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Gen. Wilkes

EUROPE IN A HURRY.

BY

GEORGE ✓ WILKES.
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PREFACE.

THE following letters, written to fill the gaps of a journal during the absence of its editor, will, it is hoped, prove acceptable to the reader in the more presumptuous form of a book. The letters make no pretensions to method, and appear simply as casual reflections along the fast fashionable route, or what may now be termed, the American route between Liverpool and Rome. With this word of explanation, the author drops this volume in the rail-road cars of public opinion, trusting that even in this age of speed, "EUROPE IN A HURRY" may afford a few moments of gratification even to the fastest traveler.

GEORGE WILKES.

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EUROPE IN A HURRY.

VOYAGE OF THE NIAGARA.

LONDON, May, 1851.

AFTER six years of incessant editorial labor, I found myself, on the 14th day of May, on the bosom of the Atlantic, in one of the Cunard steamers, seeking a temporary repose in the half leisure of a travel, which is intended to be divided between my own enjoyment and service to my readers. I feel that I am entitled to this semi-holiday. My tasks have not only been unremitting, but severe and arduous, and without vanity, I think I can refer such of my readers as may feel disposed to grumble at my temporary absence, to a list of services to the public and to them, which should accredit me to a very liberal vacation. I am in hopes, however, to give full compensation for my privilege of excursion, by the arrangements which I shall make for their benefit, and in the observations which I shall be able to transmit to them, as soon as I settle again into a writing trim. At present I hardly feel I am so, and will therefore content myself with such few preliminary features of my journey, as will serve the purpose of a prologue to succeeding letters.

If a good beginning amounts to anything as a guarantee, or, as an omen, I shall doubtless have a fine time of it throughout my tour. For the first five days after leaving Boston, the sea was as smooth as a widow's face, and during the entire ten and a half days' passage we had but a single day of stormy weather. Despite of these favorable circumstances, one-third of the passengers, and all of the ladies, except a notable little woman from Boston, fell victims during the fine weather to the mere swell—or that ponderous pulsation which never entirely leaves the sea—and went out like badly lighted tapers at Vauxhall, with no excuse of wind or weather for their desertion of the performance. In a day or two they would return, the women wilted and the men unshaved, looking, as they took their seats at table, with timid glances up and down the line of dishes, as if not altogether certain that peace had yet been established between them and their stomachs on any sure foundation. The stormy day took the laugh from all the rest of the passengers, save some half dozen unimpressible fellows, who eat and drank despite of wind and weather, and who occasionally gave dismal remedies for sea-sickness to the unhappy invalids, as if health and appetite were reserved rights of their own, and they were authorized to protect them by any species of mischievous policy whatever.

As I was among the fortunate exempts, I was enabled to stand aloof and enjoy both sides of the game, and to observe, at an advantage, the character of the passengers. There were but ninety in all, and they formed a most incongruous company, being divided about equally into English, American, French, Spanish, and Italian—all bound for Modern Babylon and the World's Fair. These parties formed themselves into cliques, which, with the exception of the American and English, made no friendship with the others. Our

rapid progress obviated the ordinary necessities of intercourse for a long journey, and seemed to inspire that state of mind which is possessed by the passengers in a ferry boat, whose jaunt across a river does not render them dependent on companionship for comfort. This rule would not probably have been absolute with us of the Niagara, had not the ludicrous sea-sickness of a marquis, who might be considered the leader of the Spaniards, betrayed him to the ridicule of the English and Americans at the outset; and had not the unfortunate manners of Monsieur Bois le Compte, the returning French Ambassador from the United States, consigned him to very general disgust. The countrymen of the Cid looked askant at the Saxons for their levity at the marquis, and the French seemed disposed to ape the hauteur of the ambassador, with all except the ladies, and those who had ladies under their charge. It is but just to the body of them, however, to say, that they did not, like the ambassador, scratch their heads with their knife handles while at dinner; they did not raise the covers before the waiters were prepared to make a general opening of the dishes, and they did not use the promenade deck for purposes which are usually consigned to the most private portions of the ship; but they bolted their meals with equal voracity, and scraped the choicest covers with as quick a hand as their most honorable leader.

From my observation of the manners of the Frenchmen on board this vessel, I am disposed to think that the credit, which is usually accorded to them of being the politest nation of the world, is undeserved; and I use this remark with especial reference to their demeanor towards ladies. During this voyage they fairly haunted the female passengers, following them about with a pertinacity that never tired, but treating the gentlemen who had them in charge with an assiduous blandness that was impassable to offense. The English, on

the other hand, were indifferent and unaffable, taking no notice of the ladies, except when thrown in their way, while the Americans were remarkable for that careful respect for which they are characterized as a nation in their treatment of the sex. It will not be pretended that the attentions of the Frenchmen were by any means philanthropic; they were not extended out of the single and praiseworthy motive of alleviating the tedium of a passage to the ladies whom they beset with their gabble and grimaces; but they were put in requisition for the evident purpose of locating an interest for themselves in the minds of those ladies, and of carrying themselves into a description of favor, that would enable them to enjoy the conceit of having gained an apparent advantage. The attentions of the Americans were assiduous but unobtrusive, and were distinguished by the substantial respect which courage and honor is always proud to extend towards the worthy and the weak. There is no people on the face of the earth who hold a virtuous female in such high esteem as the American people. It is an esteem which amounts almost to absolute reverence, and it exhibits itself even among the rudest classes of our population as purely as it ever was evinced by the old chivalry of Spain. The French, as a general thing, are polite to females for advantage; the American is polite from regard. This is the distinction between American and French politeness.

Among the passengers it would scarcely be fair to omit to notice a scarlet-faced individual, who, by some means, had got into the first cabin, and who, I was told, had gained some notoriety a few years ago, for having won wagers, in eating, against heavy odds. I do not know that he is still open to this kind of exploit, but I very well know, by the evidence of my eyes, that his carnivorous capacity has by no

means forsaken him on this voyage. It was my misfortune to sit near him at table, and I was often so occupied with his performances, that the meal passed away to my loss, while I was engaged in silent amazement. Rounds of beef dwindled under his hand; dishes of hash disappeared from before him like magic, while cataracts of coffee passed through a line of sweating waiters to wash the solids down, with a rapidity that was worthy of admiration, even in the kitchen discipline of that excellent ship. The table in his neighborhood might be likened to a meat shop under the influence of enchantment, with him as the magician in the centre, effecting the changes with his mouth. When done, he would walk up and down the cabin, slapping himself on the belly, in order to drive up the wind, and exclaiming, "Oh, that 's good! that 's comfortable!" as it came up in offensive instalments. In offset for the disgust which he thus excited, he became the standing joke of the ship during the last three days, by speaking of a roast pig which he devoured at one meal, as "divine," and whenever he appeared thereafter, the cry of "pig, pig," could be heard in compliment to his performances and his criticism. The best of the joke was, he took the notice as a compliment, and when he heard the signal of contempt, would go up and down, smiling like a slit in a raw beef steak, and crying "pig, pig!" himself. The time of the passage was whiled away very pleasantly, in these and similar observations, while the tedium of several hours was baffled or consumed, in writing to those friends who were entitled to my recollection, and whose fidelity could still hold the anchors of regard.

A portion of one afternoon was consumed, by following an apparition, which appeared out of a narrow pit in the centre of the deck, back to his fiery lair in the bottom of the ship. Here I saw several similar shadows, writhing in

torture, and shoveling loads of coal into the roaring furnaces, or tearing from their molten caves the glowing refuse of fire. As these demons twisted to and fro with their rakes and pokers, the sweat poured from their laboring frames like rain, and at every few minutes, each would be obliged to pause and stand under the wind-sail to regain his breath and strength. I wondered, as I inhaled that stifling air, and as my nerves shrunk from the deafening crash of the machinery, how these beings existed in such an atmosphere, and what was the allurements which tempted them to shorten their lives by such a process. To solve the question, I asked one of them what was his rate of pay. "We gets three punds a month, but in the Yankee ships they gets six punds, and has more men!" was the answer of the furnace-fiend. At this point, we left pandemonium and returned to upper air, with a few new notions on the philosophy of liberty, the love of which, even in its darkest aspect, could induce a human being to prefer such a model of hell, to the comforts of crime as conferred in a prison.

On Saturday, the ninth day of our passage, we made Cape Clear, at 4 o'clock, A. M., and ran all the morning in the sight of land. One of the passengers who had been very sick in the early part of the passage, looked at it with extreme distrust, though the houses were plainly discernible on shore, and in view of the horrible lies which he had previously been obliged to swallow on the subject of weather, by those who had been at sea before, offered to bet that the apparent line of coast was only a panorama got up by the Purser, (an inveterate joker by whom he had suffered,) for the delusion of the passengers. Nay, when laughed at, he even proposed to extend his offer, and to take reasonable odds, that since we had left America, all the land of the two hemispheres had "gone under." This gentleman had been

told, in the early stages of the stormy day, by several of the old Atlantic stagers to whom he appealed for information whether the wind was likely to increase, that the sea, which then boiled about us, and sent us swinging in huge freaks from side to side, was a mere trifle, in fact, not a patch on what they had seen many times before. Finally, he sought my view of the state of affairs early on the following morning, when the vessel was pitching at a terrible rate, and the sea was running as high as it ever runs in the middle latitudes. He came to my state-room, and in confidence informed me, that a young gentleman with a lisp and a thin moustache, had told him with an air of nonchalance the very night before, and while the storm was quite as bad as then, that he had crothed the Atlantic fourteen times before, and had never then it tho mild and plathid as at that vethy moment. I, at this, leaned out of my berth and assured him on the strength of my experience, that the sea seldom ran more wildly than at that moment. Nevertheless, I had no doubt that some of the pretended oracles of the ocean would tell him when he went above again, that it was as smooth as glass, and in view of that exigency, it was my settled advice that he should provide himself quietly with a club, and lay it upon the first man who told him the ship did not roll, inquiring at the same time, if that rolled any either. He promised to adopt my counsel, but returned in a few minutes in high glee, and acquainted me while I was dressing, that the young man with the pukish moustache had his head in the scuppers, and was imploring some one, during the intervals of his more than mortal agony, to come and take his life.

The afternoon of Saturday was spent in great glee. It not only marked the event of our last day at sea, but it was the anniversary of the Queen's birthday. As a com-

pliment to the occasion, an intelligent old gentleman from Boston, who had been made bearer of despatches, proposed the health of her Majesty at dinner, and prefaced it with a few happy remarks upon her virtues as a mother and a Queen. It was drank with three times three by the Americans and English, who rose to their feet to do the honors, but unexpected to them all, the French, the Spaniards, and Italians, made no response and kept their seats. In reply to the toast, Mr. Beddick, the mail-agent, who is a fine specimen of the old English naval officer, gave (in the absence of the captain,) the health of the President of the United States, with a few words in his favor, equally as flattering as those of Mr. Hastings, on the Queen. This sentiment was greeted with a still louder burst than the first, and the French Ambassador rose to his feet and drained his glass to the bottom. But none other of the foreigners rose. At this point, I was called out to see the Tuskar light, which we were then passing, but afterwards learned with regret, that the toasts passed to the Captain and officers of the vessel, without any mention of the people or President of France. The minister noticed the slight, and after joining in the health to Captain Stone, left the saloon. Had I been present, though averse to taking part in any such performance, and particularly averse to the character and course of Louis Napoleon, the tribute of the Ambassador should have found some return. It was an unhappy oversight, but though it seems to take the edge from one-half of what I felt I had a right to say about American politeness, in the earlier portion of this letter, it leaves my position really unimpaired, for even in the body of this example, we show two acts of courtesy over the French, and the main one too, is in the matter of a virtuous and estimable lady.

This latter circumstance closed the incidents of a very

pleasant voyage, in a very good ship, under very skillful and obliging officers, and on Sunday morning, the 25th of May, at six o'clock, we anchored off Liverpool, after a voyage of ten days and eighteen hours. What has happened under my supervision since, will be the subject of my next letter, under date from this place.

QUEEN'S HOTEL, LONDON, May 30, 1851.

*Liverpool—Probable Destiny of New York and Liverpool—
English Servants—Railroads and Phantom Policemen.*

WE anchored off Liverpool in the middle of the Mersey on the 24th, during a hard rain, which was blown spitefully in our faces by one of the strong westerly gales that are said to prevail at that port. As soon as the labors of the faithful engine ceased, the passengers, aroused by the sudden cessation of that throb of the vessel which had been their lullaby for ten days, began to tumble out of their berths, and in a few minutes were bustling up and down the cabin aisles in a sort of distracted haste, as if they feared the haven would recede, or the ship take a notion to turn upon her tracks and go to sea again before they could get on shore. All order and courtesy were forgotten. Those who had been most familiar during the sojourn upon the waters, passed each other almost without recognition. The formalities of friendship, now that nothing more was to be made by them, went by the board in the revival of special selfishness. The social agglomeration of a decade was to be distributed again into the great ocean of the world, to widen apart until no ripple was left upon the memory, that its par-

ticles had once met and started from the same point. It was a sad picture of a larger stage of life. The only persons who seemed to be alive to anything like general observation were the stewards and waiters, who appeared at every point, and watched with a vigilance that seemed miraculous, an opportunity to catch the eyes of the passengers, in order to remind them they were on hand to receive such waifs in the way of change as they might feel disposed to give.

Our next ceremony was with the custom-house officer, and this was a very unpleasant one. In consequence of the regulations of the department, which has recently caught the phariseeism of the post-office, no baggage can be passed on Sunday, and the largest privilege to be obtained in this way was the liberty to take a valise or carpet-bag ashore, for the sake of a clean shirt during the detention in the town of Liverpool till the following day. This is not only an exceedingly inconvenient regulation, but it is likely to become a seriously injurious one to those who make it. It forces a crowd of people to remain a day over from their destination at a large expense, and in case they are obliged to hurry through, and leave their trunks to the care of hotel-keepers to forward, it subjects them to a charge of eight cents per pound as freight, and the worse alternative of their entire loss. These evils are rendered the greater from the fact that the English steamers, which sail from New York and Boston on Wednesdays, are almost sure to arrive at Liverpool on Sunday, and the detention and inconvenience which grow out of this fact, are sufficient of themselves to decide the choice of passengers in favor of the American line. The extra expense to which I was thus put, was fourteen dollars, and the deprivation of my trunks from Sunday morning until the following Tuesday afternoon. Then they arrived to me in London, with the contents shamefully disordered by

the revenue underlings, who, like many of the low people of this country, appear to exhibit a special dislike, not to say spite, to everything American. With the well-bred classes, however, it is but just to say the rule is all the other way.

On arriving at my hotel I was struck, as all transatlantic strangers are, with the host of females who swarm the departments of large establishments of this kind. They act as bar-keepers, book-keepers, stewards, and exclusively as attendants upon the bed-chambers. They will wait upon you there at any hour of the day or evening, inside of midnight, and are by no means alarmed if they find you in bed; while they run all the risk of disturbing you in more serious dishabille. The only men who figure in the scene are the waiters in the eating room, and a distinguished functionary known as "Boots." There are many inconveniences, as well as disadvantages, in this system, against the stranger. It prevents him, if he be a modest man, from summoning an attendant to his chamber until he has taken pains to dress himself, and it prevents the same kind of man from closely examining his bill. All of my readers will at once conceive that I suffered the extreme of both of these objections. Indeed, all Americans fall victims to their deference to female clerks. They are shut off from those familiar inquiries which strangers usually indulge in with bar-keepers, in order that they may not suffer from suspicion of flirtation, while they never think of imputing unfairness to the fair, by scrutinizing their figures too closely. The system is a shrewd one. In the way of money-making the English people are as acute as the Americans in ascertaining the strong pull on the pocket. I have no doubt the hotel-keepers here will adhere to the female system, and I have no doubt our travelers will continue to bleed under it. As a practical evidence beyond

words, I will state that my personal bill for a room for half a day, the privilege of a wash, dinner, and a pint of sherry, was four dollars and fifty cents; among the items of which were sixty-two and a half cents for the wash, eighteen cents for a cup of coffee, and fifty cents for a glass of ice-cream. I looked at the waiter twice during my meal, and considered myself quite fortunate after having paid my bill, in persuading him to content himself with the present of half a crown. I do not mind being particular about these trifles, as there are many Americans to follow after, and precautions in the way of expense may be of more service to many of them than to me.

I improved most of the day in driving round the town of Liverpool and its environs, at the rate of a dollar the hour, (which is the New York price) and after dinner took a stroll along its famous docks. Liverpool is not an ancient place, and though ranking as the first commercial port in the world, is not an incorporated city. Its only ancient building is the Church of St. Stephen, the foundations of which were laid in the latter part of the seventeenth century, while far into the present century it had not reached a population of a hundred thousand. It has derived its whole importance from its magnificent docks, (a counterpart of which may be seen in the Atlantic Docks at Brooklyn,) which, in defiance of a shifting shore and vicious gales, have made perfect shelter where Nature never meant a port. Next to London, Liverpool is now the pride of England, and some of the boastful of these Anglo Saxons claim it will eventually eclipse New York. I am inclined to think that they and those of us, who found great hopes upon the future pre-eminence of New York, are doomed to disappointment. I believe that within fifty years New York will have fallen to the condition of a second or third rate mart, while Liverpool will have shrunk

from her present boastful two hundred and thirty thousand population into her meagre measure at the outset of the century. The mind of man, which ordinarily defers to Nature, but which has got beyond the creeping point, intends to transfer the power of these cities to other points. Neither New York nor Liverpool have sufficient water in their channels to meet the views that are now in embryo, and those views embrace the project of steam-ships of ten thousand tons. As soon as it is proven that comparative strength can be carried out with size, steam-ships will be built of ten thousand tons burthen, they will carry a thousand first class passengers, and they will cross the ocean in six or seven days. Norfolk and Newport, which have sixty feet of water, will then be the great ports of the United States, and Southampton will be the commercial entrepot of Great Britain.

There is nothing repugnant to the simplest calculation in this idea. The whole view rests upon the question of comparative strength with increased size in steam-ships. It is the common notion that monster vessels are not safe, but while this is the common notion, Science, which is never deceived by prejudice, has been quietly increasing the size of ships, until the vessels of the Collins' line exceed the bulk of the President and Great Britain. Science will increase them larger still, though obliged to rib them with refined steel and line their enormous sides with double engines. Then ocean travel will be squared and ordered like lines upon the land; these new monsters of the deep will lie steadily upon the great bed of the ocean, beneath the motion of the waves, or that surface agitation, the greatest height of which has been ascertained to be only twenty-five feet, with an average of eighteen. This will veto sea-sickness; large saloons will take the place of ocean cells and coffins; luxury, safety and utility will be united, and those who en-

joy the combined advantages will look back with surprise to the time when a world of one thousand millions of inhabitants were content to make their travel, and conduct their exchanges, in little acorns of one thousand tons, many of which once spread sheets of cotton goods to catch the chance breezes of the ocean as their only means of motion. Already I can recollect when a nine hundred ton merchantman was a sight to see, and the remark of Old Tan Reeder, mariner of Corlaer's Hook, during my recent stay at Hoboken, is a prophecy that lumps the full length of my speculations. "Why, sir," said Tan, when I touched him lightly on the size of the new steamers, with the design of eliciting his practical seaman's views on the subject, "Why, sir, God bless your soul, they'll build 'em so big bym-by, they'l not be able to get 'em in the harbor." The commander of the David C. Broderick was right, and when his prediction comes about, the harbor of commerce must be changed. Then will the greatness of Tyre and Sidon be surrendered to the natural heirs of circumstance and progress. At present, however, both New York and Liverpool have reason to be satisfied, and they have a right to dispute a destiny which is still well away in the future. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

The town of Liverpool, notwithstanding its newness, is not without its fine public buildings, and its showy ornaments. A superb monument on the death of Nelson stands in the courtyard of an immense pile of buildings which I took to be the Exchange, while another, that I set down for the Town Hall, was nearly as large as the Capitol at Washington. It will be observed that I content myself with surmises on this subject, when I might give the actual names of the places; but the reader will recollect that I stated in my first letter I was traveling for my own amusement as well as theirs, and as I

had but part of a day to improve in this place, I had no time to waste in asking questions. Besides, verbal inquiry is a habit which I always eschew. Ignorance is never respectable; and as soon as you exhibit your dependence on the knowledge of an inferior person, you subject yourself to contempt. I have thus far been fortunate enough so to arrange it, as to induce others to ask the necessary questions for me.

One of the public edifices of Liverpool which is really worth seeing, and which every one who arrives there and goes thence to London, must see, is the Great Western Railway Depot. This building occupies an entire square, is erected in a very costly style of art, and presents a most imposing appearance. A similar building in the State of New York, if required for public purposes, would cost some half dozen elections, as many indignation meetings, and perhaps a breaking up of the Legislature. Here it is quietly put up by a stock company as one of the incidents of their gigantic enterprise, and nobody considers the matter as an event of mark. I went to this depot in the evening of Sunday to take passage for London, tired of my short stay, and unwilling, for the mere sake of my baggage, to be detained from London, the main object of my Atlantic travel. I found the station attended with all the comforts that attach to the best hotels, in the shape of refreshment rooms, closets, lounges, &c., &c., while on all sides the everlasting policeman, who is reproduced at every angle and corner, is ready to show you to your seat and protect you from annoyance. The cars of this train, and indeed of all the railways of this country are separate coaches, each of which hold but six persons, and all of which are divided into a first, second, and third class set of cars. For a seat in the first class car I paid ten dollars twelve and a half cents, which for a journey

of 201 miles is rather a smart sum. The train started at ten minutes to 9 P. M., and was due in London at 5 o'clock on the following morning. It set out through a tunnel which is said to be over two miles in length, being drawn through by an engine stationed at the further end, which winds the train towards it by a rope. This method is adopted to avoid the stifling effects of running with a smoking engine through so long a line of unventilated distance. After taking the engine in regular manner, I resolved to compose myself with a nap in my cushioned couch, but the tremendous swiftness at portions of the road, and the continual apparitions of policemen, holding lights and crying out "all right" along the line, interfered with the composure necessary to this intention. At length, however, the necessities of rest triumphed over all the novelties of my situation, and I fell asleep.

The twilight did not close till half past nine, and I had been told the morning broke at half past two. I confess I had some misgivings on this subject, bred perhaps out of the English origin of the song, "We won't go home till Morning," but my doubts were dissipated as I awoke at the indicated hour and beheld the faint whiskers of the morning breaking up the zenith, as if feeling the road for the actual approach of the master of the sky. Some half hour before this time, and while we stopped at a station on the road, I jumped out with the crowd, and pressed into the refreshment room to get a cup of coffee. It was like a rush for a sweepstakes, and beat any American contest of like character I ever saw. The three young women who attended at the counter exhibited a marvelous facility at handing out cups and cakes and taking in change; and though they exhibited an elegance of dress and manner suited to a drawing room, they did not seem to notice the rude orders of the

crowd with anything like offense. After some three or four minutes had elapsed, I stepped forward with "I'll thank you for a cup of coffee, Miss," in such a tone as I should have used at Taylor's in New York. The elegant creature looked at me with surprise, and passed the cup which should have come to me to a person who had appeared at that moment over my shoulder, and who addressed her roughly with "I say, you girl there, 'and me a cup o' coffee, and don't be all night about it, look 'ee!" I repeated my order twice more without success, as did an American at my elbow, when fearing an entire disappointment, I withdrew from the counter, and bribed a conductor with a sixpence, who with "a cup o' coffee, and be lively, girl!" uttered in a prompt tone of command, secured the object for which I had previously striven in vain.

This circumstance opened my eyes to the secret of the general neglect which I observed had been exhibited to all the Americans who had arrived that morning at the Liverpool Hotel. Working people about public establishments are all menials in this country. They expect to be ordered. They look upon a person who treats them politely with suspicion, and regard civility as a confession of inferiority. I noticed the effect of this in the demeanor of an inn-keeper at Aigburth, during my Liverpool afternoon excursion, who seemed overcome with astonishment when a gentleman who accompanied me ended his order to the bar-maid with "if you please, Miss," and was absolutely lost in wonder, when I recognized his existence by bidding him "good day," as I went out to our barouche.

At this point, I am half reminded to refer back to the great beauty of that drive, and likewise to give credit to the superb grounds known as the Prince's Park, in the environs of Liverpool. I will let it go by now, however,

and content myself with a transcription of a card which was fastened on the trees and shrubbery thereof, and which would be valuable as a standing admonition in many places in the United States. "The Public are expected to protect what is intended for the Public benefit," is the language of the notice.

The daybreak on the road revealed to me the finest country my eyes had ever rested on. Until my vision beheld that panorama I never had an accurate notion of the perfection of a rural landscape. The hedges, the smooth velvet-like fields, the precise formation of the bounds, the cleanliness of every bush and tree, the sheep and cattle that still nestled in sleep upon the sward, and the clustered cottages that sheltered the guardians of the range, all made up a picture that looked more like a freshly painted panorama than a platform of actual earth and life. Between it and the face of our own farms, the comparison is vastly against us, and until we come to the question as who toils and reaps among all this beauty, we are at a very striking disadvantage. Then, however, it is our turn to look up and boast.

Another peculiarity of the scene was the villages, the houses of which were composed of brick, and clustered singularly close together. They do not stand apart with their spacious grounds about them, as do our picturesque snow-white cottages, but huddle as closely as if in a city, and in some places come down thickly to the very edge of one side of the road, without a single stray building finding its way on the other side. This, however, may proceed from some land regulation in the way of ownership, rather than from caprice.

Another feature of the rail-road is the neat manner in which its banks are trimmed and ornamented. There are

no naked rifts of sand as with us, but the cuts through the land are sodded down and the upper borders neatly bound with hedges. This affords a great relief to the eye, and accords with the precision and softness of the general landscape. At some of the stations the approach for several hundred feet on both sides was allotted to fine flower gardens, which, as we passed by, were gorgeous with all colors and harmonious with birds. At a few minutes to five we came within sight of London, and the train stopped for the collection of the tickets. We lost some ten minutes in this way, but the delay was unavoidable, owing to the train being composed of separate carriages, which prevents the conductor from going through, as with us, while the train is in motion. It is unnecessary to say, that this regulation and division is requisite to the English notions of exclusiveness. A friend noticed the politeness of the conductor as a favorable relief to the inattention he had observed elsewhere. I reminded him, however, that the deference of the man was shown entirely to the first-class car, and if he would put his head out of the window and watch him to the next division, he would observe his smile vanish and his tone fall. I won a bottle of wine on the point, having settled which, I arrived in London, and at half past five was snugly stowed away in a comfortable bed, at the Queen's Hotel, opposite the post-office.

LONDON, June 3, 1851.

*Scenes in London—Barbers and Baths—Men, Women and
Coffee Houses.*

My last letter left me snugly deposited at the Queen's Hotel, in London, after the fatigue of an all-night journey, dreaming of Whittington and Bow-bells, Wapping Old Stairs, and the Princes in the Tower, with an occasional notion that I was sailing along in the air, looking in at second story windows, and exchanging a nod and a word with several of my old acquaintances of Bulwer, Scott, and Smollett, most of whom seemed to be engaged in the innocent pastime of roast beef and cauliflower, or enjoying the lighter luxury of shrimps and tea. As for the characters of Dickens, they literally swarmed the side-walks, and clacked in all the thoroughfares; but they were under my feet. The depth of my slumber and its amenability to visions may be known by the fact, that though I gave directions to the waiter, while he was darkening my chamber against the intrusive daylight, to rouse me at nine o'clock, it was ten before I awoke. My fatigue had either defied his knocking, or I had answered him in my sleep, and sent him away with the notion that he had performed his office. I had in more than one thing neglected mine; so, to redeem my time, I

turned to the bell-rope at once, and then rolled back in the blankets, to indulge in that luxury which the Irish girl appreciated so highly—who said she had an excellent place and plenty of sleep, only she could not lie awake in the morning long enough to enjoy it.

The bell had hardly done ringing before there came a light tap at my door; and, as I turned to give my orders, I was surprised to see a young girl enter the room, and advance directly to the bedside, with a “what do you wish, sir, please?” I was completely taken aback at this appearance, and my natural modesty recoiled at least a foot before I could recover myself. She was not only very pretty, but was certainly not over twenty years of age, and as neat and smiling under her smart white cap as if she had just been dressed up for a farce. I was at a loss how to answer her; the more at a loss, because my object was to have my boots cleaned, and it struck me that was not exactly the kind of a commission to entrust to the charge of such a smart and smiling girl.

“Well, Miss,” said I, adopting as much circumlocution as I could, while I held the coverlets resolutely to my chin, “I wish to know—how I shall manage—to get some one to see—that my boots are cleaned.” The tidy maid said not another word, but dropping a short curtesy, wheeled on her heel, grabbed the boots, thrust them under her arm, and with another curtesy, which she dropped on the very door sill, left me wrapped in silent admiration. In a few minutes she returned with a mug of smoking water for shaving purposes, and having deposited it on the dressing-table, dropped another curtesy at my bedside before she went out, with “Is there anything else you wish, sir, please?” Of course there was nothing else I could possibly want after so much politeness, so I discharged her, with a nod in the blankets, which

under the circumstances, I considered the very height of good manners. I have since become accustomed to these things, and no longer experience surprise at troops of maids swarming through the passages of the hotels, or popping into the bed-chambers. What effect this system has upon the public morals or the public wants, I am not ready to determine, but here it may be mentioned, that there does not seem yet to have arisen in London a demand for those huge seraglios for strangers which abound so largely in New York; but it is also proper to mention that the streets of London show more desultory vice. Whether these two circumstances have a connection with each other, others may judge. Little things exhibit the character of a People, and I shall not reject anything from observation that is disposed to exhibit a trait, or that may instruct those who are to come after me. In this view I have noticed everything that has struck me as out of line with American habits, and I shall continue to exhibit those customs which run apart from ours, as the most valuable points of index to a stranger, however trifling they may seem.

To this end I shall here advise all those of us, who have heretofore enjoyed the luxury of an American barber shop, to provide themselves with shaving materials before coming to England. I advise this not only as a matter of comfort, but of personal safety, and I further enjoin my friends if they have not become accomplished in the use of a razor before they start, to acquire it as the most vital branch of English education. I very nearly lost my life within four hours after my arrival in London, and before I had seen the Great Exhibition, by my ignorance in this matter. In the first place it cost me nearly half an hour's walk and the aid of three policemen before I could find a shop, and then, after I had been abandoned by the last official, I was helped to it by a small

boy, who carried a pitcher of milk in his hand, and who for a penny pointed me to a shabby pole up a narrow lane, near the famous Paternoster Row. I congratulated myself, however, on reading the sign which accompanied the pole, that the artist of the establishment was hair-dresser to the Queen, and despite the fact that his shop was not larger than a cupboard, and divided its space with the claims of a circulating library, I expected a royal shave. It will be seen how the promise of the sign was kept. I was sat in a chair, such as are ordinarily used in families, without either arms or head-piece, and after being swathed in a towel of suspicious hue, (the pretentious successor of one which I rejected,) my head was bent back most painfully, and a swoop made at my throat that inspired me with terrors I had never felt before. I was determined, however, to keep up the character of my country, by abstaining from any evidence of trepidation, so I closed my eyes and allowed the harvest to be taken without a murmur. But I am ready to confess I thought unutterable things. The barber passed over me but once, literally raking me down instead of shaving me, and after the lapse of about two minutes from the beginning of his operations, he made a low bow and told me I was finished. I did not feel disposed to complain that he had not been thorough. On the contrary, I was immensely relieved in my feelings when he had done, and sprang to my feet with the alacrity that might be exhibited by a condemned soul on receiving a reprieve from the torture. To the question of "how much," I received the answer of "tup-pence please"—the everlasting *please*—and very gladly made my escape from the shop. On the following day I found a more stylish shop in Cheapside, which had two florid looking wax heads in the window, but the chair and the rake down were the same. The only difference was, that this latter shop charged, on the score of

its wax heads and bow-window I suppose, a sixpence, which is a shilling of our money. I am inclined to think that a few American barbers would do well here. If the English could learn the luxury of such a performance as is obtained at Ridgeway's, in the Irving House, at Phalon's, or through the hands and light razors of our old friend, Monsieur Malquit, of Hoboken, they would soon abandon the labor and inconvenience of twisting and posturing before a glass for half an hour every morning. At present nobody shaves out, because there is not a barber in England. With the facility would grow the taste. Under the present state of things, I do not wonder that Americans suffer themselves to be covered with hair in this transatlantic region. The sacrifices of keeping a clean face can scarcely be duly estimated.

In the matter of bathing I was better served. The baths are finer than with us. They are larger; indeed the great square tubs are of double size, and the rooms instead of being cells or mangers, are fine airy and spacious chambers. The furniture of these chambers is ample, and in the grate is at all times the preparation for a fire, which needs but the touch of one of the matches that you find lying on your dressing table. Contrary to all things else in London, moreover, it is cheap. It costs but a shilling for the luxury, which is the measure of the price with us—I mean of course with us in New York, for I make that my criterion of comparison when speaking of this city. There is one feature about the bathing itself, as practiced in this country, that is worthy of notice. The inhabitants parboil themselves before they consider themselves bathed. The maid who let on the scalding flood for me, ran it up to ninety-nine before I thought of asking her the temperature. She was still holding the thermometer in the tub and waiting for a higher bubble, when I arrested her operations, and asked her if she wanted

to scald me to death. "We always raise it to blood 'eat, sir—please," replied she, as if she was a little surprised at my timidity. I wished it cooled down to eighty, but for the honor of America I thought I would on this occasion endure as much as eighty-five. How far I sunk in her opinion I do not know, but I could not have endured another degree for the price of canonization beside St. Anthony. After this discipline I went forth to see the town, in a very pious and thankful mood, for having escaped two such imminent perils as I have described.

The first thing that struck me in London was the dinginess of all its buildings; the next thing the apparent width of all the streets, notwithstanding nearly all are narrow; the next thing the size of animal life on all sides, and the style of forms that are given to us in America in the pages of the *Illustrated News*. I was inclined to think, before I came here, that those latter pictures were, in most part, flattering exaggerations of the average human structure, but I find that size is the rule with the *homo* genus here, as well as with the cattle of the field. The men and women do not exhibit that grace of outline and ease in bearing which the pictures give them, but they have the bone and brawn. The ladies make no exception to the rule. They have good height, fine bulk and beautiful complexions, though somewhat rough in surface; but they have not the matchless air and grace of the American women; neither have they the same taste in dress. The fault of their beauty is a coarseness of feature and a superabundance of lower face, or what a vulgar person would call *chops*; and they yield to, or affect a lassitude which gives them a baggy and sloven appearance. I form these observations on the manners of the very best, as exhibited at a party given by a noble lord; as seen in the more enlarged field of the grand stand at

Ascot, on the aristocratic levee days of the Exhibition, and at the annual flower-show of the Fellows of the Royal Horticultural Society, to which access is only obtained for strangers through their respective Ministers, and which collects together all the cream of the aristocracy of England. Moreover, they have a tendency to *en bon point*, or fatness, which is pleasing only to one sense, though I am free to admit that quality to be preferable to thinness, which is pleasing to none. Their style of speech, or rather of articulation, is very peculiar to the ear of an American. They mince their words, speaking from the very edge of their teeth, and using, through affectation or false habit, as great a variety of intonations as there are syllables in their sentences. This causes their tone to go continually up and down, and when it reaches the ear in connection, imparts the notion of a chirp. I have observed this very closely, and my conclusion is, that the pure well of English pronunciation, will be found henceforward, for the supply of the world, in the new Continent, and particularly in the cities of Philadelphia and New York. The proof that their style of speech here is not the true criterion for English pronunciation may be found in the fact, that their most famous actors speak the language of Shakspeare with the same emphasis and volume which marks the language of the well-bred people of New York, and not like the London elegantes. The English people, therefore, consent to the justice of this criticism, by refusing to tolerate in their actors the affectation which they have adopted for themselves. Among the poorer classes this affectation is still more striking, for it is used without grace, and it is aggravated by alliance with the most ridiculous vulgarisms. I have been very earnestly complimented by three persons who were awful in the management of aspirations, (and who used the *somethinks* and *nothinks* by mouthfulls,) upon

the excellence of my English. Two of these were female shopkeepers, who said, "hupon their souls they would scarcely take me for a furrinner."

The dinginess of the buildings in London, to which I have alluded, proceeds of course, from the great quantities of bituminous coal consumed within its precinct. And it is singular, that notwithstanding the soot so soon covers every object with a drapery of black, most splendid edifices of white marble abound throughout the city and are still put up, as if in obstinate provocation of the stain. The color does not, however, present a gloomy or other unpleasant effect. In a city less relieved by great associations, or less enlivened by the continual rush and crush of human beings through its streets, the sombre shade might impart a gloom, but it seems to be in keeping with the atmosphere, and with one's own notions of antiquity. No idea of improvement is therefore suggested to your mind. A great reason for your contentment with the streets is perhaps that freedom from stoops in the great thoroughfares, which gives them their appearance of width, and which makes them at all times passable, notwithstanding the crowds that are dependent on them for an avenue. In this, the people of London have greater civil advantages than the people of New York. The whole of the thoroughfares from the face of the building is yielded up to the city, and landed capital is not allowed to dig pits out in the side-walks, in the shape of cellars, as in Broadway, or to thrust the poor man into the cart-road by the arrogance of outside steps. These are all encroachments in New York, and the people endure them because they have been in the habit of allowing capital to do pretty much as it pleases with their rights. It is time the thing should be altered. Every man who owns a house and lot in New York, can afford to build the stoop

within its face. By such a plan, even Nassau street would be a tolerable thoroughfare. What it is now, I leave the intolerable sufferings of the Wall street lawyers and the Sunday Press to say.

Another thing that is good in the streets of London, is their freedom from obstructions, and another thing is their pavements. They are granite blocks of half the size of those of the Russ, are oblong in shape, and laid on a Macadamized foundation, with their edges up, as if they were large bricks, running in rows across the street, at right angles with the side-walk. They are made firm by cement, and kept free from ruts, by constant surveillance and prompt repair. It is true, they are subject to the objection of slipperiness, but this evil is corrected to a certain degree, by a drag, or wooden wedge, which is slipped under the hind wheels of omnibuses, when they descend anything in the shape of a declivity, while large beer-carts, with their monster horses, adhere to the plan of hooking one of the wheels fast in the old way, which obstruction, aided by the natural resistance that lies in the huge feet of the great animals that draw them, is enough. I do not intend, in this place, to give any description of English dray horses and their qualities, but I can furnish the reader a notion of their size, by stating the fact, that the feet of most of them are as large as an ordinary-sized man's head.

By the time I had made many of these out-door observations, my appetite informed me it was time for dinner, and before I had completed that performance, I had discovered the fallacy of the reproach, which the English make against us for the rapidity with which we dispose of our meals. Instead of appearing at a given hour at a general board, the English boarder takes his seat at one of the side-tables in a large coffee-room, and calls for what he wants. By this

means, five or six waiters supply in detail the wants of two or three hundred people, who, if they eat at once, could not be attended upon by less than fifty. But there, five or six waiters take their time in doing it. It matters not how little they are engaged at the moment of receiving your order, they make it a point never to serve you with the first article under half an hour. A proportionate delay takes place between every successive dish, and by the time you have traveled through your soup, fish, joint, and dessert courses, a full hour and a half has been consumed. An Englishman eats what he orders as fast as anybody else, but he consumes two-thirds of his time in waiting to get it, and what he does not waste in this way, he lengthens out by sitting over his ale and wine, after his dinner is devoured. Everything moves at a slow and steady rate in this country, and nothing moves slower than the waiters at the hotels. The attendance of similar persons in the United States is entirely different. They object to the term of waiter, but in return for their independence and the civility they receive at our hands, they serve us with alacrity, and enable us to begin our repast in a few minutes after we ask for it. Here, fifteen minutes is an ordinary lapse for the appearance of a bottle of wine, in response to an order at the commencement of dinner. There can be no doubt, that slow and sure is an old English saying. Subsequent experience, at several hotels, has confirmed this observation, and I can now swear to both ends of the maxim.

LONDON, June, 1851.

