwindling perspective as the eye lost itself in search of the extremity, all, by conjuring up a complete picture of what the thing might have been, tended to increase the regrets it was impossible to feel in the recollection of what it is not. The practicability of the undertaking is indeed already fully tested; for more than half the distance across is complete, and the deepest part of the river, where its bottom and the top of the Tunnel most nearly approach each other, is already passed in triumph, and the greatest danger is now behind. Money alone is wanting to complete this labour of surpassing magnificence and unquestioned utility.

Begun as a speculation, with a view to the profitable investment of capital, in a country where capital overflows, the patience of the stock holders, called upon perpetually for new investments instead of stretching forth their hands to receive the forthcoming interest, has long since exhausted itself. It can only now be ever completed by a grant of money from Parliament, and as a national undertaking. This question has already been adverted to in the House of Commons, and no doubt something will ere long be done. When twenty millions are freely voted for a speculative good to be conferred at a distance from home, and from which the possibility of the most disastrous consequences is not wholly excluded, one million might well be granted to complete an undertaking so intimately connected with the convenience and prosperity of this vast metropolis, and which in grandeur, in hardihood, as a proof of human ingenuity and human power, will yield

to nothing within the whole circle of whatever man has yet achieved.

The present generation of Englishmen can convey to their descendants, in all future times, no higher idea of their prosperity and greatness than by bequeathing to them such a legacy. The fame of Waterloo may fade when blended in the memory with the brighter glories of Cressy and Poitiers; even the Nile and its Nelson may be eclipsed by the fresher triumphs of heroes that are to come; but no lapse of time can diminish the impression of such a work as this, whose utility will always preserve it from decay, which is not likely to be elsewhere repeated, and which, at any rate, can never be surpassed.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE RIVER.

Thames Wherries. Utility of the Tunnel. London from the Thames. Movement on the River. Tower of London. Regalia.

HAVING dismissed our vehicle to return home, intending to take the water from the Tunnel to the Tower, we had scarce emerged into the open air before we were assailed by watermen, crying "Sculls, sir! Sculls!" assuring us of a good tide, although they had not the slightest idea in which direction we were going, and offering their services most eloquently in the language of the river. When we were seated in one of the light wherries, and found ourselves skimming fleetly under the influence of a single pair of sculls, I felt in a mood to do full justice to the attractions of this most agreeable conveyance. The Thames wherries are indeed among the most beautiful boats I have seen. Their form is somewhat between our Whitehall skiffs and a Greek caique, and they have much of the beauty and grace of both united.

As we were receding from the Tunnel, my friend mentioned it to me as a curious fact, that Brunel, the constructor of this Tunnel, and of many other works in England that are full of inventive genius and originality, on leaving his native country of France, had first gone to America, and had resided some time in New York. He there built the Park Theatre, an ungraceful pile, which was certainly precluding very hopelessly to the construction of the Tunnel. It was now that we could best appreciate the vast utility of this noble enterprise. An extent of three or four miles of the upward and downward course of the river was seen to be covered on either hand with habitations, manufactories, warehouses, and docks crowded

with shipping, evidently constituting the most busy portion of this overgrown metropolis; yet here was no means of passing except by wherries, and the nearest point at which the river could be traversed by a vehicle was at London Bridge, which lay some miles above. All this stretch of river constituted the port of London, and no bridge, though provided with a draw, could exist here without materially injuring the navigation, and causing, to arriving and departing vessels, inconvenience, possible injury, and the frequent loss of a tide. Hence the impossibility of having a bridge at a point where yet one is the most needed.

Flying bridges, moved by steam, if I may so denominate the conveyances by which our rivers are conveniently traversed, are not applicable to the Thames, where the great rise and fall of the tide would render getting on board of them with carriages a difficult matter; and where, moreover, the navigation might occasionally be interrupted by want of water. Hence the immense advantage of the submarine connection by means of the Tunnel, connecting the populous and busy districts of Rotherhithe and Wapping, and the vast suburbs adjoining, without at all impeding the navigation of the river.— Let us hope, for the honour of the age in which we live, and the nation from which we are sprung, that this noble work will ere long be completed. Would it not be right, moreover, that they who first had the faith and greatness of soul to believe in such a grand idea, should not be abandoned to the simple consolation which that reflection may afford them?— They should not be permitted to lose their money because they had faith beyond their generation. The state should come to their succour, and take care, when the work is complete, that they be first reimbursed from its profits.

The individual who expects to be struck with the beauty of London, as he sees it from the river, will be greatly disappointed. It offered to the eye, as we shot out into the stream,

a flat shore on either side, lined with irregular and wretched houses, of squalid and most ruinous appearance. Some of these were warehouses, at which goods were received from, or discharged into, canal-boats and lighters. Others were the dwellings of such as lived by the inelegant occupations of the river and the sea, to which it was the outlet. They had a filthy and sluttish look: yet even here were evidences of the prevalence of that rural taste which is a striking and most pleasing attribute of the land, though it evinced itself only in tubs of grass and shrubbery exposed at a window, to the peril of the watermen below, and occasionally a cracked flower-pot, tenanted by a monthly rose.

The towers and steeples overlooking this unsightly boundary of the river's course, were chiefly awkward in their forms, and spoke little for the magnificence of the city beyond. The dome of St. Paul's rose with boldness and grandeur, looming hugely through the smoke. Now and then a dense forest of masts and yards marked the situation of one of the vast docks, in which the tide, with its burden of freighted ships, is shut up, and showed where was concentrated the more valuable trade of the commercial metropolis of the world.

Though the scene was deficient in beauty, it was not wanting in activity and life. In the river the vessels were in many parts so crowded as to be moored side by side. This was especially the case where the colliers from Newcastle and Sunderland lay. The river seemed to form a kind of floating community in itself, a district of London, with its population, its floating chapels, its police stations, its refectories.—Bells tinkled on all sides, inviting the lovers of gin and rum to drink and be merry. The movements of barges, canal-boats, wherries, and steamers, with ships, brigs, and schooners, beating up with the tide under their lee, or sailing less fleetly before the wind, added to the noise of the steamers and watermen, formed altogether a scene of bustle and anima-

tion comparable only to that which was exhibited in another way by Piccadilly or Cheapside.

Here, too, it was very easy to be run over, if one had the least taste for such a catastrophe. It required no little care to navigate among so many difficulties. The waterman, as he at the same time guided and propelled the light wherry, looked warily over either shoulder. And reason good; for not a day passes by without its record of drowning or disaster. As we stepped into the boat, we had been confronted by the conspicuously-displayed and comforting notification where might be found the apparatus of the Humane Society for the recovery of drowned persons; while beside it a man was just then posting the following placard:—"One pound reward for the body of William Jones, who was drowned yesterday, near Southwark Bridge. Had on a blue jacket and check shirt. To be kept afloat." To be kept afloat! Poor fellow! If he could have kept himself so, his old mother, for Elizabeth Jones, who signed the paper, was doubtless she, might have saved her pound, and rejoiced in a live son instead of mourning over a dead one.

The tide and sculls of our waterman soon brought us to St. Catherine's Docks. This is the newest of these vast artificial harbours. It was crowded with ships, and surrounded with massive and substantial warehouses. Here was a great rendezvous of steamers, engaged in towing vessels on the river, or in the transportation of passengers. Others of a larger description, only inferior in size and elegance to those I had been accustomed to see in my own country, lay moored in the stream, and served to connect London by a rapid communication with the remote parts of the kingdom, as Dublin, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and Inverness, or with the continental cities of Rotterdam and Hamburg. Farther up the river was seen the fine front of the Custom-House, upon which the eye dwelt with complacency after the unsightly edifices that had hitherto

skirted the shore; while beyond, opened in symmetrical series the arches of London Bridge. Between St. Catherine's Dock and the Custom-House, rose in quaint and jagged outline the walls, bastions, and pinnacled turrets of the Tower of London; the Bastile of England in remote days, ere liberty had yet strengthened herself in the land.

Erected by William the Conqueror, to secure the subjection of the capital of the fair kingdom which he had won, the Tower of London connects itself with every succeeding event in the history of our race. In more barbarous times than those in which we live, it has been the prison-house and the place of execution of illustrious victims of tyranny, whose sufferings the historian has recorded, and the poet hallowed in undying verse. Here an arched passage under the wall once gave admittance to the real criminals who had meditated treason against the state, or those whom royal tyranny had marked for its victims. They were conducted by the river, with something of the secrecy which marked the proceedings of the Inquisition in other countries; and the name of the Traitor's Gate, that distinguished the dark passage through which they entered, like the Bridge of Sighs in Venice, intimated to the victim the nature of his fate.

Having landed at the Tower steps, we were received by the Yeomen of the Guard, who permitted us to enter, and one of whom, cheered on and rendered courteous by the recollection of his fees, charged himself with conducting us. These yeomen, better known as beef-eaters, were dressed in doublet and bonnet, the picturesque dress of the days of Elizabeth. They should have had slashed breeches, red hose, and rosettes in their shoes, as is the case with those on duty in the palace at levees and festivals; but they were now in a species of undress, and their plain blue trousers marked their connexion with the age of utility. They were armed with heavy halberds, and had the post of honour at the gate, though the pre-

sence of the plainer dressed infantry soldier showed that there was here a garrison of another kind, and that the defence of this important arsenal and armoury from popular insurrection, and of the state regalia from the hardihood of the swell mob, is not wholly intrusted to these burly and well-fed veterans.

Within the courtyard, a number of objects were pointed out to us that were rich in historical interest of the most romantic and mournful character. There stood the Bloody Tower in which the unfortunate young princes, Edward V. and his brother, are said to have been smothered by that Richard whom Shakspeare has consigned to an immortality of detestation. Within the walls of the adjoining Church of St. Peter repose the headless trunks of countless victims of their own misdeeds, or others' cruelty; bishops, nobles, queens of England; a Somerset, a Dudley, a Monmouth, a Catharine Howard, and the ill-fated Anna Boleyn. The Beauchamp Tower is shown as the prison in which this last was confined, and whence she penned her well-known epistle to her brutal lord. Here too was confined one whose fame was still purer, and her fate yet more deplorable,—the Lady Jane Grey.

The Tower of London having long ceased to be formidable as a fortress, is now best known as the depository of the Regalia of England, and as one of the most extensive armories in the world. There is one immense room, containing as we were told, no fewer than two hundred thousand muskets. They were most tastefully and conveniently arranged, and in perfect order. There was much here to convey an idea of the power of England,—of the strength which she could put forth. If there was something to indicate what she could do, there were also not a few objects to call to mind that which she had done. On all sides were seen trophies of her victories by land and sea; and in a noble gallery called the Horse Armory, wre arrayed in complete panoply, mounted, and lance in hand, the effigies of many of her greatest warriors, clad in the very

armour which they had worn. If the sight of these vivid images of the heroes of other times, and the memory of their deeds which they recalled, awakened an admiration for the age in which they lived, there were not wanting other objects to qualify it, and turn the comparison in favour of our own. Among the various weapons possessing historical interest, which are here preserved, is the axe which severed the head of Anna Boleyn. In that age, a queen of England suspected of infidelity, or whose person had ceased to give pleasure to her lord, was decapitated with as little ceremony as a barn-yard fowl in ours. All that is changed; and if an unfaithful or unpalatable queen is to be despatched now, it is only by the mortification of a public trial, and the contemptuous exclusion from the pageant of a coronation.

The regalia of England is preserved in a very massive, strong tower, without windows, and quite dark from without, being lit by a powerful lamp, which exhibits the brilliancy and value of the precious stones. Every thing is admirably arranged for exhibition; the imperial crown and other of the most precious articles are turned round so as to be seen on all sides, by means of an ingenious machinery, touched by the ancient dame who exhibits them. Comfortable seats with stuffed cushions are arranged for the spectators, whence they may sit and listen to the studied oration of the exhibitor, and gloat at their ease over the priceless treasure. After the mournful associations of the Tower, there was something wonderfully ludicrous in the discourse of the old show-woman. It was the farce following upon the heels of the tragedy. She has held the same station, and sung the same song, from daylight to dark, during a score of years. It was chanted in a sort of whining recitative, and some parts of it ran as follows. "This is the golden fent what baptizes hall the princes and princesses of the royal family; the hampuler, or golden heagle as olds the oly hoil what hanoints the king

hat the coronation; the golden fountain what plays the wine at the coronation; the golden saltcellar of state in the form of the White Tower, what stands at the king's table at the coronation; Harmilla, hor bracelets; Curtana, the Sword of Justice and hof Mercy; the Golden Spoon." After an awful pause to prepare for the climax, in a tone of increased earnestness and importance she went on,—“This is the Himperial Crown; the pearl upon the top was pawned by Cromwell in Olland for eighteen thousand pounds; the red stone which you see is an uncut ruby of hinesteemable valhew; without the ruby the crown is valued at one million of pounds.” Here ended the oration. It was recited in a studied strain, and by the aid of the euphonious word coronation, so frequently recurring, had a most dancing, poetical sound.

I was so greatly amused, that as there happened to be plenty of room, I remained to hear the same song sung over again to the next party. When they were gone, I suggested to my friend the very American idea of selling “the uncut ruby of inestimable value” for the purpose of completing the Tunnel. As I expected, the old woman was struck with horror, opening her eyes and lifting her hands with a lack-a-daisical expression which was irresistibly] ludicrous. Yet she spoke not; her ideas seemed to follow only one track; her daily meditations, and nightly musings, with the muttered words that reveal the tenour of her dreams, all doubtless tell only of the coronation and its regalia.

This, however, like all extreme cases, I found a little beyond the truth, and that there was another idea that vibrated in her mind, and one other song that she was capable of singing to the tune of half a crown. Having a particular fondness for putting people in a good-humour with their condition, I could not help saying to her—“How happy you are, to be able to see all these fine things for nothing every day!” To which

she replied with unexpected sprightliness, "An hi honly got that for my pains, hi should be badly hoff!"

Though somewhat shocked at my extraordinary proposition, after all she was a woman; and when I told her that I was dying for a glass of water, though quite out of her line, she kindly undertook to procure me some, and sent the yeoman who accompanied us to her quarters in quest of it. When I told her, as I took leave, that she had probably saved my life, she quite forgave the previous atrocity of my proposition, although, no doubt, she still looked upon me as a strange, unintelligible fellow, all of which would certainly have seemed obvious and natural enough to her had she but known that I came from a country which, so far from possessing an imperial crown, a golden orb, a sceptre and dove, had not even a curtana, an armilla, or ampulla or golden eagle, and undertook to transact the gravest affairs without so much as a golden saltcellar of state.

CHAPTER XVII.

OMNIBUS ADVENTURES

St. Catharine's Dock. Paddington Omnibus. Party of Passengers. A Blockade.
Angel Inn. Pentonville. Adelphi Theatre.

As we were in the neighbourhood of St. Catharine's Dock, the occasion seemed favourable for going to see it, and, at the same time, to take a look at the Hannibal. The St. Catharine's Dock is the most recently constructed of all the docks of London, having only been opened in 1828, in less than two years from the time of its commencement. It covers a space of twenty-four acres in extent, about half of which forms the artificial harbour in which the vessels float, and the rest is covered by the sheds and warehouses that surround it. Every thing was massive and grand, in the construction of this vast establishment. The walls of the dock were formed of hewn stones of vast size, while the lofty edifices surrounding it were supported upon cast-iron columns of enormous bulk. The open space below formed a covered shed, under which the cargoes discharged from the vessels adjoining are at once placed under cover from the weather. Here were vessels from all parts of the world; and the cotton, potashes, and turpentine of America, mingled their odours with hides from South America, or the more savoury teas and spices of the East. The buildings that enclose the dock not only contain extensive warehouses for goods, but the offices connected with the docks themselves, as well as a branch of the custom-house: so that all the business connected with the lading or discharging of a ship may be despatched upon the spot. It struck me as furnishing a striking instance of the liberal way in which establishments are conducted here, to be told that the

secretary of this institution, which is a joint-stock company, established with a view to profit and the beneficial investment of money, was himself a man of fortune, and, moreover, a city knight, who has, in the buildings or the dock, a magnificent suite of rooms, where he entertains the directors in a costly style at the expense of the company, from which he receives besides a most liberal salary. These docks are rendered necessary in London by the great rise and fall of the tide, which make it impossible for vessels to float beside the banks of the river, and as an only alternative to discharging and lading with much expense, difficulty, and risk, in the crowded anchorage in the middle of the stream. Some idea may be formed of the extent and magnificence of these works, from the circumstance of St. Catharine's Dock having cost, in the purchase of the ground, the excavation, and constructions, no less a sum than two millions sterling.

Finding our way through a variety of antique thoroughfares to Eastcheap, Lombard-street, and Cornhill, we circumnavigated the Exchange, and deposited ourselves safely in an omnibus, to drive to the neighbourhood of Regent's Park. The cad, who stood like a parrot on his perch at the side of the door, was chattering a way a collection of set phrases in a nasal style of cockney eloquence. He seemed to know our object ere we were quite sure of it ourselves; and, beckoning in a coaxing and most winning way with his forefinger, very politely invited us to get in. I had frequent occasion afterward to be amused with the very different measure of courtesy which is meted out to the coming and departing passenger, as well as the lofty and independent air which the cads about the Exchange assume in wet weather, when each man, as he enters, is informed that he cannot pass for less than a shilling, instead of the customary sixpence, which is the common fare from the Bank to Paddington.

The omnibus into which we entered was nearly full. Near the

door sat motionless and intrenched behind an unapproachable dignity, apparently calculated to neutralize the condescension which had induced her to enter so common a conveyance, a thin, starved, prim old maid, who had very much the air of a retired housekeeper, whom business connected with the investment of her spoils of office might have led to the inelegant precincts of Change-alley. There she sat, perpendicularly upright, her sharp kness thrust out at right angles, and pressed together with the fixed resolvedness of a confirmed and uncompromising célibataire. She was evidently determined to move or make room for nobody, and getting by her was very much like what one might fancy a journey among chevaux-de-frise. Presently after came another woman of a certain age, whose wasted face was excessively rouged. She was most flauntingly dressed, having a long pelerine cape depending on either side from her red silk cloak; her head was covered with a bonnet of not inferior pretension to Jeanie's famed Lunardi which Burns's verse shows us to have been so awfully desecrated. It was lined with lace, decked with many-coloured and fluttering ribands, and had, on the very summit, instead of the "ugly, creepin', blastit wonner" which the poet apostrophizes, a single ambitious little feather, that stood proudly on end, like a cock when it is about to crow. The elegant lady, whose garments were redolent of musk and mille fleurs, stopped at the threshold, exclaiming, 'Where am I to sit? I don't see how I'm to get by.' The stiff lady would not budge an inch. The guard, having his number of fourteen complete, closed the door, leaving the difficulty to settle itself, and for only answer crying to the driver "All right!" The horses started, and the elegant lady came with violence upon the stiff one, clawing her bonnet in the effort to save herself. I felt sure that there was to be a fight, and was grieved to the heart to find that there was to be no scattering of false hair and ribands. A benevolent and fat

citizen endeavoured to make himself thin for her sake, and contrived to squeeze her in beside him. And so we set forward.

We were not, however, doomed to proceed far on our way thus happily. As we turned into Coleman-street, there was already the beginning of one of those blockades or embarrassments, of which I had already seen many in my short rambles through the city. Our driver, instead of waiting where he was, pressed forward, blocked the pass, and rendered the entanglement complete. It was a confused mass of ponderous carts and waggons, of immense ambulatory advertisers, huge skeleton houses, covered with handbills, mimic steamboats with funnels mounted upon wheels, and pasted with placards of packets from Dover and Southampton; there were hackney-coaches and cabs, donkey-chaises, and the cart of an unfortunate cat's-meat merchant, whose unhappy coadjutors, a couple of greasy dogs, terrified, and with their tails between their legs, sought refuge from the crash and confusion by crawling stealthily with their vehicle under the ambulatory advertiser, in the hope of finding protection under its shadow. Loud and angry voices began to be heard in curses and re- crimination on every side; there was likely to be a general crash, succeeded by a fight. The stiff lady continued to look dignified; the dashing lady, terrified by the noise, the uproar and the possibility of a catastrophe, began to sicken with apprehension, and partly, perhaps, with her own perfumes. She made known her condition to the benevolent citizen beside her, and begged to be permitted to approach the door. The scene approached its climax of confusion and absurdity, and I was delighted. Just then a policeman stepped up and looked into the matter. There was a stout gentleman immediately before us, whose hearty condition did not protect him from impatience: he sat bolt upright in a little gig, grasping his whip with energy, and grating his teeth, as if he had courage suffi-

ent to drive the little pony that drew him over every obstacle that opposed his progress to his suburban box, where at a given hour and minute, awaited his expecting rib, and the customary joint of mutton. The policeman, without asking leave of the choleric citizen, very quietly took the pony by the head, and drew pony, gig, and gentleman high and dry upon the side-walk. He then caused our omnibus to advance to the left, and made room for a clamorous drayman to pass us. This was a stout fellow, in blue frock, breeches, and hob-nailed shoes, with a well-fed, florid, beer-drinking physiognomy. He was not satisfied with simply getting by, but paused a moment to vent his abuse against the omnibus. He addressed the policeman in a somewhat threatening tone, "Why ar'n't you made that homnibus keep back? Theys want smashing;" and, seeing me smile with delight at the comic oddity of the scene, he shook his head angrily, and whip at the same time, as he presently added, "and them as rides in um as well!" As he passed across our stern, he gave a practical illustration of his idea, by causing his heavy hind wheel to come in contact with our projecting step, so as to carry off a part of it, and give the whole vehicle a fearful twitch, which brought the elegant lady's heart into her mouth, and her luncheon with it, and even sent a tremour over the rigid frame of her stiff antagonist.

The press now begun to diminish, and the possibility of ultimate escape to dawn upon us. The opposite line of vehicles got slowly into motion: the citizen, placed upon the shelf so unceremoniously, came down from his dignified station, and cracked his whip with renewed impatience. The dogs of the cat's-meat merchant stole out from their retreat under the ambulatory advertiser, and gradually raised their tails with an air of recovered importance; and, we, following in our turn, released ourselves at length dexterously from the press, and went on our way rejoicing.

Soon we came to Finsbury Square; the scene of urban grandeur in past times, where merchants first conceived the idea of living apart from their counting-houses; now with the growth of more fashionably ambitious views, abandoned to inferior traders and dependants of commerce, for the fresher glories of the West End. Presently we entered the City Road, passing the turnpike gate, one of a complete series that surrounds the capital, occasioning a delay and inconvenience to travellers which the stranger is apt to think might be advantageously obviated without detriment to the excellent condition of the roads,—at all events within the immediate precincts of the metropolis—by some other species of taxation of less inconvenient collection.

Passing the vast warehouses in which goods are deposited for transportation by the canal for the interior, which reaches the place by means of a tunnel excavated under the surface, and without loss of valuable ground, we came at length to the Angel Inn, situated at the fork of several roads leading to the north of England, and well-nigh as great a thoroughfare and halting-place as the Elephant and Castle, at the opposite extremity, by which I had, a few days before, entered London. Here the passing was prodigious, and the movement and activity unbounded.

We halted here a few minutes to set down and take up passengers; and so again on the New Road at King's Cross, and Tottenham Corner. The time of stopping at each place was three minutes; and persons were stationed on the spot to take note of the time, and compel each driver to go on the moment another had arrived to replace him. It was the object of each to remain at the station as long as possible, so as to leave as much space as might be between his predecessor and himself, and increase the chances of finding passengers to pick up. Hence the motive for driving through quick, to dislodge the antecedent, which they accordingly do at a most furious pace,

to the infinite terror of whatever lies in the way. Hence, also, frequent contentions with each other, and quarrels with the police. The papers were daily filled with accounts of outrages committed by omnibus ruffians, as they were familiarly and habitually called. With a view to abate this nuisance, an act of Parliament had been passed, authorizing the police to take into custody, without lodging a complaint, the drivers of any public vehicles which might be found obstructing the king's highway. Soon after, I saw an account of two drivers of omnibuses having been taken into custody at the King's Cross, and fined forty shillings each under this act. The next day there was a most amusing notice of the manner in which the same two individuals contrived to break the law, interfere with the public convenience, and yet to avoid the infliction of the penalty. To do this, they actually came upon the ground chained fast to their boxes, and secured with padlocks; and when the police attempted to arrest them, they laughed them to scorn, and shook their chains at them.

"Set me down at Maiden Lane!" said the stiff lady, with an air of authority. "This is the very place," said the driver, stopping his horses. She stumbled to the door, trampling upon those in the way, and commenced expostulating with the cad. "I can't get out in this here mud." The omnibus remained quiet, and the worthy resident of Maiden Lane, having fumbled and hunted her pocket, at length drew forth a reluctant sixpence, and went off grumbling and muttering, casting scornful and vindictive glances at the departing vehicle, as she surveyed her soiled shoes and draggled finery.

As we drove through this part of London, which is called Pentonville, it began to improve greatly in appearance. The smoke was much less dense, and the atmosphere of a less artificial character. The houses were of a more recent construction, and were frequently built in terraces, on a uniform plan, standing back from the road, and having an enclosed and

planted space of ground in front, for the recreation of the neighbouring inmates. Here, too, were a number of public buildings, though none of them possessed any particular beauty. There was one, however, of great pretension, which particularly attracted my attention. This was the Church of St. Pancras. It was in a classical taste, finely executed in Portland stone. In its details it was very beautiful. The body of the church was simple, well-proportioned, and elegant; the portico, sustained upon six Ionic columns, was strikingly beautiful: the projecting wings at the extremity, containing the vestry-room and registry, were pleasing objects in themselves; and the steeple was, singly considered, graceful and very elegant. I was not astonished to hear that the church itself was imitated from an Athenian temple, as also the steeple, which is copied from the Temple of the Winds, in the same city. This church was a singular instance, how in architecture a displeasing and monstrous whole may be produced, by the blending of discordant and inharmonious beauties. Each part of this edifice, when separately considered, was beautiful, yet the whole was offensive to the eye.

That night I went to the Adelphi Theatre, to see a number of small pieces in the style of the French vaudevilles. They were no fewer than four in number. One of them was the *Rake and the Pupil*, which was full of triumphant vice, and the *Butterfly's Ball*, which was a tissue of folly and absurdity of the most consummate kind. There was also a melodrame, entitled *Grace Huntley*, which I beheld with great interest, because it was true to nature, and evidently a faithful picture of manners; possibly the mere dramatizing of something which had actually occurred within the knowledge of the author of the piece. The story is as follows:—

Grace Huntley is a sweet, interesting, sensitive girl, who becomes attached to a vicious village hero, who has already made some progress in the career of vice. Her father, know-

ing the character of Joseph Huntley, for such is his name, and being devoted to his daughter, whose happiness is the sole care of his heart, forbids her to think of him, or ever to see him again. She promises to obey her father's injunctions; but having previously granted a rendezvous to Joseph in her own house at midnight, which is a very customary moral of the English stage, she cannot forego her desire to see and embrace him for the last time. She opens the door as had been concerted, and Joseph enters, introducing at the same time one Sandy Smith, a notorious ruffian, with whom he had planned the robbery of the father's property, consisting chiefly in a casket of gold. After a very tender interview in the dark, and the customary quantity of kissing and dalliance for the benefit of the audience, Huntley takes his leave. She closes the door and retires. The ruffian Smith now comes forth, a specimen of the cold-blooded, heartless English thief, with appropriate slang about lush, blunt, and the like. Huntley had given him information where the treasure was to be found, a secret which he had previously extracted from his confiding mistress. He forces the drawer, possesses himself of the casket, and is about retiring, when the aged man, hearing a noise, comes forth and seizes the thief as he is about escaping through the window. They struggle a moment together, and Grace's father falls, stabbed to the heart by the ruffian. Grace enters to see the consequences of her disobedience in admitting her lover, and of course the scene is sufficiently deplorable.

There is now an interval of some years, and Grace, who is represented as a model of female delicacy and virtue, and in whose favour the sympathies are enlisted without any qualification, appears as the wife of Huntley, the man who had caused the murder of her dotting father. They are the parents of a lad who is now eight years old. Her property had been wasted; she is in a wretched state of want; a neglected,

care-worn, heart-broken, yet still fond and affectionate woman. Her husband leaves her for days together to go forth marauding; he rejects the proffered kindness with which she greets his return, and, not content with thus requiting her affection to himself, he robs her of the attachment and allegiance of her child and seduces him away to assist him in his career of crime.

Sandy Smith, the associate villain, now appears again upon the scene. They have a plot for the robbery of a neighbouring squire. The child is necessary to its execution, he being able, from his size, to pass through a grated window, and open the door within for their admission. The mother, who suspects the nature of the project, expostulates with her husband about the vicious inclinations and waning affections of her son, who is now more than half seduced from his duty to her. He pushes her from him in disdain, swearing that she shall yet have the satisfaction of seeing her son end his days on the gallows. The rogues elude the mother's watchfulness; the child himself deceives her by appearing to be asleep, and presently she finds that he is gone. She is now half-distracted with apprehension and horror. She rushes forth in the midst of a violent storm. Directing her steps to a solitary hut which is the lair of Smith, she discovers, through a cleft in the door, Smith and Huntley concealing some plate and other spoil, assisted by her child. The sight overpowers her, and she rushes madly away.

There is now a violent struggle between her still fondly lingering love for her husband, and her affection for her child. The threat that she should see him hanging still rings in her ears, and she already fancies it realized. The maternal feeling prevails over all else. She goes to a justice of the peace, and denounces her husband and his associate, claiming only forgiveness for her child. Here is a trial, and a succession of deplorable scenes. Huntley is found guilty on the testimony

of his wife, and the child liberated. She falls at the feet of her husband, pleads her interest in her boy, and begs for his forgiveness. He curses and spurns her. At length, however, to relieve the strained sensibilities of the audience, he is made to relent. There is a reconciliation. She tells him how she will nurture and train to virtue the child of their affection, and in the midst of a most pathetic parting, ventures to put forth the hope that they may yet meet and be happy, in that distant land to which he was exiled. It would not have been poetical to name that land, which was, of course, no other than Botany Bay.

Such briefly was this piece, to which a perfectly natural performance gave a striking character of reality, winding the feelings up to a painful pitch of excitement. My readers can judge for themselves both of the good taste and the moral tendency of exhibitions such as these. Let us hope, that in imitating a stage from which we borrow alike the pieces and those who are to perform them, some pains may be taken to exclude from our theatres such dramas as *Grace Huntley*, which have no reference to any state of manners existing among us; which tend to familiarize the mind with crime, and exhibit life in its most atrocious forms; and which select vice for their theme, instead of seeking inspirations in the beauty and loveliness of virtue.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SUNDAY IN LONDON.

Church. Drive to Hyde Park. Apsley House. The Park. Equipages. Air of the Groups. Zoological Gardens. A Melancholy Monkey.

THE next day, being Sunday, I went to church, directing my steps towards the venerable temple of St. Martin's in the Fields. Once a suburban parish church, it is now in one of the densest quarters of London, with the town extending for miles in every direction. The door was defended by fat beadles, with laced hats and cloaks, and heavy maces, who had the same occupation of keeping order among mischief-making urchins as is assigned to the less richly-dressed and portly heroes of the rattan, who perform the same office in our country. A female pew-opener conducted me with great civility to an unoccupied seat, having in mind the customary sixpennyworth of gratification, which was to be the reward of her courtesy.

There was very little difference in the services here, from what I had been accustomed to in the Episcopal churches of my own country. I noticed a little more variety in the costume, occasioned by the caps and badges, which gave evidence of university rank and honours. There was simply the prayer for the weal of the state, in which "Our sovereign lord the King" occurred instead of "the President," which the change in our government has rendered necessary for us to substitute. The worship was performed with solemnity, and the responses were perhaps more generally made by the congregation than with us. I noticed that every one, in entering the pew, hid his head in his hat for a moment, and was,

or seemed to be, absorbed in a short preparatory prayer. Perhaps there was somewhat more of a professional air in the clergymen, as if what they were doing was in the way of business, for which they were sufficiently paid, rather than a work of predilection. The females were not so well dressed, and the men perhaps better, than they would have been with us. There was less intelligence in the general cast of countenance than would have been found probably in an American congregation of the same number; but there was a decidedly greater prevailing air of health; an appearance of less thought and care; and altogether a more happy and cheerful aspect.

In the afternoon, one of my countrymen, residing in London, came to drive me to Hyde Park. Passing down Pall Mall, we came to St. James's Palace, which I had not yet seen. It is of dingy brick, with Elizabethan windows irregularly scattered about the front, and having a Gothic portal, flanked by octagonal towers. It is alike destitute of grace, elegance, and grandeur; and perhaps it is impossible anywhere to see a palace having less the air of one. In turning up St. James's-street there were many club-rooms whose external appearance was far more imposing. There were a few stray fashionables lingering about the doors; and some tall, fine-looking officers of the Guards, whose companies were doubtless on duty at the Palace.

Turning down Piccadilly, we found ourselves in the full whirl of one of the greatest of the London thoroughfares. An army of coaches and omnibuses were drawn up about a famous booking office, which was pointed out to me as the noted White Horse Cellar. Beyond were some fine mansions of the rich and great, which looked out on as disagreeable a scene of noise, confusion, and dust, as ever even Broadway could lay claim to. In front, however, the Green Park was in view, extending itself in a succession of groves and lawns,

and tending, in some degree, to qualify what was disagreeable in the situation.

Presently we reached the entrance to Hyde Park. Here, at the corner, stands Apsley House, the town mansion of the Duke of Wellington. It has a pediment and colonnade in front, which, with other architectural ornaments, tend rather to disfigure than embellish it; as it is wanting in just proportions, has a very stilted look, and is shaped very much like a common dwelling. It is well placed, however, for the residence of a distinguished individual, who has been so conspicuously before the public as the noble inmate. It overlooks both the Green and Hyde Park, which are here entered by imposing triumphal arches, and commands a view in the latter of the colossal statue of Achilles, cast from cannon captured in the Peninsula, and dedicated to the duke and his companions in arms by their countrywomen.

There is, however, an impervious obstacle to the illustrious soldier's contemplating this tribute of national gratitude, in the shape of bullet-proof blinds, which were affixed to all the windows of Apsley House, for the protection of the inmates from popular violence, at the time when the public mind was agitated by the question of Parliamentary reform, of which the iron duke was the strenuous opposer. The very residence which the gratitude of his countrymen had either bestowed on him or enabled him to purchase, then required to be fortified to protect his life against their fury. It was a singular instance of the durability and value of popular applause, that the individual who had shed the first glory on the British arms that they had known on land since the days of Marlborough, after having been raised, by the universal acclamation of a whole admiring nation, to the first place, as a subject, in rank, honour, and public estimation, should, without the commission of any crime, without any stretch of authority, and for the simple maintenance of that right of opinion which the consti-

station permitted to him, find himself, after an interval of a few years, so much the object of public rage and detestation, as to need such a protection for his life in the sanctuary of his fireside.

Hyde Park is not a very attractive place in itself, considered as a public promenade. It is a naked plain, almost entirely destitute of undulation and variety, and having few trees. There are some fine mansions adjoining it, and the Serpentine, with its bridges, produces a pleasing effect; but, on the whole, it is greatly inferior both to St. James's and Regent's Park, though a much more fashionable resort than either.

It was not the gay season in London, and I remembered well the decision of the ladies' maids on the coach from Gravesend, that there was absolutely nobody in town. Yet here was an immense crowd of well-dressed people filling every avenue, and thousands of fine equipages passing each other in parallel files. Here, too, were well-mounted grooms, and quantities of city worthies, clerks and apprentices doubtless, scuffling and labouring hard with unfortunate hackneys, which, if they were superior to those "old hair trunks" which it was the doom of the gay and sprightly Fanny to honour, with her gentle pressure on our transatlantic shores, were yet not so much as to conceal their connexion with the same ill-starred fraternity, the public's horses, in all countries.

The scene, while it reminded me of similar ones in Madrid, Naples, Milan, Lima, or Havana, presented striking differences, growing out of national character. In all these places the company seemed to be known to each other, and to have come together full of life and spirits, and the determination to be pleased. The nods of recognition, the graceful beckoning of the fan or fingers, the brightening eye, and the passing word of salutation, exchanged with warmth and kindness, all, as I thought of them, brought vividly to my mind the charms of the *paseo*. Hyde Park, on the contrary, though excelling in

the magnificence of the equipages, the liveries, and the horses, every thing of the sort I had ever seen, was, if one looked to the countenances of the assistants, a scene of gloom and despondency. The crowd seemed to have come forth not in search of joy, but to parade its ennui. It was a collection of sullen looks and care-worn countenances. None seemed to know each other, and there was no gay interchange of sprightly recognition.

Something of this may have been owing to the enormous size of the capital, of which this was the gathering; but more to the prevailing absence of sociality, and to the distinction of classes and the various shades of respectability, as numerous as the individuals laying claim to it. Many, doubtless, who were proud to claim each other as friends in the avenues of the Exchange the day before, now skilled in all the arts of cutting as practised in this country, of which it is the classic land, contrived to be looking in some other direction as they approached an acquaintance whose recognition might ruin them, or else to stare at him with a vacant, unconscious gaze. Perhaps the most striking cause of the gloom and solemnity of this scene of amusement might be found, after all, in the musing and contemplative character of our race, and might equally be noticed on similar occasions in our country. We have little of that gushing flow of spirits and exuberant desire to be pleased which characterize so many other people. We are grave, solemn, and reflective in the midst of our sports, and are apt to carry with us to scenes of festivity that melancholy and musing mood which is the prevailing habit of our minds.

Leaving this glittering yet disheartening scene, we drove to the Regent's Park. The press had been so great at the place we had just left, that it seemed as though all the world were there assembled. Yet here it was scarce inferior. Crowds of carriages and led horses surrounded the Zoological Gardens,

in attendance upon those who were engaged in the favourite Sunday amusement of London,—a visit to the wild beasts. In the gay season it is perhaps the most fashionable resort of the metropolis; and I have seen, at the same time, dukes, and marquises, a prime minister, a lord high chancellor, and distinguished leaders of the opposition, deposing their grandeurs, their cares of state, and brooding intrigues and aspirations after office, to gather quietly round, and witness peaceably together the manœuvres of the cameleopard and the rhinoceros, or the bathing of the elephant.

This is an institution which had its origin in that spirit of association which has achieved so much in England. At the end of a very few years it already exceeds what royal munificence has only been able to accomplish in a succession of reigns in a neighbouring capital. The payment of a trifling subscription, by many people, has led to the creation of a beautiful garden, of a tasteful and pleasing arrangement, such as is peculiar to this country. Specimens of rare, curious, and beautiful animals have been collected from every corner of the world, and the study of the structure, character, and habits of what is most interesting in the works of the Creator, is thus rendered easy and entertaining to the young. The arrangement of the species is made with great care and order, and many of the animals are lodged in rustic cottages, in the style of the country from which they came. Here, too, are strange exotic plants; so that a walk through this garden is in some measure like a rapid journey over the world.

In order to connect two portions of the garden lying on different sides of the public road, without the inconvenience of traversing it, there is a beautiful tunnel, which carries the footway tastefully beneath it. Every thing, in short, about this establishment, which might be repeated in the neighbourhood of any of our large cities, if the taste and public spirit were not wanting, is of a finished and perfect character.

Among all the animals here collected, the monkeys were, as usual, the decided favourites, in attracting both little children and those who were full grown. So far as my own tastes go, they are to me the most disgusting of animals. I cannot understand the pleasure which is found in such pets as these, and should as soon think of making a companion of a monkey, as of the individual who could be gratified by such an association. To say nothing of its odour, which should be enough to satisfy ordinary sensibility, I cannot endure it for its resemblance to man. When I look at one, and watch its movements, so like our own, the way in which it uses its fingers, evinces affection, or nurses its young, and, above all, when I study its countenance, in which intelligence and inquiry may be detected, or pleasure and pain, expressing themselves by smiles and frowns, just as in the human face divine, it almost seems to me as if nature had been seized with an access of ridicule and satire, and humbled itself to the taste of caricaturing humanity. May not this be meant to inculcate a lesson of humility, by showing us, that with all our god-like qualities, we are, after all, but a better order of monkeys?

There was here one large baboon which more particularly attracted my attention, and which I looked on with even more horror than that general aversion I have described. He was a solitary and fierce monkey, shut up by himself, quite alone, and devoured by ennui. When I first discovered him he was sitting musing, and with a most misanthropic Rousseau-Byronic expression, in a corner of his cell. If it had been lawful for a baboon to quote poetry, I am sure he would have broken forth into the exclamation—

“ Forced from home and all its treasures, Afric’s coast I left forlorn,
To increase a stranger’s treasures—on the raging billows borne.
Men from England bought and sold me, paid my price in paltry gold,
But though slave they have enrolled me, minds are never to be sold.”

I do not think, though, he could have had the heart to utter

this, lest it should have been the means of getting up a monkey mania, and putting this unfortunate country to the expense of another twenty millions' worth of generosity, for the emancipation of monkeys. He would, perhaps, rather have been satisfied to exclaim—

“ It must be so; why else have I this sense
Of more than monkey charms and excellence?
Why else to walk on two so oft essayed,
And why this ardent passion for a maid.”

This not being permitted, he was content to look it, which he did every line and letter, together with other things unutterable. Presently he began to kick the straw about, like a miserable bachelor lying on his back, and tossing the clothes about for the want of more agreeable pastime. Then he seemed to come to a little rose, picked the straw off his person, ran his fingers through his hair, and made his toilet. Now he seemed better pleased with himself, and looked along his figure admiringly. A wooden ball had been given to him to beguile the tedium of existence. This he now threw against the side of his house, and caught, and threw again; having a very quiet little game of fives to himself. But the effort to struggle against his cares and be gay was evidently an abortive one; he presently relapsed into melancholy, and the satanic mood came over him again. Catching the idle toy that was given to him in the place of creature comforts, he bit it with rage and vexation, then threw it down, tore his hair with both hands, and actually looked round as if for something to commit suicide. I feel morally sure that if at that moment I had handed him my open penknife, he would have carried it at once to his jugular. His rage seemed to overpower him; and he sank helpless in the corner, covering himself with straw to shut out a hateful world and its impertinent observation. Such was the gnawing misanthropy of the melancholy monkey. No one could resist the hardship of

his case, to be thus condemned without crime to solitary confinement, or, in comparing the recluse with those so little his superiors in "charms and excellence," who hovered about as spectators, walking upright, with wives upon their arms, could venture to deny, that with reason on his side,

"Poor pug might plead, and call his gods unkind,
Till set on end, and married to his mind."

CHAPTER XIX.

NOVEMBER IN LONDON.

Rainy Streets. Adventures in the Mud. A cat's-meat Merchant. Umbrellas.
Labour Exchange. Conversation of Workies. Robert Owen.

HITHERTO the weather had been very fine, not only since my arrival in London, but also since our approach to the English coast, nearly a fortnight before. The wind had generally blown from the south, bringing with it a mild and balmy air, which, compared most advantageously with what was doubtless the prevailing temperature at the time in the lower latitude of my own country. The atmosphere, though not cloudy, was yet not clear; an imperceptible film, which I afterwards found to be the attendant of even the brightest English day, was spread in a gauze-like veil over the heavens. Through it the dim sun struggled; and as he performed a small section of a circle far in the southern horizon for his prescribed course, looked down with tempered and languid gaze upon the landscape. Though there was a dulness in the climate as it thus exhibited itself, yet there was something also calm, melancholy, and contemplative in it, which harmonized with my feelings. I had almost begun to doubt in the existence of those showers and fogs with which

London was associated in my imagination. Now, however, the scene was to be changed; a new week was to introduce a new system; and London was to exhibit itself in all the horrors of its November attire.

On Monday morning it was only by the aid of a light that I could contrive to make my toilet; and on descending to the coffee-room, the like aid was not unwelcome in discussing breakfast and the newspaper. If there were much that was gloomy and sad in the scene within doors, the spectacle from the windows was most deplorable. The streets ran down with rain and mud, through which, clogged, coated, and overshadowed by his umbrella, stepped forth the Englishman. Just before the door stood a dirt-cart, to which were harnessed two wet and disconsolate-looking horses. Some men, dressed in tarpaulin clothes, were shovelling the mud into their cart, where it floated, a stagnant pool. Hard by was a coal-wagon, with its attendant colliers, engaged in carrying the fuel in bags to a poulterer's opposite. The rain had made some impression upon their blackened faces, leaving them streaked in the same unseemly way as the statues on the front of St. Paul's, and giving a singular and demoniac expression to their countenances and glaring eyes. There were quantities of women clattering over the pavement in iron clogs, and not a few thieves and adventurers in greasy black coats, from which the rain turned without effect, save where a rent left the skin visible.

The spectacle without was gloomy enough; the coffee-room was still and solemn as some death-bed scene, and the newspapers served only to carry out the impression of despair which was stamped on every thing. One of the first paragraphs that struck my eye was a list of suicides. There were no fewer than three, in which the weapon had been a razor, and two of the self-murderers were women. Having remained in the coffee-room some hours, gazing in utter hopelessness in the

fire,—for my own room proving to smoke badly, I had been obliged to discontinue the fire there,—I at length grew weary, and determined to go out in search of distraction, and in the hope of killing a little time. So enveloping myself in my cloak, I went forth and strolled along the colonnade.

Every thing wore an air of inexpressible gloom. The houses of unpainted brick were half hidden at their topmost stories by the canopy of smoke, fog, and rain which overhung the scene. It did not rain with that earnestness and energy common in our climate, which conveys the idea of a thing to be done, as a matter of business, and despatched with business-like rapidity, but in a deliberate, cold-blooded way, as if it might continue on thus for ever, without exhausting its capacities to curse and to annoy. An eternal dripping fell from every object: and the Royal Perambulating Advertiser, which happened to pass like a moving house, stuck round with newly-printed placards, shed big inky tears, and seemed about to dissolve with grief. The enormous waggons, piled high with merchandise, were covered with huge tarpaulins, and the horses that drew them, as well as the drivers, were decked in garments of the same gloomy and desperate-looking material. Every man, except myself, was the bearer of an umbrella.—The women, too, dashed through the mud with a courage above their sex; holding in one hand the umbrella, in the other their shortened garments, they strode fearlessly on, transferring the mud from one leg to the other, until all was blackness. Nor was it permitted to rest satisfied with such a share of mud as came within the compass of one's own gleanings, aided by such little acquisitions, as were to be received from the tread of others. The coaches and cabs, rushing through the black rivers with which each street ran down, scattered it from their wheels like rays from so many miry suns, whose business it was to give out mud and misery, instead of vivifying heat and light. The ruffianly drivers of these seemed to have

a thorough contempt for all pedestrians; and instead of admiring them for the courage and hardihood with which they trudged on, sought purposely to assist in dragging them, with a view to discourage the inelegant practice of walking.— There was a strange confusion of substances. Every thing seemed to lose its identity, dissolve, and become mingled together; the atmosphere was a mixture of rain, smoke, exhalations, and mud, set in motion by so many wheels; the macadamized streets, mixed into a sickening decoction, formed vast quagmires, dead and despondent seas, in which one would expect to flounder, and sink, and expire, ignobly suffocated, with the prospect of being shovelled into a scrapings cart, and there terminating one's career "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."