*The Sea of London—Club Houses—United States at the
World's Fair.*

I THOUGHT, before my arrival here, that I, who was born amid the noise and clatter of New York, was not to be disturbed by the bustle of any other place, but I find, in common with the companions of my voyage, that the throngs of London and the swarms of vehicles, which continually tear past you, this way and that, are perfectly bewildering, and perplex you in spite of your experience. The contrast from the quiet of a voyage, where for days you see but one set of objects, is very great, and confused by demands upon your observation, you are insensibly inclined, every now and then, to make a full stop, in order to realize the fact that you are actually in possession of your mind. As I walked from that mountain of marble, the old Cathedral of St. Paul's, along Ludgate Hill, Fleet street, and the Strand, and saw the crowds that pressed by each other, and the smaller streams that rushed from side streets and oozed from courts and alleys into the great flood where I was borne along, I was involuntarily reminded of the stories I had read of simple country girls, who, being left desolate in heart, had put their little bundles under their arms and set

out for London, in the expectation of meeting their faithless lovers in the street. I shook my head in posthumous commiseration of their griefs, but while I smiled at the absurdity of their hopes, I could not help a sigh as I felt how utterly alone they must have been, when they found themselves fairly launched amid this vast and restless ocean of unsympathizing human life. In proportion as a country person in America feels impressed with the strangeness and unfriendliness of the world on being thrown amid the crowds of New York, so does the metropolitan American feel impressed by the immensity of London. The pre-occupation of every face, the absolute indifference with which the throngs pass by, the fact that no one in the multitude is an observer but yourself, is heightened in degree of population, and a conclusion is apt to be formed against the sentiment and sociability of the people. I am pleased to be able to state, that impressions of this kind, in relation to the English people, are unjust, and to affirm in their favor a sterling politeness which cannot be exceeded by that of any other people in the world. This courtesy cannot be exhibited in the streets, nor even in the hotels. Grace and benevolence would very often go to a bad market, if carried in an open hand amid two millions of people. The hauteur which is observable in the bearing of an Englishman, proceeds partly from the separation of classes, and partly from the settled impression that England and the English people are better than those of any other land or race. But once let an Englishman become persuaded that you are worthy of his acquaintance, no one can exceed him in politeness, and no one equal him in substantial attention. He has reduced hospitality to a science, and takes as much pains to render you happy, as he feels pride in himself. After all, then, an Englishman is not so unamiable as he seems. He is pardonable for pride in a country

and a race, which has been great in every battle-field and council since the dominion of the Cæsars, and whose present strength far exceeds the power and fame of ancient Rome. He has a right to love such a country, even to the verge of conceit; and when you notice his self-complacent smile as he speaks of England and things English, you should think of the pride you have in your own land, and reflect that both he and you belong to nations which you cannot help being proud of, and which it is impossible to forget. Above all, treat him well when he is with you, for I have become assured, (despite of my impressions derived from the incivility of the revenue officers at Liverpool,) that among all foreigners, Americans are regarded here with the highest favor, and any prejudice that may have once-existed against us, has entirely faded away.

Among the other things which strike a stranger, besides the buzz and throng and clatter of the streets, are the peculiarities which are picked out of the bustle, and which press themselves upon you from every side. The first of these may be said to be the great size and elaborate architecture of the houses, the abundance of great buildings and costly and ancient looking edifices, and the beauty of the shop windows, as well in that much misrepresented street, the Strand, as in Regent and Oxford-streets, Piccadilly and Pall Mall. I was at a loss at first how to account for this multiplicity of grandeur, as the extent of these buildings seemed only adapted to the requirements of government, but inquiry proved them to be costly club-houses, the edifices of assurance companies, of boards of merchants, and now and then the discarded palace of some noble who had resigned his choked ancestral halls to the new demands of trade. Among the finest of these buildings are those used as club-houses, to afford a notion of the extravagance of which, I

will here state in passing, that one, to which I was introduced, cost six hundred thousand dollars to build, and its secretary receives a salary of three thousand dollars a year. The best of these establishments are in Pall Mall, but they are sprinkled through the West End, and are the ornaments of every neighborhood where they are reared. The shop windows, as a general rule, exceed in beauty, in arrangement, and in size, those of New York, but the stores behind them are smaller, though equally tastefully dressed out. There are some, of course, which are very spacious, but there are none which equal in size or grandeur that of Stewart's, in Broadway. Neither have they any street which as a promenade equals Broadway. Regent-street is finer as a street, and its magnificent rows of buildings sweep away from the eye in a majestic curve, like an improved edition of the Coliseum, but it has not the bizarre and sparkling line of promenaders to enliven it, which is always to be found in Broadway, and it is not beautified by those slippered angels who make holiday of every shiny hour on our great parade. The ladies here do not walk abroad, they swarm to the shops of Regent and Oxford streets in their coaches, and when they move for pleasure, they ride in state through Hyde Park. The side-walks are resigned to business, and to pre-occupied pedestrians; the parks are devoted to pleasure and the amusement of the idle mind. We have nothing like the latter, and their vast extent defeats from us the hope of imitation.

In the way of street panorama, the omnibuses, and a new style of high-wheeled gig, called a Patent Safety, with doors of half glass to close you in in front, when it rains, and the common cabs, are the most prominent objects. The omnibuses differ from ours by having seats upon the roof, which usually are filled first, in preference to the inside;

a just discrimination when it is known that there are no front windows next the driver's seat for ventilation, and no means of stopping the vehicle if you get far into its depths, but by staggering between the knees of fidgety women and sour-looking old men, in the hope of being able to seize the conductor's arm at the door. These vehicles carry nine on the outside and ten in, being restricted to that number on pain of fine. The charge for distances of three miles or thereabouts, is fourpence, (eight cents,) but the gigs, (or Patent Safetys, as they are called,) and cabs, get as much out of you as they can. Their legal fare is eightpence the first mile, and fourpence for every additional half mile, but they usually double this rate on a stranger, whom they detect with an unfailing instinct. This extortion should always be resisted, not only on account of its injustice, but because it is accompanied by no consolation. In the United States, and some other places, there is a certain pleasure in being robbed, for a man who submits easily, is looked upon as a liberal and clever fellow; but here, if you stand imposition, you are made the joke of the cab-stand as being "jolly green," and your plunderer receives as much credit from his vulgar compeers for having cheated you, as one of the ancient people of Moses used to receive, for a successful prosecution of the national oath to spoil the Egyptians. With this kind of persons, the name of stranger is victim. The public vehicles of this kind are in great number. I have noticed omnibuses that were numbered beyond eight thousand, but owing to various reasons, I am not prepared to be exact in that kind of knowledge. Indeed, I find great difficulty in attending to the demands that are made upon my eyes alone, and however strange it may seem to those who know my business habits, I am forced to confess that it is with the utmost difficulty I can find time

to write these letters. All of my friends here, experience the same difficulty. The fact is, that London is dressed up to receive company. The genius, the talent, the art, and science of the world are here; all doors are thrown open, the exhibitions, private galleries, curiosities, and invitations to dinner, tempt you by day; the opera, theatres, gardens, conversaziones, and masquerades, invite you at night; and if you seek to make a retreat to your own chamber, to hold converse with a sheet of paper for an hour, a lot of enthusiastic friends will have you hunted out, and charged as a deserter, for not being on hand to go with the rest of your party through some new series of the London sights. Away then you go to wade amid floods of gas light in layender attire, or grope in sweating caverns through an array of beastly visages, as a preliminary to a late pillow and a leaden brain on the following morning. No one is exempt from this routine; from the greater part of it no one desires to be exempt, but whatever be your fancy, it is a test of courage and endurance to keep up, and a proof of generalship or desperation to retire. My common refuge, when driven to extremity for reflection and repose, has been an escape to Westminster Abbey, or St. James Park, or a solitary drive through some remote quarter of the town.

I have, thus far, purposely avoided speaking of the Great Exhibition, not because it falls short, but because it exceeds all my calculations of its grandeur. Down to this time, I have paid it four visits, but am still at a loss where to begin in its description, or how to impart an adequate idea of its magnificence. All ordinary spectacles of splendor which help the mind towards comparison, halt upon the threshold, and leave the mere reader of the thoughts of others, where stands the unassisted gazer at the stars, to him whose instruments enable him to approach the planets and unfold the

hidden beauty of the heavens. No one has described it yet. As yet no one has entirely seen it. So great are its attractions, that Royalty itself has left its palaces, to bask in this more gorgeous atmosphere for three days since its opening. The regalia and great jewels of the realm amount in value to three millions of pounds; the decorations of this glittering structure are estimated at more than twenty millions. Well may the Queen leave Buckingham Palace, and covet a partial residence amid such regal wealth; and well may she feel a new pleasure in walking, as the patroness of nations, amid those emblems which are the pith of every nation's pride and power! A film of acres, built of walls of light, filled with flowers and fountains, with jewels sparkling on this side; the richest fabrics unrolled on that; and thousands lounging through its perfumed atmosphere, dizzy with wonder and delight, is not a scene for even Majesty to underrate! But the wand of Harlequin does not seem to have touched our end. We have been very much ridiculed for this, and the unpleasant reproach comes with the more point, as we are under the observation of all the nations of the earth. It is a poor introduction to the plan of getting up a World's Fair at New York, and I very much fear that it will be the general impression of those who have beheld the shabbiness of our department here, that a nation, which exhibits so much indifference to the arts, is not deserving of the profit of opening a caravanserai for the world. I have made what excuse I could for our neglect, and have had the satisfaction of being generally successful. I have represented the difference in contiguity between us and other nations; and reminded the objectors, of the great distance which some of our most valuable machines and fabrics must travel, before they even reach the sea-board for embarkation on an ocean journey of three thousand miles.

I have made them add to this the expense of the transportation, as well for the exhibitor, as the goods, and take into consideration at the same time, the fact, that the American exhibitor cannot have those advantages of advertising which the Frenchmen, the German, and the Swiss, whose shops are near at hand for the reception of orders, can derive out of the Fair. With this, we have excuse enough.

But there is one further consideration, which perhaps, has largely affected the success of our portion of the Exhibition. Americans are chiefly great in machinery, but owing to the apprehension which continually haunts them, of having their inventions stolen or pirated, which apprehension is the natural result of our defective patent laws, they have refrained from risking the creations of their brain before the curious eyes of all mankind. This consideration has had weight even with me, and has prevented me from bringing to the Fair a model piece of ordnance, or steady ship gun, that has been under construction, through my aid and means, during the last two years, and is intended for the use of the United States. There is nothing like it in all the ordnance at the Exhibition, and though it would have afforded me pleasure to have produced it for the admiration of a world which still finds the great gun a simple iron log with a hole bored in it, I am content with having allowed it to remain at home. I have no doubt a similar motive has weighed with many others.

The Exhibition, though it has quite come up to the most sanguine expectations of everybody, has not been satisfactory in all its results. It has been thronged with visitors at high prices and at low; it has received sixty thousand people a day, and taken in fifty thousand dollars between morning and evening. It has already overpaid its expenses, and even now, in the fifth week of its existence, it averages an income

of from ten to fifteen thousand dollars a day ; but while it does all this for itself, it acts as the monster which drank up the rivers, and condemned those who lived adjacent to the streams to perish of thirst and starvation. The vast amount of money it has devoured, has been drawn, to a great extent, from the other avenues of expenditure, and the London tradesmen are actually at a stand-still for want of purchasers ; the theatres are all declining, while exhibitions of every description are so meagerly attended, that very few of them can pay their expenses. Some of the papers speak of this state of things as absolutely disastrous, and speculate upon the ultimate consequences of such a continued drain, in the most gloomy spirit.

Paris will, after all, it seems to me, get the great harvest of this exhibition. Nearly all the strangers who visit London must either come through, or will go to it, and they will reserve the chief of their expenditures for that place. That will certainly be the course of Americans, and in my view it is a deserved retaliation for the shameful manner in which strangers are overcharged in this place. Though I am by myself, I am living at the rate of four hundred dollars a month. The only things which thrive here now, beside the exhibition, are the hotels, the cabs, and the opera. The opera, however, could not fail to be attractive, though two Great Exhibitions were open, and though it were two guineas a ticket instead of one. All the great talent of the world is here in this line, with the exception of Jenny Lind. Think of my seeing the opera of Don Giovanni at the Covent Garden Theatre, at a performance graced by the Queen and the most brilliant aristocracy, in which Mesdames Grisi, Castellan, Bertrandi, Signori Mario, the great tenor Formes, the great basso, Tamburini, and Taliafico, appeared ; and think also of Don Pasquale at the Royal Opera, Haymarket, in

which Sontag, Cruvelli, La Blache, Collett, and Calsolari, appeared, followed by a ballet, distinguished by Carlotti Grisi, Amelia Ferraris, and Mons. Charles, as the principal performers. When I add to this the names of Miss Catharine Hayes, the beautiful Irish cantatrice, Madame Rachel, the great French tragedienne, Caroline Duprez, Mesdames Fiorentini, Ugalde, Guilleni, Ida Bertrand, Miss Harriet Cawse, Miss Louisa Pyne, with Signori Mazzol, Cassanova, Lorenzi, Ferranti, Scapini, Bianchi, Stigalli, and Sims Reeves, who may be seen alternately in the various musical establishments, I think I will have made up a very fair musical constellation.

London is full of Americans at present, and I am constantly meeting with faces that I have been in the habit of confronting in Broadway, Nassau-street, and the City Hall. Of course I am kept busy; but to furnish an idea of the demands upon my time, and my improvement of it, as well as to give a notion of the wonders of this modern Babylon, I will conclude this letter by stating, that in the two weeks I have spent here I have visited the Exhibition four times, been at both houses of Parliament, made three examinations of Westminster Abbey, mounted to the top of St. Paul's, walked through the Tunnel, the Tower, the British Museum, the Zoological Gardens, the famous Barclay & Perkins Brewhouse on the Thames, Madame Tussaud's exhibition of Wax-work, seen a Grand Review by the Duke of Wellington and the Marquis of Anglesea, at Woolwich, visited the palace of the Duke of Northumberland, the National Gallery of Paintings, and had an afternoon's drive in Hyde Park. I have also seen the Queen and Prince Albert, and been to the Ascot Races. I have visited the famous chop-houses, where I have eat turbot, whitebait, sole, whiting, prawns, and the mammoth crabs. Lastly, I have visited the Bow-

street and principal police stations ; the Pentonville and Milbank prisons, Guildhall and the Bank ; both Opera Houses, the Haymarket Theatre, the Lyceum of Mathews and Mad. Vestris, old Drury Lane, the Princess', kept by Mr. and Mrs. Kean, Sadler's Wells, and Punch's Playhouse, in the Strand. Add to those Vauxhall and Cremorne Gardens, with a masquerade thrown in, and I think I have given a pretty liberal list of occupations. Three dinners out, and an evening spent at a conversazione of the National Society of Arts, winds up the routine. Towards much of this amusement I have been materially assisted by the kindness of Mr. Lawrence, the American Minister, and his son, Mr. T. Bigelow Lawrence, who have politely furnished me with introductions and tickets of entree to the most notable places in London. At my further leisure, I will give a description of the principal features of those places.

LONDON, June, 1851.

London Police—Pentonville, Milbank, and Newgate Prisons.

SINCE my last letter I have taken an opportunity to call on Mr. Mayne, the Chief of Police for this city, and through his politeness, have not only obtained an insight into the system of which he is the head, but had facilities afforded me and my friends for visiting the prisons and police stations, and for protection through the dangerous localities of London, which are not usually extended to those who are actuated by mere curiosity. The full result of all the observations which I have thus been enabled to make on the most important branch of the domestic government of a great people, I do not propose to give in the course of a hasty letter; but I shall reserve the philosophy of the subject for a deliberate occasion, when I return home, stopping now only to give those leading features which chiefly distinguish it, and which mark its general usefulness. The police department, of what strangers know as London, is, regularly, about six thousand men. Of these, nine hundred belong in the city proper, and are under the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor, and the remaining five thousand are for the vast overflow outside of Temple Bar and its demarkments, which

are under the jurisdiction of the Superintendent, Mr. Mayne. The uniform of these two bodies differs; the large force having their number worked in silver on their standing coat collars, and the Mayor's force wearing an embroidery of gold. The regulations of the two sections, however, do not differ in any material point of discipline, and both exhibit a patient attention to their duties which might be emulated with profit by many of the careless and conceited department of New York. A policeman here never attempts to be above his business. He is always to be found at his post; he is prompt and resolute; his uniform, which is never laid aside when on duty, is a continual promise of safety to the street passenger, and he, instead of presuming on the large and peremptory power of arrest and street regulation with which he is armed, in the way of insolence, is the most civil and urbane person you can find out of doors. He seems to understand his position in its true sense, and acts not only as the protector of the people within his beat, but as their friend. Under no provocation have I ever seen one lose his temper, and I have on several occasions beheld one break into a crowd to act as an umpire in a quarrel, and direct combatants to go home, who in the hands of our force would have been dragged to the station-house to subject the city to the costs of an idle prosecution. The secret of this difference in demeanor is, as I said before, that the London policeman regards himself as the servant of the public, and not its out-door master. A further reason is, that he is not corrupted from his regular routine of duty by a pernicious system of rewards for special service, as with us. There are forty detectives, to whom the work of special service and pursuit is allotted, and temptation for great jobs and large rewards being thus sluiced off into a certain channel, the mass of the force works out its daily task, never dreaming

of a windfall out of the line of their salaries. This excellent state of things was sought for by the People of New York in the establishment of a salaried police, but through the intrigues of the old stool-pigeon officers, whose speculations and corruptions had provoked the change, a clause was inserted in the new bill, providing that in cases of special service, the policemen might, by permission of the Mayor, be allowed to receive an extra reward. This clause was taken in hand by the first Chief under the new system, who, being favorable to the reward system and the old regime, used his influence upon Mayor after Mayor, to permit rewards in an extending variety of cases, until the permission became recognized as a right of the officer. Indeed, I was once told by Mayor Woodhull, that in applications of officers for permission to receive rewards, he never considered anything but the bare question, whether the party was willing to pay. The result was, that all sorts of intrigues were set on foot to create business, and the regular salary was, and is, regarded merely as a stand-by to provide against regular wants, while the officer devotes himself entirely to speculation. The regular routine of his duty is sacrificed on all occasions to this aim, and very little is done by a New York officer, except with a view to private profit. The majority of the arrests that are made is generally undertaken through caprice, or done with the view of locking up customers for some pettifogger, who will divide a fee with him in the morning. The London policeman is not actuated by any such motives; he performs his duty steadily and patiently, and the public are served instead of being abused. The scandal of night descents to terrorize frail women to flexible subjection, or to bleed them of their trinkets through the fingers of conspiring bail-masters and prison-lawyers, is consequently here entirely unknown. Cognizance is taken

only of positive infractions. All who refrain from invading the rights of others go their ways.

The London police have no concern in lighting the streets as with us, but have full charge of the conduct of omnibuses, hacks, and cabs. The Chief of Police grants their licenses, and the men govern them in the streets. Complaints against them are heard by Commissioners. Previous to the establishment of the present system of police, the Strand and Fleet-street were sometimes wedged with vehicles, and impassable for hours; but now there is no difficulty, for the finger of the policeman, who stand much of the time in the very centre of the street, directs the driver to pull this way and that, and the crammed thoroughfare is continually in motion, like two huge serpents, squirming by into each others folds. Whenever there is danger of a jam, the policeman sees the approaching crisis, and warns it off in advance. In this way particularly, is a stranger struck with his usefulness, though in every way, his conduct makes a good impression. I have not seen an American in London who does not agree with me, in the views I now express of the police, and they are unanimous, too, in the opinion, that the force with us should be obliged to wear uniforms when on duty, and made attentive to routine by a discontinuance of our demoralizing system of rewards. The pay of policemen here, varies from sixteen shillings to two guineas per week, the latter sum being allowed to small officers and the forty detectives. The salary of the Chief of Police is £1,500, or \$7,500 a year. This makes, with incidentals, the current annual expense of the London police amount to two millions of dollars; a sum below its revenue by some thousands of dollars. This amount, however, is raised by special tax, so there is nothing to boast of in that feature over ours, and by com-

parison, the expense will be found to be very nearly the same pro rata. At this point, it is not improper to direct the attention of the reader to the fact, that the number of the London police amounts, as it stands now augmented, (to 6,900) on account of the exigencies of the Great Exhibition, a number nearly equal to the entire standing army of the United States, which protects a country that spreads from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Policemen are not eligible for appointment after thirty, but once in the department, they remain during good behavior, with a pension contingent on superannuation. This, doubtless, is a strong incentive to fidelity and vigilance, but the inducement may be supplied with us, and in a stronger way, by allotting the amounts of all public rewards that are earned, to a fund for widows and orphans of policemen, with a mark of honor for every man contributing to the fund, that may stand him in hand for advancement, either from his constituents or an appointing power. The incentive to special vigilance is then direct and prompt, and the corrupting speculations of the reward system ended.

The London force is distributed about in station-houses, over which an Inspector presides, who answer to our Captains, and old Captains of the watch. Here, Inspectors receive the prisoners who are brought in, hear their cases, and either commit the party to the cells till morning, or discharge him at once. They have a prerogative, however, beyond that of our Captains, for they can take bail till morning. This brings that beneficent provision of the law which presumes a man to be innocent until he is proven guilty, down to the lowest workings of the system, and gives a liberal magistrate a resource against the absolute oath of some vicious complainant. The amount of bail taken in these small night cases varies, as I was informed

by the Inspector at the Bow-street station, from five to ten pounds. I found this officer a very intelligent man, and to his politeness I am indebted for an examination of the station in all its departments, even at the expense of an interruption of his business. By this examination, I found the stations to be not only rendezvous, but hotels, where the men not only lodged, but fed; with the exception of the married members of the detachment, who of course, live hard by, and very much of course, go home to their wives. Below stairs, and under the lock-up cells, are a range of kitchens, a wash-room, and a room for cleaning shoes and brushing clothes; and next to these are two mess-rooms with bright tins, neat earthen ware, and jovial looking fire-places, for the men to eat by. Up-stairs, and above the cells, are the sleeping chambers, containing only four or five beds each, in the centre of which, and in the second story, is a common reading-room, where the men may smoke, and read, and chat. Their term of duty is twelve hours on, and twelve off, so they can spend many comfortable hours in the conversation room if they choose. The policemen are drilled with the broadsword for the emergencies of riots, so it will be seen that if only armed with a short staff, they are, when mounted, a very formidable body. As it is, the regular force of mounted policemen, which has been made to sound so large in New York, by those who wish to introduce the feature there, is only forty. These are sent to one part of the city and another, at the direction of the Superintendent, and frequently are made use of in leaving messages. They are never used as was tried with us, to ride down apple women and flying children, in order to clear the streets for public processions, for no processions go through the streets here, as the crowds in the thoroughfares confine such displays to the parks. Altogether, the system of police is

an excellent one, and under its vigilant supervision, there are no places in London where a passer-by would not be safe at noon-day, which was not the case only a few years ago.

On the morning after my visit to the station houses, I visited the Bow-street police office, where I found Mr. Hardwick (who has recently made himself famous by an instance of firm justice against one of the aristocracy) on the bench, and where I also met the editor of the *London Police Gazette*. By permission of the Justice, my friends and myself were admitted within the bar, and we sat down to observe the routine of business. I was struck at once with the peculiar quiet and decorum which prevailed. There was none of that buzz and shuffling in the outer circle, nor mixture of foul smells that pervade the police courts of New York, when the cases of over night prisoners are being heard. The magistrate sits quietly on his seat out of the way of approach; the clerk sits under him, in front; the complainant or policeman tells his story from a box which he enters, near the bench, while the prisoner stands by himself in another and distinct part of the room. But one prisoner is brought into the court-room at a time, and when he is disposed of, another is summoned to appear. There is consequently no confusion, and never that orchestra of howls from the crowd of noisy, half-drunken creatures, who usually make up our morning magisterial serenade. The police subjects here are quite as bad as with us; but when they enter they are awed into decorum, and they have no chance to make an approach to familiarity with the magistrate by even receiving his questions; for an officer at the prisoner's elbow asks the prisoner's age, name, and business, and the magistrate only asks him the single interrogation of what he has to answer to the complainant's story. In this way a number of cases were

disposed of in the twenty minutes we sat there, and there was not one of them of which the substantial justice was not apparent.

Law is administered in this country with exactitude upon all classes, indiscriminately, and this is the true secret of English loyalty. We boast of equality. We have it partly at the polls, and in some other places, but where we want it most, we have it least. The instant we approach the courts we find the oil of influence and wealth smoothing the turbulence of the waters, while poverty drives to the shore, or founders in a vast sea of indifference as to its condition. In England the judge does not see the habiliments or know the station of the culprit who is brought before him; he sees and knows only the charge and the proofs, and so fixed is his character and so inflexible his administration, that no undue intercession is ever attempted with him. The case of Paulet Henry Somerset, an aristocratic Captain in the Guards and heir presumptive to a peerage, is a striking instance. The noble Captain was driving his phaeton up the carriage road towards the Exhibition, through which the police had been directed none should pass. He was summoned by a policeman to turn back. The captain took no notice of the signal, whereupon the policeman ran up and acquainted him in special terms with the order; but the Captain only whipped up his horses in reply. The policeman then took hold of the reins, upon which the gallant Captain, in aristocratic indignation at this interference, lashed him with his whip, and succeeded in breaking away; but he was caught by a policeman further on, and taken into custody. On the following morning he was brought before Mr. Hardwick, who after hearing the case, sentenced the offender to the *House of Correction* for ten days. The aristocrat was thunderstruck; he asked the magistrate if he was not mis-

taken; entreated him to consider his station in society and the position of his family, and concluded with a prayer to be allowed to pay a fine. The magistrate replied that he would make no alteration in his decision; the defendant, from his position should have set an example of obedience to those in authority, and a fine easily paid was a mere mockery of the law. Captain Paulet Henry Somerset was consequently taken to the House of Correction, and forced to wear the convict livery, and undergo the prison discipline, and though a hundred and thirty noble families united in application to Sir C. Grey, the Secretary of the Home Department, for the remission of the sentence, the noble Captain served his time out. This is very good, but it is not perfect without contrast.

A few days afterwards a coachman was driving his master's brougham furiously along the same road, when the policemen signalled *him* to stop; but he drove on, and when seized, used the whip on the policeman in the style of the noble Somerset. His excuse, when brought to the police-court, was, that his master had ordered him to be at the Exhibition at five o'clock, and he did not dare to be behind-hand. The magistrate told *him* that the orders of the law were paramount to those of his master, but inasmuch as he was an ignorant person, and had a sort of palliation in his supposed duty to his master, he would sentence him to the House of Correction for seven days. We venture nothing when we state that such an adjudication could not be had in the United States. Captain Paulet Henry Somerset, or any man in his station, would have been certain to have worked out of his danger, and the coachman, unless he happened to be famous in his election district, would have caught the larger term. It is a melancholy fact that our courts are in an abominable condition, and a man has as much chance of

justice who goes into them armed with right alone, as an inexperienced youth has who plays cards with a party of professed sharpers. All sorts of influences can be brought to bear; all sorts of license is tolerated. I have seen, in New York, a felon on trial for the highest offense known to the law this side of murder, receive an exchange of bows and a polite shake of the hand from an Attorney General in face of the jury which were to try him; and I have known money to be left with a judge, by those in the interest of the defendant, during the trial of a case. Nay, so far does indifference and indelicacy upon this subject extend, that very lately a wretch, infamous for his numerous crimes, was not even prosecuted for attempting to bribe the chief judge of the Supreme Court of the City of New York, by money in a letter. A *nolle prosequi* was entered in the case, though the proof was perfect, and justice, which had been struggling to vindicate herself against this criminal in many other cases, went by the board. Will any one pretend to say that such an attempt would have been passed over in any court in this country? Far from it; every man in the community would have felt that the conviction of such a criminal was a matter of common interest, and unless the law were strictly pressed against him, and the purity of the courts vindicated from the imputation of such an overture, I doubt if any man would have felt exactly safe. Certain it is, that the People would not have been content.

The administration of the law here is pure and signal; with us it is partial and loose. Wealth may defy all its powers in New York; and turn all its terrors upon the witnesses who come against it, but Poverty must walk with its hands outspread, or it trips and is trampled down in an instant. This loose, this appalling state of things has become notorious among us; while equal and exact adjudi-

cation to all men is as well established here. Should we, then, who make equality the text of our national religion, wonder that the English are a loyal people? The only way in which the poor feel government, and know what it is, is through the action of the criminal courts. If that action is unequal, they distrust the government which permits it; but when they see it administered with the same exactitude upon the noble and the laborer, they feel a practical equality which they can understand, and they dread any change which may deprive them of its guarantees. Let the people of the United States look a little more closely to the action of their criminal courts; let them take measures to curb that shocking license which delivers an honest man, who takes the witnesses' stand, from abuse by profligate attorneys, and deny to such persons the privilege to become confederates of the thieves they defend, because they have taken a fee. Under the license which exists at present, it is worse to be a witness than to be the prisoner in the box. I have seen men of the most blameless lives, tremble like children at the prospect of going to testify before a court, and prosecuting attorneys, consequently, find the greatest difficulty in getting their cases in order. The fault of this state of things lies in the judges, who permit questions to be asked which are entirely irrelevant to the case at issue, and which are put merely for the purpose of distressing a witness, and forcing him to bring himself into discredit. The witness is tried and not the prisoner, and so long as the public, who furnish the witnesses, endure this state of things, so long will our country be without that justice which is the type of equality, and the very foundation of all safety in every good government.

After the visit to Bow-street, which has led to these remarks, my friends and myself drove to the Pentonville

Model Prison, and from thence to the celebrated Millbank Penitentiary. Neither of these prisons are used for the full terms of their inmates, but they are probationary establishments, devoted to the temporary reception and discipline of felons who have been convicted to transportation. From these places, after two or three years' stay, they are sent to the hulks or dock-yards, where their labor is excessively severe, and from thence, if they have deported themselves well, they get a ticket of leave for some colony in the South Seas. If they are refractory in the docks, they are returned back to the prisons, and from thence transported to Norfolk Island, the most cheerless and severe of all the penal colonies. The Pentonville establishment was got up, as its name betokens, as a model prison, and it is built in a most convenient style for the purposes to which it is devoted.

From the centre of the building, where you enter, five aisles branch off in rays, as from the centre of a half circle. In the centre or the knot of this half rosette or fan, is placed a keeper, who looks down all the aisles at the same time, from a jutting bow-window erected in the second tier for that purpose. Each tier, of which there are three, and each section, of which there are fifteen, has a special keeper; but the man in the centre overlooks them all. In the cells, which are very clean, and very finely arranged with windows that look out to heaven, instead of upon gloomy inner passages, as in most of our prisons, the men pursue their regular trades, and perform in solitude the labor which is the penalty of crime. An hour a day is allowed each of them for exercise, and for this purpose they are taken into the grounds, where there are three huge rosettes of brick and mortar, divided into wedge-shaped yards, each with an iron gate, where the prisoner paces or runs up and down, as suits his humor, like a tiger in a show. Each of these

rosettes contains twenty yards, and to prevent the possibility of conversation, a keeper in a central tower, a little higher than the radiating walls, watches the motions of his beasts. The yards are open to the weather, but a small portion of the gores are roofed, to give the animals retreat in case of storm—a very necessary precaution, as it rains in this country half the time.

The prison contains about eight hundred convicts, and sixty may be exercised at a time. They never see one another's faces, and even when, for convenience, in turning them in and out of a line of cells for attendance at chapel or at school, they proceed in file, they are obliged to keep some ten feet apart, and the cloth front of their caps is so cut that it drops over the face and conceals it to the chin, in the style of a mask. They look through two small round holes cut in the cloth, and even through this can only see the back of the man who goes before. No danger here, therefore, of conspiracy, correspondence, or revolt. They go to school every day for two hours, and those who have no trade are instructed in one. Their food is abundant, and prepared in a clean and tolerable manner. It is cooked in a range of kitchens under the main floor, and served out in small tubs which are sent up in large trays through a trap or dumb waiter, by machinery, to each tier. The trays are then lifted off the dumb waiter and laid upon a railway which spans the shining rails of the two sides of the corridor, and this is easily shoved along by a man on each side, who hands out a bucket of food as he arrives opposite each door upon his tier. In this way much labor is saved, and the ceremony soon dispatched.

Connected with this branch of duty is a feature worthy of mention, and which every motive of philanthropy, as well as policy, requires should at once be adopted in our prisons.

All who know anything of prison discipline, have become acquainted with the horrible results of self-abuse among male prisoners, and know, too, that all ingenuity has been exhausted, in the way of stocks, shower-bath, spiked-gloves, &c., for discouraging the desolate convict from taking refuge from his misery in intoxicating illusions of past pleasures. Here, however, they are conquered of this inclination by a regimen of carbonate of soda, mixed with their food. This harmless infusion destroys all passion, without impairing any of the functions; and at the end of his term the convict may come out in his natural condition, with all his faculties uninjured, and not deprived of memory, vigor, eyesight, health, and the hope which springs from and depends upon them. Without this protective dosing, five years sentences are almost equivalent to sentences of death. It is within the recollection of our readers that Colonel Monroe Edwards fell a victim to the gilded tortures of the past. Carbonate of soda should be introduced into our prisons. Nay, it might be profitably used in many other places. The prisoners complain of this feature of their punishment, and would not take the medicine unless it were mixed with their food. It is given to them steadily for the first five or six weeks, and after that at intervals. In this prison, as in Millbank—nay, in all London—the keepers are dressed in uniform.

Millbank does not differ materially from Pentonville. It is built in the same radiating style, but is a complete circle. The system is solitary, the work is done by the prisoners in their cells, and they have yards allotted for their exercise. The discipline does not seem to be as stringent as at Pentonville, and it is relieved, too, by the feature of one large workshop for coarse tailoring in the centre, where some hundred and twenty men and boys sit in silent presence of each

other. This prison is very large, and will hold eighteen hundred prisoners. It was erected in 1836, but Pentonville is only four or five years old. Both may be considered experiments in the solitary system, and I may as well mention here, that the officer in attendance informed me that both were very unpopular with all candidates who are eligible to such residences. With the discipline of these places staring them in the face, there are none to commit crime now, as of old, for the mere sake of transportation. In the way of punishment, the shower-bath is unknown, though it is sometimes used for medicinal purposes. The usual punishments are close confinement, denial of the yard, low food, and sometimes whipping.

Having gone so far into this gloomy subject, I will now conclude with a brief view of Newgate. The letter of Mr. Hardwick, at the request of Mr. Mayne, secured me admission to this place. My sentiment was different on entering it from that which I experienced at the penitentiaries. There it was disgust—here it was awe. The very doorway, with its sculptured chains, was classical in horror, and the thousand crimes, that its dark cells had received, seemed all to cluster to the portal, to chill the entrance and appal the comer. The pleasant face of the very polite and gentlemanly deputy-governor, however, relieved these sensations in some degree, and brought me to an ordinary tone of observation.

Newgate is now used only as a house of detention for prisoners awaiting trial, or awaiting orders after sentence, and in this respect, as well as in respect to public executions, it is a prison of the same character as the City Prison or Tombs of New York. It is far different in management and condition, however, and holds every point of the contrast in its favor. There are no general halls or corridors into which

the whole body of offenders are turned to hold vile conversation with each other; no train of acoustic pipes through which they can shout blasphemy from cell to cell; but the entire prison is divided into wards and small rooms, and as much pains is taken to sift offenders and lock the different grades apart, as is taken by a retailer to assort his good articles from bad. In this way you are shown from rooms where you meet the juvenile first offenders, to the halls of the more hardened culprit; until at length you reach the ponderous cells which close upon the murderer, and preserve him for the gibbet. There is, therefore, no chance of one offender corrupting another less vicious than himself, and no opportunity afforded for the bad to stimulate each other with a false hardihood and keep off the approaches of repentance. Moreover, there is no chance of their being supplied with liquor, through visitors, or by bribing the cupidity of the keepers, as is continually done in the Tombs at New York; for no visitors are allowed to come in personal contact with a prisoner, and a penalty of twenty pounds and loss of place makes the keeper observant of his duty. Each prisoner is allowed a pint of ale a day, if he can purchase it; but no spirits are permitted on any pretense whatever. By way of keeping those who are under sentence out of idleness until they are sent away, they are occupied in picking oakum—a more profitable occupation than the concoction of perjuries to sell to other prisoners, for promises of aid in procuration of pardons, or performing commissions after they are gone.

The discipline in relation to boys is excellent. The instant they come in they are placed in the hands of a resident schoolmaster (a person who on Sundays acts as clerk to the chaplain), and though they remain but a day, he begins to instruct them in the rudiments of education. His demeanor

is mild and encouraging, and under his tutelage many a ruffian in the egg has been inspired with a better ambition than mere hatred to mankind, and received the impulse which has reformed him to creditable purposes. Here, as in the penitentiaries, yards are allowed for exercise, but in consequence of the confined space, three or four are allowed to exercise together. In one yard there were some fourteen convicts in single file, going their hour in a constant circle, like beasts traveling in a mill. In the yard adjoining this, we were shown the corner where the sweep worked his way up, by putting his back to the wall and by pressing his naked hands and feet in the hollows of the rough masonry. It seems to be some seventy feet high, and as I looked up I could imagine the terrible sensation of the tired climber, when plastered in the angle and resting himself near the top, to regain breath and strength for the continuance of his dizzy task. None but a sweep could have done it. As it was, he succeeded—gained the top of the wall, made a perilous jump to a lower roof, and from thence dropped some forty feet into the street. In a few weeks, however, he was arrested for a new offense, and consigned to his old quarters. The manner of his escape was still a mystery, but he yielded to the vanity of being considered a hero in his line, and described the means he had employed. Upon this a row of long spikes, pointing downward, was placed in the angle near the top of the wall, and some six or eight feet of the masonry immediately under it was filled with plaster and made smooth to the touch. There is no getting out there in sweep fashion now.

In the darker and heavier cells I was shown several curiosities; among these were gyves and chains of every sort, such as had been used in olden times, and most formidable in this collection were the very chains that had been worn

by the famous Dick Turpin, the daring owner of Black Bess. The governor informed me, however, that no irons are used in the prison now, and that the whole state of discipline is relaxed. The press room too, where prisoners were laid under piles of heavy weights to compel confession, is also obsolete, even as an object of exhibition. Among the stronger cells I was shown the dungeons of Thurtell, who killed Ware, Eliza Brownrigg, Courvoisier, Fontleroy, and others most famous in the legends of the place. The passage to the condemned's cell was entered by a solid iron slab door, almost two inches thick, guarded by great bars, which were hasped across its centre span. Well might it remind the classical reader of the folded gates of hell, which bear the inscription :

“ Let him who enters here, leave hope behind.”

The prison throughout is lit with gas, a jet of which is introduced into every cell. This burns all night in every cell, as well as in the passages, and is kept up, not as an article of luxury, but as a rule of safety to prevent escapes. A man cannot skulk out of a passage that is continually in a glare of light, as if it were in gloom. Even his shadow will betray him.

Most of the executions that have been chronicled in the Newgate Calendar have taken place in this building, and there are but few exceptions made from it now in the case of local criminals. The Mannings were among the exceptions. The style of execution is peculiar. The criminal, instead of being hung in the prison, is turned off in the street. Dressed in his grave clothes, he steps out in front of what is called the debtor's door. Here he makes his last dying speech to the crowd that sways to and fro at his feet, and swarms upward even to the roofs on every side, as if to smother him with life. After the speech is over, his cap is

drawn, the foot-piece or platform is knocked away, and in a few minutes he is no better than a dead dog, or than Henry VIII., who lies mouldered yonder in Westminster Abbey.

In going out I noticed the mode of the prisoners receiving visitors. For this purpose, there are two partitions in the yard, of iron rail, two feet apart, at either side of which prisoners and visitors appear, while the keeper stands in the way between. No chance for breeding mischief or concocting perjuries here for outside use, unless the keeper makes himself the instrument and go-between of villany, as is sometimes done in the Tombs of New York. For counsellors to see their clients, there is a small room in a large hall or vestibule, inside the body of the main building, the sides of which are glass, in order that even here the prisoner may be under a sort of observation. As I passed this, a most painful sight arrested my attention. In the centre of the room sat a well dressed young man, of fine appearance, with his collar thrown open, his hair disordered, his eyes bent straight forward, and his features fixed as stone. On his lap, with her form trailing across his bosom and drooping partly over his shoulder like a blighted vine, wreathed a young female, clothed in weeds, as if the living death of the man to whom she clung, had translated her prematurely into this wisp of widowhood and woe. "He was the confidential clerk to an Assurance Company, and that is his wife, who is allowed to see him here as a special favor," said the gentleman who accompanied me without waiting for a question. As he spoke, he turned his head away, and with a heavy heart I instinctively followed his example. I felt that the unhappy pair were entitled to the poor luxury allowed them without the intrusion of an observer. What a fool is he who ever dreams of crime! With this sad picture in my eyes, I closed my visit to Newgate.

LONDON, June, 1851.

*The Queen—The Ladies—The Ascot Races—The Opera—
The Theatres—Madame Ugalde and the Prodigal Son.*

I HAVE seen the Queen. I have seen her, but were it not that the readers of these letters expect to hear my opinion of her appearance, I should consult a discreet politeness, by saying nothing on the subject. It is always a delicate task to speak about a woman's beauty, and by no means a pleasant one when candor requires you to disparage it, especially when the possessor is rather an amiable person. But I have seen the Queen, and if I had ever been an admirer of her qualities, I should wish I had not, for verily she possesses one of the most unfortunate outlines of face which ever perplexed the flatteries of art.