To walk in the mud is a bad thing at any rate; and when one is wholly unaccustomed to it, it becomes awful indeed. It creates a feeling of melancholy dissatisfaction, not unlike what a hitherto honourable man might feel the first time that misfortune, the pressure of circumstances, and his own weakness, had led him to humble himself to the commission of a mean action. Thus reasoning, I ploughed my way through it like the rest. From having seen the carriages keep to the left in my drive from Gravesend, I fancied that the rule must be the same for footmen. But I got on very badly with it. At each instant I was jostled and knocked out of my course; and a great Welsh milk-woman, with red face, fat cheeks, and a figure running out everywhere into redundancies, as I was feasting my eyes on the spectacle of such prodigal charms, well nigh stove a hole through my shoulder with the sharp corner of her milk-yoke. The gallantry which would not expire under so unkind a cut must be glowing indeed.

Misfortunes never come singly. I was traversing the open space leading to Charing Cross; just behind me came a female vender of old joints and broken meat, with her merchandise

in a wheelbarrow. I stopped a moment to gaze at the lion over the Duke of Northumberland's palace, which, in the misty atmosphere, loomed singularly, and stood forth in strong relief, with a strange air of reality. The wheelbarrow struck against my heel, making me step quickly ahead, stooping at the same time from the pain. This brought my cloak on the ground; and the wheelbarrow continuing to pursue me, fairly took me prisoner. The little dog harnessed beneath the barrow, though sheltered in some sort from the weather, was yet wet, soiled, and looking in all respects uncomfortable, and impatient to finish the day's work and get home. He struggled hard, barked and snarled at my heels, and seemed indisposed to recede. The woman, seeing that there was no progress to be made in that direction with such an obstacle in the way, moderated the ardour of her canine auxiliary, drew back her barrow, and released me, following her course, not however without a slight bestowal of Billingsgate, of which she shot off a broadside as she ranged past me.

Henceforth my fears were only for wheelbarrows. I looked round, saw none, and was safe. I turned again to gaze at the lion, when I was aroused by a rush of wheels and a shout. Two omnibuses were descending the hill, side by side, and at a rattling pace; a flight of inferior vehicles hovered on their flanks, and it was quite evident that I was likely to be hemmed in. Turning to escape in the opposite direction, I saw that there too I was equally cut off. There was a brewer's cart, drawn by enormous horses, which was close upon me, and a magnificent equipage, the panels of which were completely covered with armorial bearings; presently the blockade was rendered complete by a swift cab coming directly at me whose wo-begone horse was trotting fiercely, as if it were his last race, and he had leave to die and escape from all his troubles when he had won it. How to escape, and where to go, was now the question. I looked

in vain in search of any outlet, and came to the conclusion that there was nothing left for me but to choose my death.

To die by an omnibus or a cab were to die ingloriously; the newspapers could have told a story of the sort any day the last week. It would be far more honourable to be trampled into the mud by the aristocratic heels of the prancing steeds, which were already close upon me. As a last and only chance, I determined, upon philosophic principles, to trust to the magnanimity of the largest animal I could see. I flung myself under the neck of the brewer's horse, which was too noble to step on me; encouraged by this reception, I kept beside his head, making a tower of strength of him, and thus I managed to reach an open place and escape to the sidewalk alive. It was reasonable enough that I should recollect the proud equipage which had been so near crushing me. I saw it afterward in Hyde Park on a Sunday, and it was pointed out to me as belonging to a noted brewer; so that, after all, my choice of deaths had not been so various as I imagined.

I slunk home, nervous, covered with mud, and miserable, feeling very much as a dog might be supposed to do, which, being badly hung by some malicious urchins, contrives to worry himself loose, and escapes home with the rope about his neck, and looking very dejecting. I determined, if I lived to see another day, that I would become, what I never yet had been, the possessor of an umbrella, and substitute an upper benjamin for the embarrassing folds of my Spanish capa. In my professional pursuits the use of an umbrella was preposterous; and in the climate of my own country it rains so seldom, that to a man of leisure, having no business avocation to call him inauspiciously into the open air, the umbrella is also a useless and disagreeable encumbrance. But in England the case is otherwise; and a man without an umbrella is as incomplete as a man without a nose.

Having seen in a morning paper an advertisement of Robert Owen, convoking a meeting that day for the purpose of taking into consideration the condition of the working classes, and reducing the length of the working-day to six hours, for which full wages were to be given, I determined to drive to the place of meeting, which was the National Equitable Labour Exchange. This is an establishment which had its origin in the imagination of Mr. Owen; the object of it being to enable the producer of any article, a pair of shoes for instance, to exchange it for some other article which he does not produce, but wants for his own use; by this means relieving the workman from the tyranny of the master, and securing him a fair participation in the fruits of his own labour. If he do not want to take any article in return for what he deposits, he receives its value in bills of the association, which I imagine are not very current beyond its own walls.

At the entrance to the hall I found a collection of books for sale, and, on turning to look at their titles, I found that instead of works on political or domestic economy, and calculated to promote industry and thrift, such, for instance, as the admirable writings of Dr. Franklin, which I look upon as containing the most wholesome nutriment that can be offered to the minds of the poor, they were entirely of an atheistical character, and directed against the Christian religion; among them Paine's *Age of Reason* occupied a conspicuous place; and there were many tracts of Mr. Owen, and other modern imitators of the arch apostle of infidelity. If I were already indisposed to believe in the feasibility of Mr. Owen's system, this doubt was not a little increased by finding myself met, at the very threshold, by that which went to remove the comforts, the consolations, and the restraints of a religion which is the poor man's best friend.

The edifice, appropriated to the Labour Exchange during

the week, and to lectures and anti-religious orgies on the Sabbath, was as singular in its construction as in its uses. It was of oblong form, having a gallery running completely around it, and a skylight roof above. At one extremity of the gallery was the place of the speakers, who stand against the railing, in sight of those ranged in the galleries, on either hand, or in the court below. Here was a table with books, round which the reporters of the London papers were assembled, to note the proceedings and take down the speeches.

There was an immense crowd of the unwashed already assembled; their faces, hands, and bodily conformation, indicating their peculiar line of labour. Some were in their holiday clothes; others had evidently just escaped from their benches, having their aprons twisted up and stuck through the drawing-string. The air was redolent of gin, beer, leather, and the various commodities with which they were respectively conversant. Their conversation was of trades'-unions, initiation, of nobs and dungs, that is, recusant individuals of their fraternities who refused to affiliate. They spoke very angrily of the Times newspaper, as being against the working-men, and the partisan of rich persecution.

I was not a little amused with the conversation of a little shoemaker who sat near me. He was very short, owing to his legs being out of all proportion to his body, and not having been properly developed, from the sedentary nature of his occupation, and that of his ancestors through many generations. He had on a white corded jacket, rather darkened by his trade, breeches, and an imperfectly-filled pair of worsted stockings. He was pock-marked, and a scald, which had rendered him blear-eyed and scarified one side of his face, showed how neglected had been his childhood, and added to the general expression of vulgarity, recklessness, and vice, which was stamped upon his countenance. To complete the catalogue of his personal charms, there was about him a very

unpleasant flavour of shoemaker's wax and leather, which made him less endurable even than the highly perfumed inmate of the omnibus. His speech, which he presently addressed to a neighbouring friend, was conformable. "I say, Bill, if we works four hours a day, I don't see why it ar'nt is much is they as her right to expect. We had a famous meetin last night; we filiated up to ninety. If we could unite with the tailors we'd be main powerful; but the darn stitchlouses are too ristocratic; they're worse, all hollow, nor the Ouse o' Lords. They think as they're better nor hus; and undertakes to turn their noses up at a cobbler."

Here Mr. Owen made his appearance, and was received with unbounded applause; my worthy little cobbling orator being among the most vociferous. He was a rather tall, big-boned man, well enough dressed, but somewhat slouching in his appearance. His face was singularly ill-formed; the forehead receding very suddenly, and the whole contour of the head indicating a deficiency of both animal and moral qualities. His chin was sharp and protruding; and the style as well as the expression of his face reminded me most strikingly of an unusual ugly monkey, which I had seen the day before in the Zoological Garden. His arms were piled with bundles of pamphlets, to which he was about to refer, many of them written by himself, and a huge folio report of a committee of the House of Commons on the condition of the working classes. I had heard of the venerable appearance of the sage and the philanthropist of Lanark; but as he now entered the room, groaning under this immense weight of learning, and filled with self-complacency, and tickled at the reception which the tatterdemalions gave him, that caused him to grin and show his teeth most absurdly, he presented a most ludicrous spectacle.

His style of eloquence was not of a very ambitious kind. It consisted of all the startling truisms which have been

uttered at various times on the same subject by cleverer men than Mr. Owen, and which he now strung together with as little art as might be, his language being vulgar and slovenly, and his pronunciation bad. When he fancied he had made a good hit, he would stop for applause; and when it came, grin back a responsive recognition. Sometimes there seemed to be a difference of opinion between him and his audience as to the expediency of cheering. Once, when a few cried "Hear!" one near me hissed, as if to stop the interruption, another beside him corrected him by saying, "Don't hiss, he is waiting for it." I think this anecdote decidedly illustrative of the man; and am convinced, from what I saw of him, not having previously heard this foible ascribed to him, that an overweening vanity is at the bottom of all his extravagances, and that not being capable of attracting the attention of men of sense and education, he is content to surround himself with the vulgar rabble, and be, at an easy rate, a great man among them, receiving their applause in return for his stupid ravings.

In the course of his address he was saying, what is indeed very true, that the power was all wielded by the rich in England "But," he continued, "we will take it away from them." Here he was interrupted by overpowering applause. When he could be heard he added—"but peaceably, not forcibly." This qualifying sentiment was not so well received. I noticed, however, one starved, thin-legged conspirator, apparently wholly unfitted for the stern arbitration of club-law, who seemed mightily to approve of the peaceful mode of redress, and the march of mind system; for he cried "hear! hear!" at the top of his squeaking voice. When Owen at length took up the great parliamentary folio, and began to relate, with a most complacent smirk, how he and the member of Oldham, one Mr. Fielden, had been closeted together three days, at the residence of the said member in the country, studying the contents of this folio, I came away, dreading the possibility of his

inflicting a synopsis, which in his hands would have been so much more cruel than the book itself.

I was happy on getting into the open air to find that my pockets had not been levied on, so that there was nothing to interfere with my meditations concerning the cosmopolite philanthropist. If he be, indeed, the friend of the labouring people, and not wholly the slave of his own vanity, it is yet certain that he has done them no good. As a general rule, I think it may be admitted, that the man who has mismanaged his own affairs is not fit to charge himself with those of other people. This individual has failed notoriously in all his undertakings. Having succeeded by marriage to the property of a valuable and most flourishing manufacturing establishment in Scotland, he has contrived to squander the patrimony of his children, and deprived of their birthright, their home, and, haply, even their religion, sent them forth to endure ever-privation in the uncivilized wilds of his western Utopia, while he has adopted as the object of his affection and paternal solicitude the filthier million of this overgrown metropolis. Still we must admit—such sacrifices as these irresistibly convey the idea—that he is both benevolent and philanthropic, though on too large a scale to be appreciated by every one. I must claim to be among the number of the incredulous; and I must confess that a benevolent and philanthropic fool always seems more dangerous to me than a roguish one. A roguish fool may steal, and allow himself to be quickly caught and shut up; but the other, being left at large, may lead astray others yet simpler than himself, and, actuated perhaps by a ridiculous vanity, get credit for good qualities which he does not possess, interfering with the labours of industry, and creating a real evil without any alternative of good.

There can be no doubt, indeed, that the poor are insufficiently paid in England. That in the presence of a development

far exceeding whatever the world has hitherto seen, the profits of it are concentrated in the hands of a few, while they who mainly contribute to it by their labour are left to languish in destitution of what mere animal wants require. Yet one hears of nothing but the property of the country, and the necessity of having it represented, and giving it proper influence, at the very time when it is regulating and governing exclusively for its own interests, and crushing the many with a despotism unknown in countries which are stigmatized as despotic, and especially so stigmatized by Englishmen,—a despotism which starves. While property has for its mercenary champions the genius and learning of the country, the claims of labour are unrepresented and unsustained; its cause, instead of being supported by the high, the gifted, the intelligent of the land, is abandoned to the advocacy of rogues like Cobbett, and idiots such as Owen.

CHAPTER XX.

ISLINGTON.

Liston. Remove to Islington. Scenes from Window. Suburban Rambles. Habits of Retired Citizens. Life of Seclusion. Subjects for Emigration.

IN the evening of the day I had attended Mr. Owen's exhibition, I went to see a much better actor at Madame Vestris's theatre, being no other than Liston. Though I found him evidently in the decline of his health and powers, yet I was not at all disappointed in the high expectations I had formed of him. He is of moderate height, with a rather dropsical-looking body, and the air of a man sinking under dissipation. He appeared, indeed, to be half drunk. It was in his part however, to be so; and he had either made a sacrifice to his profession in order to give effect to the piece, or else it was another proof of his excellent acting. There were, indeed, an irresistible drollery and perfect air of nature about him.

His acting appeared to me as Talma's did,—so easy that any one might have done it without effort. This is, however, in efforts of every sort, one of the greatest proofs of merit. The company of this theatre struck me as being much the best I had seen in London; there were a perfection, indeed, and unity in the company, and in the general effect of the acting, which not a little reminded me of the minor theatres of Paris. As for Liston, though the source of so much and such immoderate mirth to others, he is said to be of a very melancholy temperament himself, and only to be at all happy and humorous when treading the stage. His appearance sufficiently justifies this opinion; and his moody, wobegone physiognomy gives effect to his drollery, and to the oddly-uttered jokes, at which he only does not laugh.

Though I had been beguiled of my ennui and greatly amused by Liston, I retired, when the play was over, to my lodgings, as sad as himself. I had brought with me to London a chronic weakness of the eyes, contracted by winter cruising in the Mediterranean, which, instead of improving there, increased from day to day, prevented me from escaping from the weariness of unoccupied time by reading, and converted the amusement of the theatre, which alone remained for my evenings, into a means of adding to my torture.

I was the bearer of abundant letters; but I knew that most of those to whom they were addressed were absent from town, and, in the little courage which I felt to encounter perfect strangers, I was willing to fancy they were all so, and failed altogether to inquire. If the reader feel any sympathy for me, I may as well relieve him by jumping to the conclusion of it, and telling him how, a year later than the period of which I write, I was entirely cured of my malady by Mr. Alexander, the celebrated London oculist; who, after hearing a statement of my case, and after a moment's inspection, sent me away with a prescription, which, at the end of a few months, restored me to the complete use of the most valuable sense with which divinity has endowed us, and left me with a feeling of personal gratitude to the skilful operator himself that will not easily be effaced. I do not mention this out of any pleasure which I take in relating what only concerns me individually; but because the reader might not otherwise be able to comprehend the peculiarity of my situation, and the circumstances personal to myself which made England so much sadder to me on this, my first visit, than it usually is to my countrymen, and which, at the end of a very few weeks, drove me from it in search of more congenial scenes. With the use of my eyes, and amusing books to read, I could have passed a winter not merely in London, but in Lapland.

My eyes had become so much irritated since my arrival in London, from the prevalence of smoke, and perhaps also from too frequent attendance at the theatre, that I began to feel the necessity of changing my mode of life forthwith. I chanced to have living in Islington an esteemed relative, who had been the friend and Mentor of my boyish days. Being in delicate health, and finding in the course of much journeying, that the climate of England agreed with him better than any other, which is in fact a very common remark among Americans, he had retired to this suburb of London to pass his days peacefully among his books. This being in a high situation to the north of the town, with an open country on the side from which the wind usually blows, is less canopied with smoke than any other quarter. My friend fancied, on this account, that it would be more suitable to me until my eyes should restore themselves, and prevailed upon me to accompany him to his house. Here I passed a few days most agreeably, as well as beneficially to my sight; eschewing theatres, listening to the perusal of a newspaper or of some entertaining book, instead of endeavouring to read myself, dozing quietly on a sofa wheeled to the fire, or engaging in delightful conversation about the half-forgotten events of other times.

Occasionally, when the weather was fine, and the wind not high, which was a combination of somewhat rare occurrence, we took a walk to the neighbouring village of Highgate or Holloway. In this last place are some beautifully-designed almshouses, originally founded by the famous Whittington, and standing near the spot where, having paused on his return to his native country in despair of finding employment in London, of which he had come in search, he heard the merry chime of St. Mary's bells, and fancied he could trace out the encouraging sounds, "Turn again, Whittington—twice Lord Mayor of London!" He took heart, turned back, and his name afterward mingled honourably in the annals of the city.

These villages of Highgate and Holloway will soon become incorporated, like Islington, with the all-absorbing metropolis. It is in this way that the increase of the population of London has been so extraordinary in late years, and not entirely by positive development and augmentation. London was and still is surrounded by many considerable towns. By the mutual growth of it and of them they gradually run into each other; the towns or villages losing their distinctive limits and character, and being counted thenceforth part of London, to whose population their own is thus suddenly added.

When, on the contrary, as was more common, the wind blew high, the sky lowered, and, intermixed with mist and smoke, came down to hang its dark pall low over every object, investing all things with its gloom, and tinging whatever it touched with the hue of despondency, and when, moreover, the rain pattered relentlessly, then, as an only resource, I reclined in dreamy torpor and forgetfulness, lost in melancholy musings, or gazing the live-long day half unconsciously from the window at the frequent omnibuses,—the Sun,—oh sad misnomer! What but his absence could have called to mind the joyous god of day?—the Times—the Champion—meaning, doubtless, Dutch Sam, or the undaunted Jem Ward of pugilistic memory. These rushed by with the merry sound of well-blown bugles, the only notes of cheerfulness which came encouragingly on the ear. Countless in number, too, were the stage-coaches that whirled by, conveying daily their thousands of passengers to Liverpool, Manchester, and all the counties of the north. What toppling masses of trunks, baskets, and handboxes were there suspended behind, at the sides, and piled high over all! And what a cargo, too, of live lumber interspersed among these,—men, dogs, parrots, and women,—how strangely muffled in waterproof McIntoshes, cloaks, shawls, and comforters; and yet how thoroughly

soaked were the biped voyagers! How the horses reeked, and how instinct was every thing with mud and misery!

In these my rambles over Islington and its pretty neighbourhood, I made some remarks for myself, and was assisted to others by the maturer observation of my friend, concerning the habits and manners of the inhabitants of this region, which excited my curiosity and tended to amuse me. It seems that it is inhabited almost entirely by retired trades-people, a general phrase, which includes almost every one in this country below the dignity of a gentleman, or man living without occupation on his means, and on the labours of his ancestors. People engaged in business here have a sufficiently general practice, which it were well that we imitated in America, of realizing their property the moment they have secured a competence, and, investing it in some safe and convenient way, so as to yield them a moderate interest, retiring either to the country or to some suburban situation, where they may compass the luxury of a garden-spot, there to pass the evening of their days in tranquillity. In the neighbourhood of Islington there are many pretty and modest villas thus inhabited, and in the town itself frequent ranges of dwellings, called places or terraces, which are constructed on a uniform design, frequently standing back from the road, and having verandas in front, with a common garden laid out for the resort of the inmates. These houses, though mostly unpainted and of a gloomy hue without, gave evidence within of great neatness and comfort. The windows were tastefully curtained, having blinds to obstruct the gaze of passers in the street, or else the same effect more tastefully produced by means of shrubs and flowers, amid which hung the frequent prison-house of lark or canary.

Some of these retired citizens keep lumbering carriages, covered with heavy armorial bearings. Here there are no equipages with simple ciphers, or without arms of some sort,

which are generally largely and glaringly painted, and conspicuous in the inverse ratio of the established dignity of the aspirant. One of the earliest uses that is made of wealth is to pay a handsome fee to a herald, for the contrivance of an elegant coat of arms.

There is one thing, however, in which they evince more sense than we do, that is, in never setting up a coach until their fortune entitles them to do so. Each graduates his expenses nicely to his means; if they do not justify the extravagance of a pair, he contents himself with an enormous fly, a species of close carriage, drawn by one horse, and of which two horses would stand in awe over our rugged pavements. Others rejoice in the possession of a huge phaeton, capable of containing the entire household, which is drawn by a single family horse, a meek-spirited jade, which jogs along with a mill-horse perseverance—an air of motiveless and heartless dulness, in happy accordance with the heavy, stupid looks of the group which he drags after him. Here and there antiquated cobs, which in their younger days had carried their impatient masters to the scene of money-making in a twinkling, now crept over the ground calmly, contrasting singularly with the rapid movements of the young traders, the sons probably of the former in many instances, who, starting in life on their own account, seemed to be full of motive, and as greedy to gain time as the others were anxious to consume it.

Those, indeed, who had achieved the competence which had been the cherished object of their hopes, seemed to be far more miserable than those who were in pursuit of it. The retired trader was ever ready to pull up his equally willing steed, which had learned, by long practice, to adapt itself to the habits of its master, to talk with some equally time-ridden worthy of trade and the stocks. Others lounged at the corners, or before their doors, speaking in monosyllables or speaking not at all, and gazing with vacant and envious

stare upon the passing whirl of the busier population. It was difficult, indeed, to imagine people more evidently at loss and out of tune. The retirement and competence which they had sighed for through the earlier years of a busy life, seemed to have become, by robbing them of their occupation, the source of their misery.

Perhaps the morning with its freshness of sensations, physical and moral, agreeably ministered to by breakfast, and the newspaper, which circulated from house to house at the cheap rate of a shilling the week, was the season in their existence freest from corroding ennui, and coming nearest to a negative something that might be called happiness. The long interval to dinner and the joint, though broken by luncheon and a walk, perchance made in unconscious habit to the crowded region of the City, or in bad weather passed in vacant gaze from the window, was yet, doubtless, to them, one of awful duration. Dinner was succeeded by another fatal pause, until the timely tea resisted in good season the growing drowsiness. The rubber of whist, eked out by dummie, if the smallness of the family circle made his assistance indispensable, gave the mercy-stroke to the day, which finished with them as it began, with a war against time, implacably carried on. Such, as far as I could learn or observe for myself, is the daily picture of the life of the retired citizen of London.

Where there is social intercourse, with familiar and unceremonious visits, the stranger can at once discover it in a passing glance. Here, from day to day, and though the live-long night, the most watchful eye could detect no traces of congregation. Here were no rush of carriages, no clang of knockers, no slamming doors, no lively hum of chattering voices, no spirit-stirring violin. The musical entertainments of the neighbourhood were confined to an occasional "Rule Britannia"—"God save the King"—"Buy a Broom"—or

“Yankee Doodle,” dolorously ground forth by monkey-aided Savoyards, from hand-organ or hurdy-gurdy.

Occasionally, as the patriotic bosom of gouty bachelor or shrivelled old maid was touched by the strains which have power to enkindle enthusiasm, even in the most torpid English feelings, a window might be seen to open at either side of the street, and a swollen or skin-dried hand emerge to throw a penny's worth of gratification to the industrious grinder. Once, when I saw such a coincidence, I could not help thinking that, with this identity of tastes, had the habits of society and the existence of social intercourse favoured the coming together of this sympathetic pair, they might in earlier years have rushed into each other's arms, and, joining their means and their establishments, furnished each other with comfort and joy. When the hurdy-gurdy ceased to charm, a piano might be heard responding, in well-struck measure, with “Paddy Carey,” or “All the blue bonnets are over the border.” Other sounds of joy there were none, and stillness and a placid calm reigned here for ever.

But perhaps it would be wrong to say that the whole year revolves for them in joyless and unbroken monotony. One should at least except the annual visit to the theatre, to see the King and Queen at the play, when is presented the singular spectacle of an immense house, crowded with living masses from pit to gallery, with two people looking at the entertainment, and all the rest looking at them. It is on this occasion, more than any other, that they nourish that sentiment of loyalty which is natural to every English bosom, and which evincing itself in love and veneration to one individual, is yet, though perhaps unknown to him who feels it, only a concentration of patriotism, an ardent love of country, fixing itself on the man who represents its sovereignty, and who is, as it were, only England itself personified. When an Englishman listens with rapture to that noble anthem,—“God save the King,” it

is not attachment to a bloated profligate such as George IV., that animates and lifts him to the clouds, but rather the thought of England, with her greatness and her triumphs, which kindles the glow at his heart.

It is on occasions such as these, then, that the retired citizen indulges in an enthusiasm which is a contradiction to the whole tenour of his daily life. In a country where castes and classes of society occupy more of men's thoughts, and modify in a greater degree their manners, than in any other, he feels himself elevated into unwonted dignity and self-estimation at finding himself admitted to sit at the same entertainment, and, as it were, to feel towards a real and live king that sense of equality, which, though habitually extinguished within him, is yet the most ardent of man's aspirations. Here, too, he is wound up to a pitch of ecstasy the most grandly ludicrous that can be conceived, at the spectacle of a queen drinking a cup of tea just like a common person.

This is the citizens' jubilee,—this their annual holyday,—purchased by the endurance of a year made up of monotonous days, succeeded by nights yet more monotonous. They would die, as they doubtless often do, of apathy, were it not for the abiding excitement kept alive by the perpetual dread of being robbed and murdered, and the interest derived from their nightly precautions against such a consummation; from bolting and chaining the doors, seeing the window-bells set in a condition to sound should a thief attempt to break in and steal, and taking good care that the rattle is in readiness by the bedside, to spring suddenly, if necessary, at the window, and bring the assistance of the watch. Such a life must necessarily produce singular and unbounded eccentricity of character, and would, if studied, furnish the oddest and most varied subjects to the dramatist. It begets, in many cases, disease both of mind and body, inducing every species of hypochondria, and leading to the swallowing of the thousand pills

and philtres which are the prevailing taste of the land, until at length the fear of dying drives them to self-slaughter.

It has often been said that a great city is a great solitude. Of none is this so entirely true as in London; for the dread of intercourse and the fear of contamination must act either upwards or downwards in the case of every one, where the grades and classes are as numerous as the individuals, each of whom comes armed to the conflict with his separate and peculiar pretensions. The evils that result from this life of isolation are unbounded. It must not only be productive of much misery, but of vice also. The young women, returning from the boarding-school with such lessons of virtue as they have learned there, pass their time in a corroding solitude, the prey of that ill-nature which develops itself in families that are strangers to the check of social intercourse and observation. Meantime they continue their daily walks to the circulating library, and come home charged with novels and romances, which, instead of strengthening and giving a healthy tone to the mind, fill it with artificial notions and preposterous views of life, which there is no real observation of the world to disprove and counteract, thus delivering it up to false and fanciful day-dreams and unreal reveries. With little opportunity, in the well-nigh total absence of social intercourse, of forming a virtuous and well-judged attachment, they must be content, in general, to take such husbands as Providence may send them; and without the enlightening and guiding advantage of public opinion, which in society affords to each pretender his proper position, must be content to choose at hazard, with the obvious risk of falling into the hands of adventurers and sharpers.

Hence the frequency of those runaway matches, which, contracted in opposition to the will of parents, discreet to choose and sedulous of the happiness of a daughter, almost invariably become the prelude to a life of misery and wretchedness.

Hence, too, in constitutions where the yearning for matrimony is ungovernably fervid, the disposition to fall in love, with some comely and well-fed servant, be he butler, groom, or coachman, and the deplorable frequency of propesterous misalliances, and often of something worse. The liberty of manners which here permits the solitary and unwatched rambles of females of a tender age, furnishes facility for vice which is not always neglected. Moreover, where there is no social intercourse, there can be nothing of that social restraint, and of public opinion omnipotently acting upon all within its reach. I do not know that the case is any better in instances where all these dangers are triumphantly avoided, and solitary females, surviving their parents and all who were near to them, grow old in unsullied maidenhood, drying up and withering, mere useless and unproductive vines and barren fig-trees.

Many such victims of the want of social intercourse and intermixture, were to be found in Islington. Unfortunate spinsters, whose minds were crowded with a thousand corroding cares, and assailed each night by groundless terrors of robbery and violence. For the most part they seemed to be devoted to religion, going regularly, tippeted and muffed, with their prayer-books, whenever the bells of St. Mary's chimed for prayers or sermon. To console themselves for their carnal bereavement, they seemed, one and all, to have made themselves, as the nuns in Spain say—*esposas de Christo*. As they could not, however, pray all the time, they contrived to amuse themselves with several pets, such as singing-birds, cats, dogs, and parrots. One of them opposite us, passed much of her time at the window, watching for the arrival of the cat's-meat man, and stoking a huge tabby. She seemed to find much comfort in this; yet, after all, a cat is an insufficient substitute for a husband. "Women," says the learned Dr. Lieber, in illustrating the bad consequences of the frequent and prolonged mourning in use in America, as it tends to keep

our young ladies out of society, which he looks upon as a species of matrimonial market,—“Women,” says the learned cyclopedist, “are born to be married.” Agreeing with him, as I do most perfectly, it is on this ground that I object entirely to this life of separation, and the whole system of retired citizenship in Islington, prayer-books and tabby-cats included.

Of all the various classes of people in England, these retired citizens are they who would gain most by emigration to America. Any of those who lively obscurely and humbly in Islington, might lead a life of elegance and luxury on the noble banks of the Hudson. There, in a healthful climate, strangers to all noxious exhalations, and in the presence of whatever is beautiful or grand in natural scenery, one of these men might, for the sum of five thousand pounds, become possessor of an estate of three or four hundred acres, capable, by tolerable cultivation, of rendering an interest of six or eight per cent. upon the purchase-money.

Fixing upon one of the thousand unimproved sites that are scattered up and down the lordly stream, he might build, from marble or granite, quarried on the river itself, such a villa as he pleased. Instead of planting for the benefit of his descendants, he might cut down and fashion to his mind the dense groves of oak, sycamore, maple, locust, hemlock, and hickory, as they have been tastefully intermingled by the hand of nature; and might indulge, to his heart's content, in those sweetly rural tastes that are so entirely English. Or, if he were indifferent to the exercise of the creative power, he might purchase a place already habitable, and having a comfortable mansion on it, and well-improved grounds, capable of yielding at once the same interest, for six or seven thousand pounds.

Here he might live as secluded as in London itself. If he had a taste for stocks, he might go to Wall-street, though a

hundred miles off, in eight hours, and get double the interest for his money that he could in London, and on better security too, the security of a solvent government and of unexhausted resources. He could always get the Times a month old, and might keep on railing against radicalism, which here would no longer have power to threaten his property, or terrify him with the dread of convulsions to come. Here, too, he might indulge for ever in the privilege dear to the heart of every middling Englishman, of grumbling at every thing he saw, of damning the country he was in, and praising the fast-anchored isle he had left behind him. He might go on indulging in the most injurious comparisons, deploring the insecurity of a country which had no national debt to keep it together, and no taxation, no immense subsidies to kings, kings' brothers, and unnumbered pensioners, "all, look you, to be spent in the country, which you know makes the money circulate, and keeps the working-people busy, do you see." He might curse our transparent heavens, our deep blue sky, our far-extended vistas, with nobly swelling mountains, remotely distant, yet so palpably seen as seemingly to be within the reach of the hand, and sigh for congenial mists, and rains, and unbroken levels. Here, too, he would lose his sense of inferiority, his dear distinction of classes and castes, the pleasure which a pariah may feel in licking the dust which a bramin has just honoured with his tread, in the admiration of the nobly great in the rapture of being permitted to look full in the face a Sir John, or even a My Lord, in a committee-room or at a cattle-show, and all the manifold enjoyments of toad-eating and of sycophancy.

But what would be the prospects of his children? They would grow up in a country which offers an unbounded field for energy and talent. There he might provide for a hundred children as for one, though there be no place or office to be begged, and no favours to be asked, save from one's own ex-

ertions. If the father himself were unfitted to associate with the gentlemen of equal means around him, unaccustomed as they are to superiors, and haters of servile vulgarity, not so his children. By sending them from home, and secluding them from his own society, they would grow up with independence and manliness of thought, and dignified elevation of character. They would learn to speak good English, to feel nobly, and to act accordingly; and finally enter upon life with a sense of independence, claiming for itself no distinction, yet conscious of no inferiority, a proud feeling of equality, and a republican simplicity of manners, which in England is only the attribute of one class, and that class the highest.

CHAPTER XXI.

DRIVE TO BRIGHTON.

Dart Coach. Scene at Starting. Suburbs. Benevolent Institutions. Rural Tastes of Englishmen. Scenes at the Roadside. Fellow-Travelers. Their Conversation. Brighton. Church. Albion Hotel.

I HAD been a fortnight in London, when a countryman of my own, whom I was already prepared to like, and for whom I afterward contracted a warm friendship, which I still continue to cherish, proposed to me, as a change of scene, a short trip to Brighton, in which he offered to accompany me. Having gladly accepted this offer, I joined him at his house in Regent's Park, and we went together, at the appointed hour, to the coach-office in Oxford-street. The coach was the Dart. It was hung very low, on the new safety plan, as it is called, the bottom of the body being not more than a couple of feet from the ground, and the circle of which one would describe an arc in falling, in the event of a somerset, being of course proportionably small.

Though the weather was fine, and the drive only of six hours, my companion, who knew the climate, decided that it would be most safe for us to go inside. This is a disagreeable alternative, as the interior of the English coaches offers very scanty room for four persons of even ordinary size, and, being perfectly closed everywhere, furnishes the traveller with barely such imperfect vistas of the country he passes through, as may be rapidly caught from a narrow window on either side.

A pair of worn-out horses, driven by a second-rate sort of coachman, conveyed us from Oxford-street to the grand starting-place, Piccadilly. Here we took up the rest of our passengers and luggage. The make-shift horses and coachman were dismissed with ignominy; four active grooms led out each a mettled hunter, disabled for the chase, yet still full of spirit and energy. The coachman, a portly personage, well clad, with muffled neck, well-brushed hat, a heavy coat hanging over his arm, and his whip held with the air of an adept, and who had, in so slight degree, the appearance of having been born for something better, stood calmly superintending the labours of the hostlers, while the guard, having carefully attended to the disposition of the luggage, and of all the various packets and parcels to be delivered on the road, or at the end of the journey, now ascended to his station at the back of the coach, and taking up his bugle, blew forth a sweet and animating blast.

The merry sounds, even more than the favourite spectacle presented by the starting of a coach, quickly drew together a vast crowd of the idle of the neighbourhood, or such as happened to pass that way. There were soldiers from the palace, grooms in well-polished suits of fustian, proud and disdainful servants in their master's livery, and beggars, who were humble in their own. Here, too, were eloquent Irishmen offering for sale, in words of soft persuasion, the newspapers

of the day, the map of the road to Brighton, the Comic Annual, and quantities of absurdly ludicrous caricatures.

I exchanged a piece of silver for a handful of these. They wanted the masterly drawing and extravagant oddity of Cruikshank, and the grace, spirit, ingenuity, and gentleman-like observance of good taste and propriety that characterize the inimitable political sketches of H. B., in which the wit and satire of many paragraphs are conveyed far more vividly and distinctly to the mind, by a single glance of the eye; yet they had still a certain cleverness of their own, and a fund of coarse, broad humour, which is characteristic of the land. The tatterdemalion crew around us, captivated, like the rest by the soft strains of the musician, suspended for a moment their vociferation, and an old groom, who was smoking, with his hands in his pockets, beside the coach, was so lulled into forgetfulness, that he fairly suffered his pipe to go out. When the tune was over, however, he betrayed no vexation, but turning to his next neighbour to light it, said, "Dom it, Bobbie, that be a game chap, he blows like a good un."

And now the coachman was on his box; the ribands were in his hand and nicely adjusted; a flirt of these and a single crack of the whip set us in motion; each groom, releasing the horse which he had been holding, remained in possession of the blanket, twitched suddenly from the back of the bounding animal. Onward we sped to Charing Cross, and hence at a rapid rate towards Westminster Bridge. As we passed the Horse Guards, where two soldiers of the Blues, in casque and and cuirass, sat as sentinels, motionless, on their coal-black chargers, our guard struck up "God save the King." I admire this noble national anthem, and I sympathize with the feeling which it awakens in the bosom of every honest Englishman,—a feeling, not, as one might fancy, of servile attachment to the person of any individual, but made up wholly of pride and patriotism, an ardent love of country

stimulated by the recollection of her Howes, her Collingwoods, and her Nelsons, and whatever of greatness and of glory Old England has achieved.

We made our way without accident, and with admirable address, through the thronged thoroughfare, to the Elephant and Castle, and so onward, traversing a suburb which promised to be interminable. The ranges of houses, ceasing occasionally to be continuous, were built in rows and terraces, with attention to architectural effect. These were interspersed at frequent intervals with stately and extensive edifices, devoted to the uses of charity, and having for object the solace and alleviation of some one of the thousand ills that flesh is heir to. Many of these had their origin in the spirit of association, impelled by a pervading and active humanity; more were pointed out to me as having been founded by individuals of enormous fortune, the result of their own efforts, and of a life of frugal and persevering industry.

It were an odious task to inquire in how many cases these noble institutions sprang from the promptings of a pure and unsullied benevolence; in how many from the vanity of immortalizing a hitherto unhonoured name. Even the vanity of being remembered through all ages, as the benefactor of our fellow-men, is not in itself, and still more so when compared with the thousand vanities which impel our efforts to live in the recollection of those who come after us, as a fit subject for commendation?

At any rate, whatever be the actuating motives to benevolence, in no country is it so abounding as in England.—Wherever the eye is turned, it rests upon lordly edifices consecrated to the alleviation of misery. This is not the place to inquire in how great a degree this mass of misery to be alleviated, may have had its origin in the unequal distribution of the fruits of labour, and in a compunctious wish for retribution, urging the rich to render back to the poor something of

that whereof an exclusive and oppressive legislation, acting ever in the interests of property, may have robbed them. It is sufficient here to call to mind the fact, that there has been only one Howard, and that he was an Englishman.

If there were much to indicate the attention of the rich to the comfort of the miserable, there was, of course, much to show that they were not unmindful of their own. On reaching the more open country, we passed at each instant some pretty villa of a retired citizen, the fit abode of a happy and contented competence. If there be any thing that I covet for my countrymen, it is the sweetly rural tastes of the children of this land, and their rooted love of retirement from the city's din to the seclusion of groves and gardens. If, as I believe, the tendency of a life passed amid crowds, confusion, the intimate and indiscriminate contact with the eager and mammon-seeking throng that congregate in cities, and all the manifold horrors that are to be found in smoke, dirt, omnibuses, and disgustful surroundings, is to uproot the natural affections and to corrupt the heart, so, on the contrary, do I believe that an existence gently gliding away amid the scenes of nature, and the calm and tranquil occupations of some rural abode, must oppositely and equally contribute to develop whatever is generous within us, and to give elevation and purity to the sentiments, and dignity to the character.

It is, therefore, that I would wish to see cherished among us, tastes calculated to develop virtues so essentially republican. And if I were now to seek for generous and honourable feelings in my country, it would not be among the crowds who congregate in cities about gilded liberty-caps, to shout their anathemas against the sovereignty of the people, but rather among our honest and native-born yeomanry, at once cultivators and proprietors of the soil, who constitute the best safeguard of the sacred rights of property and American liberty.

The country over which we passed was nearly without mountains, or any thing that rose even to the dignity of a hill. Its character of monotony was, however, relieved by gentle undulations, along which the road wound meandering, and by the beautifying effect of art, everywhere visible in the effort to produce what was either useful or agreeable. The labour of cultivation was everywhere carried on with neatness as well as care. The fields were all enclosed with hedges, interspersed with trees, and where the plough had been used, the furrows were drawn with the nicest exactness. The farm-houses were antiquated stone buildings, with an air of comfort, and some show of taste; flowers were blooming in the windows; there were evergreens and shrubbery about the doors, to banish the idea of winter; fruit trees were trained against the walls, and the gables were overrun with ivy. The men seemed, in general, sturdy and well-grown; the women plump and tidy; and the children, which were sufficiently numerous to show that the injunction to increase and multiply was not unheeded in the land, were healthy, clean, and full of mischief and cheerfulness.

The country-houses, of a more modest character, were frequent; and the more imposing forms of aristocratic mansions were occasionally caught sight of, in the seclusion of a greater distance from the road, through the leafless branches of the trees. These were ever surrounded with extensive parks, tastefully planted in easy imitation of nature, having occasional clumps of trees interspersed over the smooth lawn, and close thickets for the preservation of game. The trees were by no means various in kind. Though collected and planted with studious care, there were not, perhaps, one tenth of the varieties that start up spontaneously in our American forests. The elm occurred the most frequently, with a few beech, oak, and stunted pines.

They were, for the most part, knotty, scrubby, and irregular

in their growth, as compared with the tall, graceful, columnar and infinitely-varied forms which delight the eye in our forests, and it seemed to me, from their whole appearance, that, in addition to the want of the vivifying nourishment of the sun, their growth was checked by the inclemency of the weather, and the high winds, causing them to assume that crooked and gnarled form, which is, however, valuable for the uses of shipbuilding. The trees, with the exception of a few evergreens, were, of course, destitute of leaves; but the grass exhibited a verdure which the season would not have permitted with us, and still furnished pasture to herds of beautiful cattle, and flocks of over-grown sheep, which moved with some difficulty under the added weight of so much flesh and wool.

Our road led us through many large towns. Villages and smaller collections of population were more rare. There were, however, a few of great beauty, having very antiquated parish churches, which, from the various and blended character of their architecture, might have owed their existence in its present state, to the patchwork contributions of every succeeding century, from the time of the conquest.

At one of these places was a venerable village oak, and one of the passengers said something about its trunk having been used as a school-room. Though not to compare with the patriarchal trees of my own country, when one has the good fortune to get far enough from the haunts of civilized man to see one of them, or the famous chestnuts that flourish on the side of Etna, such for instance as the noted *Castagno a cento cavalli*, yet still its dimensions were sufficiently respectable to attract admiration.

The groups that filled the road were sufficiently varied and picturesque, and the scene which it presented was moving and animated. I was not so fortunate as to see a fox-chase, but I had a glimpse, beyond Croydon, at some of the con-

sequences of one. We met a number of gentlemen returning from what seemed to have been a hard run, for their horses were sadly jaded. Many bore marks of having been down, both horse and rider, and one luckless wight was as thoroughly drenched and mud-covered as if he had been dragged through a dozen horse-ponds. This, however, was not likely to tame the energy with which the English gentry pursue this manly and animating sport; a bath, a change of apparel, and a good dinner, with the adventures of the day and all its battles fought again over his wine, were sure to give heart to the most ill-used of these, to figure at the succeeding "meet."

The effect of the gay dress of these huntsmen, the top boots, the white breeches, and, above all, the red coat, as seen at the turnings of the road, or emerging from behind an intersecting wood, was pleasing, and fraught with excitement. As we paused at the solitary inns for a moment to water the horses, and give time to the coachman to drain the foaming tankard which was presented to him, I was carried back to the olden time by the quaintness of the antiquated signs, in general no longer painted indeed, in these march-of-mind days, when everybody can read, but written out in full—The Black Horse, The Beggar's Bush, or the Jolly Tanner.

Perhaps I should say something of my fellow-travellers of the interior. Besides my companion there was a rich banker, a man of much note in the City. He was a Jew, and an unbelieving one, indeed; for he did not seem to have placed any more faith in Moses than he did in Jesus Christ. He was full of cleverness and intelligence, both natural and acquired; for he added the sprightliness and versatility of youth to the experience and observation of a very mature age. It was quite frightful to hear the tenets of such unmeasured infidelity, put forth with a calm indifference, and yet with so much ingenuity. What, however made his mode of think-

ing in religion the more extraordinary, was the perfectly orthodox character of his opinions as a politician. He was a thorough Church and King man, and an undoubting and and uncompromising tory. As a Jew, excluded from any participation in the benefits of a church to which, as a proprietor, he doubtless contributed most extensively, and from any influence in the conduct of a government which he was yet called on to support, such opinions might seem inconsistent and paradoxical.

And yet the man argued from a just perception of his own well-understood interests. He was like him, of whom we read in the New Testament, in which he did not believe, who could not see the truth because he was very rich. He had much property, and was a great fundholder, and therefore contemplated with dismay the prospect of any change in the present order of things, or any revolution calculated to interfere or open the door to interference with vested rights, to shake the tottering and unsubstantial fabric of that public credit in which his own was involved, and to take from property its present overwhelming preponderance. Of course he was an arrant infidel in the virtue and excellence of our republican institutions, and in the conservative vitality of a system which admits labour to some share in the state, thereby securing its weary sons a just portion of the profits of their toil, instead of transferring all beyond a mere grudging and exiguous subsistence, to the coffers of a moneyed oligarchy.

Our fourth traveller was a man of very different description, who yet, from community of interests, had some sympathy with the Jew. He was a good-natured cockney, full of city slang, and not deficient in humour. After attaining the age of manhood in the heart of London, and growing up in the full belief of all those prescribed opinions which the mass of Englishmen receive from each other, with somewhat less reservation than they subscribe to the thirty-nine articles, he had

been led to America by some speculations which had a very fortunate result, and remained there during many years. He was the owner of property in both countries; and the different burdens he was subjected to in one and the other, and the very different balances of interest he from time to time received, suggested the most embarrassing additions to his stock of previously conceived opinions.

His mind now exhibited a strange lumber-room, filled with notions as heterogeneous as the contents of the till of a seaman's chest, stuffed with the discordant contributions of a dozen climes; church and state maxims; loyalty to the king; the advantages of an aristocracy, and the benefit of having a class to look up to—a feeling which is so eloquently advocated by that mirror of pride and chivalry, Captain Basil Hall—and the benefit to be derived from the vast expenditure of a costly government, the money all remaining in the country, and keeping up a circulation there, were strangely blended in his mind with quaint, common sense notions which he had picked up in America about religious equality: the absence of all other distinctions than those of personal merit and respectability; exemption from tithes, taxes, and poor-rates, and the benefits of cheap government. In America, he said, we had neither pensions, unless for undoubted services rendered to the state, sinecures, nor poor-laws, by which the laborious are made to support the idle. This advantage he ascribed to the circumstance of our having the benefit of the experience of the old country to guide us; illustrating our position most humorously by saying, that “America is just like that king—what do you call him—who was born with teeth; or that man they tell about, who dove overboard naked and came up with a cocked hat on his head.” Among such things as he did not like in America, was the too great precocity of our American youth. He said the boys with us were all miniature men, destitute of all proper awe of their superiors. In

England, on the contrary, the whip broke their unruly spirit in season, and taught them to be obedient, subordinate, and loyal. "The rod," said he, "teaches obedience, and the use of money, as they grow up, to be comfortable."