I saw her first in her state coach, in procession to St. James' Palace on a levee day, and have seen her three times since at more advantage, but the first impression remained unsoftened. There is no chance for a mistake in her Majesty's facial angle, and a glance is followed by a conclusion against it. On the occasion in St. James' Park, there were two parties of American gentlemen from different hotels, who stood in a group at the point of view I occupied. When

the Queen passed, each turned and looked the others in the face, and the smile which came from all, said almost in plain words, "Lord! how we have been humbugged by the pictures." By-and-by this smile broke into a laugh, and every one enjoyed it, as men will who detect a trick that has deceived them, but which has not affected their credit for intelligence. "She does not bear the most remote resemblance to any of her pictures," said one. "I suppose it would be about as much as a man's life is worth to attempt to portray her accurately;" said another. "No artist who wishes to obtain the royal favor will ever draw her side face," said a third. "I'll tell you what I think about her, gentlemen," remarked a fourth; "if such a looking person were introduced in a ball-room in New York as a partner for a dance, the gentleman, who out of politeness went through the cotillion with her, would feel he had a right afterwards to inquire what object the person who had scared her up had in furnishing him with such a partner." "But she has a fine complexion," said I. "So she has," said the last speaker, "but of what avail is complexion to such a line of feature? Her face protrudes in the centre, and retires at the forehead and chin. She is, in short, what is known as a pig-faced lady, and the complexion of Ninon de L'Enclos would not redeem her."

My friend, though in the main correct, was a little too severe. There is nothing offensive in the broad good-natured face of the Queen of Britain; but she is a most insignificant looking personage, and no peanut stand in the realm could adopt her for its overseer without risking a loss of importance from the presence of its keeper. She is insipid in every feature, and the unfortunate protrusion of the centre of the face and retreat of the forehead and the chin, indicate that lack of mental force which is Nature's charter for the enforcement of respect. Add to this a shortness of the upper

lip, which almost discloses the teeth, even when in a state of repose, and seems to promise nothing but a petulant lisp, and you have before you a tolerable notion of the face of the blue-eyed, fair-skinned Queen of England. In stature, she is short and dumpy: being squared according to the German fashion; and she has a foot as flat as a brick. No dignity redeems this contour. She has no more natural majesty than a baby-jumper, or style than a brown jar. In short, she is a great non-entity, a tractable idol, which this Mighty People set at their head as a sort of symbol of a power that once existed in the State, the shade and show of which it is convenient to retain. A certain amount a year is allowed out of the treasury to feed and to amuse her—a stout, well-behaved fellow is provided as her husband; and as a return for this style of living, she is only required to sign a few papers a day, and be present at the opening of Parliament once a year. But she is expected to go to the play and the races as often as possible; to keep herself cheerful and gracious with the people; and, by way of gaining their hearts, in order that the machinery of monarchy may work in quiet, she is furnished with large sums of money, to contribute to charitable funds of various kinds. A few of the people, such as Richard Cobden, have found out that the general pocket pays for these showy largesses; but the ignorant, who do not know that every time they open their teeth for food, they make contribution to the public purse, hurrah for the gracious delusion. As I looked upon the showy cavalcade of State, and saw the golden carriages with their loads of dukes and ministers, flare by, I could not repress a feeling of contempt, nor avoid asking myself the question, whether the really great men of this great nation did not sink in their own esteem when they paid humility and homage to that insipid woman. It is well to mention here that, as long as

Cobden has been in public life, he has not yet been presented to the Queen. He has an objection, among other things, to the court-dress and tights, and his excuse is, that he does not wish to appear in any figure for which his children might laugh at him.

In private life the Queen is esteemed amiable, but there is a story current that she is a little tartar in her household, and also that she is exceedingly careful of Prince Albert. Certain it is, that during the entire period of her marriage, he has not slept a single night from her side, and that the only time he visited his native home she accompanied him. On one occasion he went to Liverpool to preside at the opening of a railway, but, by direction of the Queen, he was obliged to return the same night ; making over four hundred miles travelling, in addition to the fatigues of the occasion. Rather a hard day's work that for the consort of a Queen. It would seem by this that her majesty is disposed to be jealous ; but perhaps it only indicates a just appreciation of the value of her partner. Indeed, she and Albert seem to be a loving couple, and it is proper they should do as much as possible for each other, for they do no good to anybody else. The station of neither of them is by any means enviable to an American. Nevertheless, when I told an Englishman I would not exchange my position in life for that of Prince Albert, he regarded me as an impostor. I explained to him that Albert had no future—that all the avenues of his ambition were closed up, and he could do nothing more in this world but eat. But my friend could not understand me. Finally, I reminded him, that by the constitution of the United States, I was already a sovereign in my own country, at which he became reconciled to my pretensions, for he burst into a laugh, and good naturedly took all that I had been saying as a sort of dry-joke on my part.

The procession of the Queen from Buckingham to St. James' Palace on the levee day, was a grand affair in the way of show. Though the distance between the two palaces, both being in the same park, (St. James') was but a few hundred yards, it took six state coaches to make up her personal train, while the one which contained her and her consort, had on the board behind, six rigid footmen, clustered as closely as an allegory cut from a scant piece of marble. Ahead were the Life Guards, all as bright as if they had been painted up and gilt as Christmas toys, while behind, and around, and in all portions of the splendid field, were whizzing bright coaches, to be present at the ceremony.

The entrance of the Queen to the course of the Ascot races, though less imposing, was, however, much more interesting in its style. Seventy thousand people were gathered on the ground, and for half an hour before one o'clock all looked with interest towards Windsor Castle for her Majesty's approach as the signal for the race to begin. Punctual to the hour, a buzz ran along the line, and presently the royal train rolled past the grand stand on the green turf allotted to the course. There were no guards nor music. In the first coach, preceded by outriders, came a batch of ladies belonging to the palace; next came her Majesty and consort and two royal children; next the Duke of Wellington, and three other distinguished persons; next a batch of princes, and so on till I counted thirteen carriages, with intervening lacqueys mounted on horses of the highest breed. I could now understand what the Queen did with the one hundred and thirty-six horses which I saw in her stables, and was enabled for the first time to give credence to the statement of the gilded groom, who on the day of my visit to the royal mews, had informed me they were all used nearly every day.

The Ascot race was for the Russian Emperor's plate, and it being the grand day, I had a fair opportunity of observing this national sport, and its incidents, in their best style. The grand stand on which I stood was filled with nobles, noble ladies, and members of the haut-ton. From the top seat, as I gazed down the pitch, it looked like a bank of flowers; from the lower seat, as I looked up, it took the form of a parterre, with jewels sparkling over the entire galaxy. The day was damp, and to guard against the everlasting rain of the climate, the front and sides of the stand were framed with long, sliding windows; which, being half drawn down, shut in volumes of the most refined perfumes, giving the whole one feature more of paradise. The ladies, however, were most of them rather too stout for angels, and they exhibited a languor also, which spoke too much of mortal ease. Moreover, their tastes in attire were not quite so delicate as we may expect to see evinced, when we open our immortal eyes upon the fields of Beulah. There was too much profusion. Piles of laces and cambrics and silks, multiplied by flounces, were the prevailing features of the scene, and enlarged to the eye, that abundance of contour, which it is the aim of the American and French ladies to repress. This luxuriance of form is general among the aristocratic English classes. It commences at the neck and spreads in voluptuous increase, till you lose all memory of a girdle. The feet and ankles are by no means fairy-like, and the only delicacy which their hands can claim resides in the qualities of softness and color. The best formed of the English women are among the servant maids and working classes, whose naturally fine physical inheritance is trained by labor into graceful lines. The rich do nothing but eat, and never go abroad except to loll in a coach, or lounge at the opera, or dawdle at an evening conversazione. The result is inev-

itable. They cannot choose but get fat. Even turkeys and geese are unable to resist such discipline.

The style of racing in this country differs from ours, and it also differs in philosophy. Here it is a national amusement of high character, and being patronized by the Queen, is popular with all classes. With us it is resigned almost entirely to gay men of the world, gayer women, and gamblers. I do not mean by this that they do not bet here. On the contrary, everybody bets. Even the ladies on all sides had brought paper tablets to guide them in their wagers; but they were bets of pastime, not of profit. With us the aim is gain alone, and the result is counted on the fingers. The running of the horses too is different. There are no single matches. Everything I saw was in the shape of sweepstakes. An annual piece of plate is set up by a Jockey Club, or given by some potentate like the Emperor of Russia, to which the price of entree, for five or three year old, is a certain sum, the surplus of which adds to the plate a purse. A general scramble of three miles (the extent of the long race,) is then made, and twice round the course, which is one mile and a half in extent, decides the contest. In races of one mile heats, the horses start on the back side of the course, and come in at the stand. The only matches that are made, therefore, are were two horses, which are in the general scramble, are privately waged against each other by their respective fanciers or owners. The course differs from ours in appearance, as the path of the race, instead of being gravel or naked earth, is fine green sward, rolled closely down. No dust therefore follows the feet of the troop, and the surface is more indifferent to rain, being less heavy under such circumstances than ours. The stands are excellent, being well adapted to the ease of the spectator, and to his protection from the weather. The front of

the course opposite the stand was lined, like ours, with long barricades of vehicles, in which family parties were disposing of pastry and champagne during all the intervals of the race. This refreshment was also extensively provided for on the first floor of the grand stand; where, between the two main divisions of the sport, the ladies and gentlemen flocked *en masse*, and took luncheons at side tables, of soup and steaks, at from 6 to 10 shillings the head. The Queen occupied the small stand of the Jockey Club on the right of the grand stand, which, with the windows all drawn down, made it on three sides quite a box of glass. I presume she was as well provided in the way of luncheon as her subjects, for I noticed she retired from her seat at the same time.

The appearance of the Queen at the opera house was less imposing than at the levee or the race course. No parade was made at her entrance. Even the national anthem was not struck up by the orchestra, as I had been informed was the custom. All ostentation was omitted, and I was only conscious of her presence by the turns which a large portion of the audience would make towards her box at intervals, to notice if some very fine cadenza or shake had made an impression on her Majesty. She was therefore a secondary feature in this display. The opera house itself is to a stranger the great attraction. It is not arranged like ours in general circles, where the audience are divided off by sofas or arm-chairs; but it rises in six or seven successive tiers of private boxes, each of which are separated from the other by permanent partitions, and protected by inscriptions of the aristocratic owner's name. In short, the entire inside of the vast amphitheatre occupied by the audience is one succession of gold and damask pigeon-coops, with the exception of a gallery in the sixth story, and a portion of the pit,

where the occupants sit in general. The greater portion of the pit, or parquette, is allotted to stalls, or arm-chairs, which are a guinea each, and the remainder, or scrambling place near the door, is set down at half that price. I occupied a stall at the Royal Haymarket; but on a subsequent occasion, at the Covent Garden, a friend and myself took seats in a box, at half a guinea premium; a crown more procured us a copy of the opera and the hire of a lorgnette for the night, which being added to the coach fare, made the visit to the opera come at nine dollars a piece. It must be borne in mind, however, that for this we enjoyed the delight of hearing Grisi, Castellan, Bertrandi, Tamburini, Formes, Taliafico, Tamberlik, and an orchestra of eighty artists of the first European celebrity. No such opera as this could be sustained in any other city in the world but London; because no other city can afford to pay for it; because all other aristocracies but that of England (with the exception, perhaps, of Russia) are tinsel and imitation; and because from their enormous wealth, a pound here is just as current an item of expense, as a dollar is elsewhere. It is for these reasons that the opera, which must be sustained by the aid of government in Paris, flourishes by itself in London, and it is for the same reasons that the great performers of the world in every line, make the capital of England the platform of their profits and their ambition. One of the results of this is, to elevate the style of art in this quarter, and make a London endorsement, generally speaking, a certificate of excellence.

The performances of the regular drama and its appointments are also vastly better than those we have in the United States. Here great pains is taken to put pieces correctly on the stage, and the proprieties of history are never sacrificed to stage effect. The prices are high, one dollar

and twenty-five cents being charged for the first seats in the good houses, and seventy-five cents in the minor ones ; but in both the players are accomplished, and the scenery and properties are fine. The Haymarket, under the management of Webster, the Lyceum, under the management of Charles Matthews and Madame Vestries, and the Princess' Theatre, under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Kean, rank as the best. The Drury Lane is in a state of decline. For the last year, it is said, it has been losing money, and a prophecy is abroad that it will go by the board during the present season. I saw an operatic performance of the parable of the Prodigal Son there, however, as adapted from the French stage, which was very well attended. The principal performers in it were the celebrated Vandenhoff the elder, Miss Vandenhoff his daughter, and Anderson the English Kirby, who starred it lately in the States. The performance, however, was inferior, as a whole, to the performances I saw at the other theatres, and had it not been for the novelty of seeing a scripture parable put upon the stage, and the startling spectacle of Azael revelling in an orgie with some fifty or sixty half-clothed and licentious bayaderes, I should not have stayed it through. These things, however, do not offend the public taste of this meridian. Dancing women are not clouted in deference to any sentiment of national modesty, and their voluptuous evolutions excite no more objection than the naked pictures, and the very naked statues that are to be seen in every exhibition of the arts. There is a wide difference between the degree of toleration with which the American and English public treat these invasions of reserve. With us most of them would not be tolerated at all ; here none of them occasion the least criticism. A good illustration is now ready to my hand. A certain Madame Ugalde, a famous cantatrice of the Grand

Opera at Paris, had for some time been under the suspicion of her husband. One night last week he entered her chamber (in Paris) rather abruptly, and charged her with having her lover in the room. The lady was at first indignant, then hysterical from a deep sense of wrong, but finally recovering her self-command, she, with that audacity which is peculiar to women of her habits, challenged him to search and see. Unfortunately she overplayed her part; he took her at her word, and discovered the lover under the bed. The affair created considerable talk, and to escape the laugh that was sure to meet her on every side in Paris, Madame Ugalde came over to London. She has been announced to appear at the Royal Opera next week. The newspapers which announce her, have alluded good naturedly to the late *faux pas* of the pretty Madame Ugalde, but nobody seems to consider that as a moral disqualification for her professional appearance, and it is quite likely the Queen will visit the opera when she performs. Such a woman, under such a report, would not be endured an instant on the boards of any theatre in the United States. I do not charge this against the morals of English society, but I give it in evidence of the difference of estimation upon such subjects in the two great nations of the age. My comment is that American society is healthier and will hold together longer than society in England. The star theatre of the present season is the St. James, made so by the appearance at that place of Madame Rachel, the celebrated French tragedienne. Here the admission fee is a guinea, as at the opera, and to secure a place, it is necessary that you should get a ticket early in the day. I have not yet been an observer of the wonderful tragic powers of this world-renowned woman, so must postpone my remarks on that subject till another time. On the subject of the opera and the theatres, I have but to add, that at the doors of the

two Opera Houses, and the Drury Lane, which is still the Royal theatre, are always stationed a company of grenadiers.

The second class of public amusements for the evening in London, is the circus and gardens. The former of these performances are divided between the two rival establishments of Astley's (now Batty's) and Vauxhall. The first of these is an amphitheatre devoted to horse theatricals, of Timour the Tartar school, and legitimate ring performances. The other is a mixed performance of music and fireworks in open gardens, equestrian performances in a closed circus, and a general ball under the trees at the close. The first of these establishments requires no description, it being like our amphitheatres in all respects, with nothing to strike the stranger except the beer and orange boys, who cry their goods at the top of their voices, between the pieces, from the gallery, and the feature of stray women being allowed to sit in the pit, among families of decent people, as well as in the gallery. I may as well state here that no objection is made to the entrance of any female who is accompanied by a gentleman, to the best places of the operas or theatres of London. Though she be ever so notorious, a male companion is her charter to sit down beside a duchess. Vauxhall seems at present to be the most popular of the two places, inasmuch as its features as a garden are adapted to the season, and partly because young Hernandez and Mademoiselle Palmyra Anato are its great attractions. I went there with a friend on the second night of my arrival in London, and as my first impressions of the disposition to plunder a stranger in this city were derived at this place, I may as well give an outline of the scientific and gradual manner in which I and he were bled.

A look at our hats told the cabman we were foreigners, so in defiance of the act of parliament, he charged us three

and sixpence English for our drive from Charing Cross. "Will you have a bill, sir," said a polite young gentleman with no crown to his hat, who stood at the door. I took the bill mechanically, but was informed, the next moment, that the box door would not open until eight o'clock, which was half an hour off. I proposed to my friend that we should go and get some English oysters, of which we had heard so much, in order to while away the time, but as I was walking off I found my arm pulled by the crownless savaan of the bills, who touching his finger to his forehead and scraping his left foot backward, rather gracefully asked "a penny for the bill." "Are you not employed to give bills out?" said I, handing him his demand. "Oh, Lord bless you, no sir, I wish I vas," was the reply, which was followed by a laugh from two or three of his profession, who had closed up to look at the gents who "vas so jolly green as to 'spose anythink in England was to be given away for nothink." My friend and I tasted three oysters apiece, when looking sympathetically in each other's face we suddenly stopped, paid the man, and made a hasty retreat to the nearest ale house to wash the nauseous, copperish flavor from our throats. They were well described to us previously by an American, who told us that they tasted like penny pieces in vinegar. We considered our experience well paid for by the penance of the three we had eaten. The English oysters derive this flavor from the copperas with which their native banks are impregnated, and no transplanting or culture will cure them of it. Stewed with chicken, they are barely tolerable, but I would advise an American not to try them raw.

At eight o'clock the doors of Vauxhall were open, and for five shillings, or \$1,25 each, we were admitted in. We were disappointed to find, however, that we were to be amused by the performances of a band for half an hour, and

that a concert of fourth rate singers was to occupy an hour more, before the performances of the arena commenced. But we were not to be left without temptation to expense, for while strolling about the grounds, we fell upon the cabin of a wizard who told fortunes in acrostics for twenty five cents a head. In mere desperation, for the night was chilly and the garden thin, we passed through the fellow's hands, and next fell into the clutches of a gipsy in a grotto, who did the oracular for us at half price. Three beautiful Circassian ladies, with large turbans and small feet "took" us next for twenty-five cents more, and when we had seen these, the concert opened. After having heard Catherine Hayes the night before, we got tired at the second song, and my friend invited me to take a drink. A very stylish looking young lady at a side bar, told me that she had no Madeira or other wine on draught, but I might have spirits, ale, or Soyer's nectar. I then declined drinking altogether, but my friend took brandy. While drinking, he handed the young lady an English shilling, which she dropped in the drawer without any more ado. My friend stood where he could not see her, but hearing no sound upon the counter, he diffidently inquired of me, after he had taken three or four sips of his drink, if she did not intend to give him any change. "Keep your position, and don't compromise yourself by looking round," was my answer, "and I'll be able to tell you in a moment." But the stylish young lady made no sign, and he soon became conscious that he had paid twenty-five cents for a glass of brandy and water. After the concert was half an hour older, I felt called upon to return his courtesy, so I invited him into a long saloon that was spread full of tables, in advertisement of refreshments. My friend had no appetite, so I invited him to drink. "Have you any wine?" said I to the waiter, who was dressed handsomely in a full

suit of black with white neckcloth, (the waiter uniform all over England). "All kinds sir," said he with a low bow. "Let us have two glasses of sherry," said I with the same confidence that I would have called for it in the Carlton House. "We sell nothing less than a pint, sir!" was the answer thrown out towards me by means of another low bow. "Well, let us have a pint then," said I slowly stretching out my hand, as if I was laying it on the subject, and putting it softly to rest forever. The waiter wheeled and disappeared like one of the musical figures in a hand organ, but re-appeared in about five minutes with a black pint bottle, out of which the cork was nearly drawn. Having set it before us, he wheeled behind my chair. I looked at the bottle, and after blowing from the surface a quantity of dust, which, from the ease with which it flew, had evidently just been sifted on it for the purpose of giving it age, I poured out two glasses for myself and my friend, and with another motion paid the two and sixpence (sixty-two and a half cents) which was its price. "Anythink else, sir!" said the waiter; "no," said I. The genie then mumbled something else, which ended with the word *waiter*, which I understood as a question if I wanted him; to which I answered "no," once more. The third time, however, the spirit was more distinct, and I understood that he wanted to be "remembered" for having brought the wine. Upon this, having no small change, I handed him a shilling, whereupon he disappeared with a much lower bow than any he had previously given us. This is the rule in all public places. The waiter or attendant expects to be paid from a penny up to a shilling for everything he does. You never get in a cab but some hanger-on of the stand opens the door and communicates your direction to the driver, in expectation of a penny. If you pay five shillings to go to the theatre,

unless you bribe the boxkeeper, he will put you in the second tier; and if you give him half a crown in return for a bill, he will never hand you any change but a bow. You pay toll at every step, and the only view in which you are regarded by the majority of those you meet, is as a subject of device and extortion.

By and by the concert was over, and a rush commenced for the circus. We took advantage of a transparency which notified us that for an extra twenty-five cents we could secure admission to the boxes, but not liking our location when we got there, we purchased an entire box for four dollars, in a really good position, and saw the performances out. A machine on high wheels, like a gig, called a patent safety, started with us for home at half past eleven, but broke down ingloriously on Blackfriar's Bridge, while endeavoring to distance a two horse cab. Out of commiseration for the poor fellow who had hurt his horse badly, and partly out of gratitude for our bodily escape, I gave the driver his half crown as if he had performed his job, and my friend and I scampered through the rain, which was now falling for the fifth time since daybreak, to the next cab stand. Fifty cents more took us home, and made up an evening's expense of eleven dollars and fifty cents for seeing Vauxhall and taking one drink and a half. I mention these trifles in illustration of the ingenious devices which are thrown around you on every side to trap you into involuntary expense. If the statement of them does not serve for the protection of strangers, it will at least serve for their amusement. It now but remains for me to say, to conclude the subjects of this letter, that in the way of equestrian performances, we are far ahead of the English in our male performers, and far behind them with our female ones. The men here ride clumsily, or rather they do not attain any

high pitch of excellence, but the women are superb and daring. We have nothing to approach the latter in the States, but neither England nor France can compete in the male line with such performers as Thomas McCullom, Eaton Stone, Levi North, and Young Hernandez. Three of these are now here, the two former soon to appear at Drury Lane, and the latter now performing at Vauxhall.

LONDON, June, 1851.

*The Review—Harrow on the Hill—St. Paul's—Madame
Tussaud's.*

THIS morning I was aroused with the announcement, that there was to be a grand review at Woolwich, by the Duke of Wellington and the Marquis of Anglesea, so, hurrying through my breakfast, I set out with a friend for Old London Bridge, to take the steamer down the river. In contradistinction with everything else in London, this style of traveling is very cheap, the whole distance, some eight miles, being accomplished for eight cents of our money. The rail-road fare in the first class cars to the same place, is just treble price. The route by the Thames is therefore the most popular, and I may add the most pleasant, for it relieves you from the dust of the road, and affords you a fine view of the grand panorama of the shores. Among the most notable sights which you thus review, is Lambeth Palace on one side, Somerset Palace on the other, the new Houses of Parliament, the Tower, the dome of St. Paul's, and the Monument, looming in the air above the fungi of smoky warehouses and pinched dwellings.

Not the least notable of all are the little steam-tugs, dart-

ing helter-skelter, in shoals, this way and that, and the majestic bridges of stone and iron that grip either shore, and span the stream. In this region of the city, everything is filled with interest, and every speck of view at all times teems with life, as if under the special task of getting up a holiday. The river is the rival of the road, and, running in the centre of the city, is converted into a general highway, by means of cheap little steamers or river omnibuses, which convey you from point to point, with much greater facility than the wheeled vehicles of Fleet-street, Cheapside, or the Strand, to which line they run in opposition. By this description of conveyance I might have gone to Vauxhall for two cents, instead of paying three and sixpence for cab hire, as I stated in my last letter, or have made a visit to the Tunnel, or the Bank, with corresponding saving. The result is that thousands use the river instead of the omnibuses, and the little steamers, adapting themselves to the demand, take you up and set you down as readily as a coach would in Broadway. They have no stated hours for starting, but every bridge has a station, and go when you will, a conveyance is ready to take you up or down with seldom the loss of more than a minute.

Different lines use the same hulk or dock, and the numerous boats run in and out as if each thought for itself, and knew how to observe the rules of precedence and order. Though some run further than others, you are not likely to make a mistake in going to intermediate points, for they stop at all the bridges, and give you warning were you are, by crying out the name of the landing. The price for the ordinary distances is one penny, and from that it runs up to four for the longer ones. The size of the boats do not average more than forty tons, and some of them are even smaller. They run very swift, and are managed by a captain, who

stands on the wheel-box, and telegraphs with his hand to a boy who sits behind him, near the engine-room, and who shouts to the engineer a translation of the motion. In this way the stoppages and starts are controlled, and the word given to lower the smoke-pipe on its hinge to go under or "shoot" the bridges. An amusing circumstance occurred on the boat which I had taken, growing out of this latter manœuvre. A Tennessean who sat near me, fixed his eyes upon the tall smoke-pipe, in the wake of which he sat, and comparing it with the arch of the bridge, inferred that the boat could not go under in that direction. Presently she began to move towards it; but he considered this a manœuvre to get fair room to back out. But to his surprise the boat continued to advance, and with increased speed, whereupon he concluded that something had broken loose, and looked round with a glance of mixed inquiry and alarm, as if to ask, in Heaven's name, if all near him were so reckless of their safety as to sit in the wake of the impending danger. Everybody seemed composed, however, when perplexed in the extreme he looked aloft again. But the climax had comē; the stem of the boat was already within the shadow of the arch, and the heavy pipe commenced to bend backward on its hinge, as if it were tumbling down. The Tennessean waited no longer, but with a cry of "For God's sake, look out for yourselves!" sprang to the side of the boat, and would have gone overboard if he had not been seized by two or three persons who had been watching his motions on the supposition that he was crazy. He looked sheepish enough when he saw the pipe rise gracefully to its position after we "shot" the arch, but bore with good nature the general roar which the ludicrous circumstance elicited.

We arrived at Woolwich in a run of three quarters of an

hour, after having made landings at all the bridges, Greenwich, Blackwell, and some other river stations which I do not bear in mind. Being a little late, we did not arrive upon the field of review in time to see the troops enter and take their positions; but we saw some fifteen thousand move and wheel into columns and sections, and fire with a precision that is only to be exhibited by English soldiers, with an exception perhaps in favor of the regular troops of the American line. I likewise had a good view of the Duke of Wellington and Marquis of Anglesea, and beyond this I do not know that there was anything in the spectacle worth a special mention from this distance. There seemed to be about sixty thousand persons present as spectators, who distributed themselves around a square of nearly half a mile, and who, now and then, indulged in the glorious privilege of provoking the guards by breaking the lines, and pouring into the square at points of interest, by droves of thousands. In this way the square became narrowed very much, for the soldiers on post looked hopelessly at the mass, and contented themselves with restraining the tide in its course, without endeavoring to get it back. Power never deals roughly with the people here in any way tangible with the five senses; but it "takes" them in taxes and mathematical discriminations. The review was over at three o'clock, at which time I returned by rail-road, and used up the journey in a nap. The remainder of the day I devoted to visiting the Thames Tunnel, and had the pleasure of walking under ground, with ships of great burthen sailing over my head.

The evening of this day was devoted to an illumination in honor of the Queen's birthday—a celebration that was postponed from its proper date in consequence of a miscarriage suffered by her Majesty about the time of the real occasion. There was not as much display, however, as I

expected. Only a few of the principal buildings and the largest dwellings were lit up, and their ornaments were generally confined to a rosette, the figure of a crown, or the letters "V. R." formed out of jets of gas. Finding myself in Leicester Square, in the neighborhood of several exhibitions, I dropped into one which promised an "Assault at Arms." I there saw a set-to between Young Molineux the black, and a white man named Wilson, also bouts between wrestlers from Cumberland and Cornwall; a fight at single stick; a passage at small sword and sabre, and a contest between broadsword and bayonet. The feat of Richard Cœur de Lion was also practiced by a swordsman, who smote a huge bar of lead in two with a broadsword; he next cut the carcase of a sheep in two as it hung up by the heels, and finally performed the feat of Saladin, by severing a silk handkerchief with a keen scimitar, while the thin fabric floated in the air. Satisfied with my day's observations, I then went back to my hotel, and slept the sleep of the just.

The following day being Sunday, I availed myself of the opportunity to attend divine service at St. Paul's, and in the afternoon I followed the English fashion of driving out, by going in a coupeé to Harrow on the Hill. This is the place where Lord Byron passed his school-boy days, and it is celebrated as one of the finest specimens of rural scenery in all England. It does not own its fame without desert. Ten of the twelve miles which lead to it is one entire picture of blossoming hawthorns, smiling fields, and abundant foliage. Every blade of grass and leaf seems to be washed for examination, and the very kine that spot the plain, and doze upon the slopes, appear to be combed and curried, and set upon the picture, with a view to the best effect.

Harrow itself, as its name denotes, sits upon a hill, while

downwards, towards the west, there slopes a valley, as beautiful as a dream, and as romantic as Titania's dell. No wonder that it clung like a soft mist upon the poet's mind, or that the gray church, and its grayer tomb-stones, on a farther hill beyond, so often moved his boyish fancy to profitable meditation. At the foot of the hill, to the left from the Church, you get a scene of cosey rural beauty, which is a model country picture, and if you will step a little further onward, round the curve, until you come to a small pass-gate, which is marked the "Norwich Road," you can imagine yourself in an earthly paradise. There is no road here, nothing but a half-faded path; but the green fields flow before you, in a long sweep of verdure; and, from the earth and hedges, and trees and daisies, rises a perfume, which transports the senses, and shames all the perfumes of the East. What a place is this for lovers! And what a corner is the snug tavern on the first hill, for a romantic couple to take their sentimental dinners! The tavern at Harrow is an excellent establishment, and I wish I had not forgotten its name. It is the only place in England where I found the waiters move with alacrity, and where an hour did not run down at the heel of every order. Moreover, the dinner was excellent, and the champagne good.

I started to return at seven o'clock, sorry that the declining sun notified me that my visit was at its close. The road, however, unfolded compensation at every step; but just as I was enjoying it the most, an unlucky skip of the horse lost him his foot, and he broke down in a most disastrous manner, snapping one of the shafts and cutting his knees, shoulder, and right eye, most wofully by the fall. Luckily, I escaped again, and getting free from the vehicle before the animal could struggle to his feet, my friend and I lent our aid to relieve him from his plight. But he was hopelessly

hurt, and the vehicle was past redemption. What made our condition worse, we were two miles from Harrow, and it was two miles distance more to the nearest tavern in advance. There was no alternative, therefore, but for us to walk ; so, providing the unlucky driver with means to help himself along, we set out upon our travels, to seek our fortune towards London. We had got but a short distance, however, when a little jaunty wagon, containing a man and a pile of children, whizzed by ; the man shouting to us, as he tried to hold in a saucy little pony, an invitation to get in along with him. Before he could rein in, another vehicle of handsome style, containing two gentlemen, offered us the same service. The latter tender would have suited us the best, but duty lay with the first ; so, thanking the last friends for their politeness, we accepted the humbler vehicle that was ahead.

Our Samaritan was a thriving butcher of Camdentown, who had been taking "a bit of a drive," with his little ones. He was a jolly fellow, appeared to know everybody who passed, and, it seemed to me, that he took not a little pride in exhibiting the company he had taken in on the road. For our part, we were observed by everybody, and by the manner in which we were stared at, we soon became conscious that we were considered out of place. The butcher, however, kept making explanations to the gazers, at the top of his voice, along the road, as often as he could, availing himself of the intervals between such opportunities, to describe to us the state of the cattle-market, the appearance of the hay and grain, and the rare qualities of "that there colt" of his, "as which was too free, and as which he could scarcely hold in." We left him at the first omnibus station, after thanking him in proper style for the service he had rendered

us. He seemed overcome with our politeness, and we parted in a grand flourish of compliments.

This incident softened a great deal of my friend's prejudice against the English people, and brought him many steps nearer to my opinion, that in substantial goodness of heart and real hospitality, the English have not their superiors anywhere. It is necessary, however, for them to be convinced that you deserve attention, for an Englishman naturally despises all poor people and all foreigners, and thinks himself better than any man he does not know. The omnibus set us down, at nine o'clock, in Trafalgar Square, opposite our hotel, during a gentle shower, which now began to fall, as if only to deprive London of the boast of having exhibited one whole fair day since my arrival in Great Britain.

On the following morning I devoted two hours to examining the monstrous cathedral of St. Paul's, a space that was fully occupied in ascending from the street to the top, and from the top down again, without any delay more than was absolutely necessary for rest. This church, after St. Peter's at Rome, is the largest in the world, but as I have not preserved its scale, I do not know that I can better give an idea of its magnitude, than by saying that you travel over four hundred and sixty steps to reach the top of the dome, and that its golden ball, which, from the streets, does not look much larger than the shot of a thirty-two pounder, will hold eight men. It makes one dizzy to look down upon the tiled roofs of the surrounding houses, and the people in the streets seem to be not much larger than rats. It costs you three shillings and sixpence, English, to be thus elevated, and your main regret, after you get up, is, that you cannot pay double that sum to be let easily down.

The system of extortion for this sight is not merely inge-

nious, but scientific. You first pay a sixpence, under the impression that no further charge is to be made, and in order to avoid unnecessary waste, you reject the offer of a book, at a sixpence, describing the building. On the first landing, however, you are charged another sixpence, with another offer of the book, which you again refuse. You reach the library by a further flight, and a sixpence more is charged for that, with a new and very pressing invitation to purchase the book by the speculator in this quarter. By this time your resistance begins to weaken on the pamphlet, and you half regret that you had not taken it, if only to save annoyance. A whispering gallery around the lower rim of the dome "takes" you for sixpence more, and the "will you have a book, sir," makes one more inroad against your powers of resistance. Indeed, it will be a wonder if you hold out to this point against the exaction, for while you are spent and languid, these relays of assailants are always fresh, and attack you at the most deplorable disadvantage. Finally, you come to a dismal trap of cross beams which contains the clock. This is attended by a female with a very pale face and large black eyes, who wears a rusty black bonnet and carries a key on her finger. Seeing your hands empty, she also tenders you a book, which she informs you, tells, among other things, "everythink about the clock." At this last assault, nature fails; you take the book, and give her two pence extra, for explaining the features of her department, thanking God devoutly, as you sit down and breathe yourself on the steps, that you have removed one chance of frenzy from the upper stages of the ladder. The man who admits you to the ball, however, and holds your hat till you come down, "takes" you for sixpence more, and thus completes your pecuniary purgation.

In this manner do these rats and weevils lodge themselves

in the garments of a stranger, whichever way he goes to see public sights in London, and as there is no seeing sights without, he must patiently undergo their exactions. The evil is not so much in the amount charged, as it is in the vexatious way in which it is levied. You are subjected to continual surprises of tribute at every step, and the annoyances of a continual diving for money, and of making change, is of itself a great discouragement of your advance. The poor devils who thus make you stand and deliver, are, however, not deserving of the blame, for they hire their stations from one who, perhaps, in the third or fourth remove, leases them from the church. The rich mould of dusty grandeur is thus cultivated into small speculation, and the magnificence, which was invented for a profitable awe, is converted into the mean purposes of a show shop. Nevertheless, this should be no discouragement to a visitor. Being instructed in the manner in which he is to be beset, it is worth a visit to observe the insects who live perched in the air in these old nooks and turrets the year round; and it is likewise worth the price, to look on London from this height. I should rather have said upon the sweat and fog of London, than on London itself, for unless you ascend at four o'clock in the morning, before the fires are lighted, your view is limited to a narrow circle, by a dense and encroaching horizon of smoke.

Being in the way of seeing sights to-day, I drove from St. Paul's to the National Academy of Painting and Sculpture, and from thence consumed the remaining portion of the afternoon previous to dinner, at Madame Tussaud's celebrated collection of wax figures. The National Gallery is a large depository of paintings and sculpture by the first masters of ancient and modern time. The building, which occupies one entire side of Trafalgar Square, is divided into

two departments, one of which is devoted to the works of old masters, and the other to the productions of the new. The first department is free to all visitors, and is by far the best, while the admission to the second or modern collection is a shilling. In the first you have works from the hands of Raphael, Guido, Murillo, Carravagio, Titian, Rubens, Carrachi, Vandyke, Da Vinci, Teniers, Sneyders, &c., and in the other you have yards of bright, fresh, and glowing colors, from modern hands of less repute. In entering the old gallery, I was exceedingly struck by Raphael's celebrated picture of the "Murder of the Innocents." I imagined at first that it was an arabesque, on which the figures were raised and thrown out; but closer examination showed me that it was plain painting, and enforced from me a higher tribute to Raphael's genius, than I had ever paid in the way of impressions excited by any other artist. It is needless for me to speak of its force of expression, the boldness of the composition, its strength of tone, or to use any of those smart technicalities of criticism which dandies in the fine arts love to dwell on; suffice it, that without knowing the artist, I stood before it, riveted with a novel admiration, and doubtful whether its portions swelled tangible to the hand or not. There are some paintings in this collection which are exceedingly lascivious, and one large mythological pencil sketch of the size of life, by Annibal Carrachi, I think, would be indictable in any country where love was not reckoned among the fine arts. Ladies, however, looked upon it without any visible agitation, and passed to new visions in the same taste, as if they would not be offended with a few more of the same sort. The statuary, in the hall of the second gallery, exhibits the same free features as the paintings, except a few of the largest, which have been struck, in parts, by some modest iconoclast with a ham-

mer. They have not been much improved by this operation, however, for the reformation not having been thorough, has left either something to regret, or something to condemn.

The exhibition of wax work at Madame Tussaud's is well worthy of a visit from strangers in London. We have nothing like it in the United States, and the cadaverous and paralytic figures I have seen in our museums furnish not the remotest idea of what can be done in this branch of the arts. The collection comprises lifelike counterparts of the great characters of history, from acknowledged likenesses, and often "in their veritable habits as they lived." Here you see the late monarchs of England in real robes of state, and the great nobles of the time in their court purple and their ducal crowns. You also see the notorieties of the scaffold and the tribune. In a room which is called the "Chamber of Horrors" you have the head of Robespierre, bound with a napkin, half soaked with blood from his shattered jaw. The face is pallid, and the lips are pinched, as they were when held by the headsman from the guillotine, and you instinctively shrink from it with a sensation of uneasiness. You have also the head and bust of Marat, the breast marked with the wounds it received from the dagger of the beautiful Charlotte Corday, and the face stained with the mortal agonies of the same death which he had decreed to her lover and to thousands of others. You think of his maxim, that "a million more heads must fall in France before the Republic is established," and look upon his agony as an incident in the natural swoop of his own terrible philosophy.

In a prisoner's dock, hard by these revolutionary victims, is clustered a group of Newgate murderers, prominent among which is Rush, the masked murderer of Stanfield

Hall, and Maria Manning, the murderess of O'Connor. Maria Manning is the most striking of the group, and her bold presence and coarse animal beauty will haunt you for at least twelve hours after you have seen it. Her appearance was quite in keeping with the description given me of her by Mrs. Foster, the matron of the Newgate prison. "She was a very intelligent woman, sir," said the matron, "but the most hardened wretch I ever saw. Nothing could impress her with the awful nature of her condition. She had rather good manners, but she was as hard as a stone, and would take nothing to heart. She is the only prisoner who ever came within these walls, since I have been here, who I could not feel any sympathy for. Indeed, she was more like a beast than a woman. This was her cell."

Next to the Chamber of Horrors, you have a room filled with curiosities denominated Napoleon's room. In this you will find several articles of his clothing, furniture, and finery, and two of his coaches, in which you may sit, and invoke the inspiration of his genius. One of these is the emperor's traveling carriage, taken at the battle of Waterloo. In the first or grand saloon, the figures which impressed me most were those of Napoleon, Washington, and Mrs. Siddons. Napoleon is the main figure in an allegorical group, where the kings of Europe appear offering him France in its original condition under Louis XIV., but backed by one of his Marshals and his Mameluke, he refuses the tender, and decides to contend against them for universal empire. The figure of Napoleon and his expression is very fine without being theatrical, and his whole appearance in his plain gray coat is in striking contrast with the overloaded trappings and gold lace of his regular cotemporaries. For quiet grandeur and natural majesty, however, there is no figure in the collection which equals the dignity of Washington. The Repub-

lican President looms among the tame and tawdry kings like a demigod, with a placid calmness and clear look of wisdom, which the imagination accords only to the front of Jove. Nevertheless, the likeness is exact, and is a true copy of Stewart's celebrated picture.