Our cockney was a neat, clean, comfortable little man of a certain age, extremely well preserved, having a round bullet head, with scattered grey hair, a rosy face, the nose on which told of the daily pint of port, and a small cunning eye, which he winked knowingly when he said any thing that was particularly acute. Though chattering, fussy, and betraying perpetual impatience by the frequency with which he looked at his watch, and stretched from the coach window to see how far we had come, he was yet, on the whole, both amiable and amusing; and, though evidently feeling very complacent towards himself, he was yet not unmindful of what was due to the self-complacency of others. This he evinced by taking our part against the Jew in the political discussion, which was very necessary, for my companion had been too long in the country to permit himself to become impatient on these subjects, and I, though not wholly without a set of received opinions of my own, had no desire to make proselytes to republicanism, felt no obligation to spread the truth, or to convert, or to unsettle men's opinions, had I been able, and had no taste for argument of any sort.

There was, however, one subject in the discussion upon America, in which these disputants most entirely agree. This was the war then waging between General Jackson and the Bank of the United States. Both of them were deeply interested as stockholders in that institution; the fussy little man to the amount of a hundred thousand dollars, and the Jew to a much greater. Now, certainly, it was not very considerate towards them, to break up a solvent and flourishing institution, which furnished them with an interest of seven per cent., and give them back their money to be vested in funds

which, while they would only yield them half that interest, or even something less, might be sent at once to the devil, and turned into chaff, by the consequence of war without, or the breaking out of a revolution within. It would have been most unreasonable, then, to expect any other than one coinciding opinion between them, and this of course, most damnable of the iron general.

I was necessarily mystified by their reasonings about exchanges, the regulation of credit, and the salutary checks to over-trading, which were all to me as unintelligible as Hebrew. But when they came to talk about the security of the moneyed interests, the representation of property, and the preponderance of capital for its own protection, and I—while they carried out their deductions, in one sense, concerning the dread of democracy, the sweeping devastation of a rabble inundation, and the horrors of an agrarian law—pursuing mine in a directly opposite sense, contemplated the effects of such a system in elevating the rich, and crushing the poor, and bringing about, by means of the systematic usurpation of those powers of government which society delegates in the interests and for the general happiness of all, such frightful and preposterous disparities of fortunes, from which misery can find no outlet of escape, and which award to toil no other reward than the privilege still to toil on for ever, I could not help glorying in the live and let live system of my own country, and honouring the magnanimity of that man who, discovering in a rich corporation the disposition to control the suffrage, and usurp the sovereignty of the people, had dared to stand singly forward as the champion of the poor, and to send back, as the constitution permitted him to do, for reconsideration, the solemn verdict of the representatives of the people.

I have neither taste nor turn for argument; but, by a strange perverseness, I have a singular facility, in listening to the arguments of others, to be convinced sometimes in the directly

opposite sense from what they intended. This occurred to me now, and led me first to doubt the expediency of sustaining an institution which these men were so anxious to support. The bills of the United States Bank, in which I had been long accustomed to receive my monthly pittance, were the only rag money in America for which I had any respect. What little feeling I had on the subject, had therefore been hitherto in its favour. What I now heard first led me to doubt whether General Jackson were not the sort of president we needed at this conjuncture; for my ears had been tickled by the well-turned phrases and epigrammatic smartness of his immediate predecessor, and although my profession released me from the obligation of striking the balance of my opinions at the ballot-box, yet what little feeling I had was not in his favour. Now, however, the tide of my opinions began to turn, and, not long after, I was made a complete believer in the virtues of the hictory-tree, by the kind efforts of a zealous friend, who undertook to enlighten me, and whose perverted arguments and bad pleasantries succeeded at length in rooting my opinions in the directly opposite sense. Perhaps I should be ashamed to confess this perverseness, the pig-like disposition of my opinions to run, in spite of me, in opposition of the very arguments benevolently intended to enlighten them, did I not recollect, in recurring to my mathematical reminiscences, that there is no reasoning so irresistible as that of the *reductio ad absurdum*.

Ere the subject was exhausted I had fallen asleep, and only awoke amid the glare of the lighted streets of Brighton. A fly speedily conveyed us to the Albion, where, after a change of dress, we consoled ourselves in the coffee-room over a comfortable dinner, for the slight fatigues of our journey. On rising the next morning and opening the windows, I found that my room had a southern exposure, and overlooked the sea. The hotel stood alone, out of the general line of the

buildings lining the quay, and at the verge of a slight promontory. Though it was already nine o'clock, the light was dim and imperfect. The sky was overcast by dark clouds, flying low and quick, for it blew tremendously. The gloom so thickened seaward that but little of the ocean was visible; this was lashed into fury and torn by the wind, coming in heavily in breakers as it approached the shore, and converting itself into a raging surf in beating against the shingle, and sending up a deafening roar not inferior to that of Niagara.

There was a stout parapet wall, built up to protect the shore from the encroachments of the water, as well as to form a barrier to the road and promenade; while breakwaters, running seaward at right angles from it, served still farther to protect it, by intercepting the rollers and breaking their continuity. To the left appeared the celebrated chain-pier, which was constructed to facilitate the landing of passengers from steamers, and which, having been recently destroyed in a gale of wind, was in process of being repaired. It consisted of a collection of wooden piers, planted securely in the sands, and standing at equal intervals from each other. From each of these rose a species of tower, from which the chains supporting the bridge were suspended.

There was, as yet, little movement or sign of animation; for it was Sunday, and in no country is the odious habit of rising late on that day so universal as in England. A few restless urchins were playing among the shingle, running after the receding waves, and taking quickly to their heels to escape, as the proud sea came raging in again to assert his dominion. There was one other group whose errand was less joyous. It was a wan and meagre woman, in squalid attire, with the tatters of a straw hat on her head, and attended by a little boy yet more ragged than herself. They were searching the beach attentively, and collecting whatever, in their abject condition, they might esteem valuable. Now and then

some trifling article was secured and placed in a coarse bag, which the woman bore upon her back. I thought of the frequent wrecks occurring on this coast; of the last possessors of the wretched property, which the sea, having swallowed what was noble, now relinquished and threw back; and how willingly, in their doomed hour, they would have exchanged conditions with even this miserable gleaner, the widow, haply, of some drowned seaman.

If I had already felt some of the inconveniences of an English Sunday, in being compelled to be in bed somewhat longer than was agreeable to me, in order to accommodate myself to the general postponements of the day, I found, in descending to the coffee-room, others which I took even more to heart, in the unsatisfactory character of my breakfast. Stale bread appeared as the representative of hot rolls, and eke to do the honours of the smoking and comfort-breathing muffins. This might equally have been the case in my own country. Alas! that religion, which is in itself so excellent a thing, should be so wholly incompatible with a good breakfast. God's blessing be upon that man who first invented a newspaper! for it is a comfort under every misfortune; by its aid even a bad breakfast may be swallowed with composure.

With my equanimity thus partially restored, I wandered forth, leaning upon the arm of my friend, as the melancholy music of the bells announced the hour of devotion. The waiter had directed us to the church where we would be most likely to hear a good sermon, and meet with edification for our souls. Thither we bent our steps. As we went, I had an opportunity of gathering an idea of the situation of Brighton, and its general appearance. It extends along a low terrace, closely skirting the sea-shore, and being under cover of a range of hills, formed by the higher land of the interior, which overlook it to the north. Hence it is protected from the cold winds,

and only exposed to the more genial southern breezes that blow from the sea.

This gives it great advantages as a winter residence, and leads numbers of people in infirm health, or who, without this cause, are attentive to their comfort, to establish themselves here during the winter months. The greater part of the town is of modern construction, having sprung up since the erection of the Marine Pavilion by George IV., when Prince of Wales, who first attracted the attention of the rich to the capabilities of the place, and led many people of rank and fashion, with a still greater number who were desirous of becoming so, to build in so eligible a position. A city having such a luxurious origin could scarce fail to be a magnificent one. Many of the houses are constructed on uniform designs, in terraces overlooking the sea, and the general impression produced by whatever one sees here, is of a pervading elegance and good taste.

The church into which we presently entered was a very neat one, in a style of architecture slightly resembling the Morisco; the architect having probably caught his inspirations from the eccentricities of the Pavilion. The services were performed by two clergymen. The elder one, whom I took to be the vicar, read prayers. He was a venerable old roadster, who had evidently been broken into his duties by long practice, and who went on in a very persevering, ding-dong manner, his voice offering a rich specimen of that nasal euphony which is ascribed to the people of New-England. It is a very general remark, that the people of New-England are the Americans who, being exclusively of English origin, most nearly resemble the mother country. This may, perhaps, account for an identity in this respect, which I had already noticed with sufficient frequency.

A younger man, who was doubtless the rector, was a person of much more elegant appearance, and of very superior air and

pretensions. His sermon was very good, and delivered with much attention to oratorical effect, and with an energetic shake of the head, which, however well calculated to frighten sinners, was more impressive than graceful. As for the clerk, who responded below, he was a little man, done up in a black gown, richly sprinkled with silk knots. He had, as clerks usually have everywhere, a singularly precise and professional manner of performing the functions that fell to his share; his pronunciation was most peculiar, especially in the often-repeated ejaculation, Amen! in which he contrived—it is to be hoped with less sacrifice—to pitch his voice to the tone of Velluti, or some other model of the neuter gender.

The organ was extremely well played; but the singing was most execrable, the chief performers being either the parish children, or the juvenile members of a Sunday school, who, being well pleased to escape for the time from the restraints of their position, and let off the restless exuberance of their spirits in some legitimate and admitted way, yelled forth a hideous discord, most distressing to sensitive nerves, and which might only be compared to a concert of assembled swineherds, blowing each, on his own account, his separate symphony on a cracked cow-horn.

On leaving church we found the weather still more inclement. The strong gale from the sea brought with it an occasional cloud, blacker and more heavy than the rest, which, as it passed above, emptied itself in a drenching shower. To carry an umbrella was out of the question. So great was the force of the wind, that it gave full employment to a man's muscular energies to force himself forward. As the squalls blew by, the eye was able to penetrate the gloom for a mile or two seaward, though the atmosphere was mingled with mist, rain, and spray, wildly blended. A couple of brigs, under close-reefed topsails, were buffeting with the winds and waves; and a cutter under very low sail was standing in

shore, and endeavouring to work to the westward. They scarcely gained any thing, while they must evidently have been greatly strained, and doubtless, if one could have had the patience to watch them, they would have been, ere long, seen to bear up, abandon what they had gained, and run for the Downs, or some nearer shelter.

Intrenched within the citadel of our apartment, and cheered by the comfortings of a coal fire, we passed the day in letter-writing, conversation, or gazing from the sheltered security of our windows upon the agitated sea, and the hapless mariners who were contending with its horrors. Dinner came to our relief in the evening, and by its aid we managed to overcome no inconsiderable number of the weary hours that remained to us. The system of solitary dining and non-association prevalent in English inns, and which has its origin in the distinction of classes, certainly has its origin in the disadvantages, and these bear with peculiar hardship on the solitary stranger, not only by depriving him of the accidental society which is perpetually thrown in his way in other countries, but by withdrawing from him those means of information, and of obtaining an insight into national manners, which are furnished by a different system.

But though not brought into immediate contact with my fellow-frequenters of the coffee-room at the Albion, I saw enough of them to be greatly pleased with their tone and manners. These were quiet, respectable, unostentatious, and characterized by a scrupulous attention to refinement, and the rules of good-breeding. The conversation among those who knew each other was easy and intelligent, and a stranger to argument or excited discussion. Many indeed of these persons were men of distinction, and one among them was the representative of a family which has been distinguished in the annals of the land since the period of the conquest, uniting in his person the dignities of admiral and peer. Indeed, among

all those who frequented the coffee-room during a week that I remained at Brighton, I noticed but one person whose manners were offensive.

This was a fussy, talking, intrusive old fellow, who could not be got rid of or shaken off, a beggar of franks, an arrant pretender to gentility, and a personification of whatever is vulgar. Yet I was told that this was a person of large fortune in the City, a great speculator on the Corn Exchange, and, what I found somewhat more difficult of belief, an individual who had enjoyed the benefit of a liberal education and foreign travel. At any rate his conversation was made up of low sentiments, expressed by low ideas, and uttered in low English, rife with City slang, and the choicest cockneyism of pronunciation. He talked loudly, and for effect; and when the aristocrat was at hand, instead of imitating his own unpretending demeanour, it was then, precisely, that he was most swelling and offensive. He seemed, indeed, to become more vulgar by the very effort to be elegant. This was one illustration of the effects of aristocratic distinctions, from which philosophers and drawers of conclusions may extract what inferences they please.

As I said before, the prevailing tone of manners among the frequenters of the coffee-room was simple and decorous in the extreme, and the vulgarity of the single exception only rendered it more apparent. Indeed, my subsequent experience tended to confirm the impression which I then received, that nowhere, so much as in England, is the class of travellers—from various causes, growing out of the vast difference of expense and the very different remuneration of labour, of course infinitely more circumscribed than with us—so scrupulously observant of whatever is enjoined by the established axioms of good-breeding, or the dictates of good taste. An observer might come armed with Don Quixote's directions to Sancho Panza, when he was trying to make an extempore

gentleman of him ere he undertook the government of his island, or with Mr. Shandy's list of well-bred qualifications required in a tutor for his son—he might be as sensitive as either Sterne or Cervantes, and as censorious as he pleased—and yet be able to find little to cavil at, in whatever relates to refinement and external propriety.

CHAPTER XXII.

BRIGHTON.

Pavilion. Palace. Stables. A fine Day. Hurdle Race. High Wind. The Race. The Esplanade. Return to London. Conversation on the Road.

THE Pavilion at Brighton is much the most eccentric building I have seen. It is in the Chinese taste, if in any besides its own, being composed of a mass of low walls, out of which rise a number of very singular domes, having their greatest diameter at some distance from the base, and presenting much the figure of an inverted top. At the angles are placed tall stone columns, which are very light and delicate in their proportions, and which, as well as the domes, terminate in quaint ornaments, resembling log-reels. These columns, from their extreme lightness, have the air of tent-poles, and, with the rest, convey the idea of some gorgeous Indian encampment, instead of a palace of massive stone. The columns have a toppling, insecure look; but though the winds blow with great violence at Brighton, none of them have ever fallen.

Having been much struck with the external appearance of this singular and most fantastic edifice, I was not sorry to have an opportunity of seeing it within, which, from the circumstance of the palace being then inhabited, I had not ventured to expect. This advantage was procured for me by the

attentive courtesy of one of the king's aid-de-camps, who, supposing that the sight would be acceptable to me, had kindly offered to conduct me, and fixed an hour for me to meet him. I found him at breakfast, in a large apartment, having much the air of the coffee-house of a French inn. In the centre was a large table, furnished with various condiments, and the universal newspapers, while lords and officers were seated round in table-d'hote fashion, each breakfasting according to his fancy. Some were reading or writing letters, others discussing politics, palace news, military or naval discipline, or fashionable intelligence in high life. One or two had been in America on service with their regiments.

If the Pavillion had seemed curious to me from without, it was not less so when I came presently to look at it within. The dining pavilion was especially magnificent. Its ceiling was formed by the interior of one of those singular domes which I had seen from without. From the centre hung a gorgeous lustre, of a strange design, to correspond with the rest. On one occasion this fell down upon the table with a fearful crash. It was blowing a gale of wind, and the domes being all of iron, covered with metal, yielded a little at such times, and acquired a slight vibratory motion. This was the cause of the accident, and it certainly was very opportune in its occurrence, as my companion observed. Had the catastrophe occurred at a royal banquet, one might imagine what would have been the effects on the nerves of sensitive dames and ladies in waiting.

The paintings and ornaments were in a rather tea-chest taste, yet not, therefore, destitute of grace. They were beautifully executed on linen, with which the walls were lined, representing in a strange arabesque the blended forms of serpents, dragons, and whatever was strange and extravagant, and might therefore be Asiatic. My companion remarked to me, that, though each object was, individually considered, ra-

ther horrible and disgusting, yet the effect of the whole was not by any means displeasing. In passing he pointed out to me the awful table at which the king was wont to sit in the evening with the queen, and one or two privileged favourites. It happened to be the time at which the royal family were likely to be returning from the breakfast-room, and we had to move with much caution, as our proceedings were not exactly in order.

In passing to the stables we traversed the garden, which has none of those beauties that so universally abound in places of the sort in England. The trees are all planted in straight lines, and the walks are stiff and formal. This, however, may be a concession to the unities, and a compliment to the Chinese, though I believe they were the original inventors of what is known on the Continent as the English garden. The stables, however, are very beautiful, and have the reputation of being the finest in the world. They are built in amphitheatric form, with ranges of horse-shoe arches, supported by a colonnade. The taste is decidedly Saracenic, though there is more attention to general symmetry than is found among the Moors. Though this amphitheatre be very vast, almost large enough for a bull-fight, yet it is covered throughout with a glass dome, kept together by an ingenious framework of iron. The stables completely surround the open area, while above, and opening on the corridor, are the apartments of the grooms, postillions, and coachmen. Each horse had a neat straw mat to serve as a carpet to his stall, and on which his bed is made. The temperature was exceedingly warm in this stable, and when the sun shines upon the glass dome, it is said to be very oppressive.

I think, though my opinion is not worth much, that the stables are almost always too warm in England, and the horses too much pampered. They are very apt to get sick, and require constant nursing. I know from experience that

in Madeira, where horses are taken from both England and America, the American horse, of equal figure, will bring a higher price, and is always preferred, as being most serviceable and hardy. Perhaps, however, the English system may produce a finer animal for luxury and show. There is most certainly no country in which the horses are groomed as they are here. In the stables we talked with a trooper who was occupied in clipping the entire coat of a saddle-horse, having come down from his barracks in London for the purpose. This is a new idea, of only a few years' standing. The effect on the appearance of the horse is certainly very improving. This custom has been maintained in Spain from time immemorial, where the mules are clipped annually at the entrance of the summer, though there they remove the whole hair with great address, and have an object separate from ornament, which is to diminish the difficulty of cleaning, and still better to prepare the animal for resistance to the intensity of the heat.

The display of horseflesh was very gratifying. There were four fine bays, and as many grays. I was grieved to see, however, that the saddle as well as coach-horses were mutilated, and without tails. The queen's carriages were exceedingly neat and plain, being chiefly chariots, with seats behind for the footmen, and without boxes. I was very much amused at the sight of a most formidable vehicle, which is used to transport the maids of the royal establishment from palace to palace. Though I had never seen it filled, I was ready, from what I already observed of English maids, to believe that, when duly freighted, it would contain as agreeable a collection of looks, fresh complexions, and wholesome figures, as might anywhere be found. It was known by the humorous name of the Columbus. If the care-worn discoverer could have had that coach-load of comfort with him in some of his wayfarings, it would certainly have been a great and most acceptable solace to his weary soul.

Having forgotten to show me the kitchen, my courteous conductor took me back to the Pavilion for the purpose. There was quite an army of joints, turning by means of clockwork machinery before a coal fire, in readiness for the royal lunch and the dinners of the domestics, while a reserve of haunches of mutton, venison, and poultry, was drawn up on the eminence of a distant table, ready to give at dinner the mercy stroke to the gastronomic capabilities of the day. There were quantities of cooks, scullions, and women preparing pastry. They were scrupulously neat in their appearance, and every thing in the place looked nice, clean, and decidedly English.

Upon the whole, I was pleased with the Pavilion. Though original, eccentric, and unlike any thing else, yet the effect is good. Perhaps it may be considered the most successful architectural oddity that was ever perpetrated. The expense of its construction was of course enormous, and indeed it laid the foundation of the subsequent pecuniary embarrassments of George IV. William, in speaking of it, once remarked, with the plain sense and nautical directness that distinguish him, "Well! though I must say that I should never have built such a place myself, since it is here I will enjoy it." Just as an old quarter-master, left heir-at-law by some departed brother of the compass and cun ladder, to an outlandish pea-jacket, might say, "Well, this is bloody curious, to be sure, with all these out of the way stow-holes" (running his hands into the pockets), "but since Jack has taken the trouble to have it built, and been so kind as to die and leave it to me, why here's put her on, right off the reel; and a bloody good fit it is, too."

I expected to leave Brighton without having seen a glimpse of the sun, or enjoy the comfort of so much as one fine day. Such, however, was not to be the case. The Wednesday subsequent to my arrival the wind lulled, the clouds scattered

themselves, and the sun peeped mildly and languidly out, fighting up the scene with a subdued cheerfulness. When I went forth, after breakfast, I found that others had been waiting for this relenting mood beside myself. The whole town was in an uproar of bustle and preparation. The fox-hunting population, who had been unable to participate in their favourite pastime for many days, were all mounted, and in high feather, spurring gayly through the town, with a polish on themselves and their well-groomed horses, which was likely to be a little dimmed by the adventures of the day.

There was no end to the gigs and equipages of various sorts, turning out on all sides for a drive. The number of pedestrians, also, was not inconsiderable. The females were well clothed, and stoutly and sensibly shod, and wore in their countenances a most pleasing expression of freshness and good health. There were quantities of fine children sporting along the quay, under the care of their nurses, each with its toy of some sort, a pair of dissatisfied dogs, drawing very much against their will, or a pet goat harnessed to a neat phaeton.

The modes of getting rid of time, which seemed to be the great end and object of all, were various. Some lounged into reading-rooms; some sat down deliberately in shops, to make the most of the little business they were blessed with; some had themselves weighed, and were able to judge of their relative condition. Thus was the burden of the day got rid of. In the afternoon all repaired, by common consent, to walk, ride, or drive along the ramparts by the sea-side. There were a great many ladies on horseback, riding beautifully, and with the confidence of assured skill; some were unattended by gentlemen, being followed by their servants; there were two whom I noticed in a phaeton, quite alone, driving a very spirited pair of horses, which one of them managed

with consummate ease and skill; two grooms in livery, and admirably well mounted, followed them at a distance, leaving them quite unembarrassed, and without the fear of being overheard, to make their remarks upon those who were passing. There was every species of equipage represented here, from the pony phaeton to the lumbering fly, which seemed ever on the ascent. Even the queen added her beautiful and rapid equipage, for a moment, to swell and give brilliancy to the concourse.

It would have been difficult anywhere to see a more brilliant spectacle, not only as far as the equipages were concerned and the high bred animals that drew them, but also as respects the collection of men and women which the occasion had assembled. The men were well grown, manly and graceful, with fresh and handsome countenances; the women were most pleasing in their appearance, with an air of health and cheerfulness, added to an expression of great intelligence, in countenances which were, moreover, often radiant with brightness and beauty.

I considered myself particularly fortunate, while at Brighton, to hear that there was to be a hurdle-race over the neighbouring course. This was a new style of racing, which had become very fashionable, and of which I felt very curious to see a specimen. On the morning fixed for it, it blew the usual hurricane. Sailor as I was, though a very tolerable horsemen, I knew better than to perch myself on horseback in such weather, which was just the time for housing masts and striking yards instead of spreading any thing additional to the wind. I engaged a fly, therefore to carry me to the scene of action; but, while I was preparing to go, the driver took himself off. There was not a vehicle in sight, and there was no choice but to walk, which was indeed no very great hardship, as the distance was only a mile. The wind, moreover, was directly aft; and catching against my cloak, outspreading my elbows, drove

me on like a ship under two lower studding-sails, making it only necessary to move my feet at double quick time, without making any muscular exertion whatever.

The hills which overlook Brighton landward, and protect it from the north winds, are called the Downs. They are composed entirely of chalk, being covered with soil to the depth of a very few feet. They are not cultivated, but almost everywhere covered with grass, which serves as an excellent pasture for sheep, producing mutton of superior flavour, which is very celebrated. These hills have a gradual swell, and are not disagreeable objects, though monotonous, and naked of trees. They were to be the scene of the race; and on reaching the allotted spot, I already found the place thronged with people. I at once took refuge in the station-house, to escape from the force of the wind, which here blew with tenfold fury.

On looking round me from this more comfortable post, the scene which presented itself was gay and animated. There was a brilliant assemblage of the rich and distinguished population of the neighbouring watering-places; some were in tasteful chariots, driven by gaily-dressed postillions; others driving four-in-hand: mounted gentlemen followed by their grooms, or others, who were officers, by their orderlies in uniform; the grooms being usually more gaily mounted than their masters. Notwithstanding the violence of the wind, there were even ladies on horseback, though they seemed as if about to be torn into ribands, and driven piecemeal by its violence. Among the more undistinguished throng were groups of private soldiers in their gay scarlet; stout and merry wives from the neighbouring villages, who seemed not at all afflicted by the discomposure of their dress; and numbers of sturdy peasants in smock frocks, leathern leggings, like stockings, and apparently as much fixtures as those of Gurth the swineherd, and having on coarse laced shoes, shod with pounds of iron; there were also venders of cakes and strong beer, attending to the beliests

of these last as they called out roughly—"I say, master, a pint of heavy wet?" Some fellows were trying in various parts of field, not everywhere ineffectually, to start some game they might turn to their advantage, or to get up a fight which might be as useful to them; others, very much out at the elbows, slyly skulked about, watching apparently, for a chance to lift the "blunt," or other moveable property of the unwary, when they should be lost in the excitement of the race.

The ardour which these manly sports are pursued in England, was sufficiently shown by the circumstance of so great a crowd having assembled, notwithstanding the unpropitious character of the day. The wind, indeed, blew with such violence, that the garments of the spectators fluttered on all sides like split topsails in a hurricane at sea; hats, handkerchiefs, shawls, and cloaks, were perpetually escaping, and driving far before the blast. The horses often refused to face it, and turned to escape its force, and in the course of the day I saw, myself, two flies, now first doubtless meriting the name, which were blown completely over, carrying the drivers with them. One of these accidents occurred immediately beneath the station-house, amid a large crowd, where many might have been injured and possibly killed, but, very fortunately, there was no one caught by the overturned vehicle.

The course over which the race was to be run was neither level nor circular. It was nearly two miles long, branching out into an elliptic form at the extremity, which turned the horses, and brought them back again to the stand, by the same road on which they had left it. In leaving the starting place, the horses were to leap, in succession, three sheep-hurdles—a species of wicket-fence, three or four feet high, and used as a temporary enclosure for sheep—placed at distances of a hundred yards from each other, and these were to be again leaped in returning to the winning-post.

The scene was brilliantly animated within the enclosure,

when the cloths were stripped off the horses, and the riders vaulted into the saddle. The horses, ten in number, were stout and powerful hunters, and though not full-blooded, or having a very racing look, yet still appearing well suited to the heavy work that was before them. The riders were all gentlemen, generally riding their own horses, and beautifully dressed in white breeches, top-boots, and caps and jackets of crimson, purple, violet, or tartan. They sat finely and gracefully on their powerful horses, heedless of hurdles, hurricanes, or whatever might betide them, though the feat they were about to undertake was not wholly without its dangers.

At length they all started together, and at a round pace. The horse mounted by the rider in tartan, which was as gallant in his bearing as any, at the outset, refused the very first hurdle, bringing his rider with a sudden bolt completely over his head. He was, however, any thing but a dead man; in an instant he was mounted, and at length fairly forced his horse over. Charging boldly at the second hurdle, his horse bolted again, and he again made a somerset, and so on three times in succession, at each falling on his back or head with more or less violence, but with no diminution of courage. Meantime the rest pursued their way with such fortune as they might. In returning to where the tartan chief was fiercely battling with his recusant charger, two horses swerved in leaping the hurdle, and came with their riders violently to the ground. And thus the race continued through its various heats, the horsemen riding over each other in turn, and each meeting with accidents enough to have killed a dozen, yet the whole ending without one broken bone, or a single one of the hardy horsemen losing heart, however maltreated. The spectacle, on the whole, was the most brilliant one of the sort I had ever seen; and the exhibition of the bold and fearless character which is developed among Englishmen by the pur-

suit of field-sports, was most creditable to the country and pleasing to contemplate.

I was fortunate enough to find a carriage to return in, as meeting the wind face to face would have been a formidable encounter. Indeed, it blew so hard, that it was not without exertion that the horses could draw the carriage down a tolerably steep hill. Sometimes the fly-men would have to descend and draw their horses downward by the head. A few horse-women, scattered along the road, were well-nigh torn asunder by the pitiless blast; and what with fluttering attire, escaping hat, and dishevelled hair, offered the most piteous spectacle in the world. Don Quixote should have been there to add to the variety of his adventures, by battling with the wind in the cause of these distressed damsels. The walkers only got forward by stretching so far out of the perpendicular, as to have the air of men swimming for their lives.

My time at Brighton did not pass very agreeably. The only persons I knew there had left. I afterward found, indeed, that had I overlooked my letters, and cast about me a little, I might have made some useful acquaintancê. One individual, in particular, no less distinguished for the charms of his character than the graces of his mind, and whose kindness subsequently sought me out and loaded me with many and most acceptable favours, heard of my having been there, and regretted that the opportunity had not then occurred of being useful to me. Had I known this circumstance at the time, my situation would have been very different, and all my subsequent movements might have been essentially modified. As it was, my time hung heavily. Though the hotel was a good one, I began to tire of it. The inmates of the coffee-room were, as I before said, very agreeable people. And many of them, discovering by my correspondence—exhibited with the rest each morning on the chimney—that I a foreigner, began to address me and offer me civilities.

I was, however, weary with seeing the landlord enter each day, at the same hour, with a similar leg of mutton, and deposite it solemnly before me; this daily tête-à-tête with a sheep's leg began to annoy me. I took a violent dislike moreover to the waiter. He was a shrewd, clever, and active fellow enough, and not wanting in civility. But his fortunes had elevated him above his sphere, and he was aspiring to be himself an innkeeper. He had accumulated a little property from his gleanings in the coffee-room; the which property he had invested in certain flies, which stood at the inn door for the use of the guests. Now, if a guest required a fly, it was the thing of all others in which he was likely to secure the prompt attention of the waiter; while another, who pined for cotelettes or collops, was left to languish in hopeless and unheeded deprivation.

There were other circumstances about the establishment, with which I was in the humour to be displeased. The house was full of young women of an interesting age, and most of them sufficiently well-looking. These cumbered stairways and passages, and met me at every turning. All their occupations were accompanied by music; thus, a lusty syren who scrubbed about my door, serenaded me every morning with the seductive accents of—"I have loved thee;" while a more sentimental damsel, whose duty it was to fill the pitchers, sighed forth her soul each evening in the fond invitation—"Meet me by moonlight alone!"

The long nights, which, for want of better occupation, I passed alone in my chamber, devoured by ennui, and with the lurid glare of the sea-coal fire scattering a melancholy and partial light around me, were full of misery. The only real pleasure within my reach was to repair to the esplanade leading to the Pier. Here were one or two rude benches under cover from the weather; the surf beat immediately at my feet, while behind, all other objects were excluded by the

high parapet, which protected the town from the encroachments of the sea. During the day this place was much resorted to by fashionable walkers, but by night not a footfall disturbed its silent walks, and then a man might seek out this solitude, and be alone with nature and himself. Here I was wont to repair in the dead of the night, and, enveloped in my cloak, stretch myself on one of these benches. Usually, the sky lowered, the blast swept by, bringing with it an occasional shower, to which the sea would mingle its mists. Then, to contemplate this strife of the elements, and listen to the voice of terror in which they gave utterance to their rage, was to me a peculiar pleasure.

From my youth I had been familiar with the sea, yet never before had I been so impressed with its grandeur. I had lived among its horrors until they had become so familiar to me as my most well-known friends. But now to contemplate the ocean in its angriest mood, from the comfort and security of a sheltered situation, with unnumbered objects of comparison around me, and fresh from the contact with the common circumstances of an everyday existence, heightened immeasurably the sublimity of the scene.

On one single occasion the night was tranquil; though the surf still beat with violence, the wind scarce sighed audibly over the broken waves, and the pale moon looked tremulously forth, silvering the tips of the broken billows, which, though the storm had gone by, and the breeze was gentleness itself, still danced madly, as if in terror of their past agitation. It is in such a moment, and when thus surrounded, that we love to abandon ourselves to the wings of our imagination, to search into the hidden recesses of the memory, and the sacred places of the heart, and bring forth whatever is connected with our tenderest recollections of the past.

At the end of a week I started for London by the Wonder coach, having left Brighton at eight o'clock. The top of the

coach was covered with schoolboys, who were returning to their friends in London to pass the Christmas holydays. Though they might be very well supposed to be half perished with cold, as indeed their vivacious stamping on the roof of the coach sufficiently indicated, yet they were full of glee and meriment, shouting and cheering as we went, as if possessed. So soon as the day dawned they began to shoot peas, through long tubes which they had for the purpose, into the face of every one we met. There were several other coaches similarly blessed; and when we passed each other, the urchins would mutually prepare to fire a volley, which, to judge from the report on our window-glasses of some of the enemy's shots, I should have esteemed any thing but acceptable. The youths of the various coaches seemed mutually to have encouraged the coachmen by words or promises, and to have inspired the dignified knights of the whip with something of their own vivacity, for we bowled along at a wondrous rate, even taking the name of our coach into consideration.

We struck at once to the north, climbing the Downs. As the day dawned, I was pleased with the appearance of that part of the country, which I had missed seeing on the drive down. There were many country-seats, and ornamental cottages of great beauty. In the kitchen-gardens, of which there were many in sheltered situations by the roadside, I noticed it as not a little extraordinary, considering the season of the year, that many vegetables, such as lettuce, spinach, and others, were perfectly green and fresh. The grass was in the same condition. The fields were filled with fat sheep of the South Down breed, the freshness and richness of the pasture sufficiently accounting for their well-fed condition. In others, the cows and oxen were taking their breakfast of dry hay, which had been scattered along the hawthorn trees to make it more tempting.

These cares were attended to by the sturdy peasants, in

white frocks, gaiters, and hobnailed or wooden-soled shoes, who strode forward with indifference through the rain and wet grass. Others, of inferior condition and worse clad, were engaged in breaking flints and sprinkling them on the road, or else in taking off the scrapings, so as to leave it smooth and level. At various points were notices conspicuously placed, proclaiming the penalty which was inflicted on those who should remove the "road-scrapings." The condition of the poor cannot be very enviable where there could be theft of this description.

A little gipsy group, which we saw in the course of the morning, breakfasting under a hedge by the roadside, reminded me of scenes with which I was already familiar through the medium of pictures, novels, and descriptive sketches of English life. There was a little cart, the receptacle of rags, findings, and plunder of various sorts, from which a shaggy pony had been released, to crop the grass along the hedges. The tent had not been pitched; but the family group, consisting of father, mother, and two children, was collected about the teakettle, under shelter of a hedge, and making a meal, which their morning's exertions, and the stimulating effects of the open air, in which they lived, no doubt rendered palatable.

At every six or seven miles we changed horses, an operation which did not delay us more than a minute or two. Sometimes at the foot of a hill, though of so slight elevation as to be scarce distinguishable as such, we would meet a mounted postillion with an extra pair of horses, which, taking us quickly in tow, would whirl us upward at a gallop.

Having passed ten minutes at Crawley for breakfast, we again set forward, and in four hours and fifty minutes from the time of our starting from Brighton, we were set down at the Elephant and Castle, a distance of fifty-eight miles. The best driving indeed in England is found on this road. Many

of the coaches are drawn throughout by beautiful and spirited horses, and some of the drivers are men of ruined fortunes, backsliders from distinguished families. Thus, I was told that one of them was the son of a baronet, and that a rattle-headed marquis, famous as a whip, not unfrequently amused himself in playing the coachman on this road.

My fellow-passengers of the inside were a young couple, who, from the pleasure they seemed to take in each other's society, I imagined to be newly married, and a third person, somewhat older, very particular about the care of his luggage, and the comfortable accommodation of his person, and who, from the confirmed character of his ways and habits, was as evidently a selfish and inveterate bachelor. This last individual was valetudinarian and hypochondriac. He had travelled extensively on the continent; knew a great deal about prices and the expense of living there; had been a little enlightened on the subject of cookery, and knew a thing or two about Rhenish and French wines. During the ride he edified us with a complete history of his complaints, and engaged in conversation with his countryman, sitting opposite to him, about the fashionable news of the Court at Brighton.

I was not a little astonished at the pleasure these people seemed to take in vying to show their acquaintance with the private and familiar history of titled people, to whom it was impossible, from a certain vulgar pretension of manner, that they could themselves be personally known, and in talking of entertainments in high life, and pleasures from which they were necessarily excluded. I subsequently found this unworthy custom to be a sufficiently prevailing one. What most shocked me, however, was the familiarity which the elder traveller showed with some of the inferior arrangements of the king's domestic establishment, and the singular pleasure which he took in describing a Norfolk pie, which the king had lunched from on the preceding Sunday, and of which he had

eaten, the day previous, at dinner. It was evident from his tone and manner, that if there were any act or circumstance of his past life of which he felt that he had reason to be proud, it was the eating of that pie. The reminiscence seemed to kindle within him an atmosphere of self-contentment, equal to the achievement of the most honourable deeds.

As our coach terminated its career in the City, and not at the West End, such of the passengers as were going to the latter transferred themselves to an omnibus, and went off in the direction of Westminster. When the last of us descended to take hackney-coaches in Regent-street, our young couple discovered, to their great dismay, that one of their portmantaus was missing. It was that of the lady, and doubtless contained the jewels and finery with which she had been striving to dazzle the gay world at Brighton. What pen may venture to describe the looks of dismay with which the hitherto happy pair gazed at each separate article, produced from top, and boot, and stow-hole, until all were on the pavement, and saw, that what their eyes so earnestly sought to rest upon, was not! The grief with which Jacob bewailed the loss of Joseph, might convey some notion of the scene; or if, reader, you have ever beheld the terrified solicitude with which a dog, suddenly deposited in a crowd, in a strange city, courses the pavement and seeks for his lost master, you may conceive the anxious and intense bewilderment of our hapless bridegroom. The loss of luggage in America, where people travel in bunches of six hundred, is the commonest occurrence in the world, and occasions sufficient inconvenience, although the missing article, if duly labelled, is sure to return, like another prodigal son; but in London, where fifty thousand of the most ingenious inhabitants live without means or labour upon the goods of their fellow-men, the loser of a trunk has nothing better to do than fold his hands, and utter an exclamation ana-

logous to that of the bereaved Bobadil—"Wo is me, Alhama!"

Having promised to domesticate myself under the roof of the friend who had accompanied me to Brighton, and who had already returned, I took my way to the Begent's Park. Here I found myself most pleasantly situated, in that part of London which I still continued to think the most attractive, even when I had become familiar with the whole metropolis; having almost entire possession of a charming mansion, filled with every imaginable luxury and comfort, and commodious to a degree scarcely known in our own country, with abundance of civil and attentive servants, and a carriage or a saddle-horse perpetually at my disposal. The avocations of my friend and my own, if I might be said to have any, ceased at the same time, and our evenings passed together in a social intercourse, of which his amiable character and agreeable qualities render the recollection most pleasing to me. I began now to believe in the possibility of my being able to weather out, in this snug anchorage, the horrors of a London winter, and to accomplish that which I so much regretted having undertaken. Circumstances, however, very soon occurred to change my plans, and send me, a very willing exile, to sunnier and more congenial climes.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LONDON.

Christmas. Celebrated by Populace. Comparison with Catholic Countries.
 Westminster Abbey. Exterior. Interior. Services. Sermon. Tombs.
 Den of a great Publisher.

THE merry season of Christmas was now approaching; and there was much to indicate that, however the times might have changed, and lost their poetry and pastimes in the more prosaic and utilitarian usages of the age of radicalism and of steam, it was not to go by wholly unhonoured. The shops began to glow out with additional lustre; the goods were displayed in the windows to tempt the passers with more than usual coquetry; and not a few of the lower classes began the prelude, by flourishes of drunken preparation, to the scene of debauchery which the streets of London were presently to exhibit.

Among the more pleasing evidences of preparation for some great feast, in whose joys there were to be many partakers, was the arrival of untold quantities of game by the vans and coaches from every part of the kingdom, whether sent as presents from the country to friends in town, or to swell the stock in trade of some extensive poulter. The game thus transported by coach in England, from one extremity to the other, is packed in boxes or hampers, or else left loose, where the distance is not considerable. Such, indeed, is the influx of game from some of the counties at this season, that the coaches are often exclusively freighted with it; and I saw one coach from Norfolk come whisking up to the Bull and Mouth the day before Christmas, drawn by six smoking horses, and festooned in every direction, body, box, and carriage, with

moor-fowl, hares, and partridges; and exhibiting moreover, for inside passengers, instead of the querulous features of weazen-faced old maids, or the bottle nose of a doughty half-pay officer, or the anxious countenance of a muffled valetudinarian, the most interesting spectacle of dangling goose-heads, looking more than usually silly, or the whitened gills of what had late been vapouring and consequential turkey-gobblers.

The riot had already commenced one day in advance. An ill-judged charity, or their own economy, had furnished the most wretched of the populace with the means of brutal indulgence, and at nightfall the streets of the capital resounded with drunken brawls, and the clamours of a pervading debauchery. That night I went to Covent Garden theatre, to see the Christmas spectacle of Mother Hubbard and her dog. Having tired of this, I went next to Drury Lane, where there was a most brilliant pageant, founded on the fable of St. George and the dragon, and the seven Champions of Christendom. In both places the audience was of a character more disgusting than can be furnished by any other capital in the world.

In the places of inferior price the occupants were sitting in their shirt sleeves, their coats hanging down before the boxes, and sometimes falling; bottles were passing from mouth to mouth, while, immediately below me, sat two ruffians with their sweethearts, who, in addition to their bottles of gin, had a glass to drink it from, either because their tastes were more scrupulous, or because they had an eye to the just distribution of their "lush." One of them, who had but half a nose, kept his arm about the neck of his greasy partner, and indulged in open dalliance, in which, indeed, he was supported by the example of many others, in the face of the audience.

This, in the boxes, consisted chiefly of persons of a tender age of either sex, who, having returned from their boarding-schools to spend the holydays at home, were brought by their

parents to see what they might. The spectacle off the stage was at all events an edifying one; and what with the shouts, groans, the whistling, and deafening din, I left the place at length, completely stunned and heart-sick.

There was nothing very refreshing in the scenes without. Here, too, the air was foul with gas, smoke, and ill odours of every sort. It was raining in a slow, deliberate manner. The streets, and they who perambulated them, were reeking with mud, while the corners and other stations, where a more than usually brilliant display of gas-lights and stained glass announced the position of a gin-palace, were surrounded by ragged throngs, whose flushed faces, tainted breaths, and noisy clamour, gave evidence of the depth of their potations. These groups were not composed alone of the ruder sex, but women from the labouring classes of life, as well as of a more wretched description, mingled in equal numbers. Many swaggered homeward, cursing or chanting a drunken catch, with a bottle in each hand, while others, only singly armed, sustained on the other side an unconscious infant, exposed thus soon to the inclemency of the weather, and doomed to suck its earliest nourishment from a bosom polluted by poisonous ministrings.

It was near two o'clock: the light of day, withdrawn some ten hours earlier, had proclaimed that this was the season meant by nature for repose; yet everywhere the streets were thronged with whatever was unseemly in the spectacle of human degradation. The ears were shocked with slang and obscenity, and from blind alleys, constituting the darker haunts of misery and vice, proceeded the fierce clamour of drunken strife, and reiterated cries of "Murder! murder!"

As I went musing homeward, it was difficult to realize that that which I had contemplated was done in commemoration of the Nativity of our Saviour. It was by drunken orgies, murderous brawls, and shameless prostitution, that the English populace celebrated the advent of Him who came

to establish a pure and unsullied religion—"the Lamb which taketh away the sins of the world." I could not help remembering that the last Christmas had found me among the Mahonese, a people who, being both Catholic and Spanish, had, as such, a double claim to the scorn and pity of Englishmen. What were the circumstances there attending the celebration of Noche Buena—the happy night of all the year?

Why, the streets were gay with groups of mirthful and merry-making maskers, pausing to sing and to dance beneath balcony or veranda, until, as the midnight hour approached that fulfilled the period of the thrice joyous anniversary, all were seen to seek the temple which was to be the scene of its celebration. Behold the vast area of the noble edifice, filled with adoring thousands kneeling humbly on the pavement, as they contemplated the mystery which shadowed forth the scene of the Nativity, the Gothic roof trembling with the glad sounds of angelic hallelujahs, or reverberating to the joyous and life-inspiring strains pealed forth by that noble organ, thrilling the feelings with untold ecstacy, and elevating the soul heavenward with a holy joy, by strains not unworthy of the skies. There was no intoxication, save what might be found in the delirious transports of believers, quickened into a sublime enthusiasm at the advent of the Redeemer.

On Christmas-day my friend drove me to Westminster Abbey, to attend the morning service there, which I expected would be, considering the greatness of the occasion, rich with pomp and ceremony. I had already frequently passed near this noble pile, which in magnificence of extent, grandeur of proportions, and elaborate beauty of construction, compared most favourably with the noblest specimens of Gothic architecture which I had seen, and these included whatever is celebrated throughout Europe. It possesses indeed a symmetrical and homogeneous character throughout, that is not often found in these vast piles, which, erected for the most

part in various succeeding ages, generally bear the impression of the conflicting and discordant tastes of their constructors.

There is, however, one defect in the external appearance which is sufficiently obvious, and this is the too great length compared with the height, though this, within, adds vastly to the character of grandeur and continuity, as you look along the naves from extremity to extremity. This defect of the exterior is moreover increased by the addition of Henry VII.'s chapel, on the east, which is a complete construction in itself, having its own proportions and style of architecture, namely, the florid and highly-ornamented Gothic, and which, however superlatively beautiful when singly considered, is, as forming part of the whole, an ungainly and injurious excrescence.

If, however, there were any impression at variance with unqualified admiration in contemplating this grand structure from without, that impression vanished as I traversed the cloisters, and, passing the noble portal, stood in the midst of columns, and arches, and swelling naves, surrounded by the mighty dead of England, the treasured remains, the sculptured effigies, and the recorded epitaphs of those who have emblazoned our history with the brightness of their deeds, immortalized our language, and shed undying glory on our race.