The examination of this exhibition had tested me up to the full point of fatigue, and as it was already five o'clock, I felt entitled to the refreshment and repose of dinner. This was the more necessary, as it was opera night at the Royal Haymarket, and I stood engaged and ticketed to go. I ordered my coupee, therefore, to drive to my hotel, and at eight o'clock, after being duly recuperated and attired, found myself with two friends among the musical moths of London, listening to *La Blache* in *Don Pasquale*.

On coming out of the opera, my two friends and I did not choose to ride, as our hotel was but two squares away, so we walked leisurely down to the crossing, twirling our white kids complacently in our hands as we imperturbably ran the gauntlet of some fifty coachmen, who would have waited upon us with the greatest pleasure in life. When we attempted to cross the street there was not a vehicle moving, and we all remarked the peculiar stillness of the night. We had not got twenty steps from the curbstone, however, before there came a rush of coaches, which whirled around us like a flourish of the chariots of Darius. Startled at this sudden bustle, we paused for a minute, and then scampered on; but whiz came the vehicles again, darting forward and backward, and cross-cutting us in all directions. Panic-stricken, to a certain extent, each man then struck for himself, and succeeded in reaching a refuge of stone posts at a monument of George III., in the centre of the square. "I don't know what to make of this," said one of my friends. "Everything was still a moment ago, and the opera is not

yet out. Where do all these coaches come from?" "Let us try again," said I, seeing an opening in the direction of the opposite walk. Upon this we started once more, but we had no sooner moved from our place of refuge, than the vehicles came whizzing and spinning around again, like the cars in the Hippodrome, when it suddenly flashed upon me that the coaches were all after us. The drivers could not persuade themselves that three gentlemen, in full dress, from the Grand Opera, intended to walk home, and they were determined to run us down for a fare. When the full force of the chase came upon me, I was struck with alarm. One of my friends had a large family in New York, and the other was quite distinguished as a barrister, whom society could not spare. As for myself, I had too many settlements to enforce in my favor against the world, to be ready to die yet; so I shouted out as promptly as possible—"By Heaven! Vandervoort, they are after us. Look sharp and save yourself if you can!" Upon this we braced ourselves for a last effort, and succeeded in reaching the sidewalk, within a few seconds of each other, safe, but out of breath. I shall ever regard this as one of the most hair-breadth escapes of my life.

LONDON, June, 1851.

Westminster Abbey and the Tower.

AMONG all the grandeurs and curiosities of London, the two places which I have found most worthy of a visit, are Westminster Abbey and the Tower. In either of these you are enabled to make an actual leap back into the ideas of your youth, and to enjoy, with accumulated force, that acuteness of appreciation, which translates you always to the scene of your attention, and places you alongside the characters you read of, as if you were one of themselves. This faculty, in its perfection, is the peculiar privilege of the imagination, before its finer qualities are leased and parcelled out to the coarser cares of life, and when it comes back to you at intervals, in after years, it seems as if you had been returned to another world, in which you had once owned a personal interest, and passed an earlier probation of existence.

As soon as you enter the portals of the Tower or the Abbey and behold their silent mementoes and solemn monuments, the outer world slips away, and the princes and the knights, who absorbed your young fancy with their splendor or their deeds, turn in their dusty graves to hand you the moral of their story. As you walk among them in the

Abbey, and see how little is left to them of their former state, as they lie clustered together, with the candles out, and the masses hushed, which many of them had decreed should be maintained forever, you feel impressed in a peculiar manner, with the vanity of life; and your ambition, if you have any, receives many a severe knock in the ribs, at the utter inadequacy of its hopes. Even the honor of being shelved among a lot of dusty kings, against whose tombs the commonest fellow kicks his heels, and over whose unrespected heads, a chattering guide drops a few morsels of biography, is inferior to a ticket at the exhibition, or even the privilege of selling tarts (and now and then eating one,) in Rotten Row. The real rewards of power and success must be gathered, good friends, while you have the world face to face, and the only care beyond that, should be to see that heaven takes care of your soul; for when a man is not, he is very soon forgot.

The first morning I visited Westminster Abbey, was the anniversary of the restoration of King Charles the Second, and I was refused admission, until a solemn sacrament of thanksgiving in honor of the event, was performed inside. I, therefore, had an opportunity to occupy an extra half hour in observing the exterior architecture of the building, and to spend a few minutes beside an open grave, from which a fellow, who might have figured as one of Shakspeare's grave-diggers, was throwing a rank mould, filled with fragments of crumbling bones, out in the air. The hole had evidently been enriched with many a tenant, and the bits of mortality that now rolled and tumbled together, were doubtless the parts of proud men and dainty women, who were much nicer of such mixing of their shins, when the sun last shone upon them, and they moved about in all the glory of their blood and beauty. Death is a sad democrat.

Westminster Abbey was built in the tenth century; and, in the language of the chronicle, "nine centuries have passed away, since Henry the Third piously raised its many clustered shafts and pointed arches to heaven." In different ages, additions have been made, and, like Notre Dame at Paris, as described by Victor Hugo, each generation seems to have made a deposit on the structure, and written the history of its taste in the stratum it contributed. There is, however, nothing incongruous in the appearance of either building; on the contrary, everything falls softly and harmoniously on the eye, and a venerable grandeur and elaborate art pervade the whole. The most considerable addition to Westminster was made by Henry the Seventh, in what is termed Henry the Seventh's Chapel. This building, of entire marble, is celebrated for its luxuriance of chisseling, and particularly celebrated for its pendentive roof, which, though of massive stone, is poised on its own angles in the air, and hangs secure in ponderous repose, without the support of a column or a beam. By the side of this chapel, you enter the abbey at a small door, in what is called the Poet's Corner, and a half dozen steps place you in the cloistered nook, where lie, in fraternal closeness, the ashes of Milton, Chaucer, Spenser, Pope, Butler, Dryden, Cowley, Thompson, Ben Jonson, Gay, Goldsmith, Addison, and a host of other names, familiar to the readers of English literature. Shakspeare, the master of them all, has but an empty cenotaph, the monument having been put here for the pride of the Abbey, and not for his. His bones, protected by a conditional curse, repose in quiet in their native mould. Byron is still absent, the wretched Phariseeism of the moral vestry, (who to-day order sacrament to Charles the Second,) refusing him a place. But by-and-by, however, he will come in.

As you advance from the Poet's Corner, you come to an

iron rail, which bars you from Henry the Seventh's and the cloistered chapels, but a smooth-faced fellow in a black gown, is ready to unlatch the gate at the usual English open sesame of a piece of silver, and to show you round among the kings and barons. In a part of this enclosure you have the chapel of that pious charlatan Edward the Confessor. Here the pilgrim king lies in melancholy dilapidation from the original pomp of his sarcophagus; while, near at hand, in similar neglect, is stretched Henry the Third, and Eleanor wife of Edward, in blackened brass. The wax candles which were to have been kept alive on Eleanor's tomb, have gone out, and even Henry the Fifth, the Prince Hal of Shakespeare, who was so potent against the French, has lost the poor service of the lights which he decreed should burn; and now that he has no more rewards to give, or neglects to punish, no lips pursue the pious pains of accomplishing his wishes, in asking mercy for his soul. But perhaps there is no need. Things have changed in the Abbey since he died; and, for aught we know, the change may be quite agreeable to some new state of progress where he is. At any rate he rests quiet in his cobwebs, and makes no complaint. Edward the Third, the conqueror of Calais, lies hard by Henry the Fifth; and next door to him, in the same chapel, reposes the unfortunate Richard the Second, and his first queen, Anne. This chapel is likewise noted for the Coronation Chairs, in which the Kings and Queens of England have been crowned, and also for the Sword of State that was borne before Edward the Third in France. King Sebert, the reputed founder of the Abbey, Crouchback, and Aymer de Valence, also share this chapel.

In Henry the Seventh's Chapel, the most notable sepulchres are those of the founder and his queen; Edward VI.; Gen. Monk, of Cromwell's time; Charles II.; Queen Eliza-

beth ; Bloody Mary ; James I., and Anne of Denmark, lie around them. The rest throughout the church are more or less worthy of notice, but the scope of this letter will not permit me to commence an enumeration of even the most distinguished. Some of the tombs are very fine in design and ornament, but it is worthy of remark that in general the most inconsiderable personages have the finest sepulchres. When you observe this fact, you will be struck with the inadequacy of Shakspeare's monument, in measure with his genius. I cannot do better than to close this notice of Westminster Abbey, by the concluding lines of Addison's celebrated paper on this place :

“ When I look upon the tombs of the great,” says he, “ every emotion of envy dies in me. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them ; when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs—of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be cotemporaries, and make our appearance together.”

The Tower, which may be considered the great rival of Westminster Abbey in historical associations, is built upon the banks of the Thames, and unites the characters of a fortress, a palace, a prison, and a tomb. Its nearest counterpart, perhaps, in Europe, was the Bastille of Paris, but even that was less reverend in age, and already it has passed away. Opinions differ as to the antiquity of the Tower. Some contend that it was built by Julius Cæsar at the opening of the Christian era ; while others ascribe its foundation to William the Conqueror, who came in in 1060. It is

worthy of observation, however, that Fitz Stephen, its earliest chronicler, who lived in the twelfth century, is not able to say to whom it owed its commencement. He describes it as "a Tower Palatine, very large and very strong, whose court and walls rise up from a deep foundation, and the mortar of which is tempered with the blood of beasts." "Whether the writer intended this to bear a literal meaning," says the author of the handbook, which you buy at the gate, "or to convey thereby a bold metaphor of the dark purposes to which the Tower of London was devoted, must of course be left to the judgment or fancy of the reader." Certain it is, that enough human blood has since flowed within its walls, to have served the purposes of cementing double such a pile. You find soldiers on guard at the entrance, where formerly stood "the Lion's Gate," and the entire establishment is manned as in the olden time. Within a few steps of the gate you stop at a small office, where you purchase a ticket at sixpence, for the privilege of being shown by a warder through the main buildings, and you give sixpence for another ticket for admission to what is called the Jewel Room, where are kept the regalia and jewels of the British crown. Sixpence more is spent in the purchase of an exceedingly well-written handbook, from which I have already quoted, describing the history and curiosities of the building, and you are then quite ready for your tour of observation.

Being thus qualified, you are consigned to the charge of one of the numerous warders, who are moving about in scarlet and laced coats, something like herald's tunics, and who, after waiting until some twelve or fifteen visitors are collected, sets out with you upon your round. You pass first through the gate of the Middle Tower, and cross the moat, which passage may be seen very accurately repre-

sented in one of the scenes of Shakspeare's Richard the Third, as performed at the Broadway and Bowery theatres. This passage brings you to the Byward Tower, and next to the Bell Tower, which was the prison of the Bishop of Rochester, who it will be recollected suffered martyrdom in 1535, rather than acknowledge the supremacy of Henry the Eighth as the head of the church. The next object of interest is the Traitor's Gate, through which state prisoners were privately conveyed by means of a secret canal, that had communication with the Thames. You next come to the Bloody Tower, so named from the tradition that within its gloomy walls the two young princes of the House of York, were murdered by their ruthless and aspiring uncle, Gloucester. By it is the Wakefield Tower, said to have been built by William Rufus. Passing this, you come to the site of the Grand Storehouse of arms, which was destroyed by fire in 1841, to the loss of 11,000 muskets, 12,000 pistols, and an innumerable quantity of swords, carbines, cuirasses, and small arms. Facing the Storehouse is the White Tower, through a side door of which you enter the Horse Armory, the most interesting hall in the entire pile.

Here you have arranged in grim array, the figures of the kings and most puissant nobles of the olden time, clothed in complete mail, mounted on their war horses, with lance in rest, or sword in hand, most of them with visor down, as if ready for the sound of the trumpet to prance in the tournament, or charge upon the battle-field. Many of these suits of armor are the veritable ones that were worn by him whose name and banner is pendant overhead, and they afford a fine study not only for the antiquary, but for the author and artist who wish to enrich their minds for historical productions. First in this iron phalanx, sits, in saddle, Edward I. of the time of 1272, in a hauberk, with sleeves and chaus-

ses, and a hood with a camail or flexible cape of steel, hanging over the shoulders. This style was of Asiatic origin, and was supposed to have been worn by the warlike but cruel monarch in his invasions of Scotland, and battles against the French. The next is Henry VI. of the time of 1450, the tame king, who perished in this very building, where his empty semblance is now set up, in a style so at variance with his temper. Horse and rider are both covered with mail, and the latter bears a pole-axe in his hand. Edward IV. (1465) bears a tilting lance, and appears attired for the tournament. The armor is heavier than that used for the field, and also, as was the custom for such gallant entertainments, more complete. Next come two knights of the time of Richard III. and Henry VII. the first in ribbed, and the next in fluted armor, wearing the helmet known as the burgonet. Another figure of the same era follows, who bears a sword in hand, and at whose saddle bow hangs a ponderous battle-axe, armed with steel front and cantle. Henry VIII. (1520) the English Caligula, sits mounted in the veritable iron mail he used to wear. The suit is damasked and is complete steel from crown to toe. An iron mace is in his right hand, a long sword at his waist, and a short one hangs from the saddle-bow. He seems as decent as the rest, and none of the innocent blood he shed appears upon his casque or buckler. Charles Brandon, the Duke of Suffolk, (1520) and the Earl of Lincoln, (1530,) follow in the same style; and after them comes Edward VI., (1552,) in a suit of russet steel. Next we have Francis Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon, of the time of Bloody Mary, the weight of whose suit of armor is one hundred pounds, of which the helmet weighs fourteen. Robert Dudley, the Earl of Leicester, and celebrated court favorite of Queen Elizabeth, comes next in the actual armor in which he used to appear

before his royal mistress, when attired for the tournaments. The reader will recollect the peculiar interest that has been given to his character, in Sir Walter Scott's novel of Kenilworth. Sir Henry Lea, champion to Queen Elizabeth, and Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, of the same period, are next in order. This latter nobleman was a sort of rival to the Earl of Leicester, but after a period of great favor with the queen, the tide then turned against him, and he was executed in the Tower. James I. (1605,) who could not bear the sight of a drawn sword while he lived, appears in a suit of tilting armor, with a long *bourdon*, or lance, for running at a ring. Sir Horace Vere and Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, (1608,) in cap-a-pie armor, and each armed with an iron mace, come next. Henry, Prince of Wales; George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; Charles, Prince of Wales; and Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, all of the same period, follow each other in line. The armor of the latter comes no lower than the knees, and buff boots take the place of groved jambs and sollerets for the calves and feet. Last of all in the equestrian array, appear Charles I. (1640,) and the weak and drivelling James II. (1685). Both of these suits were the property of these two monarchs. The former is very complete in its array, but the latter consists only of a casque and cuirass, while the buff gloves and jack boots mark the gradual abandonment of iron mail. There are many other figures of knights and men-at-arms, on foot, and also a profuse collection of arms and armor of all kinds in this hall, and its adjoining vestibules, all of which are very interesting and very useful to the literary visitor.

From the Horse Armory you are conducted into "Queen Elizabeth's Armory," where you are shown a complete collection of ancient weapons. Here you see the glaive, the cross-bow, the pike, the black-bill, the pole axe, boar-

spear, lochaber axe, the halberd, the military flail, the catch-pole, ranseur and spetum (weapons for cutting bridles), the spear, linstock, the partisan, shields, targets, two-handed swords, rapiers, the battle-axe, marteaux d'armes, two-handed mace, prods for discharging stones, and instruments of punishment and torture.

Among these latter horrors you have the stocks, the bilboes for linking prisoners by the ankles, the thumb-screw, the iron collar of torment, and the cravat, or scavenger's daughter. This latter instrument drew the head, and hands and feet together, and laid a man aside as if he were a sheep in the shambles. After gazing on these shocking artifices for a few moments, a gentleman of our party turned to the warden, with an air of great simplicity, and asked him where the instruments of torture were kept which were used in the present day?

The most notable things in this gallery are, a horrible cell, without crack or mutilation—a mere cave in a stone-pit—which is said to have been the residence of Sir Walter Raleigh; the heading block and axe with which Lords Balmerino, Kilmarnock and Lovat, were executed on Tower Hill, in 1746, and the blade which divided the neck of the unfortunate Robert Devereux, the Earl of Essex. The cuts of the ponderous blades are still in the block, as it received them through the necks of the victims; and as you look closely at it, you fancy you can see stains of the crimson flood that followed their trenchant stroke. I felt a peculiar interest in inspecting these relics of the past, and invariably found myself lingering in the rear of the exploring party. I read again the history of England in its darkest passages, and at every step I found myself traveling again with Froissart, Shakspeare, Hume, and Walter Scott. I was impressed the while with the great advantage which such receptacles

and museums give to the writers of Europe, over those of the United States. Every article suggests an incident; every figure is the foundation of a story. The very walls and stones teem with a spirit of romance, and when the fervor of writing is once aroused, here are the means to invigorate the tale, and the minutiae to give it particularity and color. In America we have no such helps, and imagination turns to journalism for its extension, or it practices lying in the way of politics. Our only field for high literary taste is Reason, and until we have a Past, and a sediment of history to rake over, it is probable our romance writers will be fewer, in comparison to our population, than those of that class in the old world. A nation which is continually looking ahead is more likely to conceive moonhoaxes, and to devise magnetic telegraphs, than to raise the dead with a Gillott's pen, or to make poetry to be read in slippers and curl-papers.

The next object of interest in the Tower is the chapel of St. Peter, *ad vincula*, erected by Edward I., where lie the remains of the Bishop of Rochester, Sir Thomas Moore, Anne Boleyn, Lord Rochford, Catharine Howard, the Countess of Salisbury, who was the last of the whole blood of the Plantagenets, Cromwell and Devereux, Earl of Essex, the good Protector, Edward Duke of Somerset, Lady Jane Grey and her husband, "with a long train of others, who bled on the adjoining hill, or on the fatal green in front." Opposite the church is a building containing a room where the conspirators in the famous Gunpowder Plot were examined, and between this and the church is the gloomy Cobham Tower. This, from its foundation in the time of John, has been used as the principal prison, and its walls are covered with the original autographs of its unlucky tenants. The inside of this I could not see; "but here," says the hand-

book, "among others, are the names of John Dudley Earl of Warwick, Philip Howard Earl of Arundel, Robert Dudley Earl of Leicester, Charles Bailly agent of Mary of Scotland; and here is also found the word JANE, that is commonly ascribed to the hand of Lady Jane Grey." There were other towers also, but being in use by the garrison, they were not shown. These are the Beauchamp or Devil's Tower, the Broad Arrow and Salt Towers, the Flint, the Brick and the Bowyer. The latter is said to have been the scene of Clarence's murder, by drowning in a butt of Malmsey, and it takes its name from being anciently occupied by the master of the bowyers, or bowmen of the king.

The concluding exhibition in the Tower, on the part of the warder, is the regalia of Great Britain. They are kept in a strong room in the Governor's House, which is more like a cell than an apartment suited to such a brilliant destiny, and the jewels themselves are further protected by a great iron cage, or fence, which keeps you at a respectful distance from the large glass case, that holds the treasures. They consist of the crown made for Charles the Second, the old emblem of sovereignty having been broken up in Cromwell's wars; the ancient queen's crown; the queen's diadem; the Prince of Wales' crown; Saint Edward's staff, of pure gold, four feet and seven inches long, surmounted by an orb and cross. In the orb is said to be deposited a fragment of the true cross; another royal sceptre, two feet and nine inches in length; three more golden, and one ivory sceptre, profusely set with diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones; two orbs, one heavy and one light, to place in the left hand of the king or queen, as the case may be, at the time of coronation, and the crown of the present queen, which is said to be worth a million of pounds. The magnificence of this latter article reminds you of your early notions of the caves of the

Genii and Aladdin's' bowl of jewels. Then comes the state swords of Mercy and of Justice; the anointing spoon, the baptismal font and sacramental plate; the ampuliæ, or Golden Eagle, and many other things which would not profit the reader to have enumerated here. The whole is a dazzling galaxy, but superb as it is, it is not calculated to make that impression upon an American which it will upon an Englishman. There are no associations with those things which command our awe, or excite any but the momentary interest of the eye. After that is satisfied, if any impression clings, it is rather one of contempt than of respect. We smile at the pains that have been taken to give a fictitious importance to persons of very indifferent qualities, and we may perhaps be reminded that the Queen, for whom the most costly ornaments of all were made, has not, in her whole reign, said a single thing which has been found worthy of being repeated to her subjects. The orbs and sceptres, and blazing diadem, do not therefore arouse the sentiments in us which are inspired by the more purely historical departments of the pile, and we pass them by with such a word of wonder, as would be elicited from us by a superb jeweller's collection. English people, however, go more eagerly to this portion of the Tower than to any other. They look with a sort of veneration on those shining emblems, and while gazing on them, seem to be wrapt in awful admiration. A beautiful American lady, who, as she turned from the examination of Victoria's diadem, exclaimed, "Well, I'd rather have the crown than be the Queen," was stared at suddenly by the English who were present, as if they regarded her as some nondescript with a diseased imagination. But she was sound. With or without it, she could be more a queen in the United States than Queen Victoria in England. With this incident, concluded my peregrinations in the Tower.

LONDON, June, 1851.

English Social Scale—The Parks of London—The Cremorne Gardens.

THE greatness of London grows upon me every day. The more I see of it, the more its vastness stretches out, as if it were determined to defeat all hope of encompassing it within the period of any reasonable stay. I am inclined to think, however, that there is a little bit of Yankee trickery, or management, if a softer term is to be preferred, in enhancing its extent, and in magnifying its wonders, on the part of those who have its principal curiosities in charge. There are certain things which can only be seen on given days and at given hours, and you generally find these days and places so dispersed, that those which meet in time, are situated at the opposite extremities of the city, so that not more than two or three of them can be seen in a day. The result is, that you are obliged to remain in town three or four weeks to complete your observations of its principal public features alone, and to contribute a large per diem stipend to the revenue, in the taxable food you eat, the taxable exhibitions you behold, and the taxable vehicles you ride in. With all John Bull's affected indifference to the almighty dollar,

his pursuit after it, into your pocket, is quite as eager and ingenious as any that is instituted by his Brother Jonathan, with the simple difference, that while he strikes deeper and draws heavier, he is not so frank as to confess that his object is to chisel you. I discovered this method of the conversion of space into profit and delay, most particularly by the cards of special admission to palaces and museums, furnished me by the American Minister; and, as these are arranged and furnished to the Minister for his friends, by the governmental departments, it is not impossible that the system is conceived at fountain head. It is true that many of the places to which these ambassadorial favors grant you entrance, are free from direct subsidy, but their arrangement contributes to delay, and the taxable food which you consume makes you a very profitable boarder to the State. If this supposition is correct, it is not strange that Mr. Abbott Lawrence is popular with the Government, for he lives at the rate of fifty thousand dollars a year himself; and he thus sets an example that is very wholesome to the revenue. His example, however, will not be found so wholesome by his successor, whoever he may be; for if he be not as opulent as a prince, he will be obliged to live in comparative obscurity, and must cut a very sorry figure. Unless, therefore, the next mission from the United States to the Court of St. James be given to a millionaire, it had better be conferred upon some plain citizen, who will exhibit that other phase of dignity, which is comprised in unostentatious republican simplicity. To render the residence of such a man tolerable to himself, however, it will be necessary that he should be a bachelor, for coaches and diamonds are indispensable concomitants for ladies in this meridian of splendor.

This allusion to the American minister suggests to me the subject of passports, and that suggests the equally im-

portant provision of a proper arrangement of your funds for facility in traveling. The best course to pursue in this latter respect, is to deposit the sum which you intend to allow yourself, with some New York agent of a London banking house, (say an agent of George Peabody, the opulent and truly patriotic American resident banker,) who will give you a letter of credit for the amount, subject to the difference in exchange, and who will allow you interest at the rate of six per cent for all the moneys you do not draw. On arriving in London, you make out the route you intend to travel, and the London House gives you a letter of credit to their various agents in the principal cities of the continent. This obviates the inconvenience of carrying a large sum about with you, and you replenish yourself at your stopping places as you go along, according to your wants, with the reduction inscribed upon your letter. You draw by this means the currency of the country you are in, and even if you lose your letter, the production of your signature (fac similes of which have been forwarded in advance of you to the various agents,) and a reference to the last and nearest house you draw upon, will remedy the misfortune. If, however, the rate of exchange be in your favor in New York, or if sovereigns may be purchased to advantage there at the time of your departure, you may bring out British gold or bills on London, and make your original deposit with the London Banker. For this latter course, it will be necessary for you to obtain a letter of introduction to the London House, or to secure a proper introduction from some reputable person here, as your banker is to a certain extent, answerable for your character, and not willing to furnish an endorsement throughout Europe to a stranger. I pursued this latter course, and can recommend it to American travelers as a convenient one.

Passports are the next requisite for continental travelers; indeed, after leaving England, they are as indispensable as money. These may be obtained at the office of the American minister, with the same facility as in New York, the only conditions being an identification here, as in New York, that you are yourself. You leave your statement with the minister's secretary, as to the countries you intend to visit, and in two days time he sends you your credentials, neatly done up in pocket-book form, to protect it from wear and tear, properly visé, or endorsed, by all the resident embassies from Paris to Constantinople. The price of this service is \$3,50. After this you have no further trouble in the passport way, except to hand out the document, whenever it is demanded, and pay an occasional fee as you go along. I made this provision one of my earliest cares, and would recommend it to a traveler as his first task, in order that he may be at liberty to leave for the continent whenever it may suit his fancy. A neglect of this precaution may interfere with a sudden inclination to join a party, and throw you a day or two in the lurch.

On the morning of the day on which I made this my business, I took advantage of an allotted leisure to visit the various parks of London. They may well be called the lungs of the city, for they slip you out of the grime and pressure of the stifled thoroughfares, into the broad green fields, and exchange in a moment the harassing clatter of rough drays and distracted cabs, for quiet verdure and the muffled roll of stately vehicles over soft and even paths. I think, however, the supposition that they were intended for the ventilation of the city, or for the pleasure of the people at large, is erroneous. They are rather theatres, provided for a wasteful aristocracy to vie with each other in the pride of equipage, and wheel away, in languid state, a

few of the hours which rot in their existence. They are some of them prohibited to men in livery without their masters, to persons with bundles, and to dogs. Mark the association, and compare it with the affected horror, by the English, at our inhumanity, because we will not raise the slave to a state of social and political equality. There is no quality, condition, or state, which an Englishman so thoroughly despises as poverty. His most favorite expression of extreme contempt is, "get out, you *beggar!*" and it is therefore not to be supposed, that in a state of society like this, gardens three and four miles round, with graveled carriage paths and flowering borders, were laid out for the benefit of men who work six days in the week, or out of consideration for those who carry bundles and who are classified with dogs. This sentiment towards wealth and poverty runs through all classes of society; and the strata respect each other by degrees. The man with six thousand a year looks askant at the man who has but five; and he or she who has five, feels entitled to exhibit a shade of condescension towards the person who has only four. In the same way live the tradesmen and the shopkeepers, and from them the rule descends to the under orders of the working people. Indeed, these distinctions are fostered and encouraged from the Crown to the shoe brush with the utmost care, and society is a succession of steps, over a number of which each class are born to walk, except the Crown, and that walks over all. I will give an instance or two, now that they are handy, in the way of familiar illustration. A certain Duke, whose greatness is really so small that I have forgotten his name, keeps one hundred and thirty servants, which, by-the-by, is just the number of the Queen's horses. The first class of these servants are allowed to drink wine from the cellar. The second class drink ale; the third class

wait upon the first; the second wait upon themselves; and so the routine goes. This system is carefully kept up in all the ramifications of life, by way of infusing into the very existence of the subject the necessity of social distinctness; of saturating him, as it were, with these compromises of the constitution in their very ale and wine. One class bends, and the other rides over it, booted and spurred—hereditary horsemen; hereditary scrubs.

As an illustration of the esteem in which humble condition is regarded, I need only to refer to the fact, that to try the strength of the galleries of the Crystal Palace, before it was thrown open to the public, regiments of soldiers were marched in and directed to run in a mass, and with a regular step, across them all, so that the girders should be wrenched to their utmost powers by the regular and violent swing of such a mass. The pretense was to test their security for the people; but the safety of the soldiers, who were of the people, was never once thought of. They were in the pay of the government at so much a day. A drove of cattle would have accomplished the test as well, but the soldiers were the most handy, and, as I said before, they were already in the service of the government. One more example, and I have done. A gentleman, whose soirees are chronicled in the newspapers under the head of fashionable life, desired to make my acquaintance, and sent me his card of invitation by the hands of a highly intelligent, and indeed educated bookseller of Paternoster Row, to whom I had brought a letter. I went with the bookseller to the gentleman's house, and in the presence of my friend he gave me a most pressing invitation to dine with him at his villa at Hammersmith, enhancing the request by the representation that I would have the pleasure of meeting, at the same time, with several of the Commissioners of the Great Exhibition

from various countries, whom it would be interesting for me to know. Unfortunately I was forced to decline, from a previous apportionment of the whole of my time between that and my departure for Paris. When I came out, my friend the bookseller was much chagrined.

"You have lost a great treat," said he; "I have known that gentleman for fifteen years, and he has never made *me* such an offer; nor would he if I should know him fifteen years more."

"And why not?" said I, suddenly recollecting that the invitation had not been extended beyond myself.

"Because of my shop," said my friend mildly; "that fixes me in one position for my life."

And yet this gentleman was the friend of the bookseller, and the bookseller was a worthy companion for any man alive. Nevertheless, the bookseller did not feel that he had undergone a slight, for he knew that the gentleman had the feelings of his circle to consult as well as his own.

Such is the repugnant state of English society. Such are the shameful compromises by which they maintain the unwieldy dignity of condition. There is much here to admire, much to respect, and some few things to copy, but the closer I view the English social system and the consequences that flow from it, the stronger I feel the warrant for an expression which I used in a former letter; "that the more an American sees of foreign countries, the more he is sure to love his own." These gilded creatures whom I have just brought the reader into Hyde Park to see; these idle shoots from the hotbeds of luxury; these painted weeds which neither toil nor spin, can never draw one breath of the pure joy which a man of vigorous perception knows, who feels that there are no degrees between him and the gods. They cannot approximate to it; they blister with envy; they

sigh with discontent; and every new equipage with which some more opulent neighbor rolls by, but reminds them that they are a step or two behind on the pyramid of public estimation.

Of all the parks, Hyde Park is the best. More pains and more expense has been bestowed upon it than on the others, and it is the fashionable drive. Its grounds are laid out so as to embrace all kinds of scenery; a river (the Serpentine) has been cut and trained in its centre, and on its waters sits a miniature frigate, the illusion of which is so perfect at the distance of a few hundred yards, that it seems to be an actual man-of-war of regular size. Through the winding walks of this grand theatre of fashion, the coaches of the aristocracy roll with their titled passengers, and here is to be seen the best London assortment of English beauty, and the highest description of aristocratic pride.

Judging from the show which they make in this place, one would hardly suppose that they had emerged from the black and rusty looking buildings which serve for their town residences. These always discourage the new observer by their aspect, and appear to be rather fitted for soldiers' barracks or dusty manufactories than lordly palaces. The interior, however, redeems the inadequacy of the outside, and there splendor reigns so exuberantly over every inch of space, that the contrast with the exterior becomes in many instances grotesque. This contrast is very striking in the town palace of the opulent Duke of Northumberland, to which I was fortunate enough to receive an ambassadorial favor of admission. The outside, which faces on Trafalgar Square, is far inferior in appearance to the fine hotel directly opposite, in which I now reside, and may be very appropriately described by the word *scaly*. The only thing which redeems its dingy and plain façade, is a noble lion that

stands on the top of the building over the main entrance, and who is worthy of this special mention from the fact that he has changed his position since he was put up, and in consequence of a quarrel between the old dukes of Northumberland and Somerset, now stands with his waving tail, instead of his head, towards the palace of the latter, in dignified contempt. This façade is, however, a mere scarf or curtain to the main building, separated by a court-yard, and after entering into which you find yourself plunged in a splendor which exceeds by far any examples of display you have been able to meet with in the new world. Columns of porphyry, walls of marble, staircases wide enough for a coronation train, rooms lined with mirrors, saloons clothed with tapestry of rarest manufacture, dining and dancing halls covered with vast paintings from the choicest masters, rare cabinets, voluptuous ottomans, niches filled with statues which have consumed the delicate labor of half an artist's life, and vases whose single cost would carry any measure through the New York Common Council, against the protest of the people, are the predominant features of the scene; while throughout all is preserved an agreement and a harmony of splendor which subdues excess, and prevents it from offending the eye. Those who imagine that we have corresponding finery at home, may correct their views at once, for where the majority of our wealthy men end the last figure of their fortunes, these English nobles do not begin to reckon theirs. Their original establishment, alone, would bankrupt most of our Upper Ten. It is to be hoped that things may long remain in this condition, for a healthy prosperity on our part demands it. As things stand now, any attempt to imitate it would be vain, and our highest aspirations should be for an elegant simplicity which may conform

to republican notions, at the same time that it gratifies the true limits of a rational taste.

Having now extended my observations upon London, and on London life, to pretty liberal extent for a period of three weeks, I have but two or three features to speak of in the present series of letters, before I change the scene. One of these consists in the evening amusements of that portion of the people who cannot go to the opera, and another in a glimpse of that horrid phase of social debasement, which is found in the dens of misery and crime. I have already furnished a notion of the sort of enjoyment which the clerks, shopkeepers, and better class of working people, seek at Vauxhall and the Amphitheatres; but at present, the best of these popular resorts, and the one that offers the greatest variety of characters as an amusement, is the Cremone Gardens. These Gardens are situated at an extremity of the city, which is reached by omnibuses and steamboats, and whatever the appearance of the night, they are generally thronged with company. The entrance fee is one shilling, and for this sum you have a lively vaudeville, very well performed, succeeded by a ball in the open air, attended and enjoyed by a mixture of all sorts of people. After that follows an exhibition of the Bedouin Arabs, in a distant portion of the Garden, to which the people stream in crowds as soon as the dance ceases. Then comes a display of the poses plastiques, or dissolving views of a most finished character; the dance intervenes again, and finally the whole concludes with an exhibition of fireworks, which, for brilliancy and finish, far exceeds any public pyrotechnic display I ever saw given by our public authorities, even on occasions when they made their largest appropriations for such objects.

The gayest feature of the whole performance, however, is

the dancing, and it is that alone which has made me think a recurrence to this description of entertainment necessary, before disposing of London, perhaps altogether. It is difficult to conceive a more cheerful and hilarious scene than these gardens present during the intervals of the ball. In the centre of the place is erected a temple, or pagoda, brilliantly decorated with hundreds of different colored lights, the platform of which is filled with a fine band of music, and around this dazzling structure, on a broad circular course, wheel and whirl hundreds of couples, abandoned to the infatuation of the waltz.

During the intervals of the music, the parties lounge about the arena, the fledgling dandies with their canes stuck jauntily in their coat pockets, and turned behind their elbows like arms reversed; the more advanced aspirants to fashion with eye-glasses pinched into the corner of their eyes, and white kids a little faded, but well restored with bread crumbs or patent wash. Here comes a simpering seamstress; there an upper female servant out of place; and there again adventurous ladies, as frisky as fairies at the theatre, who are something between both, lounging along, or skipping about among the eye-glasses and the canes. These, with a due quantity of nondescript gentlemen in high-lows, enormous neckcloths, large shirt frills, or long and painfully attenuated straps, make up a *tout ensemble* very strange to look upon. They all move about, either singly, or in couples, as the case may be; but the instant the first note of a polka or redowa is struck by the band, the motion ceases. The crowd pause. The gentlemen with the short canes, the small eye-glasses, the mussed kids, and the linen foliage, look intently at a corresponding number of young ladies, who look with equal interest at them. In another moment these mesmerists unite and whirl away, as if they had felt a spell

which it was impossible to resist. At the end of the dance they separate mechanically, and become lost to each other in the ground-swell that follows, with as much indifference as if they had never met.

Nothing wrong is thought of this description of amusement. It is countenanced and shared by many people, who, though simple, are irreproachable in morals, and the general entertainment is patronized by numerous others who are very eligibly situated in society. The system is adopted from the French. It is conducted with perfect decorum in manner, and were it not for the freedom of introduction, there is nothing in it that would strike the most fastidious stranger as an impropriety. After all, it is only dispensing with the formality of floor managers, to give out partners by the card; but whether the abandonment of that feature tends to a good or evil end, I leave to doctors graver than myself to say. These gardens close at midnight, and the company at once drain off toward the steamboats and omnibuses, while a very large portion content themselves with trusting to their feet.

On the occasion of my visit, I was with two friends, and as none of us had danced, we felt inclined to enjoy the rays of a fine moon, which, on this occasion, actually had the brilliancy of a sheet of rice paper, as I have seen it on one or two occasions at the Chatham Theatre, when lit up by an oil lamp. We slackened our pace and lit our segars, the more fully to enjoy the unusual luxury, and, in the cheerfulness with which this refreshing recognition of the heavens inspired us, took no measure of the hour and a half that run away from under our feet before we were in the neighborhood of our hotel.

As we turned down by the Haymarket, the moon left us, and just at this moment a female figure emerged from one

of the dark arches of the Royal Opera House, and in a most piteous voice asked "charity, for the love of God." I was struck with the concentrated and touching misery of the tone, and instinctively put my hand towards my pocket. One of my companions, however, who professed to know much of London, turned the woman off with a rough denial; whereupon she slunk backwards, but added, as she quietly retreated, and in the same quivering accent as before, "Indeed, gentlemen, indeed I am not the kind of character you take me for!" My sharp companion was about vindicating the position he had taken by another brusque reply, when I checked him by catching hold of his arm, and, turning after the woman, I slipped a half crown in her hand. She looked at her hand for an instant, as if she could hardly realize her fortune, then with a burst of feeling that I have never seen equalled in fervor, exclaimed, "God bless your Christian heart!" and darted out of sight. Even my obdurate friend was overcome, and commenced feeling in his pockets, while I, inspired with new confidence in my judgment by this exhibition, took a quick step or two in the direction of the woman's flight, as if it were my duty to do more. But the apparition had vanished, and I peered up the dark street in vain. I fancied, for an instant, that I could hear a low chuckle near me, as if one of the black old arches was enjoying a little dry merriment by itself, but it faded away as an illusion, and, for the time, I thought no more of it. On the following night I was passing by the same spot at a somewhat earlier hour, when I found my elbow touched, while a low voice whispered by my ear: "I say, sir, don't you want to buy a pretty picture book." I turned quickly round, and to my astonishment recognized the plaintive beggar of the night before. The book she offered was of the vilest kind, and she herself was one of those pestilent bats that haunt in

the dark nooks of public thoroughfares, to tempt the late wayfarer on his passage home. I felt ashamed that this base creature should have used up the sympathy and trust which might have been reserved within me for some worthier object, and in the angry resolution that I made, not to be so deceived again, I experienced the full force of a maxim I have used before, "that every impostor should be treated as a common enemy, for he not only sets a bad example to the world, but robs the worthy of that fund of sympathy, which is often the only resource and dependence of real misfortune."

LONDON, June, 1851.

London—Its Dens of Crime and Misery.

HAVING now visited the better parts of London, and given due attention to its more deserving features, I reserved for the last night of my stay a visit to those dens and hiding-places of misery and crime, which make this city the reproach of civilization, and in an unenviable sense, entitles it to be called one of the wonders of the world. To enable myself to do this to advantage and with safety, I made a requisition upon the services of the policeman who had been detailed to attend upon my friends and myself by the Superintendent; and he, to afford us the largest facilities for our purpose, sent information to the various stations in the neighborhoods we wished to visit, in order that we might be provided with a local guard, in waiting at each place, who were known to the desperadoes of each district.

Thus prepared, we chartered two coaches, and seven of us set out at ten o'clock upon our novel expedition. Having made a good outside observation of the neighborhood of Seven Dials, we plunged into the recesses of a dark and filthy passage called Church Lane, groping our way in the rear of two of the detectives of the district, (one of whom bore a lantern for our guidance,) and instructed by our spe-

cial officer, who kept close beside us, to be careful how we stepped here and there. Truly, all these attentions were necessary. The vile street was filled with noisome pools, which gathered from the stifled dwellings faster than they could be swept away; while from the cave-like doors on either side, there issued steams of odor which poisoned the whole atmosphere. Our entrance into this region seemed to be an event among its inmates. Our lantern had not advanced many yards within it, before the narrow street swarmed with squalid-looking wretches, and the doorways stood wedged with sullen figures, some of whom were smoking short stumps of pipes, with their arms folded, as if they were standing for gallows illustrations of the Newgate Calendar; while others peeped over their heads, and secure in their retreat, delivered themselves of some ribald witticism on the object of our visit. Those who were in the street flocked around us and ran alongside, as if we were a troop of Bedouins; but while they pretended to be very officious in our service, by shouting, "Clear the road for the gentlemen there!" we discovered that they had quite another object.