It was the Poet's Corner, and I would have knelt, in imagination at least, before the effigy of Shakspeare, to offer the passing adoration of my mind and my heart, and to bless him for the elevation and dignity he had conferred on that nature in which I glowed with pride and enthusiasm to feel that I was a common participator. But I was not permitted to pause, being at once ushered by grotesquely-liveried beadles, armed with maces, into the interior sanctuary of the choir, which is a church of sufficient dimensions in itself, fashioned within the central nave of the cathedral, and set apart for the

services of a worship which does not admit of being exercised in so vast and too extended an edifice.

The choir was separated from the body of the Abbey by screens of richly-carved wood, and a lofty organ intersecting the central nave and interrupting the grand effect of its continuous ranges of columns and arches. There was, however, a partial glimpse of its vastness and grandeur above and on either hand, where the eye followed the columns of dark marble as they expanded into pointed arches, supporting in turn the ribbed and fretted roof, which, rich with gilding and blazonry, swelled nobly harmonious above, while at either extremity of the cross, the stained and storied windows admitted a dim and solemn light, which grew and waned perpetually with the fitful alternations of the sky.

The service was about to commence; many of the seats were already filled; and the beadle, having scanned our air and attire to graduate his courtesy, conducted us to a very comfortable seat, holding out, as we entered, his familiar hand to receive the customary gratification. There were many clergymen seated in the stalls of the choir on either hand, while lower down were bands of professional chanters and boys, dressed as in Catholic cathedrals, and contributing, with the effect of the edifice, to carry the mind back to the Romish usages of which it was for so many centuries the scene.

At the chiming of a small bell, telling the quarters, the services commenced. A well-fed, dark-haired, and whiskered clergyman led off in a soft melodious voice, cadenced as in the mass, and the responses were made in the same style from the entire choir, the organ playing the customary accompaniment. The effect of this service was very similar to that of the Roman church, doubtless being precisely that which came in use at the reformation, the Litany being translated, and the English language substituted for the Latin, with preservation of the Roman forms. There was much of the same pomp, and

the well-drilled chanter seemed to study the harmony of his accents more than solemnity of utterance. The effect of the liturgy in this form, in which very important words were occasionally swallowed and lost to the hearer, was not unlike that which is produced—if one might compare a church to a theatre—by the subjection of Shakspeare's sentences to operatic forms. It is, however, but fair to add, that if, as the perversion grew familiar to me, I learned gradually to listen with composure to Othello's song when he was about to stifle Desdemona, as also in process of time I came to like the cathedral service of the Church of England, and to seek every occasion of listening to it.

As for our sermon, instead of glowing with feeling and eloquence, and being filled with exulting pictures of that scheme of redemption which it was Christ's mission to fulfil, it was from first to last a cold and listless declamation about the lusts of the world, the flesh and the devil, uttered, if not with an air of unbelief, at least with one of supreme indifference whether belief were inspired in others. It was almost ludicrous to observe the heartless manner in which the faithful were told that religion must be of the heart. In short, it was quite evident that the sermon was preached because it was paid for, though unquestionably beyond its value. The preacher had a small head, a delicate hand, a decidedly fashionable look, and an extreme air of good tone. Every thing about him, indeed, spoke of a famous salary, the gift of God, by whose providence he had been born of a good family, and showed that he was in no manner indebted to his flock of miscellaneous hearers, who might either repair to, or keep aloof from, a richly endowed establishment, which was alike independent of their charity and their faith.

If I were eager for the close of the sermon because it was a stupid one, I had also an additional motive of impatience in my desire to loiter through the aisles of the Abbey, ex-

examining its rich monuments and eloquent inscriptions, and offering my homage at the shrine of departed genius. In this intention, however, I was frustrated by the assiduous beadles, who headed me off as I was starting on my excursion, ushering me out as rapidly as the rest. This, indeed, was one of the days of the year in which the Abbey is not shown; for the pilgrim, no matter from what distance he may have wandered, is not permitted to approach the remains of Milton and Shakspeare without the payment of money. The sentiments which such a visit is calculated to awaken in a generous bosom are sold for silver, passing into the pockets of the greedy gleaners, or expended in repairs, which might well be met by the ample endowment provided by the piety of past ages, were it not diverted from its legitimate uses to minister to the cravings of sacerdotal avarice.

I had to repeat my visit to the Abbey the following day, and wandered through the precincts, examining the monuments, and reading the inscriptions, with such a feeling of awe and admiration as they were suited to inspire. There is no end, indeed, to the claims to one's attention on every side; for architecture, sculpture, and the consecrating associations of genius, of greatness, and of misfortune, are all here to awaken the admiration, or stir the sympathies with a tender and touching interest.

In the chapel of Henry VII. the mind is awed by the gorgeous character of the architecture, and by the splendour of the monuments which entomb the buried majesty of England's kings; while above are seen the swords, the helmets, and the waving banners of the knights of one of the noblest orders of Christendom, to complete the impression of the scene, and fill the imagination with images of magnificence and pomp. Now, one of the tenderest and most mournful recollections which history and a Shakspeare's muse have traced in the memory is quickened into new life, by the sight of that tomb

beneath which repose the remains of the early victims of a Richard's cruelty; anon, the proud sepulchre of the murdered Mary is seen to mock, by its pomp and gorgeousness, the unequalled misfortunes of that queen, so renowned for beauty, genius, and attraction; who added every loveliness of person to the most bewitching graces of the mind; and who only closed a hopeless captivity, which extended through half a life, begun with every circumstance of auspiciousness and promise, with a death of ignominy and horror.

With what a melancholy feeling does the fancy not revert from the proud effigy of the queen, full of loveliness, and clothed with all the emblems of state and power, to the days succeeding that of her execution at Fotheringay, during which her headless trunk, deserted by her women, who were not permitted to approach it, and render the decencies which the meanest of her sex might have claimed for her remains, lay exposed in a lumber-room, with no death-clothes more becoming than the tatters of an old cloth which had been torn from a billiard-table!

In a chantry over one of the chapels were some wainscot presses, containing wax figures of various princes, heroes, and statesmen. Among them was one of Queen Elizabeth, executed with admirable reality and life, and dressed, as I was told, in garments which she had worn. The figure is tall and commanding; but the face is imperious and forbidding, the complexion bad, and the hair is coarse and caroty. I was delighted to find this evidence that the beauty on which she prided herself, and which she was fain to place in competition with that of her persecuted and murdered rival, had no existence save in her own vanity, and the base flattery of sycophants and courtiers.

Here is also a similar statue, which I gazed on with very different feelings. It is that of Nelson, taken from the life, dressed in his own clothes, and fresh with the hues of health,

On the glass case are those words in which the hero gave utterance to his aspirations, previous to that battle which closed his splendid career—"Victory or Westminster Abbey!" I know not why they should have been placed there, unless to show that, from whatever motive, his last behest had not been held sacred.

In another part of the Abbey is an effigy of like execution, representing Charles I. in the robes which he was wont to wear at Windsor, at the installation of the knights of the Garter. It bespeaks the same genius, the same amiability, the same mournfulness, the same presentiment of melancholy and misfortune to come, which characterize those noble portraits of Vandyke, who seems, as it were, to have shadowed forth in anticipation the fate of his illustrious patron. How sorrowful is the nature of those feelings which are awakened by the contemplation of this countenance, in whomsoever has a heart to admire genius or to pity misfortune! Brave, generous, talented, courteous, full of tenderness and romantic devotion to the gentler sex, Charles, with all the nobler and better qualities of Mary Stuart, was a stranger to her vices. Yet, like her, he died on the scaffold; though, in his case, popular violence, and not the jealousy and feigned dread of a rival, aimed the blow.

Among the objects of curiosity preserved in Westminster Abbey are the famed Doom's-day book, and the stone brought from Scone, with the regalia of Scotland, by the first Edward, and reputed to be that veritable pillow on which Jacob reclined during the night when his sleep was so disturbed by terrifying visions. Perhaps there could scarce be devised a surer provocation to dreams, than a pillow such as this. My own tastes led me, however, rather to dwell upon the beauty or associated interest of the monuments and the eloquence of the inscriptions, than to attend to the claims of these venerable representatives of a remote antiquity. The circum-

stances, however, under which the Abbey is seen, are not very favourable to the indulgence of those feelings which almost every object is suited to awaken. Whoever has visited Westminster Abbey, will bear witness with me to the annoyance and disgust which are awakened in the mind by the low slang, the unintelligible jargon, the grotesque and cockney commentaries of the mercenary and degraded showmen, disturbing as they do perpetually, the current of gentle thought and melancholy musings.

Many pieces of sculpture here possess great beauty. Among those which arrested my attention, I was most struck with one by Roubillac. It represents a beautiful lady reposing in the arms of her husband, while Death is seen starting from the half-open lid of a sarcophagus beneath, grasping in his skeleton hand a dart, which he directs to the heart of his victim. Her spirit seems to fade at the approach of the unerring weapon. The husband, overcome with dismay, in vain clasps her in an affectionate embrace, which is yet powerless to protect her from the grim King of Terrors, whose whole figure expresses a singular ruthlessness, energy, and exultation, which the sculptor, with inconceivable and perplexing art, has been able to infuse into a mere fleshless skeleton.

There are also two statues by Chantrey, one of Canning, the other of Watt, the engineer, which conveyed to me an idea of the genius of that artist very different from, and very superior to, that which I had formed from his statue of Washington, in which he has treated the grandest subject that ever fell into his hands, whether we consider the history and character of the individual, or the nobleness of his form and features, without genius or skill. Canova's conception of the hero was of a far different character. There is something god-like and sublime in his noble creation, at once honourable to Canova, and worthy of Washington.

There was one circumstance which struck me as extraordinary, as I loitered through the aisles, and this was the frequent evidence of recent mutilation. This is particularly noticeable in the monument to the memory of Major Andre. There are a number of bas-reliefs about it, which have been purposely injured, the nose been broken from most of the figures. If it had been an old monument, dating previous to the Commonwealth, the origin and cause of this destruction would have been sufficiently obvious; for Cromwell's followers, in their double capacity of Presbyterians and plebeians, had an equal horror for images of all sorts, and for whatever they might conceive to be either idolatrous or aristocratic; wherever they passed they dealt largely in mutilation, and were as fatal to marble noses as some diseases are to real ones. This monument of Andre, however, is of our own times. There was nothing in his fate to excite other sentiments than those of pity, and the mutilation of his monument can only be taken as an evidence of a popular propensity for destruction.

It is in the Poet's Corner, however, that the pilgrim's footsteps most fondly linger. It is there that his eyes—haply, not unsuffused with tears—trace and retrace names and study lineaments connected with his sublimest and tenderest associations, until at length his fancy almost places him in communion with the idols of his imagination. In no place, perhaps, is the sentiment of gratitude so nobly awakened as in this; a gratitude which is not onerous, which calls for no return but itself, which is freely rendered as a fit tribute for unalloyed pleasures, for happy hours, and endearing associations, for accessions of ideas which we could never have invented ourselves, and which yet became henceforth and for ever our own.

It is no bold assertion, no childish dealing in extravagant and unfounded superlatives, to say, that no place in the world is capable of recalling so many associations, connected with

whatever is most godlike in human genius. Supposing each country to have—as it has not—a like hallowed receptacle for the remains of its most honoured children, yet which other of modern times can boast such a name as that of Shakspeare?—Where shall we look for the counterpart of the divine Milton?—Where else for the god-like and intuitive perception of the secrets of nature,—for a genius so nearly kindred to that which created it,—as that which characterized Newton, who, in the words of his epitaph—“first solved, on principles of his own, the figure and motions of the planets, the paths of comets, the ebbing and flowing of the sea, the nature of light, and the real character of the colours which arise from it, and by his philosophy maintained the dignity of the Supreme Being?”—How great reason have not mortals to pride themselves in the existence of such an ornament of their race!”

The monuments of the Poet's Corner are blackened by time and the intrusion of an impure atmosphere; but the memory of those to whom they are sacred is still and will ever be green in the hearts of their countrymen—of their countrymen on either side the ocean, whose intervening depths have no power to modify the common sentiment of love; and their fame, instead of being consigned to the sole keeping of those who dwell within the narrow circuit of this little yet most renowned isle, is fast spreading itself over the boundless regions of a vast continent, whose population are equally its guardians; the preservers alike of that which they wrote, and of the language in which it was written; who are imbued with their sentiments, and have been ennobled by their inspirations; at whose firesides their busts take their place beside those of a Washington and a Franklin, the patriots who have bequeathed freedom to the land, and are enrolled among the household gods of a people whose homage and admiration are not frittered away in sentiments of indiscriminating loyalty to kings and princes, but reserved in their integrity, to be of-

ferred as an undivided and undegraded tribute at the shrine of heroism and genius.

There was one parting regret with which I took leave of Westminster Abbey. I had seen many names there which had never seen before, and which I ceased to remember ere I had left the cloisters; but I looked in vain for the familiar and honoured one of the chancellor Bacon.

In a quiet street of the more aristocratic region of London, is the well-known den of a great publishing lion. No gilded sign, no obtrusive placards hung flauntingly in the street, are seen to catch the eye of passing stranger, and exercise their eloquence in converting him into a customer. A brass plate on the door alone announces a name familiar to title-pages, and connected in the mind with much that is most valuable in the literature of the age. Within this door a long room is seen, with well-filled shelves of books on either hand. A counter of polished oak on the left is strewn with reviews, elegantly printed prospectuses of forthcoming works, or beautiful volumes of tempting aspect, which announce the last triumphs of the press. Behind this a single clerk is seen engaged with his accounts, while in the obscurity beyond, a plodding shopman is busy, preparing boxes and parcels to be despatched to country customers by coach or van, and carry the latest edification or amusement to aristocratic halls, or the rural retreats of the curious and the intelligent.

So much may be discovered by whoever may wish to become the purchaser of a book. He who may have claims or courage to penetrate beyond, will discover a green door having a small glass peep-hole, concealed by a taffeta curtain of the same colour, and intended to reconnoitre indigent authors and pertinacious men of genius, the ponderous producers of voluminous epics, who, after years passed in dreams of immortality, and in the confidence of assimilation to a Shakespeare and a Milton, begin, at the end of an hour's attendance

in the anteroom of the literary accoucheur, first to doubt the excellence of their embryo, and go away at length, sunk from their high estate, and bursting with choler and vexation, at being told that what has cost them so many pangs is not worthy to be brought into the world.

Perhaps there is not in the wide world an object more pitiable than the self-imagined man of genius, when thus rudely awakened from his delusion. If a sense of power and a conviction of superiority be indeed, as is said to be the case, the common concomitant of genius, a modest diffidence and doubt is quite as usual a one. The first, indeed, is often attended by a prurient imagination, undirected by good taste, or an effervescence and pseudo poetry of feeling, unaided by any day-spring of ideas. When such a man arouses from his dream of god-like genius at the rude touch of the publisher's pencil,—scratching upon his manuscript the damnatory sentence—"Not of a description suited to the taste of the day—" or—"Mr. Blank, being much engaged, declines publishing,"—to the waking conviction, that instead of an inspired and immortal poet, he is only a miserable rhymers; and that he has wasted in the production of lame and limping verses the time that with security of profit might have been advantageously employed in the casting up of accounts,—his situation must be miserable indeed.

The individual who, carried forward by his own impudence, or freely admitted, reaches the inner sanctuary beyond this mysterious door, discovers a small neat room with a few necessary articles of furniture; two or three chairs and a writing-table, whose pigeon-holes are stuffed with blotted manuscripts, a few elegant volumes, and some costly engravings, the meditated embellishments of forth-coming works. If the lion should not have disappeared by some one of the various sally-ports, invented for the purpose of escape from unwelcome visitation, but be found in his den, the visitor beholds

himself, face to face, with an individual slightly touched by time, yet firm and elastic in his step, and with an air of activity and health; neat in his dress, of a gentlemanlike appearance, polished manners, and as much fluency of speech as falls commonly to the lot of his countrymen; and he is not sorry to have the opportunity of an interview with one, who has been the best patron of literature in an age teeming with literary production; to whose promptings and liberality we are perhaps indebted for some of the noblest productions of our or of any times; who, wresting patronage from the hands of nobility, became himself nobility's patron: and who, standing between the public and the author, became the director of a bounty so much more valuable than that of princes, the bounty of the public.

Perhaps it may even be the lot of our visitor to penetrate to the apartments above, and to admire, with no common feeling of pleasure, the choice collection of manuscripts and letters, the originals of those which have attracted so much interest, and of whatever is most valuable in literature, there interspersed with noble portraits of some of its modern producers—men who have almost monopolized the attention of the age which they honoured, and who were the frequent breathers of this literary atmosphere, which their presence has consecrated. They who have had the opportunity of knowing will tell you, moreover, that these precincts, which genius has hallowed, are still the not unfrequent resort of such choice spirits as remain, and that the feast of reason there celebrated, is not the less so for being blended with banqueting of a more substantial character.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND.

Leave London. Spread Eagle Coach. Road to Dover. Steamer. Voyage. Fellow-travellers. Disembarkation. Hotel Quillacq. Comparison of France and England. Conclusion.

THE period of my leaving England came upon me very suddenly, and with little previous intimation. I received, on the first day of the new year, a note from the amiable and intelligent young friend, who, at an age inferior to my own, so creditably filled the important station of our diplomatic agent at St. James's, requesting me to charge myself with despatches for our Minister in Madrid, containing his new powers accrediting him to the government which had succeeded that of Ferdinand.

The civil war which has continued with such disastrous fury to rage in the north of Spain, since the accession of Isabella II., had already commenced. The ordinary communications were intercepted on the direct route for some distance beyond the French frontier; couriers were perpetually interrupted, and despoiled of their papers; and the latest gazettes brought intelligence of the detention and maltreatment of a French Secretary of Legation, his escort having been fired into. There were daily accounts of forays, charges, and loss of life, without much attention to the claims and immunities of strangers to the quarrel, even when they happened to be recognised. The service was then one of some difficulty, which, as an officer of the government, familiar, moreover, with the language and manners of the country to be traversed, I did not feel at liberty to decline.

I had, to be sure, a conscientious wish, growing out of some

perseverance or obstinacy of disposition, by whichever name the quality may be dignified, to acquit myself of the literary undertaking which had brought me to England, however distasteful it had already become to me; still, the alacrity with which I undertook the service proposed to me, the pleasure and return of cheerfulness, to which I had long been a stranger, with which I hurried through the various preparations consequent upon so sudden a change of purpose, and the undisguised and overflowing joy with which I took my seat the very next morning in the Spread Eagle coach for Dover, with a charge of some importance upon my mind, an immediate motive for exertion to arouse me from my stupor, all convinced me that, treacherous as was the feeling to the purpose which had brought me from my home, I was not sorry to escape from that merry England, which to me, at least, had proved to be otherwise, and to have the sunny Spain gleaming brightly in my recollection, as the end and object of my journey.

Our coach at starting was surrounded by the customary venders of knives, pencils, newspapers, and maps of the road, not forgetting the eloquent Hibernian who held up Hood's Comic Annual, with the solemn assurance that it would make us laugh the whole way to Dover. My fellow-passengers within consisted of a Scotch lady and her son, who were going to reside at Honfleur, and a young Anglo-Frenchman from Mauritius, just turned adrift in the world, without any superfluity of ballast, and who had a famous scar on one side of his nose, which sufficiently indicated that he was of an adventurous disposition.

As far as Gravesend the road was the same which I had traversed on my first journey in England. Towards Rochester the country lost its level character, and became more broken and picturesque than any that I had yet seen in England. The hills were higher, and more boldly undulated; and al-

though the soil was only two or three feet deep, reposing, wherever it was revealed beneath the surface, on a bed of chalk, yet it was every where in a high state of cultivation, and, where left in grass, still beautifully verdant.

Ascending a hill we came, at the summit, in sight of Rochester, charmingly situated on the Medway, which is here a considerable arm of the sea, navigable for coasting vessels, of which there were a number, with their sails loosed to dry, in the harbour. A fine stone bridge traversed the stream, and above it, on the bank beyond, were seen the crumbling battlements of an ancient Norman castle. Out of the heart of the town rose the tall roof of the cathedral, which is of Gothic construction and of great antiquity. As we crossed the bridge and rattled down the main street, we passed numbers of the officers in garrison, tall, dashing, well-dressed fellows, who, beset with listlessness, were eyeing the young women from the various corners and crossing-places, and meditating mischief for others and amusement for themselves. One sea-lieutenant, whose tarnished epaulet and buttons told of poverty and salt water, came rolling down the street with a noble lump of a wife in tow on his arm. It was an illustration of the difference between the soldier and sailor, and the decided propensity of the last to be caught, especially when he comes ashore after a long cruise, and find himself, at the sight of the first woman, irresistibly beset by the pleasing idea of having a wife of his own.

At the last relay before reaching Canterbury there was a curious, though not a very interesting spectacle, at the inn door. Immediately in front of it lay a drunken soldier of the forty-sixth regiment, wallowing in the dirt, and without power to recover his legs. His red coat, and pipe-clayed belts, which bore the marks of recent good keeping, were sadly smeared with mud. In the midst of his abortive efforts to move his body, his tongue ran glibly enough, recounting the history of

his regiment, and telling how he was going on furlough. The landlady, being very much scandalized, was very anxious that he should take the benefit of his leave and set forward immediately, and encouraged, with this motive, a benevolent, young rifleman, who was endeavouring to aid him, with the promise, should he succeed, of what would have made him as glorious as his comrade. One of our passengers, who seemed to be knowing in these matters, called from the top of the coach to give him some mustard. There was something irresistibly ludicrous in the demurrer of the drunken man, who, with a knowing squint, rejected the prescription—"Mustard, eh! mustard! as much liquor as you like, but no mustard!" Meantime, all the village urchins had gathered about, and were looking on observingly. They were dressed in breeches and yarn stockings, or leggings, and had a very old-fashioned look.

After a bad dinner, eaten in a great hurry, at Canterbury, we set forward, and reached Dover at eight o'clock, descending a sufficiently precipitous road, through a ravine, which at this place interrupts the perpendicular character of the lofty cliffs beneath which Dover is situated. Having taken a cup of tea at the inn which the coach stopped at, and which, considered as an English inn, was not particularly good, I strolled forth to look at the piers, the basin, and whatever else might be discovered in a dark and gusty night.

At five o'clock we were all roused in readiness to take the packet for Calais. Soon after the steward came, with the message that we might make ourselves quiet for a couple of hours, as the tide would not serve until seven. Some of the passengers addressed themselves to the business of getting breakfast, while I set about writing a letter. Suddenly we were told that the packet was casting off, and would be at sea in a moment. "Six shillings and sixpence;" cried the landlord; "Waiter, sir! waiter!"—"Boots, sir! if

you please, boots!"—"Please don't forget the chambermaid, sir!" said a pretty, smiling girl, stretching forth her hand and naked, well-rounded arm.

In other moods, this last might have been a redeeming circumstance; but in the midst of the confusion of collecting effects, attending to those demands which were not to be resisted, as the appellants placed themselves in the road, anxiety to bundle one's self into the steamer, and apprehensions of being left, it was only an additional annoyance. When I reached the pier the steamer had swung her bow off, and had given one preparatory snort ere she set herself in motion. A desperate leap carried me on to her quarter, and on looking round, I was made happy in discovering that my household gods, portmanteau, bag, and hat-case, were all around me. Not so the Anglo-Frenchman, who, ere long, became aware that he had parted company with an enormous chest, which had already occasioned him much annoyance, and which contained, as he said, forty shirts to begin. The youth bore the deprivation with a philosophic placidity, that papa, had he been there, might not have participated in.