At almost every step, some impersonation of the "Artful Dodger" would make a skilful strike at a coat pocket, and failing, would be succeeded by some female operator, perhaps full grown, perhaps no older than himself. We had been cautioned against these attempts by our conductor, before we set out, and had consequently left our watches and our pocket-books at home, making him our treasurer for way expense, in the sum of three or four pounds for distribution among the beasts we were to see. Nevertheless, though barren of temptation, our pockets were continually angled at, and in every dark passage through which we passed, we could feel some new and enterprising nibbler

at his work. In issuing from a doorway, where he had been closely pressed, I felt a gentle approach from a hand behind, but being indifferent, from the insignificance of my possessions in that quarter, I quietly abided the result. The hand stole along as soft as the touch of love, and when properly poised within the neck of the pocket, made a dexterous dive into its recesses. A sudden movement of the crowd and no motion of my own, defeated the excellent intention, and incommiseration for the disappointment of one so worthy in his profession as the operator, I turned and handed him the handkerchief he had been after, with a polite bow and a remark that I feared it was hardly worthy of his acceptance. The unblushing ruffian received it gaily, and after taking off a cap which laid on his bullet-shaped head like a muffin, in answer to my politeness, passed the cambric two or three times under his nose, and hoped he might live to see the day when I would be the Lord Chancellor of England. At the same moment an ex-Alderman of New York, who was present, felt a signal to gather up his skirts, while as I issued from the doorway into the street, I met another of our party, gently satirizing a hatchet-faced fellow, who had an expression like a badger, with not having "sounded" him sufficiently low down. "Thank you, sir," said the genius, "I'll try and do better next time;" and he vanished among the crowd.

The first of the dens which we entered in this region, was a cellar, or more properly a cave, many steep steps under ground, lit by a single rushlight, with walls as black as if it had long done service as a coalpit. A narrow table traversed the extreme length of the apartment, around which sat a dozen evil looking men, most of whom were smoking pipes, while a tall gaunt fellow, more sinister in appearance than the rest, stood with his ragged skirts spread independ-

ently before a fire-place, whistling a tune, as he rocked himself carelessly to and fro in the style of Robert Macaire. There was a general stir as we entered, and most of the men at the table touched their caps in honor of the visitation. Robert Macaire, however, merely stopped his note, and kept settling himself dashingly in his clothes at intervals, by way of evincing his complete indifference to our presence. Our guide saluted the company respectfully, inquired how many boarded in that establishment, and after he had received the answer of "fourteen," asked if one of them would not sing a song. At this three or four of them glanced at a man at the centre of the board, who till this moment had evinced no disposition to look up. Feeling himself urged, however, to respond to the invitation, he glanced towards the ruffian at the fire-place, and receiving a slight nod of permission from that quarter, he took off his hat to begin. I had not noticed him till that moment, and now that I scrutinized him clearly, I was surprised at his appearance. His hair, which had once been flaxen, was matted and begrimed, but though in this sorry plight, it laid in large and not ungraceful waves, and exhibited here and there a latent golden tinge. Its fault was its abundance, but when he lifted it with his dirty hand, he displayed a fine white forehead, even features, and a pair of large blue eyes, that would have made the fortune of many a gallant at the court of Louis XIV. Dirty as he was, he seemed extremely out of place in this foul and noisome den, and as if to enlarge the proofs of his unfitness, he selected the plaintive song of

"The light of other days."

Before he had finished the first stanza, it was plain why common consent had indicated him as the minstrel of the party. He not only had a full and melodious voice, but he sang with exceeding good taste, and there was a thrill of

sad feeling in his tone, that claimed sympathy from every one who heard him. He puzzled me very much, and I longed for an opportunity to question him as to his life, but fenced off by the forbidding men around, I was content to read in his features and his tone the gloomy story of a life of broken hopes, perhaps of broken love, and a condition of irretrievable depression. Even in that place he seemed to be a hopeless loafer, whose want of spirit was tolerated because of his gifts, and whose yielding good nature helped to make him the pet of the crowd. When he had finished, most of the party glanced towards us to witness our admiration, and even Robert Macaire, who had been beating time with his foot, condescended a nod of approbation. After a slight pause, our guide put his hand in his pocket and asked who was the captain of the room. "That's our captain," said a fellow with a head like a walrus, pointing with the stump of his pipe to the figure at the fire-place. Our auxiliary policeman at this turned the stream of his lantern full upon the independent gentleman in the torn coat tails. A slight recognition might then have been observed to pass between the ruffian and the officer, but it was only the recognition of a reciprocal glance, after which the latter dropped a few shillings in the captain's hands, and told him to spend it for the entertainment of the company, concluding his remark with—"and no chisseling; do you mind." "Oh, our captain is an honest man," said a voice from the extreme end of the table, whereupon we vanished into the open air.

Our policemen led the way across the street, and brushed the crowd away from a narrow passage, the entrance to which seemed like the entrance to a pig-stye, and was but wide enough for us to advance in single file. The board flooring, sluiced and undermined by continual streams of filth, plashed

under our feet, and our noses were assailed with vapors that seemed almost tangible to the touch. However, we groped on, sustained in hardihood by a common example, though the loss of my handkerchief almost made me a deserter. Far up in this foul alley we came to a side-door, which let us into an apartment some sixteen feet square, and about ten feet high. All was dark when we entered, but our lantern lit up a sight such as I had never seen before, and such a one as I pray God I may never see again. In that contracted lair laid thirty human beings, men, women, and children; yes, thirty white Christians, of a Christian land, packed head and feet in layers, like the black cargo of a slave-ship under chase, and most of them, adults as well as infants, as naked as they were born. Some were families, some were man and wife, some were single lodgers at a penny a head. Some wore a few scanty patches, others were partly covered by a sheet, but many were threadless and indifferent to exposure. In the centre of the room stood a large tub or reservoir, which the comity of the apartment permitted to be used by two or three at once; and in the muck and gloom, and stench and vermin of the place, these larvæ of a stifled and rotten *civilization*, crawled and groveled and profaned the rites of nature; and what seems most strange of all, bred souls for immortality. I deal with a repulsive subject, but surgery cannot be fastidious, and I dwell upon the features of this den, because it exists almost within a stone's throw from the palaces of nobles, and under the noses, it may be said, of the snuffing hypocrites of Exeter Hall, whose mock philanthropy commissions emissaries to excite our slaves to insurrection, and who plunder well meaning poverty to provide blankets and bibles for the happier heathen.

Opposite this model lodging-house, over the way as it

were, but across a passage only two feet wide, is a restaurant, where chops are cooked, lobsters and ale served out, and dirty-faced gentlemen are furnished with pipes and tobacco at the very lowest rates. Here the creatures who crawl and move in the other room, get fed, and replenish the foul currents of their being with fouler food. The occupations of those who inhabit such dens as these are various; some are street cadgers, who rake the thoroughfares for rags and paper; some are those peculiar scavengers, who gather offal, and who become so enterprising in their calling, as to chase the coach-horses in the street in anticipation of a wind-fall—a frequent sight in London; some are beggars; some thieves, and some are mere loafers, who having raised a capital of children, send them forth to pilfer or to beg, in order that they, their parents, may recline in an opulence of gin and tobacco during the evening of their days.

I need not suggest what should be done to eradicate this state of things. It is a reproach and a scandal which bears its own lesson on its face.

Our party went into two other dens of this description, in one of which there were twenty-four, and in the other sixteen persons, but as they did not differ much from the one I have described, I pass them by. In each some women were found ready to sit up, and give us the statistics of the apartment, and to receive in behalf of the company our customary largess to provide them all with a treat of coffee in the morning. In the last place, the spokeswoman in telling over the numbers, pointed out a young Irish lad of eighteen, and his sister two years younger, who, she said, had come in from the country out of work that day, with but fourpence between them; but she added that they were going away in the morning. The poor young creatures had been driven to this horrid lodging by the condition of their purse, but

terrified and shocked at what they had seen, they laid clasped fast in each other's arms, as if they feared to lose each other for a moment. The girl did not open her eyes, but her guardian looked at us askant, without turning his head or changing his position. Their bright red cheeks laid together like two roses among a patch of brown and wilted weeds, and told by their freshness the story of their innocence, much plainer than the language of the hag. "Here is a penny for you, my boy," said I, leaning over, and slipping a half crown in his hand, "to help you in your journey." "And here is one, too, for your sister," said a gentleman beside me, who saw my movement, and appreciated my object in underrating the coin. The lad gripped the money in his fist, but too occupied with his sacred care even to thank us, he threw his arms quickly about his sister's neck again, and in that position the pair remained when we retired.

Our peregrinations in this neighborhood had now occasioned such a crowd about the doors from which we issued, who swarmed after us wherever we moved, that our policemen thought it prudent we should leave, so we betook ourselves to our coaches and whirled off in fresh air (if any portion of the London atmosphere can be so called), towards the direction of Whitechapel at the other end of the town.

There we visited the gin palaces and the cider cellars, and though it was past midnight when we arrived in the quarter, we found them crowded with company, and the adjacent streets swarming as full of life as the neighborhood of a bee-hive. As we went along we could hear the word "exhibition" pass from mouth to mouth by way of accounting for the presence of such a party as we were in London, but on all sides we were received with the utmost good humor. In one place I received an invitation to dance from a young

lady in a pink bodice and blue skirt, who might have been handsome if it had not been for a squint; and might have been engaging if her expression had not been damaged a little by a cut in her upper lip, and a dark puff under her left eye. She compromised for my refusal, however, in a pot of half-and-half, and found amends for the disappointment, by obtaining a sailor for a partner, whose head was covered all over with red ringlets, and whose weather-beaten countenance looked like the map of the world. It was curious to observe the sublime indifference with which the sailors who were present in these places treated our presence. They did not notice us at all, or seem in any way to recognize the fact that we were there, but went on dancing and drinking, and talking to their doxies, as if they were in their own peculiar paradise, where every object figured at a disadvantageous comparison with themselves.

The entire of this region was filled with oyster-stands, and tables for the sale of lobsters, crabs, shrimp, and blood-puddings, and at short intervals we would find the highway made vocal by ballad-singers, who with one hand beside their faces to enable them to roar with facility, and the other full of penny ballads, would dole forth the "Loss of the Albion," "My charming Nancy," and other refreshing ditties of that sort.

In this region was also a class of up-stairs rooms, frequented by men and women of the vilest character, which furnished music in a sort of free and easy style. When we entered one of them, a female, and sometimes two, would set up a sentimental song, and then be succeeded by a man kept for the purpose of comic singing. One of these fellows was a rare genius, and though a little shaky from hard service and a long career of gin, he sang more humorously than I ever heard any one sing before. He continually

reminded me of my notions of the face of Liston. His grimaces were abundant beyond description; his face seemed to unfold and take new shapes as naturally as a Chinese light, and as for his mouth, it was made up of tucks and flounces that produced continual revelations, and seemed to be capable of as voluminous a history as the acts of the Apostles. While I was standing lost in admiration of this human hyderangea, I felt another light twitch at my coat skirts, something like the stroke of a trout, and turning sharply, discovered directly behind me a young woman in an open straw bonnet, just folding her hands demurely across her bosom, and composing her features after her failure. I raised my hat, and regretted that she had found nothing in that quarter worthy of her attention, upon which I could see a titter run the round of her acquaintances at her discomfiture. The young woman denied the soft impeachment, whereupon I borrowed a shilling from our treasurer to heal her lacerated feelings. A few coppers thrown upon the floor compensated the gentleman with the flexible face, and we retired to our coaches, and changed our region to that of the "Thieves' Kitchen."

The readers of the *National Police Gazette* will recollect the publication of a descent by the London police upon that den a few months ago, in consequence of a development having been made, that it was a sort of college, or academy, where children were taught the art of theft, and prepared for the degrees of house-breaking and of murder. Attention had been specially attracted to it, through the arrest of several juvenile thieves of both sexes, who described how they had been decoyed from their parents into this den by an old Jew, or modern Fagin, and practiced in the ways of pilfering, for his profit. In return for their work, he corrupted their appetites for drink, and furnished them with

means of sexual license together, that made them unfit for any other sort of life. When the police made a descent upon this place, they found all the gymnasia of roguery in operation for juvenile tuition, and at the very moment of their entrance, these young pupils for the gallows were practicing at the skirts of coats, hung loosely upon clothes lines, in order to earn rewards from their preceptors, for taking a purse or handkerchief from the pockets without shaking the line, or disturbing little bells that were attached to the ends of the garments. There were a great number of experienced old thieves residing in this den at the time of the descent, as well as children, and indignant at the profanation of this sanctuary of their arts, they gave battle to the invaders, and after a severe contest, succeeded in rescuing some of the children, and in beating the officers off. A reinforcement of authority was however soon obtained, and the den ransacked of its professors and its pupils. At the time of our visit it was comparatively quiet, and we were received by only five or six gentlemen of the "jimmy," who preserved a very quiet demeanor. Though shorn of their numbers, and reduced in strength, they showed, however, that they were of the house of Warwick, for they did not condescend to any civility during our stay, and regarded us all the time with a sort of sullen defiance. There was but one relief from this behavior, and that was in the shape of a little jocose sarcasm between a fellow with a black thatch over his eye, and a little ferret-eyed chap, with a humpy body, and a pair of thin legs, which he seemed to have picked up in a hurry, and clapped on for the purpose of flight, when his own were out of the way. "I say, Tommy," said the fellow with the thatch, pulling out his pipe and sending out a long whiff of smoke; "I say, Tommy, the Queen gives a ball to-night, I believe!" "Yes," replied the owner of the legs, nursing

one of them with an air of aristocratic repose ; “yes, I saw her Majesty this morning, and she begged me to be present ; but she let me off when I told her I had a small bit of a job at Blackfriar’s Bridge.” Just at this point our party was ready to retire, and satisfied with the peregrinations of the night, we resumed our coaches, drove to our several hotels, and got to bed an hour after daybreak in the morning. When I awoke it was near noon, and I occupied the remainder of the day in writing letters, packing my trunk, and making preparations for my departure in the evening line for Paris. An event, inasmuch as it has been so long delayed, I take the liberty to state at the close of this letter, I faithfully carried out.

PARIS, June, 1851.

London Weather—Voyage to Calais.

HAVING made some half a dozen engagements of travel with parties, which the continual jostle of events destroyed, I concluded, as the only means of ever getting away from London, to set out alone, so I sternly resisted several pressing invitations to wait “only till to-morrow morning,” and took the evening train for Paris, by the old way of Calais and Dover. I was determined to repair my overstay, if possible, by prompt movement in the future; besides, I was heartily tired of the cold and rain of the climate of Old England, and acknowledged as one of my main objects in pushing south, the simple desire to get dry and warm. The chance for those blessings of condition, however, seemed as hopeless at the hour of my departure, as at that of my entrance into the country. It rained when I anchored in the port of Liverpool; it was wet and wintry, with but little pause, during my entire stay of three weeks in England, and I was followed to the depot, at the time of my farewell, with all the compliments of the season, in a soaking shower. The people of London told me the weather was unusual, but people of all places say as much, whenever they feel uncomfortable, and I conclude against the apology, by observing

that half the population live in water-proof boots, and take a drenching shower with as much indifference, as if nature had intended them to be amphibious. They may well boast of their complexions, for there is no sun to tan them; and their green sward must always be of the greenest, for it is watered freshly every day. Somebody has likened the appearance of the sun of London to a boiled turnip, and whoever he is, I wish to corroborate his testimony. Indeed the turnip suffers most in the comparison, and might be relieved a little now and then, by the figure of a dead fish's eye, or a faded horn lantern. I have beheld a much more respectable luminary since, at the opera in Paris, and have seen it hold its rays too, for a much longer stretch of time, than the enfeebled planet that floats in the fogs to the north of the channel.

It is a great pleasure for a man to leave a hotel where he has been stopping for three or four weeks, and particularly if that hotel be in London. He finds such an affectionate regard has grown up for him, during his stay, that every face in the establishment is gathered at the door to see him off; and turn which way he will, a battery of eyes are riveted on his face, as if each wanted to make up by one long concentrated gaze of friendship, for the misery of never seeing him again. What is singular, it matters not at what hour you may start—whether it be midnight or morning, evening or noon, these faces seem to have had an intuitive perception of your intentions, and appear in the very nick of time to distress you with their vigilant concern. The result of this is, that you cannot help putting your hand in your pocket; and though, according to the new system of European hotels, you have been charged pretty liberally in your bill for “service,” you involuntarily distribute a piece of coin to each of these susceptible servitors. Upon this, the

look of pathetic and painful earnestness falls into the hand, and after dwelling for an instant upon the coin, ends in a vibration of satisfied bows, that are exceedingly refreshing to a man, who is seeking for evidences in favor of the natural goodness of mankind.

After having paid fifteen dollars and twenty cents for my ticket to Paris, I took a corner seat in a very elegant and spacious car for Dover. As I had arrived late, there were already five people in it, and as I took my seat, I observed that they were prepared for sleep, having their heads drawn down, and their shoulders thrown up, like so many land turtles in a state of defense. I also observed that on my entrance, each head eyed me for a moment, from its entrenchments, with looks that seemed jealous of my participation of their comforts, so I took my seat, drew down my own head and threw up my shoulders in a spirit of defiance. But I soon became naturalized in the locality, and had the gratification to find these glances shifted successively from me to two new comers, while the common feeling changed into toleration of myself.

I arrived at Dover at half past ten or eleven o'clock at night, and tumbled out to select my several articles of baggage from the huge piles, that are slid down on planks from the tops of the baggage cars for recognition. As there are four or five cars, whose roofs are piled up in this way, it affords a pretty lively exercise to keep your vigilance directed among all, in order to detect the descent of your luggage among the confusion of black and russet leather that tumbles from them. By means of an address, however, that was worthy of a higher object, I caught sight of mine just as it was glancing into a chaos of luggage of all sorts, and extricated it with the aid of a porter, whom I had touched with a sixpence to stand my friend in this trying exigency.

Together, he wrenching and I directing, we were successful in our object, and I had my articles deposited on a large cart, which was labeled for the Calais boat. Not feeling quite assured however, I ventured to make an inquiry of a gentleman with a very thin face, and an American aspect, who was superintending the bestowal of his own baggage in the same quarter, if I was right. The answer was in the affirmative, and I had the further satisfaction to learn that he was going the same way. I secretly rejoiced at this circumstance, as I resolved to quietly observe the operations of my American friend, and be directed by his motions.

We walked down the quay together, towards two boats, which were roaring at high steam; but by way of not evincing any anxiety as to which of the two I was to take, I conversed with my new companion, on subjects quite foreign to my feelings, determined, if possible, to remain independent of further favor and wait upon his course. We went on board the first boat together, and together descended to the cabin. My new friend took a seat among a lot of people, who were spreading out cloaks and other garments, for temporary beds, while I, made thirsty by my ride, threw down my overcoat, and went to the steward's department for a glass of ale. There was some time consumed in getting it, and after half-finishng the draught, it struck me that as baggage is always a matter of some concern to a traveler, it would not be amiss for me to go on deck, and just take one little look after mine. I glanced at the cabin door as I passed by it, but my thin faced friend had disappeared, and I was a little surprised when I got above to find also that he was not on the deck. A sudden alarm struck my mind, I went forward, but could see no traces of my baggage; every body about me seemed to be French or German, and to heighten my perplexity, the boat was moving off. I

made another quick range with my eye among the groups about me, and catching sight of a gentleman, with an English whisker, I ventured to inquire of him if I was on the Calais boat. "No, sir," said he, very coolly, "this is the boat for Ostend." Here was a pretty pickle! The Calais boat was but a hundred yards off; she had my baggage on board of her, and had not yet started from the dock. I shouted to the captain of my boat, who stood upon the wheel giving orders, briefly told him my condition and requested him to back water for an instant, and put me ashore. We were not three feet off, but the animal would not listen to my prayer, and contenting himself with reminding me that it was my own fault, continued his course. The crisis was a desperate one. I had no time for parleying; so I sprang to the bulwarks of the boat, with the intention of jumping overboard, while the time was short. As I stood for a moment perched in that position, I cast my eyes around once more, and fortunately discovered on the surface of the bay, two seamen in a ship's yawl boat, pulling in shore, and distant from me only about two hundred yards. I looked upon this as a God-send, and hailed them with the promise of a guinea, if they would strike the steamer's side. They pulled stoutly, and as they struck, I dropped, and found myself free from a captivity and extradition, that was a just subject of alarm.

My rescuers did their best to get me on board the boat that bore my baggage, without avail, but I let her go with a light heart, and in the glee I felt at my escape, I captured the tars in turn, and made them march off with me to the Dover Castle Inn, to celebrate their success in a glass of cogniac. I had now made up my mind to remain at this place for the night, and continue my journey in the morning train from London, but just as I had settled myself to this

conclusion, a person present told me that I could continue on to Calais, at 12 o'clock, in the fast French screw steamer, that was expected in every moment, and which would return to Calais as soon as she had discharged the mails. The corpulent lady of the establishment, who had just been measuring me in her mind's eye for a breakfast and a lodging, looked very black at the volunteer philanthropist who gave me this information, but as it was a matter at which I could rejoice, I made her compensation in asking the audience up to drink, and in filling my pocket with segars. - While this ceremony was in progress, the noise of the French propeller was heard, and in a few minutes I was on board, heading for the coast of France. Being thus comfortably situated, I rather rejoiced at the events of the night, and as I viewed the white cliffs of Dover by the light of a moon of somewhat improved complexion, and marked the speed with which I receded from them, I was enabled to hope that I might yet overtake the progress of the clumsy English packet sufficiently to catch the train for Paris.

I was the only passenger on board, and not knowing what to make of my appearance, every officer, from the captain down, addressed me with a variety of interrogations—all in French. I had thought till this time, that I knew something of that language, but I found that, though I had it in my mind, none of it was resident in my ear, or on my tongue. Finally, there came to me a customer in a braided jacket, whom I took to be the steward, and who commenced pantomiming, like Old Ravel in the Skaters of Wilna. Refusing all efforts of language with this person, I thrust my hand into my pocket, and held it out to him, full of mixed gold and silver; upon which intelligible motion, he took a sovereign, and went away. Presently he returned, and put a lot of change in my hand, and then took off a five franc piece. In

a few minutes he came back again, addressed me with a smile that was perfectly fascinating, and handing me some more change, went off with a new half crown. Glad to get rid of him at last, I paced the deck for some time, until the short, twitching sea nearly threw me from my feet, and I retreated to the cabin for a nap. I had, however, no sooner stretched myself very comfortably on a sofa, than Old Ravel appeared again, tapping me on the shoulder, and intimating to me, by an upward motion of his finger, that he considered me only a deck passenger. Considerably annoyed at this interruption, I offered a handful of change to him again, as a full answer, and had the satisfaction to see him finally vanish, after fingering my money for the fourth time, though down to this moment I have not the most remote idea of what was the amount of his accumulated tariffs.

After he had gone, I fell asleep, and did not wake until I felt the boat bump against the quay at Calais, and then was surprised to find myself surrounded with basins, which Scaramouch in the braided jacket had provided against the dangers of my sea-sickness. The boat, contrary to her customary speed, had been somewhat beyond two hours in crossing, so it was nearly three o'clock when I arrived; nevertheless, the train in which I should have gone had only left five minutes before. I was helped on shore by a charitable stranger in a bag cap and bright scarlet neckcloth, who very politely dragged me up on the dock with his hand, and offered to devote himself to my comfort while I remained in Calais. Recognizing him by this as a Commissionaire, or more properly a *valet de place*, I accepted his proposal at once, and with him jogging at my elbow, I entered the passport office, heard the word "American" uttered by the principal officer of the Bureau, as I entered the door, and passed into the baggage-room of the depot, with only a glance at my credentials. I

found my baggage, waiting for its owner, to be examined. Not caring to endure the annoyance of standing by, and seeing my well-packed trunks turned upside down, I gave my keys to the valet, placed myself under the charge of a runner for an excellent inn called the Hotel de Paris, and set out for my quarters, with directions that my trunks should follow me as soon as they had undergone the customary search. Contrary to my expectation, after the treatment they received at Liverpool, they came to me almost undisturbed; and I thus received, in a very gratifying manner, my first evidence of the superior amenity to strangers which the French exhibit, when compared with their neighbors over the way. It was daybreak when I retired, and though it helped to make her look picturesque, there was really no need of the candle which the smiling *femme de chambre*, who bade me good night, held in her hand to light me to my chamber. She was very neat and very pretty, and quite worthy of a description, but as this is a good point to stop at, and as I am fatigued, I also will bid my readers good night, and reserve the incidents of my trip to Paris, and first day therein, for another letter. Good night.

PARIS, June, 1851.

Paris—Dinners and Dress—Grisettes and the Streets.

I WAS aroused at an early hour in the morning after my arrival in Calais, by a knocking which had entered my dreams several minutes before it woke me, in the shape of an illusive cannonade. The last blow, however, being accompanied by a peculiarly shrill "Monsieur," made me sensible that I was not resisting besiegers on the town walls, but merely contending against the seductions of a fatigue which I had wisely provided against, by leaving directions with my *valet de place* for an early summons. I by this means found time, between the conclusion of a good breakfast and the starting of the train for Paris, to take a look at the town and fortifications of Calais, so famous for its capitulation to Edward I. of England. Having improved an hour in this way, I was notified by my commissionaire to make my way to the cars. That genius then stowed my baggage, handed me the proper checks, conducted me to an eligible seat in the train, informed me that the cars changed at Amiens, and wished me a *bon voyage* with a polite bow, which notified me that our relations were at an end. For all this I duly paid him the customary fee of a dollar, and confess as much pleasure in offering as he did in receiving it. He had saved me

more than a dollar's worth of trouble, to say nothing of the useful information he had imparted as to the exigencies of the road; and I would advise all travelers similarly situated, at this or any other place in Europe, to engage one in like manner, and profit by his help.

These catch servants are known as *commissionaires*, or *valets de place*, and are to be found at all the cities or towns on the great routes of travel. They take your cares in charge at once on your arrival, see to your baggage, attend to your passport, instruct you in the main features of the place, wake you in the morning, attend upon you in your walks, and suffer no one to rob you but themselves. This latter is an advantage at any rate, for a man can keep a tolerable look-out for one speculator when he would be circumvented by a dozen. But to do justice to this class of persons, I must confess I merely indulge in a figure of speech when I hint at their extortion, for they absorb all the evils of your ignorance, and a dollar a day is no robbery in any country, for a man's whole time.

It was a bright and beautiful Sunday morning when the railway train set out for Paris, and I leaned back in the voluptuously cushioned car with a grateful satisfaction in all things near me and around me, that contained in it more actual religion and pure adoration of the day, than if I had gone to sleep under a bad sermon, or read the church service over twenty times in a velvet prayer-book. After I had rode a short distance in this commendable state of mind, I turned my attention, in accordance with the first duty of a good traveler, to the companions of my carriage. In all we were but five. The person who sat opposite to me was rather a *distingué* looking character. He had a black mustache, a highly polished forehead, a pug nose, which he blew imposingly at frequent intervals, and he carried a

huge gold-headed cane. The one who sat beside me, separated only by the division of a grand arm-chair, was an elegant lady, fringed all over with lace, who seemed the very picture of amenity on a visit to this world. Facing her was a gentleman quite as tastefully attired, whom I soon perceived to be her husband, and between their knees played a child, whose graceful hat and ringlets and ribbands seemed to have just come out of the foreground of the picture of Queen Catharine before Henry VIII. I subsequently learned that this family was of the *ci-devant* French nobility, and that the old gentleman with the ivory forehead was an exhausted deputy of the new democracy, who had failed in his district on the question of the contraction of the franchise.

We soon got into a conversation all round, they coming towards me in bad English, and I working into their comprehensions with worse French. Nevertheless, we made ourselves tolerably well understood to each other, and enjoyed the little lunches which we got at the various stations at the road-side, in quite a family manner. Until the latter part of the day, our car was not invaded by any new comers, and then it only took a customer now and then for the short stations. On two of these occasions we received third-class passengers, in consequence of no room being left in the second and third-class cars, and it was gratifying to observe these infusions created no disturbance in the minds of my aristocratic friends, but that the man in the blouse and the old woman with her bundle on her lap, were accommodated with room as cordially as if they were in all respects their equals. The humbler parties were also quite as much at ease, and conversation flowed as cheerfully as if no difference of any kind existed between the parties. It is needless to say that such intercourse would not follow in England or

America. In the former country particularly, forbidding superciliousness and servile awe would be as distinctly marked, on either side, as the line of snow and summer on an Alpine mountain.

Among the pleasant results of this easy flow of condition, was the superior politeness of the waiting women at the refreshment stations over those upon the English railways. There is no necessity here of any brutal tone to impress a notion of your consequence. You find them watching your motions, and looking into your eyes, when they catch them, with a smile of such sparkling good nature, that it is hard to persuade yourself they have not been waiting there for years on purpose to persuade you, that you, of all persons in the world, are just the one whom they are the most delighted to see. Under these circumstances you feel it to be a sort of privilege to put your hand in your pocket, and the result is, that the refreshment, which began as a lunch at the first station, lengthens into a consecutive meal all along the road.

The agricultural appearance of the country on the line between Calais and the capital, is not so fine as that which stretches across England between Liverpool and London. Though well cultivated, it has not that verdant richness, nor that prim and exact appearance, which the matchless husbandry of the English farmer confers upon his fields. This results partly from the everlasting English showers, which are so favorable to the verdure of the sward on his side, and partly to that minute subdivision of the soil of France into the hands of myriads of proprietors, which prevents hedging and trimming, or any systematic mode of rural ornament. You seldom see a hedge or fence here, and miles and miles of country roll before the eye, without anything to break the flow of the cultivated plain, except now and

then a clump of trees, or an occasional village of stone cottages, built so closely together, that each seems to be afraid to be alone, and the very streets between them appear choked and tortured by the determined inclination for compression.

The surface of the landscape is, however, by no means absent of diversity. Every acre is divided into shreds of ownership, and the colors of the different crops in various stages of advancement, make one vast patchwork of abundance. Many of these strips, indeed the most of them, are scarcely fifty yards by ten, but nevertheless they belong to different owners, or at the least are worked by separate lessees. The independent ownership, however, is immense, there being between seven and eight millions of landed proprietors in France, out of a population of thirty-six millions. This magnificent result proceeds from that constitutional reform of the great French Revolution, which abolished the right of a dying person to dispose of his property by will, compelling its division by law equally among those natural heirs, whom it is the duty of a man to love. This excellent provision knocked primogeniture and entail in the head, and dividing up estates at the end of every few years, eradicated the feature of great landlords, and distributed their accumulations regularly back among the people. No agglomeration could last longer than a lifetime (except in cases of a single heir), but must be dislocated for the common safety, and parceled into various hands for the common benefit. Every new generation had then a fair chance at the soil, and in a period of scarcely sixty years, a domain that had been two-thirds usurped by a profligate nobility and an abandoned church, was redeemed into a subdivision of eight millions of parts, each of which now boasts an independent tiller of the soil. This democratic law was the

legacy of the old French Revolution. Napoleon was too wise to attempt to disturb it; the kings who have succeeded him have never dared to tamper with or limit it, and the people of France, happen what may, prize it too highly ever to relinquish it.

At first sight, this great law may seem arbitrary to us, who are accustomed to unlimited control of what we possess, but upon examination there will be few to deny that it is just. The State has fully performed its duty when it protects a man, to his dying hour, in what he has legally and honestly obtained; but it is deeply concerned whether that man may, by an arbitrary whim, which rises from his coffin to reign after him, saddle it with the care and culture, and perhaps the difficult restraint, of a dozen paupers, whom he may make, in order to create a millionaire out of some favorite and perhaps worthless child. The law therefore merely requires a man to be just, and interferes only to see that his property flows equally among those natural heirs, who, by the divine laws of Nature, it is proper, as I said before, for a man to love. There is not the least hardship in this, but on the contrary it is eminently paternal and kind. Every good man should approve a guarantee against the danger of his nature being perverted from justice by the adoption of unjust hates; while if he be soundly and properly averse to the enrichment of some wicked heir who stands in the viaduct of his succession, he is not prevented from disposing of his property, by gift, while still in health. The wise and good, at times, venture to do this; but there is small danger of such evasion of the law on the part of the bad. Experience gives us too many examples of avarice clinging to its hoards, in the hope of holding them a day longer from the teeth of Death—a few moments more—to allow us to indulge this fear.

I have called this law a democratic law, and it is questionable if a country can continue democratic without it. The abolishment of entails is of no effect without its help, and that feature of our constitution which forbids them threatens soon to be overbalanced by the desire which is growing up, among the rich in the United States, to dignify family wealth, by the preference of particular heirs, in order to leave upon their shoulders the prestige of an opulent genealogy. Already there are many instances in our country where property has been left to an eldest son as the guardian of a remnant of a family, and unless some effectual check be applied, we may have an aristocracy among us, the names of which will be as formidable to the poor as those of hereditary nobles, and by wills and testaments the law of primogeniture will be effectuated and maintained as absolutely as it is now in England. There is no check for this except in the adoption of a law abrogating wills and testaments, and never would it be more timely than at present, while the gold of California is returning to devour up the land from the next generation, by its aggregation into huge estates.

The principal towns I passed through, in my route to Paris, were St. Omer, Lille, Douay, Arras, Amiens and Beauvais. Lille is a fine city of seventy-three thousand inhabitants, and is one of the most considerable manufacturing places in all France. Amiens is a fortified city on the river Somme, of forty-seven thousand inhabitants, and famous for the celebrated peace which was consummated between France and England in 1802. It is intersected by canals, like some of the Dutch cities, but is filled with fine houses, and, from the glimpse I got of it during a few minutes' walk, seems a very handsome city. Arras is situated on the river Scarpe, and, though it has but 24,000 inhabi-

tants, is a place of considerable trade. It was a capital city in the time of Cæsar, who conquered it fifty-two years before the Christian era, but it is chiefly notable now as the birth-place of that extraordinary man, Maximilian Robespierre.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, after a journey of eight hours, I was landed in Paris, and at the close of a brief and very courteous examination of my baggage by the octroi officers of the city, I called a voiture and was soon safely deposited at the door of the *Hotel des Princes*, Rue Richelieu. Dusty and fatigued, I was prepared for immediate freshening and repose, but instead of getting it by an access suited to my condition, I was taken in hand by a short gentleman, who commenced leading me up a sort of Jacob's ladder towards the region of the clouds. I stopped him in his aspirations, and inquired if the hotel was not provided with a windlass for the lodgers of the upper stories. The little gentleman seemed to be very much pleased at my idea, and comforted me with a promise that I should be provided with a better chamber in the morning, making his apology out of the statement, that the hotel at that moment was entirely packed. I took a little pains to inquire into the accuracy of the representation on the following morning, but found the contrary to be the case. I then discovered it to be the custom in these Parisian hotels to land a new comer upon the topmost loft, and from thence to let him gradually down successive stages like an English auctioneer according to his willingness to pay an increasing price.

The *Hotel des Princes*, or *Hotel day prance*, as it is pronounced, is celebrated for its table d'hôte, and according to French notions of dining, I suppose it is deserving of its fame. The grand saloon in which the table is spread is truly superb in fashion and in decoration, and the dinner

consists, or rather it did consist on the Sunday afternoon of my arrival, of thirteen courses. When it is considered, however, that after all the ingenuity of cuisine which produces such a variety of dishes, a man is still left to manage them with a single stomach, the advantage becomes a doubtful one, and you are tempted to long again for the simplicity of English joints, or the sensible congruity of your own board at home.

In nothing, are the habits and characteristics of the French and English more distinctly marked than in their respective styles of feeding. At an English hotel table, which of course represents the best style of private living, you enter the general dining-room, take a seat at a side table by yourself, and if the joints are ready, which they are at four or five o'clock, according to the custom of the different houses, you call for your dinner. You begin by asking for an evening newspaper and a pint of wine, and fill up the order by calling for soup, to be followed by salmon, roast beef, or mutton, as the case may be. You get the newspaper at once; in about fifteen minutes you get your pint of wine, and in about fifteen minutes more your soup is placed upon the table. You must not hope for it sooner, but after that, everything follows with great exactness and in regular succession. Next to your salmon comes a huge mountain of beef or a whole leg of lamb, from which you cut collops to your heart's content, and retain as long as you wish, unless you choose to release it at the polite request of the waiter, who may want it "for another gentleman, *please*." There are no fancy dishes, and you cannot, except very rarely, get either puddings or pies. The half of an immense cheese, weighing perhaps from twenty to thirty pounds, is set before you instead, and you make your dessert out of that with the assistance of the remainder of your wine. Such is an Eng-

lish hotel dinner, and it is needless to say, that if you have any appetite you rise from it full and content.

A French dinner requires the same time for its performance, but it is eminently social, and divides its charms for the palate between the delights of gossip and intrigue. In the way of eating, however, it is a dinner of shreds and patches, scarcely any part of which you know, and the entire bulk of which, in actual food, would appear truly insignificant, if you could only see it laid in the beginning, before the artist's knife went into it to sliver it for the delusion of eight or nine score of people. The deficit, however, is ingeniously made up by rolls of bread some twelve or fourteen inches long, which are laid beside your plate, and which you insensibly fill yourself with, during the intervals of the courses, to aid you in sipping the bottle of claret which is furnished with the bread. You rise with the wing of a chicken, the hind quarters of a frog, a wafer of beef, a shaving of mutton, and a fragment of salmon stowed away inside you in successive layers of biscuit and bread moistened with wine, and as you walk away from the table, you can scarcely resist the impression that you would make a capital chowder or pot-pie, if you could only endure being boiled. Among the whole of this *melange* you are never treated to butter (either in England or France) unless you specially demand it, and the pepper of both countries is of a flavor that is almost offensive to an American palate. In France, you have but little chance to use it, for neither of that, nor of salt, do they allow more than an acorn full to five or six persons. Indeed, they seem to regard it as an insult to their art when you use either. The English and continental butter is, however, unbearable to an American, without salt, and we recognize each other continually, in

traveling, by the ceremony of kneading salt through it with our knives as the first preliminary to our meals.

After such a French dinner as I have just described, during the course of which I should not omit to mention that I noticed several Frenchmen dilute their champagne with water, I went forth to take a glimpse of the city before ending the previous fatigues of the day by retiring to bed. Though it was Sunday, I found most of the shops open in the larger thoroughfares, and was enabled to supply myself with a pair of gloves at a very fine dry-goods store nearly opposite my hotel. In all directions the streets were thronged with promenaders, the most prominent of whom were continually the soldiers and the grisettes. These latter, the most of whom wore little caps, had their hair dressed with an exceeding neatness, and carried themselves along in a manner that was graceful to a charm. Their motion is a sort of gentle oscillation without being a swagger, and each appeared to me to be a sort of high sample of a finished Bowery girl, with more simplicity of expression, and without any shade of her disdain.

The prevalence of well dressed gentlemen and ladies was likewise large, and all of them exhibited a most exquisite taste in their attire. The difference observable in this latter art, between France and England is very great, and widest in relation to the females. An English woman is all flounces and curls; a French woman wears neither, and is all simplicity and style. An English woman, thus bunched up and smothered, betrays nothing regular in the way of outline, while a French woman is all undulation and all grace. The men come from the hands of their Parisian tailors with equal advantage, and wear their garments with an admirable ease, while the English have their fine, manly forms completely disfigured with habits of the most barba-

rous cut. The English are the worst dressed people in the world. The Americans the best. We exceed even the French, and the reason is as obvious as why we excel both of them in daguerreotypes. Everybody dresses well in the United States, from the mechanic to the man of fortune, and where the genius of an entire nation of twenty-five millions of people is turned upon the development of a certain art, they are sure to exceed those with whom the effort is confined to a few easy thousands. The art of daguerreotyping is restrained in like manner in England and in France; but in the United States, where it is open to the experiments of all, it has reached a point of perfection which leaves the European artist far behind.

Another very striking difference in the appearance of the streets of London and Paris is the solemnity you find in the former and the gaiety which pervades every portion of the latter. In the London streets you scarcely ever hear the sound of a human voice. The crash and din of cabs and drays and omnibuses occupy the atmosphere alone, and not a street cry, or a casual laugh, or a bit of side-walk chat relieves your ear. Everything is sullen or sedate, and the wayfarers go along gravely, with their mouths closed and their faces set. In Paris, everybody talks; everybody smiles; and everybody seems to have come forth because they are so happy that it is quite impossible for them to stay at home. The whole line of the Boulevards, which is the main promenade, is filled with cafés and splendid shops that look as if they ought never to be closed, while about the doors of the former, gentlemen and their ladies cluster as thick as flies—the first smoking, and the other sipping coffee or sweet waters, as they nod to their friends who pass along. Among these groups about the cafés also sits the politician, reading his evening paper, or disputing on the last

measure up in the Assembly; the soldier recounting his exploits, or calculating on prospects of military changes here and there, or *mauvais sujets* relating real or pretended adventures of the day before with some fair one in the Bois de Boulogne, or swearing to some pretended conquest at the opera, with all the vehemence of falsehood. Throughout these throngs, stationary and mobile, work in and out a class of newspaper venders and match boys, who cry out their wares, while swarms of little flower girls, despite of all resistance, press to your seat, and force a rose-bud or some exquisite daisy in your button-hole. This class of industrii are very numerous and very persevering. A foreigner may get rid of them, for he brushes them off without any delicacy, but it is almost impossible for an American, with his notions of softness to the sex, to resist their importunities. It serves you not at all to say "I do not want any flowers, my dear!" or even to throw the rose that is laid before you back into their baskets. When you think they are gone, and have turned your head to resume your observation of the promenade, you feel them suddenly at your shoulder, and turn to find a flower interjected in your highest button, as a flag of conquest. It is quite impossible to discredit such skill and perseverance, so you smile in spite of your annoyance, the little girl smiles too at having carried her point, and you hand her a sous or two, according to the change in your pocket.

After resting at one of these places and enjoying this flower experience for the first time, I rose and pursued my walk along the Boulevards to the Rue de la Paix, by the superb column Napoleon, to the gardens of the Tuilleries, then to the Place de la Concorde (where stood the guillotine in the first French Revolution), and from thence found my course into the celebrated Champs Elysées. Over all, and

through all of this scene, was one sparkle of gaiety, and the further I advanced along this fairy region the more I felt impressed that I had fallen upon a carnival. The grand avenue of the Champs Elysées was thronged with fine carriages filled with splendid women. The promenades which bound it, and the walks that stretched away on every side underneath majestic trees, were filled with sauntering couples; and here and there the view was dotted with little throngs which gathered about exhibitions of learned dogs, oraculous women, or the drolleries of Punch and Judy. In another part of the scene, a circle of wooden horses performed an everlasting round at the command of a fellow who turned a crank in the centre; in another, a temple or pagoda appeared filled with gaudily attired young women, who sang by turns, accompanied by a good orchestra, for the amusement of audiences who took coffee or wine from the keeper of the establishment. Further on, in the advance, another and another of these café chantant appeared, while on this side and that a flageolet, a hand organ, or violin, would appeal for charity to some cripple who had been wounded in some action, or lost his limbs by the explosion of some mine. While pursuing these observations, and before the night had set in, I looked aloft into the clear blue sky, which I had not welcomed since I left the open ocean, to observe Monsieur Poitevin's balloon, that had ascended some two hours before from the Champ de Mars. It now hung poised like a speck in space, with a wagon and a pair of ponies pendant below its car, in which wagon sat the undaunted Madame Poitevin, the modern Europa of the Champ de Mars. After this, night soon settled upon this fairy scene, and in place of daylight, tapers sparkled in all parts of the Arabian grove where I had plunged. Overcome, however, with fatigue and novelty, I found my mind

too much sated for further observation, so at this point I called a voiture to drive me home, and put an end to my first afternoon in Paris.

But my observations did not rest here, for on my road home I drove in sight of two theatres in full blast, and on stopping at a café to refresh myself with a drink, I found myself confronting a billiard-table with players hard at work, whilst sprinkled in other portions of the room were several parties of soldiers and others deeply immersed in the excitement of cards and dominoes. With this conclusion of what had gone before, I felt chartered to wind up and make no further extension of my first night's notes on Paris.

PARIS, June, 1851.

The Places of Paris—The Bath—Père la Chaise.

A MAN who sleeps eleven hours by the watch, without a dream, gives tolerable proof of an easy state of mind and a capacity for redress against fatigue. This was the extent of my repose during what may be termed my first night in France, and I opened my eyes at eight o'clock on the following morning, trying to realize that I was actually in Paris, the city of crimes and glories, of revolutions and of barricades, without avail. It is often harder to persuade one's self of a fact than to adopt an illusion, and as I laid in that state of luxurious loaferism which belongs to the half hour that succeeds a heavy sleep, with nothing really strange within the circle of my eye, the actuality of my situation continually eluded me, and all the perceptions I could command persisted in placing me at home. In a little while, however, the street cries and organs penetrated my chamber with such increasing power, that I began to appreciate a new state of things, so I rose, and having partly dressed, went to the window. There was no longer any doubt in my mind as to where I was, for right opposite to me, in the window of a house which seemed to have been borrowed from one of the scenes of Monsieur Morbleu, was Rigolette setting

out her flower-pot, and stuffing a handful of tender salad through the bars of a gilt cage to a saucy little canary bird, which kept fluttering at her fingers with the liveliest pretense of indignation. By-and-by the flower-pot was watered, and the pet was fed and teased, and kissed and talked to, and Rigolette rose to turn away. At this moment she caught sight of me, and perceiving from my attitude that I had been observing her, she smiled as if she were delighted to see me, and with a graceful inclination of her head, and a "good morning, Monsieur," disappeared. My first impression was, that I had been taken for an acquaintance, but a moment's reflection convinced me that it was only a natural effort of that inherent politeness of a French woman, which exhibits itself under all circumstances, and the philosophy of which appears to be, to convince you that you have given no offense. This was right. It was impossible for me to forego the pleasure of looking at and admiring that spruce little beauty and her bird; but had she been an American, she would probably have turned up her nose and floated out of sight, as if the involuntary use of my eyes had been a high offense. When the little beauty had disappeared, I glanced up and down the line of street commanded by my window, and discovered the same penchant for flowers carried out as was evinced by her, and as I saw exhibited in the number of flower girls, who, the afternoon before, had thronged the Boulevards. In England the love of flowers is carried to a considerable length, but the English are exceeded in that passion by the French. Nearly every house has a parterre upon the balcony that crowns the roof, and even the densest tenements, where poverty is packed, exhibit in their foul apertures the strange contrast of some fresh and fragrant blossom. Indeed, the generality of their use has led to the enactment of a law forbidding flower-pots

to be set out in front windows, without an iron bar or lattice work to guard against their falling in the street. Consequently, nearly every house is ornamented in this way, and balconies are very numerous.

I felt entitled to a bath after the dusty journey of the day before, and as that always affords refreshing observation in a new city, I set out at once to look one up. I have an instinct in such matters, and my steps soon brought me up before a court-yard and a sign, which, without any instinct, I could scarcely have missed. A very amiable looking woman, who sat on a high stool behind a sort of counter, and who was sewing, though evidently only for amusement from her perfect ease, welcomed me with the utmost cordiality, and indeed seemed so very glad to see me, that I was uncertain for a moment, whether I had not this time been really mistaken for some regular customer of the establishment. I expected when she first laid her work on the counter to find her seizing my hands to congratulate me on my return to town, and was quite relieved when she merely directed my attention incidentally to a fine large cat which her movements had disturbed, as a *mauvais sujet* or hard case.

After this ceremony, business was quite in order, and the lady, handing me a card of prices, requested to know what kind of a bath *Monsieur* would like to have. As an American, I could make but one selection, and that, of course, was the highest priced one, and inasmuch as that promised to be very novel, being accompanied, according to the card, by *seven robes*, and named a *bain de Algerien*, I accepted it with something like earnestness. The instant my order had been transmitted to the attendants of the establishment, I became sensible of a rush of women here and there, as if a pulk of Cossacks had been suddenly unfolded, while a serious look-

ing Gaul with his sleeves rolled up, and a towel on his arm, improvised himself before me from an alcove, and waved me across a court-yard into a glass corridor divided into rows of doors. Here I was met by another fellow of like aspect, who, putting his hand upon my shoulder, gently turned me into one of the apartments. As soon as I had entered, a third fellow rushed in, and without noticing me at all, commenced spreading a large sheet in the bathing tub, so as to completely line it from top to bottom. His departure was the signal for the fellow with the towel on his arm to enter and turn on the water, which having done with workmanlike celerity, he signified to me that it was his pleasure I should undress.

At this point I was visited with some particles of doubt. I felt a great repugnance to undressing before a man, but as the Gaul was much bigger than myself, and seemed to have no notion of leaving the room, I thought I would go through. He assisted me to disrobe, and having seen me fairly deposited in the sheet, without attempting to tie me up in it, as I at one time had vaguely apprehended he might take a fancy to do, departed with an intimation that he would hold himself at the command of the bell-rope whenever I should please to ring. Before I rang, however, he returned, of his own motion, and inquired if I did not wish to buy some soap. As I had already discovered the absence of this article, I replied in the affirmative, and had the satisfaction of seeing him vanish again after I had made what I considered a judicious selection. At this point I may as well state, on the authority of subsequent experience, that soap is held to be a sacred article at all the hotels and baths of Europe, and (like candles, which, under the name of "*bougies*," figure as pioneers at the head of all your hotel bills on the continent) is never to be obtained without a special order or the levy

of a special charge. Indeed, there are five things which deserve to be ranked together, for the difficulty with which they are to be obtained on the continent. These are pepper, salt, butter, candles and soap, all articles of the first necessity to an American, all profusely furnished at any of our hotels at home, but only to be obtained in this country by special tribute and peculiar address.

After a repose of some twenty minutes, *a la Algerien*, during which I philosophized on the foregoing facts, I thought I would venture to summon the genie of the bath, in order to see what course he would take next. The seven robes were yet to come. About three minutes elapsed after I had pulled the bell, when he rushed in with a huge pile of stuffs under his arm, from which, after telling me to rise in the bath, he extracted two large linen cloths, as hot as they could be made without being scorched, and dexterously plastered me in front with one, and with the other behind. In this state, though I confess I winced a little, I got upon the floor with even features, determined to preserve my temper at all hazards. Unfortunately for this resolution, however, I was so much occupied with the ridiculous novelty of my situation, that I did not understand a question which the genius put to me, and answering vacantly in the affirmative, was surprised to see him twist a heavy towel round his hand, and after a Russian flourish, discharge the end of it in the middle of my shoulders. The time for ceremony and politeness was now past, and throwing myself in a position, which might have received the encomiums of many of my Sixth Ward friends, I exclaimed in decided English, "My good friend, if you do that again, I'll take the liberty of knocking you down!" I was very well understood, for instantly the fierceness faded from the features of the Gaul, and with a "*Pardon, Monsieur,*" he

spread out his hands, and melted into a smile, the sweetness of which would have made the fortune of a painter, if he could have transferred it to the canvas.

As a compromise with his original intentions, however, I suffered the fellow to envelope me in a thick-flowered robe, which also was glowing with heat, and sitting on a sofa, allowed my limbs to be similarly swathed with hot cloths. Huge slippers being thrust over my bundled feet, the genie motioned me to recline ; whereupon he suddenly faded from my vision, and I found myself sinking into a gentle sleep. I laid in this way for half an hour, and then awoke with a sensation of delightful freshness, and feeling as if I was fit to run a foot-race for a man's life. For this bath in the Algerine fashion I paid about three francs, and notwithstanding its startling features, I adhered to the style during the remainder of my stay in Paris, with the simple difference of having it administered to me in my own room, at the hotel, for the addition of two more francs.

I found the Boulevards quite as gay after breakfast, as they were in the easy part of the afternoon before, though filled with a somewhat different class of people. There were fewer well-dressed females, and the men had more of a business air ; nevertheless, all were loungers, and it was difficult to imagine that any of the throng except the bustling little grisettes, had any task beyond sauntering away their time in that delightful place. Frenchmen never walk fast through the streets ; if they are in a hurry they ride. The only person who can by any chance be seen walking swift in Paris, is an American, or perhaps a grisette, who will hurry at all hours and seasons, unless she is with her sweetheart.

I look upon these little creatures as among the most worthy people of Paris. They are as busy as bees all day

long, and though report says they take too much margin in their gaieties on Sunday, and walk occasionally too deep into the Bois de Boulogne, one cannot help pardoning them, in advance, for all their transgressions. They represent labor in its most devoted shape, and have a better right to dance and sing, and snap their fingers, than the laced ladies whom they ornament, and who confer nothing upon the world, but a little too much of themselves. Indeed they enjoy themselves to the top of their bent, whenever they are let loose, and next to the soldiers, are the chief feature of Paris. Like the soldiers, however, they always behave decorously, and never give offense, either in their conduct or their attire. On the contrary, their dress is exquisitely tasteful, and their manners, though refined by peculiar art, have the appearance of the utmost simplicity. You are very often struck with their extreme beauty as well as neatness, and at first can scarcely resist an inclination to put your hand in your pocket, as you do when you see a charming statuette, to buy a pair of them for your mantle-piece at home. Among them you see the freshest faces and purest complexions in the world, some looking like ripe nectarines, under their indescribable and inimitable little caps, and others so white and so fresh, that they seem to have been dipped in milk, and make you fancy that they smell of the meadow. Many of the ladies of Paris, too, have the same remarkable delicacy of flesh and blood. Indeed, I think the Parisian females excel those of London in complexion, for while the former are distinguished by the characteristics which I mention, too many of the latter look as if they had been roughly built of blocks of raw roasting beef.

In your way along the Boulevards you are obliged to divide your attention between the rich shop-windows and the swarms amid which you move, and you will find this field of observa-

tion scarcely inferior to the first. It is like moving through the French department of the London Exhibition, the goods being displayed with still more taste, and the collection embracing a large super-addition of articles. The most prominent features are the jewelry and fancy stores, and perhaps the most peculiar are the print shops. The windows of those are filled with nude figures, highly colored, in every variety of posture, and though most of them are such as would be liable to seizure in New York, the Parisian people, male and female, flock around them, and gentlemen stop to point them out to ladies on their arms, as clever pleasant-ries, or happy works of art.

Among the decorations of the stores, looking-glass seems to be a very favorite material. Some of them, like the cafés and boudoirs in private dwellings, are entirely lined with it, and one store has even its square outside columns, which answer to our granite pillars, sheathed in long mirrors, which are continually exposed upon the street. They suffer no danger. There is no vicious mischief in the Paris populace, and they take as much pride in protecting what is beautiful to the public eye, as if each had a personal interest in the preservation. Great taste is generally exhibited in the use of mirrors for decorative purposes, and queer effects are as often produced. I was surprised to see the train of waiters at my hotel disappear on the occasion of my dinner, in an end of the room, which consisted of a burnished wall of glass. On following them closely, however, I discovered that they passed through a huge aperture made by a large mirror, turning inwards, without evidence of hinge or handle.

Still following the Boulevards, as the most notable part of Paris, you arrive at the Rue de la Paix, which leads off towards the Tuilleries, and presents you a view, in its line, of the Place Vendome, and the superb triumphal bronze

column of Napoleon. This is built of twelve hundred large cannon taken from the Austrians and Russians in the German campaign of 1805, and surmounted by a statue of Napoleon, as General, eleven feet high. The original figure represented him as Emperor; but was taken down at the coming in of Louis XVIII., and melted for the horse of Henry IV., on Pont Neuf, while the royal flag and *fleur de lis* supplied the Emperor's place. Louis Philippe, however, found it wise to re-inaugurate the figure in its present shape in 1833. No king will ever meddle with it again. The column is a magnificent work of art. It is modeled after the superb and world-renowned column of Trajan, at Rome, but exceeds it in size by one-twelfth. Its height may be estimated by the fact that the figure on its top appears to the eye of a person in the street to be only of the size of life.

Passing along the Boulevards, without turning into the Rue de la Paix, you at length reach their southern termination in the Place de la Concorde. This is celebrated as the old Place de la Révolution, where stood the guillotine of the Reign of Terror; where Louis XVI. and Maria Antoinette, and afterwards Robespierre and Danton fell. This memorable site is now occupied by the great obelisk of Luxor, which formerly stood before the temple of Thebes, in Egypt, where it was first erected by Rhamesis III., or Sesostris as he is otherwise called, fifteen hundred years before Christ—fifteen hundred years before countless millions of mankind had the advantage of a Redeemer. This single stone or monolith is seventy-two feet three inches high, seven feet and a half wide at the base, and declines to five feet and four inches in width at the top. Its removal from Luxor to the sea, occupied eight hundred men for three months; and the genius of the engineer, who, by the subtle combinations

of modern machinery, raised it on its present pedestal without breaking it, is celebrated on the new base of the monument with the most extravagant encomiums. The hapless heathen who quarried it from its original repose, and placed in on a still higher plinth, did not, however, seem to think its fashion or erection to be a matter of much credit. Indeed, they did many greater things, of which I have not time to speak, and we cannot help regretting that a mistake in their chronology should oblige them all to be damned.

The centre of the Place de la Concorde affords, perhaps, the finest view in Paris. Before you, you behold, through noble gardens, at the distance of about half a mile, the Palace of the Tuilleries; you turn, and behind stretches the grand avenue through the Champ Elysées, ending, at the distance of something more than a mile, with the grand Triumphal Arch of Napoleon, built at the Barrier de l'Etoile to commemorate the modern victories of France. Napoleon decreed this in 1806, but owing to its immense size, it was not finished at the time of his abdication, and the kings who succeeded him thought, at various times, of dedicating it to other ends, and what they considered more loyal heroes. But wiser thoughts prevailed, and it was finished in 1836, with Napoleon's figure prominent upon its southern façade, in the position of being crowned by the Goddess of Victory. It is safe from future royal interference. Like the column of Vendôme, and everything which relates to Bonaparte, it is protected by the affection of thirty-six millions of people, and wo be to the man who henceforth puts a slight upon the hero of their soul. It is impossible to exaggerate the affection with which the French people regard Napoleon Bonaparte. I have seen the tears start in their eyes when they have been speaking of him, and they generally lose their balance when they allude to the close of his career. His tomb at the

Hotel des Invalides has many pilgrims, and the railing of the column of Vendôme is continually hung with chaplets in various stages of decay, placed there in an affectionate spirit by the old soldiers who have fought in his campaigns, or their sons or daughters, to whom they have bequeathed the pious task.

The arch at the Barrier de l'Etoile is, I believe, after the pattern of the arch of Titus, at Rome, but it is much larger, and in every way grander in its execution. Some notion of its magnitude may be obtained from the fact that much time elapsed after it was decreed and planned before the engineer could devise a foundation which would be suitable to bear the enormous structure. At length a foundation of solid blocks of granite was sunk twenty-five feet below the surface, and the massive pile, 152 feet high and 137 feet broad, rose above it.

On your right hand from the centre of the Place de la Concorde, across a bridge of the same name which spans the Seine, you have the hall of the National Assembly, and equidistant on the left hand, you see the noble façade of the church of the Madeleine, the most magnificent structure in Paris. From the centre of the Place, therefore, you have a grand cross with the Tuilleries and the Triumphal Arch at either end, and the Madeleine and National Assembly on each hand. Beside the Obelisk of Luxor perform two splendid fountains, and around the grand area of the place are countersunk delicious gardens, in what used formerly to be fosses, but which now are filled with flowers and trees, whose leafy tops are trimmed on a level with your walk. At the entrance of these sunken gardens sit colossal figures of females cut in marble with exquisite art, and typical of the great cities of France.

At the great entrance, which pours from this place into

the Champs Elysées, stand the two celebrated marble groups of a restive horse checked by a man on foot grasping the reins, which we have seen so many hundred times reproduced in plaster and in bronze. There are two similar groups on the other side at the gate which opens from the Place into the gardens of the Tuilleries, but they are inferior to the first. Sprinkled about the gardens of the Tuilleries, however, are many superb groups of statuary, several of them many hundred years old, with the marks of their age reverently left, in the shape of soot and soil, with now and then a delicate tendril of a creeping vine twining through some marble beauty's matchless fingers. They do not get into this condition from any neglect, but because they could not bear repeated cleaning without losing their correct proportions. Nearly all of them are nude, and it is hardly necessary for me to say that French notions of art have created them sufficient in every attribute.

From the Place de la Concorde, therefore, though you have left the bulk of Paris to the east, you are in the very finest part of the city, in the midst of a scene which has no models of comparison for the direction of the imagination, and which is universally admitted to exceed any other spectacle of mere human decoration in the world. The Parisians do not fail to appreciate it equally with strangers, for at the close of the afternoon thousands pour into it from the various avenues, and diffuse themselves according to fancy and desire, into the alluring Champs Elysées or the delightful labyrinths of the Palace gardens. At the point of the Rue de la Concorde, where the tide pours from the Boulevards into the Place, it is a matter of the greatest skill to pass without being run over by the vehicles, or upset by the flying pedestrians. Scarcely any but a New Yorker, who is actually born among the omnibuses, is equal to the feat,

of which fact I shall give the highest demonstration when I state that it required all the genius of James T. Brady, Esq., who is known to be unrivaled in omnibus philosophy, to conduct a party of four of us, as many times through the whirling dangers of this perilous pass.* Conscious, however, that miscarriage on this subject would be perfectly fatal to his particular reputation on this subject, and aided by instincts sharpened to the highest point by the impulse of self-preservation, the party under him were each time successful in the effort. To balance the attractions of the Place de la Concorde, the Boulevards at their other end run to the Place de la Bastile, and near their northern termination, lead to the Jardin of Plantes and its unrivaled museums on the southern banks of the Seine.

The Place de la Bastile contains a lofty column in its centre, that marks the site of the ancient prison, the destruction of which was the signal for the first revolution. It is likewise memorable as the place where the insurgents of June, 1848, made their last stand to defend the entrance of the Faubourg St. Antoine, on the barricade of which fell the indiscreet Archbishop of Paris, while endeavoring to dissuade the patriots to desist. Many of the houses here are chipped with the fusilade of that terrible occasion, and the bodies of the martyred ouvriers are buried in the vaults beneath the column. No inscription marks their resting place, but a florid eulogium is carved upon the monument in honor of those

* Mr. Brady is famous in the State of New York, for having used the expression—"that a resident of its metropolis was daily called on to exercise more intellect, merely to keep out of the way of carts and omnibuses, than a member from the rural districts required, to qualify him for the Legislature." The remark was made in a political speech, and was drawn out by an imputation from a country speaker, against the morality and intelligence of the City Constituency, of which Mr. Brady was a member.

who perished in the three days of July, for the elevation of Louis Philippe. Such is the state of history at present. It is not improbable, however, that the inscription for the men of June will be written, and well written, in the spring of 1852. In a direction north-east from this portion of the Boulevards you find the largest of the five abattoirs, in which the cattle are slaughtered for the city, and a short distance beyond, in the same direction, the road leads to the celebrated cemetery of Pere la Chaise.

The abattoirs are a very important feature of Paris. They were ordered to be built by Napoleon in 1809, with a view to removing the nuisance of private slaughter houses from the midst of the city. In 1818, the five which were decreed were finished, and from that time the butchers were required to close their former establishments and slaughter all their cattle in the public sheds. The one I visited on my road to Père la Chaise, contains four immense stone buildings for the purposes of slaughter, each of which is divided into sixteen different shops, which face each other, eight on a side, with a broad and sloping flagged way, and drain between. In other parts of the grounds are commodious pens for sheep and oxen, and also places for drying the skins, and houses for melting the tallow. There are likewise buildings allotted to dealers in calves' feet and tripe. Every department is kept separate, the melters must not be tallow chandlers, and the butchers must sell in wholesale, or by the quarter, to small dealers, who purchase by auction at markets in the city, for retail at their stalls. The meat must be taken to the shops during the night, or before four o'clock in the morning, and the men are not allowed to appear in the streets in the foul clothes they wear at the abattoirs. Still better, the abattoirs being all located beyond the barriers, no cattle are driven through the streets, an arrange-

ment which contributes very much to preserve the cleanliness and health of the city. The animals are driven directly to these receptacles, and are kept there at the cost of the butcher, until he is ready to slaughter them for market. The abattoir I visited is a model of the rest, and the weekly slaughtering amounts to 800 oxen, 300 cows, 600 calves, and 3,000 sheep.

The famous cemetery of *Père la Chaise*, the beauty of which has been extolled so much, is situated on the slope of a hill which overlooks Paris from its top, and sweeps gently downwards to the level of the plain, embracing in its undulations an area of a hundred and fifty acres. It is therefore much inferior in size to Greenwood, and I may as well add at this stage, and previous to any description of it, that it is inferior to it also in arrangement and beauty. It has none of the grand trees of Greenwood, no carriage drives, no lakes, no sward, no blooming hedges, nicely trimmed, and winding you away in labyrinthine walks. It is, however, profusely filled with tombs of more superb dimensions, and it is marked with traits of sentiment, which much exceed those which proceed from our duty to the dead.

The French never visit the graves of their kindred or their loves with empty hands. A little flower-pot, bought at the market of the *Madelaine*, or a bouquet, is the tribute of one day; an *immortelle*, or never-fading chaplet, is the offering of another. From time to time the former is refreshed with a little watering-pot, which may be hired of women near the gate, or the garlands multiplied with a new addition, by a purchase in the same quarter. I saw tombs which were gray with age, bearing the fresh tributes of a week, while, crumbling on the railings, were innumerable chaplets in successive stages of decay, to show the regular visits of the pious hand which was still faithful to its friendship or

affection. Even tombs which marked the repose of those who could not be supposed to have kindred or surviving companions, were remembered by the sweet sentiment of some, who held admiration for their virtues. Through this delicate impulsion the tomb of Abelard and Heloise is continually hung with immortelles, and kept bright with roses and other fragrant flowers; while the laurel never dies on the earth which covers the remains of Ney and Moliere. Young maidens, sick at heart with the tender throes of love delayed, or crossed, are doubtless the devotees who scatter the offerings to the first; and the stern soldier, and the poetical enthusiast, are the pilgrims to the soldier and the poet.

By way of affording the widest scope to this delightful custom, the monuments of many of the graves are little marble temples, or chapels, the key of which is kept by the family of the deceased. These chapels have an open grated space in the door in front, and handsome windows in the sides or rear, many of which are ornamented with rich stained glass, to cast a cheerful light into the interior. A pure white altar is arranged like a toilet against the wall, a silver or gold crucifix stands in the centre, and on either side are stationed vases of fine artificial flowers, which perhaps were the pets of the deceased. A chair sits by the altar, on which the person who enters may repose, and which also seems to be there for the use of the departed in the interval of his or her unseen devotions. The number of wreaths or immortelles which hang about the wall, or are heaped upon the floor, mark the frequency of the visits which the place receives, while the inscriptions of "My mother," "My sister," or "My brother," that are woven in the sides of the chaplet, often indicate the relationship of the person who left it. The most careful cleanliness from

dust or stain is thus preserved within what otherwise would be a gloomy vault, and the place invested with a cheerfulness, that is very tranquilizing to a wounded mind. The custom of floral decoration should be introduced with us, and the chaplets would doubtless find a ready market, as they do here, from the hands of female venders near the gates of Greenwood, on the very first day they would be offered there for sale. It is profitable to the heart to walk sometimes among the dead, and whatever serves to conquer the repulsion of the scene, is a service to the soul, and a help to Heaven.

PARIS, June, 1851.

*National drinks—English, American and French drinkers—
The ceremony of the Mass.*

AT the date of writing this letter, I have seen Paris pretty thoroughly, and like most of my countrymen who have enjoyed the same advantage, am prepared to express my preference for it as a temporary residence over London, and, indeed, over any city I ever visited. It is the caravansera of nations, the great museum of the arts, the Pantheon of continental history, the camp of valor, the city of palaces, the show shop of Europe, the garden of revelry, Vanity Fair—where Philosophy and Folly, Worth and Vice, Atheism and Superstition, Sentiment and Bestiality, mix in one restless masquerade, to work out by fits and starts, and casual agglomerations, the serious business of a nation's destiny. How the fashion of the task may be adapted to the proper fulfilment of the work, it is not yet the privilege of any man to say. Contrarieties very often work together for a harmonious end. No good exists without some element of evil. The very bread we daily eat is enriched with particles of poison. The Bible which nourishes our souls for Paradise, contains passages which no license could tolerate. Even Heaven itself flourishes to our hopes through the labors of

Lucifer, and we can reach the plains of Beulah only by traveling over his back. I shall therefore take Paris as I find it, neither praising her by the wholesale, nor condemning her in the lump, but awarding her credit and blame, according to her features and conduct, all the while adhering to the belief that she is destined, through her action or her fall, to redeem a hemisphere, and perform a still mightier service to mankind than she did in her great revolution of 1792.

“ Or by her fall.” I am aware that my meaning in this expression will not be clearly understood, but as I design its explanation in another connection, I will let it pass at present, only premising that I do not mean to infer that she will ever again suffer the desecration of foreign conquest by an allied monarchial host.

The reason why Paris is preferred over London, as a residence, even by strangers who cannot speak her language, is not so much on account of the superiority of her climate, or her public gaieties, as the universal amiability and cheerfulness of her people. Wherever you go, you receive a smile of undeniable welcome, and it is at first difficult to get rid of the impression that you have been expected, and that it is the common aim to make you a comfortable guest. Nevertheless you are not stared at, and though you are liable to strict official observation, you enjoy, perhaps for the first time in your life, the delightful consciousness that you are free to walk as you list, without any one claiming to know where you came from, and whither you go. In London everything is different. A universal seriousness, if not sullenness, prevails in all quarters. If you are noticed at all, it is with a stare which seems to exclaim, “ Who the devil are *you* ; where did you come from, and what are you doing here ? ” In Paris the notice says, “ Well, when did you arrive ? how glad we all are to see you in Paris ! Why did

you not come before !” I do not mean by this to disparage the true qualities of the English. The French exceed the English only in *manners*, and not in substantial hospitality and true politeness ; but it is the misfortune of their education and their conceit, as I have said before, to regard every man whom they do not know as inferior to an Englishman, and by this error many of their better qualities are obscured.

The New Yorkers have not much to boast of beyond them in this regard. Their municipal as well as national conceit is quite as extravagant, and in no city in the world is the tyranny of observation carried to a greater pitch. No man of any note can walk a square without some half dozen persons pause in his wake to see how he carries himself, and where he is bound ; and if he stops in at a restaurant or a billiard room, it is the subject of speculation to cliques of excellent persons on the sidewalk, who are ready to take his tastes in charge. He has no social independence, and after the rigid circumspection of the week, he must submit himself to the terrorum of a Sunday ordeal, which obliges him either to lock himself at home during the day, or perform two pilgrimages to church to suffer the dull discourse of some slow fellow who cannot instruct him in anything. The French endure no such system of social bondage ; neither do the English ; nor does any civilized nation of the earth except our own. All of them, too, are more truly devout than we are, pay their services to Heaven with a better grace and a more evident relish, but that done, they take to their fields, their restaurants, their reading rooms, and drink their ale and wine in open view, without fear of social damnation and with nobody to make them afraid.

And to the best of my observation it does them no harm ; while, as to the matter of drinking, those terrible results

which are charged against it, have not yet met my eye. I have not seen a drunken man in either London or Paris, but I am persuaded that this does not proceed from any scheme on the part of the police to deprive temperance lecturers of material for business, by driving the examples out of the high road as soon as they occur, for I have seen hundreds begin and end their drinking without a single case of maudlin or ungovernable inebriety. The truth is they use better beverages and drink them more discreetly than we, and it is also the truth, that Americans are the most desperate drinkers in the world. In England they drink ale, most of which is very thin; in France and the nations of the continent they confine themselves to the bright and scarcely intoxicating wines which are indigenous to their climes; but in the United States the common cup is hell fire, popularly known under the name of brandy. Next to this is the most feverish and intoxicating of French wines—champagne—generally diluted with water when used by the French, but quaffed by us in goblets of profusion and always in its native strength.

The common drink with us, however, is brandy, and so settled is the custom in its favor, that its use amounts to a challenge among drinkers, not to set it aside for any weaker mixture. "I drink nothing stronger than brandy—I don't!" is the ordinary exclamation with which simple young men, who wish to be thought dashing fellows, reply to an invitation to the bar; while if one, doubtful of his powers, should attempt to take refuge in a lighter beverage, he is reproached as a sneak, and jeered up to the fourth-proof point of manhood with the rest. To attempt to call for sarsaparilla or lemonade is to sink into contempt. The French, who make this spirit for us, very seldom use it, and doubtless look upon our consumption of it, with much the same kind of

wonder that the unsophisticated Indian first looked upon the juggler who swallowed daggers and eat fire.

This state of things is deserving of some attention, and particularly of the attention of our national legislators. The habits of our people, and their follies, are not to be corrected by Congress, it is true, but their weaknesses may be protected from danger and many lives saved by proper legislation. The duty upon brandy at present is beyond its original value; it cannot be sold with profit at six cents a glass, and cannot be sold at all for three. The result is that instead of drinking a pure and comparatively harmless drink, we swallow poison that devours up our lives. The duty, which was levied upon it as an article of luxury, and with a view to circumscribing its use, was a most fatal and indiscriminating one. It did circumscribe the use of the pure article, but it did not reduce the consumption of a beverage called brandy, nor change the price of that terrible beverage to the poor. It simply increased the evil and made it more terrible. The bottles which might have once been faced by the drinker with a tolerable impunity from early death, are now set out before the infatuated devotee who worships Bacchus in this fiery form, filled with diseases of the liver, consumption, tumors, hydrocephalus, white swellings, erysipelas, and frenzy, and thus we have the spectacle of a paternal government reaping a revenue out of the annual sacrifice, in the most horrible manner, of the lives of a large number of its children. I have no doubt that the duty on brandy is obtained at the sacrifice of not less than the lives of fifty thousand of the citizens of the United States a year; a number which would appal the world if subjected to the more merciful guillotine. All of these could be saved by a relinquishment of the tax, and the passage of a law making it penal to sell an adulterated article, leaving it to the inter-

ested consumer to be his own inspector and informer—yet no man would dare to advocate this merciful reform in the National Congress, for fear of moral annihilation at the hands of the temperance socialists—therefore we must still go on treating brandy as an article of luxury, and deploring the destruction of the thousands of the poor, whom its vicious adulterations annually shrivel out of life. Other great evils fester in the same way, but we prefer to see the hideous corruption quietly blot the surface of society, to speaking of it boldly with our mouths.

Now that I find myself upon the subject of national drinks, I will take this opportunity to correct an error, which is very prevalent in the United States, in relation to champagne. It is the common impression among Americans that most of the champagne consumed in the United States is spurious, and either never saw France, or is spuriously manufactured in France, previous to its importation to the United States. This notion is entirely false. In no country can good champagne be obtained with more certainty than in our own, and the idea of an adulterated article manufactured from cider being the most prevalent, is a mere illusion. I know of no manufactory for such an adulteration in the United States, and for many good reasons there can be no such establishments in France. There is a great difference in the quality of different brands, but the Americans are too scientific in drinking to be long imposed upon by a false or inferior article. Here, one brand after another takes the field, becomes famous, has its career of popularity and super-excellence, and then gives place to some fresher and more vigorous rival. A delicious article, which seems to combine all the qualities of excellence, holds the field at present, and promises to remain pre-eminent for some time. I do not know its title here, as it is not the custom to serve the

bottle with the label on, but I have been told that it is being imported into the United States under the name of Mœt.

I stated at the outset of this letter, when I had no notion of entering on a dissertation upon drinking, that I had seen Paris pretty thoroughly, and by way of affording a notion of what that comprises in chief, I will state that I have visited all the spots that are renowned in the old revolution, and all the places that were famous in the new. I have visited the Palace of the Tuilleries, from which Louis Philippe was expelled; I have seen the Louvre and its museums, including its galleries of great paintings, extending one-third of a mile in length. I have examined the abattoirs, the cemetery of Père la Chaise, the great Cathedral of Notre Dame, where Napoleon was crowned, and in which Victor Hugo domiciled his hunchback; the Hotel de Ville, memorable in all the great periods of France; the Palace of Versailles, that miracle of magnificence built by Louis XVI. to the impoverishment of all France; the manufacture of Gobelin tapestry; the manufactory of China at Sevres; the Pantheon; the Garden of Plants, and its museums; the Column of the Bastile; the democratic faubourg St. Antoine; La Morgue; the yard of the Palais National, where the "Three Guardsmen" of Dumas met to take their oath; the Market of the Temple, or Rag Fair, where the Rigolette of Eugene Sue obtained the second-hand furniture for her apartment; the Place de Neuilly of Louis Philippe, in the wine vaults of which the revolutionists of February were burned to death by the fire which had been kindled by their comrades over their heads; the Palace of St. Cloud, and the famous Orongere where met the Council of Five Hundred; the prisons and the churches.

The latter are among the most interesting sights in Paris,

as well for their grandeur as for the associations connected with them, and among the most interesting of them all is the old church of St. Roch. This was founded by Louis XIV., but finished by the means of the financier Law, who was enabled to follow in the wake of the Grand Monarque in the way of expenditure, by the avails of his monstrous Mississippi scheme. It is famous as the scene of many great events, the two main of which may be mentioned; its steps were filled with the mob which received the discharges of Napoleon's cannon in the defense of the Directory in the 18th Brumaire, and also for containing the throng who clustered there to witness Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette led out for execution.

The most interesting thing of all, however, that appertains to it now, is its church services and the ceremonies attendant on them. I passed the morning of my first Sunday in Paris there, and it happening to be a fete day of some favorite saint, I saw the display to the very best advantage. The style of worship was quite novel to my notions of church service, and as I think it will be equally so to the notions of my readers, I will endeavor to convey a faint idea of it.

The body of the interior or central aisle was enclosed by an iron railing, with a broad passage next the walls, which ran quite round the building. In this passage, and circling round the altar, formed and marched a grand procession. It commenced with a train of eighty veiled virgins (dressed in snowy white), bearing bouquets of white blossoms in their hands, and marching two by two, preceded by a pompously dressed major domo in a cocked hat and a huge silver-headed staff. Following this meek and angelic introduction, came a brass band, of forty-two pieces, of one of the regiments of the line, in full uniform. The performances of these were

relieved at intervals of the march by two grand organs, at opposite ends of the church, and a choir of musicians and vocal choristers within the altar, helped occasionally by an invisible echo of fine voices in the rear. Next, in procession to the band, came a second huge major domo leading a troop of boys in sacred vestments, who bore lighted candles; then came forty priests reading books and arrayed in dazzling vestments of the cloth of gold; then followed as many more boys, richly arrayed in lace and scarlet, bearing baskets of rose leaves, every now and then, at a signal from a priest in black who struck two books smartly together as the sign, scattering handfuls of the flowers in the air in advance of the procession of the host, while the censer boys, with a practiced sleight of hand that would have been creditable on any stage, flung their incense pots in the air in the face of the priest who bore the sacred wafer. As the wafer passed everybody crouched reverently down, and sick persons were led forward, and mothers held their tender offspring forth to receive its consecrated shadow over their heads. The procession closed with some sixty nuns in black dresses and white bonnets, their forms devoutly bent, and their faces never looking up from their books. The ceremony was very imposing, and accompanied by the grand music, and solemn state of the church, could not fail to make a strong impression upon any simple mind. The grand music, the stately order of the march, the meekness of the virgins, the gravity of the priests, the unction of the singers, and deep earnestness of the communicants who pressed forward to the Host, impressed even me with a sort of solemnity; and if I could only have conquered the idea that all this parade had been rehearsed, I have no doubt I would have been as piously refreshed, as by the simple service which I have at home. On Good Friday, I am told,

the ceremonies here are more imposing than at any other time, for then the performance is very much enlarged, the garden of Gethsemane is shown, and the choir includes some invisible male voice which at the end represents the voice of the Savior, and at the top of its note, in direful agony, utters his expiring wail of—Eloi ! eloi ! lama sabacthini.”

PARIS, June, 1851.

The Garden of Plants—Philosophy of Bears—French Character—Delicacy of the Fine Arts.

THE Jardin des Plantes, of which I spoke in my last letter, is one of the great features of Paris, and corresponds to the British Museum and famous Zoological Gardens of London combined. It is deficient from the former only in its collection of antiquities and its natural library, (which here are consigned to other places) but it excels, in all other points, while its museums of comparative anatomy, of geology, natural history and botany, render it incomparable by any similar institution in the world.

The Garden of Plants was established by Louis XIII., in the year 1635, and, with slight interruption, it has been continually improved; its present condition being its maximum of excellence. During the Reign of Terror it was temporarily neglected for want of supplies from the State, and it was threatened with destruction by the malicious mischief of the allied troops who conquered Paris in 1815, but it weathered both dangers, and since the last period, its various departments have been munificently provided for by Government. It is now under the control of the Minister of the Interior, and has in addition to its groves and its museums,

an extensive amphitheatre that will hold twelve thousand persons, with laboratories and all the appurtenances of science for gratuitous academical lectures by the most distinguished professors, on every branch of learning connected with natural history. The grounds of the Garden are very extensive, and are filled with forest trees in every stage of development, with graveled walks between noble avenues of lime and chestnut; frequent flower beds, whose gorgeous abundance fills the air with fragrance, and groves, the dense exuberance of which so shadows the cool earth, that they prove an agreeable retreat even in the meridian heat of the day. In one of these groves is a cedar of Lebanon, which was planted in 1734, and now measures ten and a half feet in diameter, six feet from the ground, and at the door of the amphitheatre are two Sicilian palms which were presented to Louis XIV. in 1654.