In a minute after, we had passed the pier-head, and were at sea in the open Channel. This was an artificial harbour excavated into the open coast, and when we had passed the tide-light at the pier-head, without prelude of any sort, we commenced rolling forthwith. The wind was strong from the south-west, and the jib and foresail were set, to help along and steady her; still the motion was short, quick, lurching, and intolerably disagreeable.

The day had not yet dawned; it was squally with passing rain, and a gale which strengthened each instant as we left the shelter of the coast. Shakspeare's Cliffs, and the opposite eminence crowned by the old Castle of Dover, overhung us for a brief interval, while, in either direction, the frowning

and inhospitable coast might be discovered for a short distance through the gloom, while northward were seen two enormous lights, looming out like rival suns, shining portentously through a fog on the Banks of Newfoundland.

Presently we discovered a large ship standing for the shore, which was not half-a-mile distant. One of the sailors reassured me, however, concerning her position, by telling me that there was no danger while the lights were in sight. The moment they were shut in, it would be time to tack. In a few minutes more the coast, the Cliffs, and Castle had equally disappeared. Nothing of the land was seen except the two looming lights, and the only other object visible was our little steamer, fretting and plunging through the agitated sea, and emitting a black smoke, more dismal than the frowning clouds above, and which, scattered furiously by the wind, soon hastened to mingle with them.

If the scene without were wild and terrific, that within was ludicrous and disgusting. The passengers, a few minutes before replete with life and activity, and taken up with earnest attention to their effects, were now stretched lifeless, some below, others on deck, heedless of spray or rain, in the presence of a more overwhelming calamity; all, however, whether above or below, were equally provided with basins by fellows whose daily business it seemed to be to distribute them. The provocative to sea-sickness appeared, naturally enough, to be in almost every instance irresistible. The coolness and system with which this thing was done was really chilling; and I fled at each approach of a basin-bearer—offering his commodity as if he were handing about refreshments—with mortal apprehension.

Among the passengers were many young ladies completely overcome, drifting from side to side, abandoned by their companions, and receiving scant courtesy from the crew, to whom the spectacle was neither novel nor heart-rending. Among

the various persons thus sorely discouraged at the outset of their travels, I noticed an immense young lubber more than six feet high, who was done up in various water-proof cape, cloaks, and comforters, apparently provided for this very emergency. I never saw a more abortive personification of comfort.

A more sentimental and less sick companion of his, talked to him in the interval of his own spasms, concerning the picturesque grandeur of the scene, and the wild agitation of the elements. He presently added, as a consolatory salvo—"You are too sick, however, to enjoy fine scenery." The stont lubber, thus taunted, presently picked himself up, and began stumbling about in search of the picturesque, on two long and formidable supporters, which would have been doubtless more at home on either side of a hunter. His efforts to stalk about, now grabbing the shrouds, now the funnel, anon a stout woman, adrift like himself, were about as successfully abortive as the movements of a chicken with its head cut off. At last he let go his hold of the screaming woman, gave up the pursuit of the picturesque, and made himself comfortable in the lee scuppers.

A few awful hours, which made up an age of misery, brought us in sight of the French coast, and of a bark which seemed to have a signal of distress up. This very neighbourhood is at this season the yearly scene of many shipwrecks, attended not unfrequently with deplorable loss of life. To our great annoyance the tide was out, and we were obliged to anchor, at the distance of a mile or two from the coast. The town of Calais loomed out through the storm. Two nolly constructed quays stretched from the port, in which the vessels lay aground far seaward. The extremities of these were covered with people, while others wandered along the strand, seeking for whatever remnants of wrecked vessels or ruined cargoes the tide might have have left there. A bellry on the

end of the quay seemed placed there to ring an alarm and to call for succour, in the event of any signal of distress from seaward.

Ere long a number of stout boats put off to disembark us. Every one, short as had been our voyage, sighed to enjoy the wished-for land as earnestly as the tempest-tossed Æneas. I was anxious to secure a place in the mail, having an object of importance which precluded me from being ceremonious, and therefore dashed in forthwith. Many followed; among them a lady, who, being nearly separated from her party, was dragged in by her companion, while the boatman, pronouncing their boat already overladen, attempted to resist it, she vibrating half overboard on the gunwale. We were a confused heap of passengers and portmanteaus, some of the first as lifeless as the last. One stout young fellow, having mustered strength to escape from the scene of his tortures, lay down as dead.

Some young Englishmen, commencing already the business of abuse, which was to be the chief occupation of those travels which they were about to begin, exercised their returning sensibilities in ridiculing our boatmen. Perhaps they did not handle their oars quite so skilfully as Englishmen would have done, and it might, moreover, be objected, that they made more noise than was necessary. To blame them for chatting was to blame them for being Frenchmen. Yet they were cheerful in their toil, which was something, and their shouts were shouts of encouragement.—“*Tirez, mes enfans! tirez! doublez le point!*” This was not so easily said as done. The tide ran out as furiously as the breakers came in. Though the men on the quay waved to us perpetually, indicating the deepest water, yet we repeatedly grounded astern, our bow would be swept out by the tide, and the broadside coming round to the breakers, they would come over us most refreshingly for a January day. I had about two

barrels full to my share, and it was quite enough to render me comfortably moist.

At length, some men on the beach, prompted by a charitable benevolence, for which I thanked them from the bottom of my heart, bethought themselves to send off a buoy and line to us. This being attached to our bow, we were quickly drawn upon the beach; and a precious draught of drenched and sea-sick sinners it was. As the boat would not come up high and dry, we were obliged to be carried on shore by the fishermen, who waded off to us, two carrying a lady in their locked arms, and one a man, mounted as on horseback. Our young hero of the manifold caps and waterproofs, whether scorning to be carried by a Frenchman, or dreading the imposition which, under circumstances of similar necessity, would have been practised in his own country, or taking counsel of his manhood alone, boldly stepped into the sea, and marched forward with the faith of Peter.

The beach presented a singular scene. The spectacle of wet luggage, and soaked, sea-sick, chop-fallen passengers, was most deplorable. Not one of all the rescued but looked as though he had been recently indebted for resuscitation to the apparatus of the Humane Society. Such shawls, such bonnets, such watered silks, and such dishevelled hair!—above all, such whiskers! A whisker, when in its highest feather, and in all the pomp and pride of pommade, and of cire, and of consummate keeping, is assuredly a thing to be admired.—But what spectacle is there so deplorable as your drowned, —your crest-fallen,—your dejected whisker? When I looked round, indeed, on the whiskered faces about me, and remembered my own destitution, I was disposed to feel any thing but envious.

The strange people among whom we had made so undignified an entry, were also in some measure objects of curious attention. The phlegm of the other side of the channel had dis-

appeared in the course of a few hours. Every thing was done with much noise and controversy, accompanied by earnest gestures and almost frantic cries. Here, too, the national drollery and sense of ridicule began already to assert itself, among these uncultivated fishermen, one of whom, looking at our tall worthy, who was no less extraordinary on shore than he had proved himself afloat, pronounced thus prematurely a verdict of absurdity, which was sure to be confirmed by the more enlightened judgment of the Boulevards and the terrace of the Tuileries—" *Commei il est drole, ce gros gaillard!*"

There was much to admire in the conduct of the crowd.— They were not troublesome, obtrusive of their services, vexations, of mercenary, and indications of intemperance were nowhere to be seen. The man who carried me on shore, instead of stipulating for half a guinea, when midway from the boat to land, under penalty of depositing me, could not be found soon after to receive his compensation. The *Douaniers*, though firm and dignified, incapable of any low and vulgar tackling or accessibility to bribery, were yet most civil and obliging, yielding their personal aid in protecting and transporting the luggage to the custom-house. Every functionary vied in courtesy; so that when I had been to the post-office to secure my place in the Malle, I traversed the ancient Place d'arnes of this famous old city, and entered the Hotel de Quillacq with a cheerfulness and *gaieté de cœur* to which I had long been a stranger.

The inn was an extensive quadrangle, with a porte cochère and an open courtyard. At one side was the remise, well filled with britskas and travelling carriages. A chariot, covered with a profusion of boxes, hat-cases, and leathern conveniences was drawn up at the foot of the principal stair-way, and Quillacq in person had just closed the door upon some people of rank who had that moment entered. Two postillions, each conducting a pair of stout, stubborn, serviceable-looking

horses, and whose gaiety, in sympathy with their lively livery, seemed in the inverse ratio of the heaviness of their boots, now cracked their whips and set forward with many shouts. Quillacq bowed low, and the great personages having departed, made room for the humbler to take their place.

My room was neatly and tastefully furnished, and the French bed had a very tempting look to one long cut off from its comforts. But there were other and more interesting cares. It was past noon, and as yet I had not eaten; so changing my dress, I descended without unnecessary loss of time to the coffee-room. It was quite plain and uncarpeted; a wood fire burnt in a Franklin stove at the farther corner; the chairs were of the simplest form; a few engravings ornamented the walls; while through frequent windows on street or courtyard, God's light streamed in in untaxed abundance.

I rang the bell with a hasty and energetic jerk, suited to convey the idea of a hungry man. "Voila Monsieur!" said the waiter, overflowing with alacrity. I set forth the nature and urgency of my wants, with sober truth and earnestness, and with the eloquence that was in my feelings, and which, ere long, was productive of comfortable results. Meantime, I meditated upon the land which I had left, and that in which I had arrived. It is impossible to deny that in many of the nobler points of character, the English greatly excel their more mercurial neighbours. Without assuming their alleged superiority in one particular, intimately connected with the well-being of society, namely, female virtue, there are many others in which their advantage is undoubted. In the matter of patriotism and public probity, for instance, where would you look in France for such a man as Lord Althorp, now Earl Spencer, and where for individuals or parties capable of appreciating him? A man who, endowed simply with plain good sense, and right judgment seeking its dictates in the counselling of an honest heart, possessing no superiority of

genius, and unaided by any power of eloquence, was yet able creditably to fill the station which a Pitt and a Fox had illustrated by the brilliancy of their talents, and to carry with him on all occasions a weight, an influence, and an adhesion, such as his illustrious predecessors could not often command,—a man whose sole power consisted in the unbounded confidence yielded by his countrymen, to the rectitude of his intentions and the probity of his character.

Such a man in a French Chamber would have been a *ganache* and a *farceur*, or at best a *pauvre homme*. There, on the contrary, the high places are filled by men of brilliant genius, subtle in intrigue, and expert in delusion. If you compare Lord Althorp with Thiers, you have a just measure of the value attached to public virtue and integrity in the two countries; the first such as we have described him; the second sacrificing every thing and everybody to his own advancement, and immoveably strong in the possession of office, at a time when he was suspected of having used the political knowledge conferred by his station, and the secrets of the telegraph, for stock-jobbing purposes and the rearing of his own fortune. Whether the accusation were true or false is of no importance. It shows that the thing was possible and susceptible to belief; the suspicion alone in England would have driven a public man into infamous and irrecoverable retreat. One circumstance alone is sufficient to give the measure of political honour and public probity in France; the fact that Frenchmen have been capable of believing in the base and mercenary speculation of a king, whom, by a spontaneous feeling, they chose to reign over them as the mirror of every princely virtue. The confidence which an honourable man must feel in his own integrity, will ever make him slow to doubt the integrity of others.

If, however, the better classes in England excel those which correspond in France, in many noble virtues essential to the stability and happiness of a state, the comparison ceases to

be advantageous as you descend to the inferior conditions of life. In France the lower classes are found to be sober, honest, civil, courteous, actuated by a genuine sense of politeness, instead of being characterized by every vicious propensity, and taking pleasure in the exhibition of a gratuitous brutality. The reason of this difference is obvious enough. Regenerated by their revolution, relieved from the odious distinctions and the oppressive burdens by which they were degraded and crushed, the French have won for themselves that equality, which, as it is the dearest want, is also the most ennobling attribute of our nature.

In addition to the pervading courtesy of the lower classes, there are other circumstances which not a little contribute to make the condition of the passing stranger pleasing in France. It is the amiable philosophy of the land to enjoy each passing moment; to make the most of every means of gratification that accident scatters in the way; to contribute to the pleasure of those whom chance casts, however momentarily, beside one, as a means of promoting one's own. Hence, in entering a French diligence or taking one's seat at a table d'hôte, instead of forbidding frowns, or at best a silence, eloquent of ill-nature, one is greeted by kind words and smiles, and delighted by the amiable attention to those little courtesies and trifling kindnesses, which, however inconsiderable in themselves, contribute, in no slight degree, to make up the happiness of life.

But one of the most pleasing contrasts is in the matter of meals. Every thing that this important subject embraces in France, is civilised and unexceptionable: the hours everywhere uniform, and neither too early nor too late; instead of the seclusion of one's separate corner, the social feeling, and the well-bred conviviality of the common table; the solitary beefsteak with its attendant potatoes, replaced by the abun-

dant variety which results from the spirit of combination ; but, above all the stupid roast and boiled, the miserable turnips and the cabbages—that my pen should write the hateful word ! —substituted by the noblest triumphs of our modern civilization, the triumphs of the French kitchen. Where, in England, could my complacent eyes have reposed upon such tempting mutton cutlets, such a dainty omelette, such rich cafe au lait, as now greeted my delighted vision in the Hotel Quillacq ? But perhaps the most eloquent eulogium that one can pass on a charming breakfast, is to do justice to its attractions fork in hand. Besides, it is past twelve ; we have been toiling all day ; exposed to the peltings of the pitiless storm, and moistened with salt water as well as fresh. With your leave, therefore, kind reader ! let us say adieu !

IN conclusion it may be proper here to state, that the writer returned to England, some months subsequent to the period to which the foregoing pages refer, that he travelled, with far greater gratification than on his previous visit, extensively over the United Kingdom, keeping notes of whatever he saw ; the very extent of which might, had not this essay already satisfied him, alone deter him from the task of preparing them for the press, though relating simply to matters that came under his observation as an ordinary traveller, and not in any instance to dinners, balls, or drawing-rooms, or any scenes of a private nature, to which the courtesy and kindness of those to whom he became known procured him admission.

He would not wish to relieve himself of the debt of gratitude thus imposed upon him by so cheap a recognition, and his vanity is not of the sort to be gratified by the accidental association of illustrious names. Yet he cannot help regret-

ting that his sense of propriety, and of what is due to the privacy of families whose hospitality submitted them to his observation,—and which, from being elevated, are not therefore excluded from the claims to remain sacred from being dragged into public exhibition, to gratify the small pride of a book-maker, or the prurient curiosity of such as may seek to become well-bred by external imitation rather than by cherishing elevation and nobleness of sentiment within themselves,—should prevent him from drawing pictures of domestic life alike creditable to the individuals and the country to which they belong, and of a state of society characterized by intelligence and refinement, though chiefly known among us through the blackened and perverted caricatures of writers, who have ascribed the vices of a few individuals to a whole class, and affixed to characters intended as portraits, the unnatural and distorted sentiments that are peculiar to themselves.

Believing, however, that the popular manners of Ireland furnish a theme for amusing description, and that the mode of writing adopted in this work on England might be applied more advantageously in describing the sister kingdom, the writer will at least promise himself to prepare for publication the account of his travels in that country.

FINIS.



INDEX.

CHAPTER I.

THE VOYAGE.

Departure from New-York. Scenes in the Bay. Leaving the Land. Survey of the Ship. Night View in Scudding before a South-wester. The Watch on Deck. Hard Life of Merchant Sailors. Review of Ship's Company. 9

CHAPTER II.

THE CHANNEL.

Strike Soundings. Land. Escape from running down a brig. St. Alban's Head. The Pilot. Isle of Wight. British hardihood exemplified by a Pilot. The Needles. Animated spectacle in entering the harbour. Anchor near Spithead. The Navarin and Skipper Sam. Fate of the missing Pilot. 21

CHAPTER III.

PORTSMOUTH.

Sail to Portsmouth in the Navarin. Sensations on Landing. A Stage-coach. Dress and Appearance of the Population. Buildings and Shops. The Invisible Dock-yard. Sailors on Shore. English Steamers. A Family Group. 32

CHAPTER IV.

THE KENTISH COAST.

Leave Portsmouth. Beachy Head. Dunge Ness. Lighthouse sinecures. River Pilot. Shipwrecks. Appearance of the Coast. Hythe. Dover. Cinque Ports. The Downs. Kentish Wreckers. 46

CHAPTER V.

THE THAMES.

English Coasting Craft. French Fishermen. Ramsgate and Margate. Kentish Watermen. Tales of Shipwreck. The Convict Ship. Dangers of the Thames. Navigation of the River. The Nore. Approach to Gravesend. Leave the Hannibal. 57

CHAPTER VI.

JOURNEY TO LONDON.

Row to Gravesend. Dover Coach. Face of Country. Scenes on the Road. Style of Vehicles. Appearance of Population. Management of the Coach. Relays of Horses. Conversation. Approach London. Shops. Street Rabble. Westminster. 69

CHAPTER VII.

THE COLONNADE HOTEL.

Leave the Coach. Arrangement of the Inn. Coffee-room. Tete-a-tete with a Sirloin. Dining Groups. Scene of Dulness. Breakfast and the Times. 84

CHAPTER VIII.

WALKS IN LONDON.

Appearance of Shops. Stand of Hackney-coaches. Life of a London Horse. Regent Street. Architecture of Club-houses. Duke of York's Statue. St. James's Park. 95

CHAPTER IX.

WALKS IN LONDON.

Piccadilly. Quadrant. Placard-bearers. Church of All-Souls. Park Crescent. Regent's Park. The Terraces. Improvements in London. Their good Taste. Adaptation to America. 102

CHAPTER X.

WALKS IN LONDON.

Circuit of Regent's Park. Southern Terraces. View of the grounds. Comparison of Regent-street and Broadway. Equipages and Horses. Street Population. Female Walkers. Preservation of Order. 115

CHAPTER XI.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Conversation at Dinner. Entrance to Theatre. Appearance of the House.
The Audience. The Play. Saloon. Picture of Morals. Midnight Scene
in the Streets. 125

CHAPTER XII.

WALK TO THE CITY.

St. Martin's in the Fields. Strand. Waterloo Bridge. Temple Bar Shops.
Ludgate Hill. St. Paul's. Interior. Unsited for Reformed Worship.
Monuments. Whispering Gallery. Dome. View of London. 15

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CITY.

Buildings. Shops. Vehicles. City Population. Bank of England. Stock
Exchange. Royal Exchange. Lloyd's. 147

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CITY.

Change. American Sea Captains. Comparison with English. Rothschild.
His Character. Dolly's. Covent Garden. Gustavus. 156

CHAPTER XV.

EXCURSION TO THE TUNNEL.

Westminster Hall. Court of King's Bench. Great Brewery. Thames Tun-
nel. Its Construction. Importance of its Completion. 167

CHAPTER XVI.

THE RIVER.

Thames Wherries. Utility of the Tunnel. London from the Thames.
Movement on the River. Tower of London. Regatta. 179

CHAPTER XVI

OMNIBUS ADVENTURES.

St. Catharine's Dock. Paddington Omnibus. Party of Passengers. A Block-
ade. Angel Inn. Pentonville. Adelphi Theatre. 188

CHAPTER XVIII.

SUNDAY IN LONDON.

Church. Drive to Hyde Park. Apsley House. The Park. Equipages. Air
of the Groups. Zoological Gardens. A Melancholy Monkey. 199

CHAPTER XIX.

NOVEMBER IN LONDON.

Rainy Streets. Adventures in the Mud. A cat's-meat Merchant. Umbrellas.
Labour Exchange. Conversation of Workies. Robert Owen. 207

CHAPTER XX.

ISLINGTON.

Liston. Remove to Islington. Scenes from Window. Suburban Rambles.
Habits of Retired Citizens. Life of Seclusion. Subjects for Emigration. 219

CHAPTER XXI.

DRIVE TO BRIGHTON.

Dart Coach. Scene at Starting. Suburbs. Benevolent Institutions. Rural
Tastes of Englishmen. Scenes on the Roadside. Fellow-Travellers. Their
Conversation. Brighton. Church. Albion Hotel. 232

CHAPTER XXII.

BRIGHTON.

Pavilion. Palace. Stables. A fine Day. Hurdle Race. High Wind. The
Race. The Esplanade. Return to London. Conversation on the Road. 251

CHAPTER XXIII.

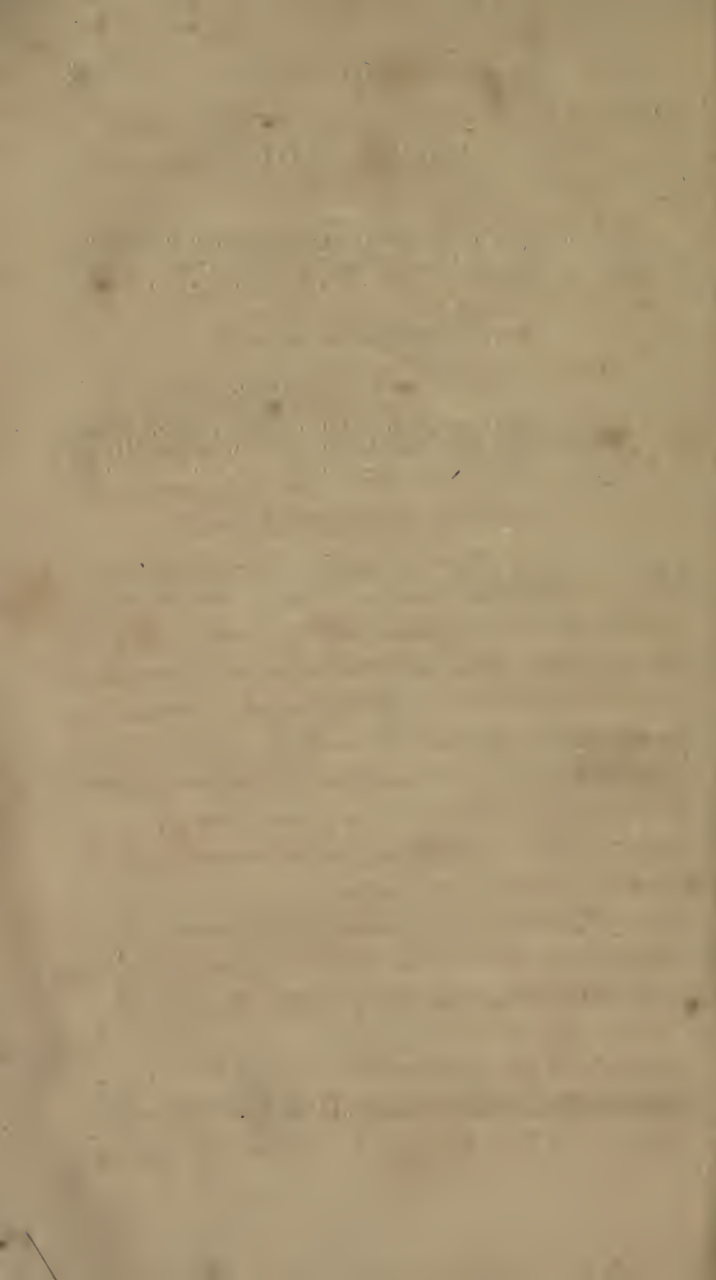
LONDON.

Christmas. Celebration by Populace. Comparison with Catholic Countries.	
Westminster Abbey. Exterior. Interior. Services. Sermon. Tombs.	
Den of a great Publisher.	269

CHAPTER XXIV.

DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND.

Leave London. Spread Eagle Coach. Road to Dover. Steamer. Voyage.	
Fellow-travellers. Disembarkation. Hotel Quillacq. Comparison of France and England. Conclusion.	285



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