Large buildings of glass contain all the varieties of plants that will not bear the extremes of weather, and through the summer months small parks or plots contain some of the most beautiful fruit and shade trees of the tropics, which reside in the greenhouses in the winter. The extent of the botanical department may be in some degree estimated by the fact that it contains upwards of twelve thousand species of living plants, 350,000 specimens of preserved ones, and more than 4,500 of woods, fruits and grains.

In the right portion of the grounds is situated a menagerie, containing twenty-one huge dens for lions, tigers, jaguars, hyenas, and other wild animals of the forest; and in another portion is a sort of hot house, through the panes of which the visitor may see the boa constrictor, the anaconda, the cobra de capello, the rattle snake, the copper head, or Jordan, and other noxious reptiles, coiling harmlessly in their coops of glass, and shrinking beneath blankets provided to

protect them from the cold. Between these two departments the grounds are profusely scattered with airy enclosures for birds, beast, fish and fowl, with every facility to enable most of them to breed. These comprise two elephants, a rhinoceros, an Asiatic buffalo, and a desert dromedary. Lamas, antelopes, 'goats, gazelles, Thibet sheep, a zebra, in all the pride of his stripes,—a pagoda full of monkeys,—eagles, ostriches, storks, penguins, cranes, swans, cassowarys, vultures, and a perfect wilderness of the different varieties of poultry, close the animal assortment, with the exception of four cool sunken paved courts with cells, where three black bears and a large white one are confined.

The menagerie department of the garden is of course a favorite resort of the Parisian visitors, and women and children are continually engaged in endeavoring to make friends with the elephants and bears, by throwing them bits of cake, or indulging in simple admiration at the fondness which the solemn looking lion exhibits for a dog who shares his cage, and whom he frequently licks most affectionately, as if he had persuaded himself he was one of his own cubs. The gambols of the goats and monkeys, however, furnish the most amusement to the crowd, and though the latter are unbreeched and the former are unmannered, the female portion of the audience do not hesitate to scrutinize and enjoy all their tricks of imitation and propensity. Indeed, a French woman does not seem to conceive that there can be anything more objectionable in the observance of the natural performances of this branch of animated nature, than in those of the tenants of the farm yard, or of the flies which buzz and bump together against the window, but looks at them and remarks upon them, as freely as she would upon the increase of her geraniums or canaries. I was quite

filled with admiration at beholding a knot of elegantly dressed ladies, who were accompanied by a gentleman, watch with the intensest interest the manœuvres of a black and white goat, to obtain possession of a sleek and passive doe, who seemed to be equally favorable to either; and most astonished, when at the end of the contest, they rewarded the perseverance and success of the black suitor, by a laugh of satisfaction and a clap of hands.

The goats and monkeys, however, are not entitled to the credit of making all the fun, for the bears in the paved courts come in for a large share of praise in this way. I shall never lose my respect for the huge black Bruin who inhabited the central pit; not so much for the dignity of his mien, or the graceful gravity with which he rose upon his hind quarters when he sought to open correspondence with the children who showed him pieces of cake, but because of the intelligence he exhibited one day after dinner in making his siesta so as to escape the heat of the afternoon. His repast had been made upon a shin of beef, which he had polished of its meat until there were but two or three strings of transparent gristle left in the grooves of the enormous knuckle at the end. After contemplating it reflectively for a few minutes when he had reduced it to this condition, he marched with it to a square stone trough about four feet long, which was countersunk in the floor of his den, and kept supplied by a thin stream of water that dribbled from a facet overhead. Monsieur Bruin, though nearly twice as long as the tank, leisurely set his hind quarters into it, then leaning backward shoved his legs over the border so that the upper edge of the basin should make a pillow for his neck and shoulders. When he had reclined in this elegant position, he spread himself on his back so that the cool stream should dribble full upon his stomach, and putting the knuckle bone fondly under his right arm com-

menced to suck it, while he alternately scratched himself with his left paw or dandled it in the air, as if enjoying the drowsy comfort of a Chinese philosopher under the effects of opium; or the serene pleasure of Billy Barlow while cooling his ankles under a pump on a close summer morning, after having slept over night in a fish car. It was in vain that the children and idle soldiers threw him bits of cake, or let down pieces of bread tied to a string within an inch of his nose. He was not to be moved by such devices; he was indifferent to everything in France except that knuckle bone and that falling stream of water, and only evinced his consciousness of the efforts made to agitate him, by an occasional yawn and sigh, like that emitted by some short legged Supervisor, who has flung himself on a side sofa, after his third bottle of wine, to listen to an alms-house report. I could scarcely refrain from calling him "Alderman," so perfectly lost was he in abandoned loaferism, but was controlled by the reflection that he might possibly understand me, and take offense at the expression. A white polar bear in the next compartment, whose trough was in the sun, evinced his sagacity by holding his nose steadily to the cold iron plate that received the hasp of his dungeon door, and the next one to him, capered on his hind legs and caught compliments of cake with as much skill as an English cricket player; yet there are philosophers who persist in believing that bears have no souls.

The cabinet of comparative anatomy is contained in a large building in the west of the garden. It was arranged and prepared principally under the superintendence of the Baron Cuvier. Here the visitor will find not only skeletons of the human form, from the dwarf to the giant, and from all portions of the globe, but structures of the Mastodon as he shook the earth in some grander period of the creation; of

the whale as he rejoiced with the ocean in its jubilee of storms; of the whole tribe of mammalia; of birds; with foetal specimens of every rudiment of life and animal creation, so prepared and exhibited as to convey to the dullest mind the profoundest mysteries of Nature. The Gallery of Zoology is still more extensive than this department of dissections, and presents the progeny of Nature in their usual garb of life. No collection in Europe can compare with these matchless preservations. Every thing which ever throbb'd with being, whether beast, bird, fish or insect, from the elephant to the ant, from the leviathan to the infinitesimal sea shell, or animalculæ, here are arranged in order, as they lived, to give united testimony of the power of a Great Constructor, who sends forth the monsters of the land and sea to do his tasks; who breathes upon the desert, and straightway it is filled with life.

The Mineralogical and Geological Gallery is the most extensive of all, and though its collection and preparation do not exhibit the wondrous science, patience and research exhibited by Buffon, Cuvier, and their great co-laborers in the Botanical, Comparative Anatomy and Zoological departments, it is perhaps the most valuable from its profuse collection of the precious gems and richer ores. Attached to these museums is a library of works on Natural History for the use of the Professors and the public, on proper application, which consists of 30,000 volumes and 15,000 pamphlets.

I have now enumerated the principal features of the celebrated Jardin des Plantes, and I think those who have followed the enumeration will not be inclined to question the appropriateness of the remark in which I designated it as one of the great features of Paris. Its museums and lecture rooms are open on alternate days, and its groves and

menagerie at all times for the free admission of the public. Here the gay Parisians resort during the day to frolic or philosophize, or enjoy luxurious retreats from the fervid heats of noon. It divides the latter attraction, however, with the cool cloisters of the churches, which are open in all parts of Paris from daybreak until evening, and with the bosky shades of the woods of Boulogne, the grounds of the Tuilleries, and the flowery groves of the enchanted gardens of the Palace Luxembourg. I have used this expression in relation to the latter, because no sober term of language will comprehend their beauties, and in default of a fancy equal to the task, I refer the reader to the rapturous terms in which Claude Melnotte speaks of the grounds of his illusory palace, as the only thing which can afford an adequate idea of them. What gives all the Paris gardens, however, a charm beyond the ideal region which Bulwer's imagination has created, is that they are filled not only with the most exquisite marbles and playing fountains, but they are adorned with living beauty moving about in cheerful droves, and give evidence that they are the property of the People, in the quiet decorous ease with which they are enjoyed at the close of day, equally by the grave artisan in his blouse, and the dandy in his perfumed attire. These gardens are further worthy of attention, from the fact that Louis Blanc held his great socialist meetings of workmen there in the spring of 1848, and the Palace itself is notable as having been converted into a prison in 1789. It was next used for the sittings of the Directory in 1795; next for the sittings of the Consuls when Bonaparte first rose to power; and shortly after, for the sessions of the Imperial Senate. It is now devoted to a gallery of paintings, consisting of the masterpieces of living French artists, which pieces are transferred to the great gallery of the Louvre, as their

painters die, while the gardens are enlivened, on stated evenings, by a military band of some sixty or seventy pieces, who play but for the People. It is delightful to see the order and decorum which are observed by the throngs who enjoy these retreats. Though delicious flowers bloom handy to the touch, at every step, no one is guilty of the barbarism of plucking a leaf or blossom, and the swans and the gold fish in its marble basins, do not require an iron barrier, as with us, to fence them in from malicious interference. Each person seems to take a common interest in preserving all works of art and taste inviolate, and not a shrub or a leaf is in any more peril of desecration by the thousands who walk among them, than are the utensils in danger that make the altar service of a church. With us we know how different is the case; but the injurious contrast proceeds, perhaps, rather from the fact that our People are not drilled into decency on this subject, by any organized system of public amusement, than from natural viciousness or barbarism.

The Parisians, however, have a peculiar reason for being nice in this respect. Paris is the show-shop of Europe; the whole continent has been plundered to add to its fineries; all France has been taxed and burdened from time immemorial to increase and maintain its splendors, and annual draughts of magnitude upon the common treasury keep it festive and shining. It opens its doors for the invitation of strangers; its commodity is pleasure, and it manufactures gaieties as Manchester produces her fabrics and Birmingham her wares. For the privilege of living in it, and fishing in its glittering tide, the citizen consents to a special octroi duty of nearly a hundred per cent. on all he eats and drinks, and therefore he is justly careful of the baits which brings the harvest to his net. But apart from this motive, he has

an acute sense of the beautiful, and his enjoyments abroad being all shared by women and children, he is necessarily refined and decorous in all his public acts. If he has no home, nor domestic comforts, as the English say, he has the advantage of being eminently well mannered when abroad, and this, to the appreciations of a stranger, is much the preferable habit of the two. He enjoys himself without interfering with the pleasure of others; he watches nobody, and never seems to dream that anybody is exercising a surveillance over him. Whatever will yield him joy within this limit, he embraces without fastidiousness or affectation; he is consequently frank, cheerful, devoid of prejudice, and ready to forgive. His greatest defect consists in his underestimate of the character and destiny of women; but this grows out of causes for which he is not altogether responsible, and as the women readily consent to it, the appreciation is not amenable to any severe reprehension as against him. He is the creature of impulse, and when we find him always brave, always thirsting after freedom, despite his periods of inertness, and always capable of exhibiting a sentiment of patriotism of the loftiest and most devoted character, we can forgive him many foibles that we would not excuse in others.

The Galleries and Museums of the Palace of the Louvre are another great feature of Paris, and are, perhaps, of the most attraction to the stranger who is in search of what is valuable and antique in the fine arts. In this ancient palace is to be found the celebrated gallery said to be thirteen hundred feet in length, filled with what are esteemed the great pictures of the deceased French, Flemish, German, and Italian masters. Its other departments are devoted to museums of sculpture, ethnology, and classical antiquities. The museum of ancient statuary is very extensive, and

contains some magnificent marbles, among which are many productions of a most extraordinary character. It will well repay the examination of two or three hours, but ladies who wish to visit it, must leave all notions of fastidiousness at the threshold. This effort of philosophy, after one has been in Paris about a week, is not so difficult as it would seem. The shop windows and the nudities of the public pleasure grounds clip one by one the angles of your reserve, and you soon experience an indifference, which is not unlikely to be followed by a counter curiosity. I saw some ladies, who at the outset, had been seriously shocked at the undraped figures in the gardens of the Tuilleries, enjoying this second stage of experience, with unwinking eyes and a very lively relish. The same induration of the sentiments is requisite for the examination of the pictures, many of which are devoted to the debaucheries of a profligate mythology, to naked allegories, or to those episodes of the scriptures against which prudent Sunday-school teachers carefully turn down the leaf. Nevertheless, we are continually imposed upon with the story that fine arts have a refining influence, and that they elevate the taste of a nation. I pray Heaven, that we advance no further in them.

I am unable to conceive how the mind is to be enriched or the soul improved by the mere outlines on canvas or in stone, of forms that abound around us in much greater perfection and more decently dressed; but I can easily conceive how such lascivious disclosures may enervate and debase it. It is an ingenious thing to be able to take a little brush and colors, and counterfeit with tolerable nearness, a bird, a beast, or human form, and it is not undeserving of credit for a man to be able to throw a treble somerset, but such pursuits are entirely inadequate to the great purpose of life, and in none of them have their practicers a right to offend

the reigning laws of decency. The corrupted tastes of the old nations, whose crises of decline have always been marked at the point when the *fine arts* among them had reached their highest pitch, are no tastes for us, and I trust, that in this regard, we may never reach their perfection, or encourage the introduction of their notions of what is beautiful in statuary and in painting.

No morbid fastidiousness dictates these views on my part, but they spring from a feeling of contempt for such a criterion of a nation's greatness, and from a conviction also, that this notion, in relation to these works of taste, has been carefully inculcated for centuries, in order to swell the pomp of those who could afford to subsidize genius, and make an ostentation of what they had extorted from its purchased life-time. These galleries have passed from hand to hand, increasing in fictitious value all the while; and all the while, the "Old Masters" who contributed the stock are proportionately enhanced, and ranked beyond the masters of the present day, who really excel them. Not one of them, of any name or age, equals, to my appreciations, the power and taste of Horace Vernet, who still lives and paints; and the very reason why he is made to take the second rank is, *because* he still lives and paints, and may be employed to multiply his works. It is time for this delusion to die out, or to be put out, and for the whole subject to be properly estimated. The decline of the fine arts, which would be a very disastrous blow to opulence and pomp in Europe, would not lay a hair in our path to greatness, and we have as little cause to regret, that we do not equal Europe in this department of competition, as that we have not excelled her at the Great Exhibition in the manufacture of mosaics and false gems, or that we did not share the disasters of her tulip mania.

PARIS, July, 1851.

Tapestry and China—Notre Dame and Miracles—A Doubtful Saint.

IN speaking of the fine arts at the conclusion of my last letter, I did not intend to convey the idea that I considered them utterly worthless, but rather to condemn the extravagant estimation which is placed upon the works of the old masters in Europe, and to lend what timely aid I could to prevent the same pernicious misappreciation from being infused into the more wholesome atmosphere of the United States. There is the greater need of this just now, because our people, feeling their wealth, begin to swarm through all the avenues of Europe, and unless they view these baubles of art in their proper light, we shall find them flowing across the Atlantic, until the bulk of them are transferred to our rich empire, and in their stead a large portion of our gold will pour this way, to invigorate for a time the decaying aristocracy who own them. I wish to see the bubble of their false estimation break here, and when the revolution of taste has made wrecks of fortunes which have always been a curse, the fragments of fine arts may be gathered, if we want them, at exactly what they are worth.

It will be thought by many, that a man who can hold

such language as this, has no taste for these efforts of the chisel and pencil, which have won the admiration of mankind for centuries; but such an opinion would be erroneous, if applied to me. I have known but few persons who experience the same delight in viewing works of merit, in marble or in colors, as myself, and I have been repeatedly complimented by critics, wise in beauty, at my correctness of appreciation in these matters, and the unfailing accuracy with which I have discriminated on the shades of merit between this masterpiece and that. Nevertheless, all that amounts to nothing, for I have taken pains to earn a taste on this subject;* to what benefit each reader may decide, when I state that, notwithstanding my pains, I have derived more substantial pleasure in the victory of American science through our yacht at Cowes, than was afforded me by all the sculpture and paintings I had ever seen. Our country is unquestionably very far behind Europe in what is called *les beaux arts*, but then it is very far ahead of her in steamships, in agriculture, and in science; and it is because that we have not found time to make great paintings, and patch together fine mosaics for the indulgence of the rich, that we are so far ahead in all that is essentially great. The

* Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great English painter, says in his memoirs, that when he first beheld the works of the great masters in Rome, he was overcome with shame, and with doubt of his own taste, because he could not appreciate them. He looked at them again and again with the same mortifying want of appreciation. "Finally," he says, "a new perception began to dawn upon me, and I then perceived the beauties of those true works of art, which many ignorant and imbecile observers pretend to enjoy at first sight." I am not certain that Sir Joshua had not only succeeded in humbugging himself. The same amount of devotion might have made him regard the brutal head and bow legs of a bull terrier as a model of elegance, or look with rapture upon a swallow-tailed coat. Taste is conventional, and there is nothing so susceptible to training as the eye.

choice genius of our land devotes itself to the loftiest pursuits, and having all the avenues of ambition open before it, rejects those inferior pursuits, which less fortunate talent in Europe is obliged to adopt to win a limited and conventional fame. Better than all, we are not put to sleep by the dull notion which seems to prevail in Europe, that the world is finished; but we are restless with endeavor to improve it at every point; and I hope that this ardor will not ebb, and a mere desire to ornament it take its place, until machinery shall enable us to equal the fish in his own element, or until that poorly finished piece of work—Man—who is now so vain of his small attributes, shall make some decent claim to perfection or to power, by earning an equality with a goose in the conquest of the air.

The galleries of the Louvre, which I described at the conclusion of my last letter, were greatly enriched by Napoleon, who collected from the churches and museums of the countries he visited in conquest, their most precious works of art, and transferred them to Paris, with the double view of adding to the attractions of this grand capital, and of establishing memorials of his fame, which could not die. It was an idea adapted to the notions of the people with whom he played, but it was not altogether successful in its end. When the allied armies took possession of Paris, after the battle of Waterloo, each nation which was represented there resumed the works of which it had been despoiled. Enough was left, however, to accredit the Louvre as the greatest gallery of Europe, and it is by no means likely that its Raphaels, Guidos, Murrillos, Titians, Rubens, Vandykes, and Da Vincis, will ever again be reduced in number by any foreign spoilers. The term of their existence will come from other hands.

Akin to the Louvre, as government exhibitions, though

different in style, are the manufactories of Gobelin tapestry and Sevres china. The first of these is a most extraordinary fabric, and the establishment in which it is produced employs one hundred and twenty workmen. It is a woolen woof, worked into various colors, in imitation of the great paintings, and so exactly is the counterfeit performed by these worsted tints, that at the distance of five feet the eye can scarcely distinguish that the picture is not painted in oil. The paintings which are thus copied are only of the choicest character and grandest size, and I do not exaggerate when I state, that the woolen counterfeits are sometimes an improvement on the originals. They require years for their performance; but there is no estimation to be put upon their value, for they are never put in the market, being used only to decorate the various palaces of the State. Carpets are also manufactured here of the Persian style, but they far exceed the Persian in their finish, and they, too, are devoted to the ornament of the governmental rooms. The establishment was founded by Louis XIV., that wanton in expense, and has been kept up by all succeeding administrations, with the exception of the tolerably lucid interval of the old French Revolution. The tapestry takes its name from Jean Gobelin, through whom the art was derived, and it is justly celebrated as being unapproached by any similar fabric in the world. We have nothing to compare with it, and need not hope to have in a long period of time, for had we begun its manufacture at the commencement of the present century, we might by this time have had some dozen or two very decent pictures finished. We console ourselves, however, by the fact that we have, in the meantime, not been altogether idle in other and better things.

The government manufactory of ornamental china is at Sevres, a little town about five miles from Paris, where it

was originally established by Louis XV. at the request of his mistress, Madame Pompadour. It contains a museum of specimens of pottery of all nations and ages, down to the present time, but its own productions far exceed them all. By the aid of a government order I was enabled to inspect the manufacture in all its branches, from the shaping of the white porcelain into cups and vases, to its reception of the brilliant colors which are finally baked in it. These colors are not transferred upon the porcelain from pattern pictures, as is commonly supposed, but are painted upon it with the same patience as if it were the copper or canvas of an original work. For this task the first artists in painting are required, and it is therefore not unusual to see a tea-cup bear a medallion that is worth from twenty to fifty dollars, or a plate or picture worth double that sum. I saw one picture on a porcelain slab, some thirty inches by twenty-four, that was worth 15,000 francs, and a copy, on a centre table, of Raphael's "School of Athens," that was marked at 35,000 francs. To get this picture correct, the artist who painted it upon the ware, made three journeys to Rome to consult the original. The works in this establishment are for sale, but the prices charged are purposely set very high, so as not to interfere with private enterprise in the same business. The ostensible purpose of the establishment is to afford models of instruction to private manufacturers, but whether that justifies its maintenance, it is not difficult to decide. As there is no early probability that we shall have a Louis XV. and a Madame Pompadour, it is likely that we shall for a long time remain behind the French in this branch of the fine arts.

Among the public sights of Paris, the churches are by no means to be overlooked, and most noteworthy of all is the great cathedral of Notre Dame. This is cotemporary in its foundation with Westminster Abbey, though it is said that

a Christian church, dedicated to St. Stephen, occupied its site as early as 365, and that the present edifice stands upon the antique foundations. It is situated in the very centre of the Isle de la Cité, and its venerable tower commands a view of the entire of old Paris, with the Seine winding around its island boundaries. In its exterior it is cruciform, built in the pure pointed Gothic style, with flying buttresses, like those of Westminster Abbey, but though not as richly fretted as the buttresses of the latter, they are quite as magnificently bold, and as strikingly peculiar. It is not my purpose to describe it in detail, (and there is the less need, as Victor Hugo has exhausted all the attractions and graces of composition on the subject in his great romance) but rather to allude to it as the theatre of great events, and as an actual landmark of times which have a tendency to slip through the mind as an illusion. It was in this church that many of the kings of France were crowned. Here, too, the Atheism of Paris enthroned itself in 1792, with sacrilegious uproar, and performed the open debaucheries of the Goddess of Reason upon the very steps of its altar; and here, when that obscene revel was exhausted, came the martial step of the Man of Destiny, to receive from the hands of the Pope himself, the diadem of Empire.

The church has suffered but few injuries during its long history, and those it has endured took place mostly during the revolutionary period I have alluded to. A row of twenty-eight statues of the kings of Judah, but supposed to be pictures of the kings of France, from the fact that they were known by the name of the *Galerie des Rois*, fell victims to democratic indignation in 1793, and one of the bells, which had been baptized in presence of Louis XIV. and his queen Therése, was melted in the same period to make noise in a more warlike fashion on the field of battle. Four

archbishops were disturbed from their rest in the crypt, in order that the lead of their coffins might be constructed into bullets, while two smaller sarcophagi which severally held the anointed entrails of Louis the XIII. and XIV. shared the same fate. The republicans of that period seem to have been entirely devoid of veneration, and it appears rather fortunate for them that the divine powers which the good old writers tell us preside over the rights of kings, had not thought it worth their while to appear and protect their trusts. It probably was equally fortunate for the shameless votaries of the Goddess of Reason, that "Our Lady," in whose charge the sacred edifice had been deposited for eight hundred years, had not expelled the atheists from her temple, or burnt them upon its insulted floor with a consuming fire. But such miraculous vindications have not been common since newspapers were established, and all miracles are now performed privately to the priests, whose duty it is to report them to the faithful, in order to refresh their souls and keep them steadfast. This is a prudential revolution against the irreligious character of the age, and prevents such sacred wonders from being scoffed at and scandalized, by the irreverent inquiries that are now so common. The system has the advantage, moreover, of not making these manifestations direct to the eyes of multitudes of the ignorant, (who would never be certain that their organs were not deceived,) but reveals them to holy fathers, who devote their lives to the accurate understanding of such matters, and who, whenever these wonders occur, faithfully translate them to us.

No one, certainly, can seriously dispute that this is the safer way for the interests of the church, and that it is vigilantly pursued to her benefit by her servants in this part of the world, I can attest, on the strength of a grand thanksgiving which I saw in a town in Italy, for a miracle of rain,

after the priests and people had been praying for it night and morning for only three weeks. It is true that the rain had been due a month before these public prayers began; but then the priests had discovered by some means that the drouth was to continue two months more, unless set aside by general supplication. Upon understanding from them this deplorable state of things, the people made brisk contributions for masses, and the good priests went to work with alacrity. The result was, that the Patron Saint of the place was induced by the friars to make intercession in the right quarter, and so grateful were the people for his good services, that they filled his shrine with choicest gifts, and his reputation for influence in Heaven was immensely added to, thereafter.

The interior of the church of Notre Dame, in addition to its fine sculptured bas reliefs, is ornamented by many large paintings in rich little alcoves, or chapels, that are devoted to various saints. These are by the great masters, and mostly describe scriptural subjects, or the traditional martyrdom of the saints to which they are devoted, and represent either the agonies of the cross, or some equally refreshing spectacle of mortal horror. Deep wounds, streams of blood, exhausted frames, eyes starting from their sockets under the agonies of the wheel, or ghastly and stiffened corpses wet with the sweat of death, are the subjects which call forth the highest efforts of European artists, and which mostly accord with church policy and monkish tastes. Every religious edifice is stuffed with them; they abound in all public and private galleries, and were it true that great paintings produce that effect upon the imagination which fashionable critics pretend, no person could travel through the churches and galleries of Europe without the absolute destruction of his nerves, and if very delicately strung, per-

haps of his brain. But the fact is, pictures are but canvas and color; we are neither ravished nor frozen by them; and while we may coolly admire the art with which the traces of a whip are put upon the suffering Savior's back, we cannot help feeling regret, if not disgust, that the genius which performed it had been warped to such a task.

The most interesting sight which the Church of Notre Dame affords to a stranger, is the gold and silver sacrament utensils, sparkling with precious stones, and the rich coronation robes in which Napoleon was crowned. In viewing these treasures, you will be struck with the light manner in which they are secured, and involuntarily contrast the trust which is placed in the observer, with the suspicious security which guards the regalia of England. The latter are placed in a stone tower and fenced around with a powerful double iron cage; while a sentry walks continually up and down before the door; but the French jewels are kept in an apartment to which access is given by a rusty old sexton with an ordinary key, while the treasures themselves are merely shut in a common wooden closet, the only fastening to which is a little lock about fit to do service on a hair trunk. While my friend and I were engaged in looking at the gems, the custodian was summoned to let in some other visitors, and excusing himself for a few moments, he went off, leaving the riches open to our hands. One of the jewels was the hestensoire which had been used in the imperial coronation, and contained a circlet of large diamonds valued at \$300,000, and another was a crucifix filled with diamonds, rubies, sapphires and emeralds of the finest tints and water.

This exhibition of confidence is not unusual among the French. They are essentially an honest people, and do not suspect dishonesty in others. The fewest of their crimes are larcenies, and there are less thieves in the nation, pro-rata,

than in any country upon earth. Their noble disdain of the glittering wrecks of royalty, when they sacked the palaces during their revolutions, and their prompt punishment of every wretch who sought to appropriate a bauble from the ruins, is a striking evidence of their natural loftiness of sentiment and capacity for self-denial, in the name of honor. The same principle of confidence is exhibited in all their actions. In making purchases you are seldom overcharged, and your ignorance of their customs and their prices is rather a protection than a danger. Finally, when your bargain is made, your goods are sent home to you without a demand for payment, and it frequently happens that you do not receive the bill for them in two or three days after they have been in your possession. In London and New York the case with travelers is very different, and not without reason.

Besides Notre Dame, there are several churches in Paris of great size and grandeur, but the one that will present the most interest to the reader at present, is the Church of St. Vincent de Paule. This Saint is a saint of great renown, and he has an edifice allotted to him that would do honor even to the premier apostle who keeps the keys of heaven. So high is his reputation, that he has a little chapel allotted to him in Notre Dame, and sacred niches in several other churches. And no lying-in-woman or mother solicitous of the welfare of an ailing child, forgets the great patron of infancy in her nightly prayers.

Notwithstanding all this popularity of St. Vincent de Paule, however, a question has recently arisen in the churches as to his right of saintship, and though he has been in the odor of sanctity for over two hundred years, it is seriously proposed that his claim to a coronet in Heaven be re-investigated by the church, and a vote taken whether or no he shall not be formally deposed.

This is a terrible state of things for a saint of hitherto good character, and the greatest excitement exists not only among churchmen, but among the whole Catholic population of Paris, to know how it will end. What interest the saint takes in it himself, or what sensation it creates among his shining compeers above the Milky Way, it of course is not within my reach to say.

The cause of the agitation appears to be some strange revelations of his saintship's doctrinal opinions, not in heaven, but while here on earth, which he left behind him in a sealed document, not to be broken until a century after his death, and then to be opened and read without previous perusal in presence of the chapter of Paris. The priests who held the charge of the precious document at the time the hundred years was up, fearing, however, that the revelation might affect their interests, sily separated the wax, and there to their astonishment discovered a complete repudiation of all the principles he had professed when living, and a proclamation of a philosophy as bold as any that was taken years after his death by the encyclopædiests, whose daring theories overturned all religious faith in the climax of the succeeding revolution. The document was of course suppressed, but from time to time strange rumors in relation to its contents and purport broke upon the tranquil surface of the church, and finally, to stifle agitation, it was given out that it had been lost. This report imposed upon most people, and among others it deceived Voltaire, who after many keen speculations on the subject, dismissed it with a regret that it had been lost. It appears, however, that it had neither been lost nor destroyed, but only suppressed or mislaid, and fortunately for the vindication of religion or the saint, a celebrated antiquarian, a few weeks ago, in pursuing certain researches at Dax, stumbled upon

the veritable document hinted at so often, in memoirs of the times when the saint in question flourished.

The announcement of this discovery has struck consternation among the true children of the Church, who, without regard to its contents, protest against its publication as calculated to be injurious to religion, and for protection in these views they have appealed to the Archbishop of Paris to assist in its suppression. Others again contend that the paper should be examined and the subject set at rest, being satisfied that religion can stand on its own bottom, be there a saint more or less upon its rolls. In the meantime, the philosophical enthusiast who discovered the document has sent it to press, inexorable to appeals, staunch against fear, and incorruptible to temptation. He values success in his researches above the mere existence or dethronement of a saint in heaven, and the Archbishop of Paris so well understands this spirit, that he has folded his arms in the matter, contenting himself in the remark that "With an atheist there might be some hope of mercy; but with an antiquary there can be none at all."

What this will end in it is impossible to tell. In the language of a newspaper which treats the subject with much force, "the forthcoming revelations may be destined to hit the very keystone of the Christian Church." One thing, however, we may decide on out of hand; that the memorable Vincent de Paule, whose personal life was unquestionably a most exemplary one, gave the world credit for revolution of opinion more than a century too early.

PARIS, July, 1851.

*Philosophy of French Revolutions—The French Soldiers—
Louis Napoleon.*

To a person who is fond of military display, Paris is of all places the most eligible in the world. You not only have grand military reviews here of thousands of men almost every week, but every morning you are aroused by the rattle of the drum, or clangor of the trumpet, of divisions moving past your door; while morning, noon and night, and in all places, you continually meet national guards in full costume, swaggering chasseurs in their burnished helmets, and soldiers of the line, swarming the gardens, forming the most prominent objects of attention (excepting always the grisettes) on every promenade.

There are in Paris at all times—at any rate there have been during the present administration, some forty thousand troops, while in its vicinity and within some two or three hours summons, are distributed in different stations some sixty thousand more. Should an exigency arise therefore, in which the government might desire to exercise some sudden force upon this city, an hundred thousand men could be brought to bear upon it in a very brief space of time. The citizens of Paris, and chiefly those in the democratic quarters

of the city understand all this, but nevertheless they do not esteem the power as by any means irresistible, for in addition to their reliance on their own indomitable courage, they never lose sight of the fact that the soldiers are Frenchmen, and are liable to be governed by a patriotism as susceptible and as impulsive as their own. That is one of the reasons why there is such a facility for revolutions in Paris. If the soldier, who is subsidized at the magnificent price of a sous a day for the service of the State, could only be held faithful to his employ and prevented from reasoning on his duty, France might be kept as quiet as the sternest despot would require, and the French obtain the compliment of English and other monarchial writers, of being a steadfast and loyal people. As it is, however, the conscript does not think the penny purchases his soul; he feels that he has not resigned all his rights of manhood and country in the ceremony of enlistment, and esteems patriotism as of greater importance even than discipline. The English or German soldier is on the contrary a mere machine; he indulges in no notions of reserved rights beyond his beef and beer; in return he gives blind obedience, and consequently is just the instrument for despotic service. He fights stubbornly, but never with enthusiasm, and can never be expected to fraternize with the suffering and agitated masses of his own countrymen so long as his own belly is well filled.

The Frenchman on the contrary, is highly susceptible and sympathetic, and when directed against his fellow-citizens in a cause which he has taken pains to weigh in their favor, is much more likely to leave his ranks and clasp them in his arms, than to direct his musket against their breasts. He does not stop to reason upon the risks of desertion, or breach of discipline. He obeys an instinct which is above human laws, and thus contributes to make the revolutions in which

he takes a part, look like decrees of heaven. It is these great and impulsive movements of the French nation which has encouraged certain writers to decry them as fickle, and which has persuaded idle minds and servile thinkers among us, to take up the sneer, as if the echo were an axiom beyond dispute. No proposition, however, can be more erroneous. Like most common sayings its very plausibility is a proof of its falsehood, and it is carried through only by a pretentious popularity instead of reason. The French are essentially a steadfast people. They are steadfast for Freedom and fickle only to oppression.

They were once loyal in the sense which an English or an Austrian writer would approve. For nearly eighteen centuries they bore the yoke of despotism with the most exemplary *loyalty*. They suffered eleven-twelfths of their entire earnings to be taken from them for the joint use of the lords of the manor, the clergy and the crown. They consented to wear yokes upon their necks and bear the name of "villien" as an opprobrium of poverty. Before the peasant could press to his bosom the maid who was to be the partner of his life, he was forced to yield her to the embrace of his local noble under the seignorial rights guaranteed to those moral patrons of the manor, by an equally patriarchal and moral Church and Crown. All this he bore till 1790 without resistance, while revolutions of one sort and another were bubbling up in many other portions of the globe. Then, however, his loyalty of the old fashion broke up; he too tried his hand at revolution; took revenge upon some thousands of those who had oppressed him, and has been steady to his aim ever since.

Being vivacious, he is of course subject to depression, and to moods of apparent indifference, and advantage has been taken of him at times while in this torpid state, by active

diplomatists of the ancient school; but as soon as they trespassed beyond a prudent villany and made the yoke gall again, he shook it off and took a few rapid steps more towards his object. A new relapse is followed by new encroachments and a fresh *rebellion*; and so it will go, until he becomes wise in what he really wants, and is enabled to establish an actual democracy upon a rational foundation.

The great difficulty with him at present is not that he is too fond of change, but that he does not know how to accomplish what he steadily desires. A Frenchman's impression of government is, that it is a sort of special steward who should take care of all his wants; provide work for him; pay him good wages; insure abundance in the crops; supply him with amusements; regulate the price of bread; defend him from evil; in short act in all things as a family guardian who has charge of a ward incapable of taking care of himself. Out of this notion of dependence upon government, it is not difficult for skillful politicians to win him back, temporarily, into undue submission (or endurance, to use a better term,) and shame him as a bad example in the eyes of the world, and as one incapable of freedom or of quiet. By-and-by, however, he will get rid of this notion; he will perceive that dependence upon government is one of those vicious predilections which has been instituted into his very blood by the art of monarchs for centuries, and like the republicans of our country, he will command the government to shut up its public show-shops, and forbear to interfere in any way with private effort. When he arrives at this point, and discards his notions of public workshops, for the idea that the true object of government is not to govern at all, he will establish a system which probably will excel our own, and enable him to live perhaps an example of contentment to the world. He has his eye upon it; through

his ignorance of the means to reach his aim he may be baffled for some time, and as at present cut a very scurvy figure, but reach it he will, and when he breathes at the conclusion of his task, the corrupt despotisms of Europe will be crumbled at his feet. Those who say that the French People are indifferent to forms of government, and make revolutions only for the love of excitement and of change, know nothing of their character. The slightest examination of the causes of their revolts for the last sixty years, utterly refutes the slander, while the frequent practice of the fraternization of the stern soldiers with the People, proves that their changes spring from a profound sentiment, instead of a mere caprice. Soldiers do not take the risk of being tried at a drum-head court-martial and shot for the indulgence of a fancy.

The first thing which is observable in the appearance of a body of French soldiers is the smallness of their size. They seem like a lot of boys to a stranger, and as you look at them, you can scarcely realize the fact that it was by such troops Napoleon overran and subjugated the continent. The average height of the troops of the line seems to be about five feet four or five inches, and the saucy little caps they wear, are not calculated to amend that defect to the eye. Smallness of size in a soldier is, however, no defect in service. For long marches, for the endurance of privation, and for all field operations (with a single exception) they are better than large-sized men. They perform their evolutions with more alacrity, and in this way are sometimes enabled to almost double their effectiveness. Napoleon availed himself of these qualities most remarkably in the forced marches which he trained them to perform; and by conquering time and throwing large masses upon a certain point with speed and precision, conquered his enemies.

Even upon the field, when one of his intended manœuvres would be discovered by his opponents, and orders be issued by them to counteract it on the ordinary calculations of time, the rapidity of the French soldier would anticipate prevention, and take the battle while they were counting the second hands of their watches according to the settled rules of tactics. It was so at Rivoli, at Marengo, and at Austerlitz. "What do you think of this young French General?" said Napoleon to Old Beaulieu, whom he had just taken prisoner, and who did not know his person. "His tactics are all false," said the old martinet, shaking his head. "One day he is here, another day there; and again committing the gravest errors in some new quarter. Such an invasion of the rules of war is not to be tolerated."

The particular in which the French soldier is inferior to the English in field operations is, in charging with the bayonet. This does not proceed, however, from any superior quality of dogged courage and perseverance on their part, as the English claim, but results from purely philosophical reasons. The English say that the French are too ticklish to stand the British bayonet, but the truth is, the French are too light. A British regiment will weigh thousands of pounds more than an equal number of Frenchmen, and the consequence must be when two such bodies are brought together with a clash, the lightest will recoil and give way. The boast of the English in this matter, therefore, lies not in their spirit, but their beef.

In marching, as in evolution, there is also a striking difference between the French and English soldier. The latter is all precision; the former is all ease. In going from point to point, on matters of no more import than merely to change their barracks, the English soldiers march like posts, every bayonet and head is in exact line, and they move as

stiff and constrained as the wooden soldiers of a panorama. The Frenchman, on the contrary, when he has a mere march to perform, throws his gun easily on his shoulder, and walks along in his platoon, conversing with his next door neighbor, in the same style as if he were upon the promenade. I have seen an entire regiment swinging carelessly along in this way, from one part of Paris to another, with a whole troop of drummers at their head, who were not even required to play to make them keep step. They had a simple object to perform, and they performed it sensibly and without converting themselves into ridiculous automatons, to the great pain and discomfort of every man, as would have been done by regular troops in the United States or England. The same case was observed in a review of thirty thousand men, which I saw in the celebrated Champ de Mars, under the President, Louis Napoleon. Nothing could be more precise or sudden than the evolutions of the soldiers while under review, but the instant the special purpose was accomplished, they relapsed into ease and marched off to their quarters in the same free manner as they came in. By humoring themselves in this way, they are enabled to perform long marches at one-half the fatigue they would suffer under a perpetual rigidity of discipline. This improvement should be introduced into our regular tactics for the troops of the line, and much pain might be saved to many a tall fellow on Governor's Island, who is obliged to take an airing with his musket on his shoulder, for several hours after dinner.

The Champ de Mars, where I beheld the review to which I have alluded, is an immense oblong field about two-thirds of a mile long, and one-third of a mile broad, in the outskirts of Paris, on the banks of the Seine. It is flanked by ditches faced with stone as a barrier, and has on each of its

sides four fine rows of trees to afford shade to the populace, who gather on its sloping embankments to view the sights that are performed within. It is used on Sundays for balloon ascents, horse races, and equestrian exercises of various sorts, under the superintendence of Monsieur Poitevin and wife, and on those occasions, as on the occasions of military reviews, it is usually patronized by the President of France. The Champ de Mars was originally built by the population of Paris, of both sexes and all ranks, for the great *fete de la Federation*, in 1790. More than sixty thousand persons were constantly at work till it was finished, when an altar was erected in the centre, and Louis XVI. made to take an oath to maintain the new Constitution. Here, too, Napoleon held his famous Champ de Mai just before the disastrous battle of Waterloo.

The occasion when I first paid a visit to it was a very brilliant one. Thirty thousand of the finest troops in France were gathered together, and the parade collected, aside from the President, some of the most notable military men of the nation. The style of the entrance of the President, however, was quite unworthy of his station and his republican professions. He was preceded by mounted cuirassiers, who held large pistols forwards in their hands, with their fingers on the triggers, as if ready to fire on the instant, or to promptly repel some meditated assassination. Immediately behind him galloped two of the same wild looking gentlemen, while a large troop of bucklered horsemen closed around him on all sides, in assurance of still more substantial protection. There were but few cries of gratulation as the troop made its way through the crowds at the entrance of the field, but few as they were, the object of them did not fail to snap them up and lay them away to his account, by graciously raising his hat and inclining his

head. On Sunday, when he visited the balloon ascension, a small cluster of the same kind of guards preceded and followed him, while in the rear of his curricule sat two liveried servants to complete the caricature of a Republican in office. Louis Napoleon takes great pains to make himself popular with the army, but to what effect is not easily decided, as all cries of favor on his appearance on review have been suppressed. With the people throughout France, who do not know anything of him, he probably is popular, but that proceeds mainly from the fact, that they have not as yet any names that are sufficiently known for elective purposes, as a rallying point against the charm of NAPOLEON. On this he builds his hopes of riding through the prohibition of the constitution against re-election; but if he were wise he would retire at the end of his term, and give the people, in the example of his quiet return to private life, that practical lesson in the beauties of Republicanism, which did the United States so much good under Washington, and which bewildered France, now needs so much. Had he nobleness of soul enough for this, he might in the end be much more than he is now; but if he persists in his dishonest intrigue, it is more than probable he will soon be less than a dog.

PARIS, July, 1851.

Sunday in Paris—Churches and Balloons—Theatres—French Matrimony.

THOUGH the French people have a great many churches, and support a great number of priests, they appear to have very little religion. Those in Paris, who take any pains to observe the forms, are mostly women, and of the few men who are daily seen in attendance at the mass, many are drawn in by the coolness of the retreat, or from mere want of other occupation. The indifference of the Parisians to the sacred character of the Sabbath is peculiarly striking to an American. Instead of devoting it to quiet gloom, and protecting it from occupation in the way of labor, they make it their special fête day, and throw open most of their shops in expectation of an extra harvest. The Government exacts no distinction in its favor, nay, it appropriates it for the purposes of elections; and the very ministers of the faith in which Sunday is so prominent a feature, are content to relinquish two-thirds of it to frolic, provided they receive the first portion of the day for mass. The action of the Government in selecting Sunday for the purposes of election, though it will strike many as the most strange, is perhaps justified by the largest share of reason. The French Government

calculates, upon its fingers, the loss in the productions of a nation of thirty-six millions of People, by an idle day, and to save this they take a day already devoted to idleness, and use it up in public purposes. It is another means, too, of securing a full vote. The People accept the arrangement, because it furnishes them a superior excitement, but it is about the only serious substitute they would accept for the loss of a weekly jubilee.

All over France, and indeed among most of the nations of the Continent, the estimation of Sunday is the same. But in Paris, the occasion is worked up to the highest point of gaiety. During the present summer the great feature of the amusements of Sunday in Paris, has been ballooning, and the most remarkable experiments in that science have been carried on under the direction of Monsieur Poitevin and wife, in the Champ de Mars. I have described this great field before, when relating the incidents of a military review, and now that I speak of it as a theatre, I have only to remind the reader, in order to give an idea of its size, that it is about two-thirds of a mile long, and one-third of a mile in breadth. Into this vast enclosure, visitors are admitted at ten cents the head, while seats on stands erected in eligible stations in the field, are tariffed at two and a half to three francs extra. Monsieur Poitevin hires the use of the Champ de Mars on Sundays from the government, the government therefore lends him a quantity of soldiers of the line, to guard the entrances to the ground, and help to hold down the balloon, and the President himself does not hesitate to patronize the exhibition with his presence. The audience range from forty to sixty thousand persons, but as many as an hundred thousand have been known to be collected there, to see Madame Poitevin ascend in the likeness of Europa, mounted on a bull.

The great rival to the Champ de Mars for Sunday exhibitions, is an open circus situated near Napoleon's triumphal arch, called the Hippodrome. This arena is on a grand scale, and will seat round its huge circle some twelve thousand people. It is devoted chiefly, as its name indicates, to equestrian exercises, and the character of its performances in that way, far exceeds in their scale and style, those of any similar establishment in the world. Those performances generally open with a splendid cavalcade of male and female equestrians, dressed perhaps as an ancient hawking party, or perhaps as a troop of courtiers of the time of Louis XIV. most carefully costumed. Then will follow an English hurdle race of male and female jockies, whistling round in gallant style, and jumping the barriers gaily and at full speed, each straining and spurring to win a bouquet of victory amid the acclamations of an audience, who seem half-mad with delight. Next perhaps will follow a race of Roman chariots, three in number, with horses three abreast, guided by women of Amazonian size, dressed in all the graces of the female toga. To diversify the proceedings, a comic interlude with harlequin upon a knowing horse, comes in, or in its place is introduced a state carriage, drawn by four little ponies, driven by monkeys, and bearing in its centre a huge ape, dressed to represent his royal highness Faustin the First. The French take great delight in this spectacle, and it is quietly believed by many that the affair is got up as a caricature on Lord Normanby, the English Minister. This heightens the zest of the joke, as the point of it is thus brought nearer home and levelled at an obnoxious subject; while the fact that it is about the only way in which a Parisian may now deride monarchy, is alone sufficient to make it a most popular feature of the entertainment. As matters go now it is not impossible it may soon be interdicted by

the government. Performances on the slack rope, feats of strength, of jugglery, a race of infant jockies make up the remainder of the mixed performance, which, when completely over, gives way to the balloon. Then at a given moment the monstrous globe which has been oscillating in the centre of the avenue, as if presiding majestically over what had gone before, is let loose and ascends with its company in the air. While you are watching it, you see another monster sphere rise from the Champ de Mars, and presently a sort of ærial race takes place. When at a sufficient height, a parachute, pendant below the cars of each balloon, and containing severally either Madame Poitevin of the Champ de Mars, or Monsieur Goddard of the Hippodrome, is cut loose, and a still more novel race commences. The descents in this way have thus far been always made with safety, a result which could hardly be expected on our side of the Atlantic, where, according to our teachers, such a desecration of the Sabbath would be sure to meet with some sudden retribution.

The rivalry between the Hippodrome and the Champ de Mars, in the way of ballooning, has produced some very queer experiments, though I do not know that it has as yet been of any direct benefit to science. Every alternate Sunday produces something new from one or the other. If Madame Poitevin ascends to-day upon a bull, Monsieur Goddard goes up on the next fête day on horseback. Spurred to surpass him, both Monsieur and Madame Poitevin ascend the following week in the same way. Next a house full of people, some dining, and some looking out of the windows, rises from the Hippodrome; and, in faithful emulation of the advancement, the artists of the Champ de Mars either add one to the number of their horses by mounting en saddle attended by a groom, or fly aloft with a pair of ponies

harnessed to a wagon, in which Monsieur and Madame gaily sit with reins in hand.

When I first arrived in Paris, the rival aeronauts had only arrived at the stage of single horses; before I left I found them advanced to double teams and parachutes. A day or two ago I saw an ascent made from the Hippodrome, of the balloon "Eagle," which not only carried three persons in its car, but dragged upwards into dizzy space a fourth, who hung suspended at the end of a rope some twelve feet long, supported only by a stick which ran crosswise under his arms. It was a fearful thing to see a man thus gibbeted swung from his feet so perilously, but when that man, with an audacity unparalleled, commenced performing evolutions and turning somersets upon that beam hundreds and thousands of yards from the earth, it became positively terrific. Still the daring acrobat went on circling around his ærial axle with the same confidence as if within a few inches of the tan, until he looked no larger in his writhings than a worm, with the final task before him of hauling himself up by his rope and depositing himself in a lot of blankets beside his more sedate friends in the car. What Poitevin will do in the hope to eclipse this, it is hard to guess, but it is fair to conclude that if he is not in despair, he is at least puzzled. It is probable however that next Sunday will introduce some new device with the dashing Madame Poitevin as the main figure in the picture. So much for ballooning in Paris. Though the subject seems to a certain extent frivolous, I have not deemed it unworthy of this notice, if only to make up a full exhibit of the character of the French people, and to give a true reflection of the Sunday atmosphere of Paris. Thus it will be seen that the churches have it in the morning, the balloons and the circus have it in the afternoon, and I may add that the dancing gardens, the theatres and what not, have it at night.

Among the dramatic performances, the Grand Opera is by far the most superb, and cannot be passed over by the observer of Paris without a special mention. As great as are the Royal Operas in London, this by far exceeds them, and by the manner in which it produces its pieces upon the stage well merits the prefix of "grand" that has been conferred upon it. It is supported to a great extent by the funds of the nation. Its republican title is "the National Academy of Music," and its leading performers after a certain period of service, are entitled to receive a pension from the Government, in the same way as if they had served the country in military service. Notwithstanding the house seats two thousand persons, whose tickets of admission will average over a dollar apiece, it would not be able to sustain itself, though it were filled every night; so expensively is everything produced. The magnificence of the scenes, the brilliancy of the illusions of moonlight, daybreak, conflagration, earthquakes, whenever such counterfeits are to be produced, exceeds, by far, anything which our meagre success in that way enables us to conceive of. I saw a sunrise a few nights ago in a desert scene of the Prodigal Son, which would have put any London sun to shame, while the stars in the blue firmament twinkled and shone as a Londoner reads of only in romances.

The opera of the Prophet, too, presents a scene of church service and high mass which fully equaled the grand pageant that I saw at the church of St. Roch; and I may add, in the costly garments of the priests, the theatrical show exceeded it. Great attention is paid here to scene-painting, and to accuracy of costume. Everything that is put upon the stage in the way of a picture must be accurate in all its parts; in short, worthy of the efforts of a national institute. The most famous artists of France are therefore employed to

paint the scenes, and the costumer who dresses even a peasant must consult classical and historical authorities. Though a piece should run a hundred nights, no dirty tights or soiled linen ever appear upon the supernumeraries. All the collars and cuffs are washed and ironed as regularly for each performance, as if they were the real wardrobe of a very neat family, and no character is entitled to put on a shoe for a sandal, or consult his personal taste in an ornament that is out of character. The result is, that these performances are a matter worthy of study, and furnish a satisfaction to the historical student and artist, as well as the mere musical observer.

The ballet which is sometimes attached to these performances is, of course, the most finished in the world. It has been the remark of many foreigners that it is too lascivious and too naked, and several writers have attributed much of the private gaities of the fashionable circles of Paris to this demoralizing cause. I do not agree in this. I regard it rather as an effect than an influence, and think I can trace the state of morals that exist here to other causes. One main one, in my estimation, grows out of the style of marriages in France. Here there are no love matches, except among the poor. A daughter is considered as a chattel of the parents, and they dispose of her according to their inclinations or notions of family policy. In order to enhance the value of this article of parental property, great care is therefore taken of a girl previous to marriage, and up to that time she is very strictly watched. It is very common to deposit them in convents until her father finds a customer for her charms; or, at any rate, so to keep her that she longs for the state of marriage as a period of liberty. She knows why she has been kept close, and very often resolves to redress herself on principles of retaliation, when she becomes

free. In a majority of cases she is delivered up to an old man, who receives her from her family, without even consulting her wishes or her affection. The bridegroom, however, is easily enabled to flatter himself that he has made a good impression, for the politeness of the young lady obliges her to exhibit satisfaction with her choice; and indeed it is not to be expected that she should experience any other sentiment, when the easy conjugal tie is made out of the shreds of all her former restraints. I do not wish to disparage French morals, but I feel at liberty to recognize the correctness of the remark, which says that Paris is a place to which no single woman should come, and in which no married woman should stay. As the mail is near being closed, and I must now write too rapidly to philosophize or analyze, I will avail myself of a reference to two popular caricatures on marriage, which have recently come out, by way of illustrating my opinion on the subject. The first of these represents a young girl being attired for her wedding with an old man named Monsieur Coquillard. She confides to her waiting-maid a passion for a young officer named Henri, and referring to the anguish he must experience when he hears that she is married, exclaims with a sigh—"Ah, me; how I do pity poor Henri!" At which the waiting-maid, with an arch inclination of the head and a significant smile, replies—"Yes, you pity poor Henri, but for my part I most pity poor Monsieur Coquillard!" The other sketch represents an old fellow in the hands of a mischievous young coquette, whom he has followed home, and who insists upon his going out on her back balcony in the middle of the afternoon, notwithstanding it is in full view of his wife's chamber windows, in the rear of the next street. He steps out cautiously, of course, and looking at his wife's apartment, remarks with great satisfaction—"Ah, how fortunate, that in the very

middle of the afternoon the curtains of my wife's bed-room should be so closely drawn." Suddenly, however, he is struck with an alarming reflection, perhaps suggested by his own conduct, and he exclaims—"But, *Mon Dieu*, why are the curtains so closely drawn!"

PARIS, July, 1851.

The Palaces of Paris.

THOUGH the palaces of Paris were among the first public objects I visited on my arrival in that metropolis, I have deliberately avoided speaking of them until now; not because I had laid down any rules for my observations, but because they were the things in Paris that made the most unpleasant impression on my mind, and I was averse to put her on the record unfavorably at the outset. Having, however, disposed of all other matters in this quarter that I intend to make the subject of remark, my repugnance must give way, and allow me to come to them as the conclusion of my task.

The principal palaces of Paris and its environs, are the Tuilleries, Versailles, Fontainebleau, Luxembourg, National, St. Cloud, the Great and Little Trianon, St. Germain, Compeigne, Meudon, and the Palais de l' Elyseé National. The first of these was the last royal residence of Louis Philippe; the last is now the princely habitation of Monsieur Louis Bonaparte, who is called, under the theory of a stupendous imposition—the *President* of France. These two dwellings, and the characters I have identified with them, are coupled well together, for the termination of their public history for

the present era will doubtless be the same ; unless perhaps the sacking of the Elyseé be improved by the sacrifice of its execrable occupant.

The Palace of the Tuilleries was commenced by the infamous Catherine de Medicis, of St. Bartholomew massacre notoriety, in 1564, who intended to use it as a residence for herself. It was enlarged by Henry the Fourth, was further extended by Louis the Thirteenth, and finished by the Fourteenth of that name. It is associated with nearly all the great historical events of the capital from the time of its foundation, and during the period of the revolution it figures in almost every page of history. After that stormy interregnum, it was re-occupied by Napoleon as First Consul, and in 1808 he began a northern wing or gallery, which was to stretch in the rear as a parallel and companion to the long gallery of the Louvre. The Emperor was defeated in this intention, however, by the cupidity of a saddler whose house lay in the road of the intended edifice. Finding himself in the way of a royal purchaser, this speculator rose from price to price, until at length the commissioners of the intended work became so exasperated with the fellow's greediness, that they waited on the Emperor and advised him to raze the hovel to the ground. "No," said Napoleon, "let it stand as a monument of his avarice and of my respect for the laws." It did stand ; the proposed extension was abandoned, and the intention of the Emperor laid dormant for over forty years. The idea, however, has recently been resumed, and whole stacks of five and six story buildings, which have stood for centuries, are now in process of demolition for the extension of the structure. What the object of the government is in adding to a building, most of which is already unoccupied, I have not ascertained, but it lies between a desire to aggrandize Paris still further, for the temp-

tation of strangers, and the necessity of stopping the mouth of discontented labor by furnishing it with work and food to keep it quiet.

The latter probably is the main cause of the new undertaking, and in this view it presents the singular spectacle of the practical adoption of one of the expedients of socialism, by a Government which represses socialistic theories by fire and sword. The cost of these new works will be immense; and though designed to beautify the capital alone, the appropriation is levied from the entire treasury of France. In this way has Paris been adorned from time immemorial; the coffers of the nation have been continually drained to make her fine, yet none of the districts have ever thought of protesting against a system of municipal aristocracy so invidious and oppressive to them all. Indeed this custom prevails throughout Europe in favor of all the capitals of great countries; the will of the monarch seems to be the only matter to be taken in consideration, and even in England millions might be voted for triumphal arches and national museums, to be put up in London, without inspiring a single town throughout the realm with a notion of its rights of protest. In this way are the chief cities of the old world made magnificent in public works beyond any power of transatlantic imitation, and I, for one, hope we may always remain inferior in aggregated grandeur, if we are to only climb to comparison at the expense of equality in the rights of cities.

“See how magnificently we build upon this continent,” said a Frenchman to me, one day pointing to the walls of the new additions of the *Palais de Justice*. “We build for all time; they do the same in England; the same in Germany, and they did the same in ancient Rome. Unless you change your present system, you will never leave behind

you such relics of your greatness as Notre Dame, the Pantheon and Westminster Abbey." "You are right," said I; "you build for all time, and for lineal proprietors; but we build only for the present time, and for the possessor. With us, each generation takes care of itself, and we have some confidence in the capacities of our posterity. We shall therefore probably never leave behind us such relics as the Acropolis or the Pantheon, and for my part I hope we may not. There is no national value in a relic that outlives the virtue of a people." But Paris will present such ruins to posterity, and it may be they will be ready at no distant day. Unless the new republican régime that is expected to redeem France in the ordeal of the coming spring, close these palaces, change the location of the Congress to some place where it may not be corrupted or overawed, the people of France will discover that, instead of Louis XVI. or Charles X. or Louis Philippe, Paris is their real tyrant, and will march upon it, and lay its edifices level with the ground. At present she does not deserve this fate. Though she has put France in fever repeatedly during the present century, and though it costs millions to keep her quiet, her agitations have been on the side of Liberty, and all the revolutions she has projected have advanced mankind. But she must be careful that having performed these good works, she does not indulge whim instead of judgment, and rule over her sister districts as a tyrant. Her exploits do not give her the privilege to legislate by émeutes, and she has no right, because of her services, to plunge her hand in the treasury and revel in reviews, and shows, and palaces, at the expense of the entire people. She should abolish the first, and tear the latter down; for it is better to resign an unworthy habit of our own accord, than to be corrected out of it by the indignation of our neighbors. If she is to assume the regal

sway and profligate habits of the monarchs whom she has suppressed, she must expect the sirocco of devastation, as they received dethronement, and the guillotine.

Of the palaces that I have named, none equals in extent or magnificence the royal palace of Versailles, and its dependencies the Great and Little Trianon. The Great Trianon was made a villa or dependence to the Palace of Versailles by Louis XIV. for Madame de Maintenon, and the latter was built by Louis XV. for his mistress, Mademoiselle du Berri. Such is the noble policy of kings, and through such means are Europeans enabled to boast that they have finer buildings than we have in Boston, Philadelphia, or New York. They have indeed; and a fine set of fellows truly were they who put them up.

These palaces are still decorated and filled with the regal finery which belonged to them during royal occupation. All of them have detachments of servants allotted to keep them bright and habitable, and guides are appointed to show visitors through on given days. The Great Trianon was once a favorite residence of Napoleon, and subsequently it was to have been allotted to the use of Queen Victoria in her meditated visit to Louis Philippe in 1848. The revolution which broke out, however, put an end to the brave scheme of royal frolic, and it is not likely her Majesty will ever have an opportunity of perfecting the intentions of that time. The preparations, however, were pretty well advanced, for you are shown the royal bed that was to have received the Majesty of Britain in all the perfection of an indescribable magnificence, and suites of adjoining chambers are likewise opened to you that absolutely wound you with their glitter. Here you are also shown Napoleon's bath and wash room; the King of Rome's cradle, the Empress Josephine's bed; the bed of Louis Philippe; and Madame

de Maintenon's sedan chair. Besides these articles, the rooms are filled with rich vases, costly marbles, mirrors, paintings, rich hangings of silk and satin, just as they were adorned when in daily royal use, and as if they hourly expected a habitant. The property in this palace, or villa, and the villa of the Little Trianon, must be worth millions of dollars; nevertheless, here it is preserved in idleness and in offense to the Republic; while, more offensive still, the only use to which it now is put, is to afford occasional indulgence to that precious republican, *Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte*, the President of France.

I was not aware of the imperial habits of Monsieur le President, at the time I first visited the gorgeous Palace of St. Cloud, and I was thoroughly astonished when I was told by the custodian of the place, that the Emperor's bed was sometimes used by the President in his temporary sojourns there. "What!" said I, "do you mean to inform me that the President ever resides in this palace?" "Oh, yes, sir, very often," was the answer, "and it was also the favorite palace of the Emperor." I paused a moment on the new insight which this gave me of democracy in France, and then turning to the man, I pointed to the royal couch, and asked if any other of the sovereigns of Paris ever slept there. But he would not deign to make me a reply; he was evidently imbued with the royalism of the place, and looked upon me as an irreverent scoffer. I had no time to soften his disdain, for I was busy in thinking of the folly as well as the baseness of the man, who could be so recreant to the high trusts and high morality of his position, as to thus disgrace it. There will come a day when it may be his bitter fate to know that he might rather have chosen the humblest roof in France for his covering, than ever have sought the luxurious repose of this imperial dwelling. With the spec-

tacle of such a President before us, it ceases to be a wonder to our minds that democratic articles are proscribed from the press of Paris; that the cry of "*Vive la Republique!*" is sedition, while monarchy is openly advocated from the tribunals and in the journals, without prosecution from the government.

The Palace of Versailles also was built by Louis the Fourteenth, surnamed the Grand Monarque, probably from his habits of extravagance and the splendor of his court. This palace has been classed by some writers as among the wonders of the world, and they claim that rank for it on the ground that no structure of ancient or modern time has ever equaled it in magnificence or extent. It is situated about twelve miles from Paris, though it may almost be considered of the city, from the facility with which it is reached by rail-road. Its site was originally a great wood where Henry the Fourth used to hunt; but in 1664, Louis the Fourteenth, becoming tired of his town residences, determined to lay out a royal palace there, which should be worthy of the splendors of his court. Twenty leagues were marked out for its park, and the talents of the most celebrated architects of the nation were put in requisition for the edifice and the adornment of its grounds. It was finished in 1781, at which time it had cost the nation the enormous sum of two hundred millions of dollars. Indeed, all France was impoverished to raise means for this monument to the vanity of a king, and frequently there were thirty thousand people working on it at a time. Often the whole army, when not engaged in war, would be employed by the engineers in laying out the grounds.

These are not only diversified by woods and plains, but are filled with fountains, whispering waterfalls, noisy cataracts, quiet lakes, and even miniature rivers; while at almost

every rood, through avenues of miles, you are met by exquisite marble figures or groups of statuary, each of which would be thought worthy of a special exhibition in the United States. The fountains, however, exceed all notions which can be obtained anywhere else of the ornamental powers of water, while the designs and execution of them are calculated to appal all American notions of economy. The statuary and ornaments of one fountain alone, "the Colonnade," could not have been executed at less than a million of dollars, while that of the great basin of "Neptune," on the semi-circular banks of which I saw full sixty thousand people stand, must have led to the expenditure of more than treble that sum. I do not know how many of these grand fountains there are, but whichever way you turn, you find them playing at the end of lofty avenues, until you almost become bewildered with the excess of beauty which breaks at every point of view. What renders these performances the more remarkable is, that all the jets are performed by artificial means; the water is laboriously pumped up from the river Eure, and the fountains are supplied only at the cost of ten thousand francs a time. They are now only occasionally played by the *republican* government of France, and what was originally designed for the luxurious strollings of a licentious court, is now enjoyed by the sovereign swarms of Paris. The secluded paths which were whilom devoted to the intrigues of lavender courtiers and melting dames, are now accessible to the vulgar million; while the close grotto or silent alcove which knew but the sighs of titled elegance, and perchance the fuss of silk, now murmur only with the passionate syllables of the gay figurante or the susceptible grizette. In olden times this enchanted region was locked in by cordons of soldiers, and the outside world knew nothing of the revelries that were performed within; now,

however, that the million is allowed to pour through its voluptuous mazes, the secret orgies of the past are revealed by inference, and a lesson is offered that should be a blessing to the future. But, unfortunately, the lesson is not received with profit. We cannot cure ourselves of propensity by the enjoyment of indulgence, and the people of Paris become enervated and corrupted by these voluptuous scenes to sympathetic aspirations. Such spectacles and such resorts are unfit for any nation which intends to pursue a manly and vigorous career, and the sooner they are destroyed the better will it be, not only for Paris, but for France. I derived no pleasure in my observation of their grandeur. At every step, and every new spectacle of expense, I became embittered by the waste of means, and kept execrating the abandoned wretch, who, for his own vile pleasures and his personal aggrandizement, had impoverished an entire People in this monument of his vanity.

These sentiments were not by any means softened or dispelled by an examination of the interior of the palace. The magnificence, which I had seen exhibited in the palaces I have heretofore spoken of, was all exceeded here, and multiplied to a degree that not only fatigued my eye, but wearied the imagination. The greater part of the building is now devoted to galleries of painting and statuary, a residence in it having been found too expensive and indeed too dangerous for any modern monarch. Napoleon once meditated establishing his court there, but gave up the idea when informed it would require an appropriation of fifty millions of francs merely to prepare the vast establishment for his reception. Louis XVIII. who succeeded him, was also deterred by the same consideration; nevertheless he spent six millions to put it in repair. Louis Philippe, however, concluding it to be too expensive for modern notions of the

rights and dignities of royalty, decided to convert it into a national museum for the reception of everything that appertained to the history of France. He accordingly had it restored at an expense of fifteen millions of francs, and inscribed over its portals "*A toutes les gloires de la France.*" An immense series of paintings, sculpture, and works of art illustrative of every event that has reflected glory on the annals of France (and many that have not) now fill its splendid halls, and form an historical museum that has not its parallel in Europe.

Its extent may be conceived by the fact that its galleries of paintings and curiosities, including the royal chambers, make up a distance of three miles. The richest part of all, is the portion allotted to the apartments of the King, and the most striking features of these apartments are the ceilings. There, gold and arabesque colors and painting are mixed in the most unexampled and gorgeous profusion, and art is exhausted in every trick of show. The Queen's apartments are more simple and they are rather remarkable for their smallness, and the lowness of their ceilings when compared with the King's. They are, however, sufficiently magnificent, and present an abundance of looking-glass, which indicates one of the female characteristics of self-admiration. One peculiar alcove in the apartments of Marie Antoinette, is of entire glass, both sides and ceiling, and viewed from the voluptuous sofa which is placed within it, produces some very queer effects. Luxury was studied by these people in every grotesque fashion, and it was a happy day for France when such degraded guardians of the realm were driven from their dazzling sty. From this looking-glass chamber you are led to the passage through which its last fair occupant, above named, made her escape on the 10th August, and shown the door where the faithful Swiss guard sacrificed his life to cover her retreat.

In front of the palace is pointed out the window where herself and the King appeared in answer to the summons of the Parisians who came to demand of the Little Baker and his wife, as they called them, bread for the famishing mouths in Paris. The people on that occasion meditated the destruction of the edifice, but had too much other important business on their hands to perform it. Again in the last revolution of 1848 they marched towards it in the same wise spirit, but they were turned back by the Provisional Government with cannon loaded to the muzzle with grape and canister. The next time they move upon it, they will effect their object, and it is to be hoped that they will make their work of devastation thorough. Such monuments of royal luxury should not be allowed to exist in the midst of a republic, or in a country which is seeking to become one; and it is further to be hoped that the spirit of purification will not satisfy itself upon this single structure, but perform the same task for every palace in the kingdom. If a President could only be caught in one, and stifled like a rat under a barrel, the benefit would be complete. This is the kind of purification and reform that Paris most wants. Her luxuries should be abolished; her paintings and sculptures burnt. They are worth nothing; they merely deify nudity and corrupt the sentiment of the people! Not one of them teaches a decent or a useful lesson, and the sooner they are broken to fragments or shriveled to cinders the better. Rome, by clinging to such baubles, and groveling in the mire of the pleasures they inspired, sank under the desolation of the Goths; and it will be well for the people of Paris, who now equal, perhaps exceed any of the ancients in splendor and voluptuousness, to avoid by a resolute iconoclasm, and severe reform, a similar scathing at the hands of her exasperated and indignant sister districts.

July 6th, 1851.

Brussels—Waterloo.

I LEFT Paris after a three weeks' stay, glad to find myself moving forward, but still reluctant to bid good-by to its delights. My destination was to Rome, towards which two great routes offered themselves, the most direct being through France, and the most delightful running with the Rhine. I chose the latter, and having distributed a due quantity of francs among the waiters, I set out for the depot of the rail-road to Brussels. By some misunderstanding, the coachman drove me to the Strasbourg station, but being well in advance of time, I lost nothing by the delay, for I had the satisfaction of hearing my valet lighten the burden of his heart by a shower of French oaths, and the further satisfaction of seeing a depot that ranks among the finest buildings in Paris. Not without reason does it bear this reputation. It is built of stone and iron, has a façade of one hundred and sixty-five feet, a depth of over four hundred, and cost by itself, without reference to the rail-way, the enormous sum of two millions of francs. Moreover, it had the honor of delaying the railway during the entire period of four years, by the absorption of all the early appropriations of the government into itself. This circum-

stance is worthy of remark, and worthy also of being contrasted with what would be the policy of our people in a similar case. With us, as soon as the government, or a company, come to the conclusion that a rail-road route is necessary to this point or that, and subscribe funds for its construction, the first efforts are directed to the grade and the laying of the rails; here, however, the entire public work is baffled and delayed four years, in order to put up an ornamental station, in a style calculated to last forever. An ordinary shed would have done as well for all the purposes of shelter and convenience, but rapidity is not consonant with European notions, and in public matters, it seems to be a settled fancy to begin at the wrong end.

I left Paris in the rail-way for Brussels, at a quarter before twelve, and arrived at my destination at nine in the evening, over a distance, as I judge, of near two hundred miles. The ride, however, was by no means so irksome to me as that between Calais and Paris; the country was finer, the hour of starting more convenient, and besides, I had furnished up my French into conversational trim. It was high summer, and the fields were waving to and fro with their abundance, while in many places men and women were working together, gathering in the crops. To an American, this is a most peculiar sight, and never fails to make a strong impression when it first meets his eye. I have since seen it throughout Europe, and also in England, and every time the unpleasant picture has appeared, I have been reminded of a thought I have expressed before, that the women of our country ought to thank God that they were born on the western shore of the Atlantic.

On the continent of Europe, women are very little in esteem. If they are poor, they are looked upon as cattle; if more fortunately born, they are viewed only as means

of pastime, and are married or obtained only for fashion or convenience. Unfortunately, the latter estimation of them is too prevalent with us, but then we never yoke any class of them except with our arms, or put them in the fields except to milk the cows, or go philandering after blackberries and daisies. I have seen women on this continent wielding the sickle, the scythe, guiding the plow, and carrying on their backs the ordure which was to manure the land, and I have in the same picture seen huge lusty-looking fellows lying on their backs observing the labor of their weaker helpmates with the most superlative indifference. The truth is, men are scarce in this meridian, and consequently highly prized. They are continually thinned by wars, and snapped up and marched away by the conscriptions. The result is, that those who are left are very much in the condition of the ten thousand Spartans who were sent back at the intercession of the Lacedemonian fair, to attend to the necessities of population. This view of the case suggests a very strong excuse for the condition of morals in many of the military States of Europe. My observations on this state of affairs to an Englishman who sat next me in the cars, and its comparison with the state of things that exists in the United States on the same subject, drew from him the remark that we spoiled the women in America by too much deference and attention. The observation was true, so I admitted it, but said I in defense, "the error is not without compensation—for, in spoiling our women, we improve ourselves."

The rail-road cars, that is to say those of the first class, are very fine in France, and indeed all over the Continent of Europe. Fine as they are in England, they are still better here, and in both places, for comfort much excel our own. They are composed of separate coach-bodies of enor-

mous size, calculated to hold six or eight persons, and padded luxuriously, so as to give the best invitation possible to loll and sleep. Their disadvantages are, that you cannot move about as you can in our long rail-road saloons, and that you are closed in by the conductor beyond power of escape, in case of accident. One of your dangers is the peril of fire. A few years ago, when it was the custom of the conductors to lock the doors, a train on the rail-road to Versailles took fire, and burned up and otherwise seriously injured the greatest portion of the passengers. The screams of the sufferers were made in vain; in vain they sought to break from their prisons and meet a less appalling death by escaping forth. All the while the train was darting through the air like a raging comet, and the unhappy victims in its cells were shriveled out of life before it could be stopped in its career. Since that time a law has forbidden the conductors to lock the passengers in, but they virtually evade it by using a catch-lock, which is almost irresistible to the unpracticed hand. It is to their interest to keep passengers from pouring out at the short stations, to the delay of the train.

The arrangements of the continental rail-ways are in all respects good. The conductor wears a uniform by which he is known; he is civil in his answers to all inquiries, and he makes it his duty to inform you at the larger stations, how many minutes you have to stop. With us the case is different. Though rail-roads are patronized liberally, their agents are suffered to behave most uncivilly to their customers, and to treat them indeed, as if they were the recipients of favor, instead of being the supporters of the road. It is rather venturesome to put a question to an American conductor, and if you escape without insult, you feel inclined to exhibit special gratitude for his unusual condescension. In

other respects, too, the European rail-roads are better than ours. They are better attended by men along the road at the switches and turnings, and at the stopping places neat little cabinets are provided, into which the ladies and gentlemen may separately retire. There is no false delicacy on this subject, and gentlemen having ladies in their care have no hesitation in handing them to these cabinets, and in waiting for them, to conduct them to the cars again when they return. At the stations are also well provided buffets, or restaurants, where you can get refreshments of the best style without the least delay. All these things help to relieve the tedium of a long journey, and some of them defeat discomforts which might be exceedingly injurious.

The country, in the latter half of the day's journey between Paris and Brussels, is very finely cultivated, and towards the close of the afternoon you are struck with the beauty of the town of Valenciennes, which meets you near the borders of Belgium. Its chief feature, where the rail-road passes, is long avenues of trees of tallest growth, which intersect the fields, and mark their bounds, in the same manner that split rails or stone fences do with us. Sometimes these fences consist of bush-willow, trimmed about as large as orange trees, and for the sustenance of these in proper verdure, canals are cut beside them, which receive the drainage of the land. From Valenciennes to Brussels the country continues to increase in rural beauty, and cottages on little farms are multiplied so as to give the face of the land almost the appearance of a continuous town.

On the morning after my arrival at Brussels, I chartered a new *valet de place*, in order that I might use my time to the best advantage, and after a short consultation with him, decided to occupy the day in a drive to the battle-field of Waterloo. Previous to this arrangement, however, I had

sallied out early to the market-place—always an object of interest in every city—and from thence made a circuit of the lower portion of the town. It was Sunday morning, but everywhere, in the streets as well as the arcades, I found the shops open, and trades-people and street-hawkers as busy as the most enthusiastic lover of industry would wish to see them on a week day. In this respect the city looked like Paris—indeed, it is the ambition of the people to make it appear as much so as possible. The poorer women, however, dress more gaudy than the French; at a distance, a knot of them may be taken for a party of soldiers in gay uniforms, their colored head-ribbons looking like plumes, and their flashy bodices like parti-colored coats. Now and then one passes by in the charming simplicity of a grisette's cap, but the face under it is a little too broad, and it lacks the piquancy and smartness of the French original. The market is held in an open square, called the Grand Place, in front of the Hotel de Ville, and is celebrated as the scene of the execution of the Counts Egmont and Horn, by the Alva, the Spanish viceroy, in his persecution of the Christians in 1568. On the occasion when I visited it, it was a miniature fair, as well as market—things of all kinds, from plain muslin to a peacock, being offered for sale. One prominent article of trade were dogs, and a principal class of admirers and purchasers of these animals were women. Dogs are put to a variety of uses in this part of the world, and but few of them are allowed to enjoy the lives of savans and philosophers as in our country. Here were produced the watch-dog, the heavy mastiff for drawing little carts or traveling on tread-mills, the bull-dog to pull down cattle, the hound to hunt, the shepherd's dog for the fold, terriers for vermin, and spaniels and setters as pets for my lady's chamber. Here, as in Paris too, it is a very pleasant sight to see ladies

leading dogs, and their favorites are not always of the smallest size.

After breakfast my barouche was ready for me, and I set out for the famous field of Waterloo, alone. From Brussels, which was the quarters of the British on the occasion of the battle, my course lay along the road by which the allied army under Wellington pushed forward toward the memorable plain. As I rolled along, the picture of that martial swarm rose vividly before me. I could hear the lumbering jar of cannon, the clank of accoutrements, the hurried order, the clatter of horse upon the road, and the muffled tramp of the squadrons, as they moved forward with silent step, each man ruminating upon the chances of the strife he was about to undertake. By-and-by I came to the wood of Soignes, immortalized by Shakspeare and Scott under the title of Ardennes, and strengthened in the recollections of posterity by the events of the bloodiest day that ever dawned upon the world. Before me, I fancied I could see, awaiting their arrival, the Thunderer of France, with his legions spread and calmly waiting for the most audacious contest which even his daring spirit ever undertook. Next, I could see the meeting and the strife. The boom of cannon, the rush of legion at legion, the crash of manhood as it met and broke into bloody foam, like shattered waves in their recoil; the rattling of musketry; the platoon wilting before the deadly rain of lead and fire; the circling of horse; the rider reeling from his saddle; and stricken thousands writhing on the ground, some vainly endeavoring to drown the drum in cries for aid; some making the last toilet of their souls with prayer, and others wandering in fond dotage to where wife or sweetheart lived, and thus entwined with the phantoms of their love, forgetting their pain, and floating sweetly out of life. Such reveries as these are by no means

strained; they enforce themselves upon the mind of every visitor to Waterloo, and, to a man of any imagination, will always be more vivid than can be written down. For my part, I became absorbed by the illusion of the scene, and had it not been for the desperate importunity of the beggars that waylaid my coach during the entire route, I would have been in the smoke of the battle and the bustle of the march all the way. But at every short distance some apparent cripple hobbled into the road, and, notwithstanding my driver urged his horses to a sharp pace, would keep up to the vehicle with a facility that, considering his condition, seemed little less than miraculous. Next a blind man would run out, led by the hand by some boy or girl, to trot step for step with my speed, until his appeals were answered. Then perhaps little girls would chase the coach with bouquets, or single roses, and, flinging them in upon my lap, take me by a *coup de main* which it was impossible to resist. Another variety of mendicant were tumbling boys, who would lie in wait at the foot of some hill, and while we were obliged to labor slowly up, enter into a series of somersaults for my amusement, in the intervals of which they would run towards me with appeals for alms. I had quite a lot of coppers when I first set out, but they soon became exhausted; I was then obliged to have resort to several half franc pieces which I found in my pocket; at length these too gave out, and I suffered myself to be *taken* twice for a full franc, once by an old woman on crutches, and next by a young woman with two children at the breast. On my arrival at the battle-field, my lesser ammunition was quite drained out, and I had no coin smaller than a five franc piece. I therefore felt myself proof against further importunity, and resolutely buttoned up my pocket. Scarcely had I descended from my coach, however, before an aged couple stopped my way, and

presented two such piteous and whining faces, that I at once felt it would be quite cheap to get rid of them for two or three small coins more. I had no idea, however, of giving away a five franc piece, and suggested the difficulty to my guide. "Oh, that need not trouble you," said he, "the old fellow is well off, and he will give you change." The novelty of the notion pleased me, so I handed out a five franc piece, received, according to my request, four francs in exchange, whereupon a mutual bow was exchanged on both sides, and having expressed our distinguished consideration of each other, we drew gradually apart, they to discount the charity of some new victim, and I to resign myself to the instructions of my cicerone. As they hobbled off, however, and as I glanced alternately at their departing figures and the change in my hand, I could not suppress a regret, that in a transaction which had been conducted with so much form and precision, receipts had not been exacted on both sides.

The guide whom I had employed in Brussels did not serve for the purposes of the battle ground. He knew it well enough, unquestionably, but there seems to be a tacit comity and understanding between people of the *ouvrier* class all over Europe, not to interfere with each other; in other words, to play into each other's hands. I was therefore delivered over to the care of Serjeant Munday, an English soldier who was in the battle, and who now resides upon the battle ground for the purpose of supplying the place of his dead brother-in-law, the Serjeant Cotton, who for so long a time was the favorite cicerone of Waterloo.

The face of the great theatre on which the fate of Europe was decided, was covered with grain at the time of my visit, and in the same state, with the exception of certain monuments, as on the day of the fight. The morning beheld the plain rich with tall crops, the evening saw it like a ploughed

field—nay, unctuous with blood and trodden like a sty. With the aid of a map and Serjeant Munday's explanations, I commenced locating the different branches of the French and allied force; fixing the positions of the commanders; tracing the movements of the different divisions when in charge, and dwelling upon the spots where the most distinguished warriors fell. I saw where Napoleon first took his stand; the spot to which he and his staff changed their places; where Wellington was established with his staff; where Grouchy should have come up to the re-inforcement of the French, and where Blucher at length arrived to decide, with fresh legions, the fate of a contest that was reeling and staggering with fatigue.

Though I had previously read every account of the battle published in the English language, this was the first time I understood the character of the engagement. Before, everything had been confused; now, there was nothing that was not clear, and I was enabled to appreciate the tremendous disadvantages which the French labored under, from the possession, by the English, of the Chateau of Huygomont. It was Napoleon's misfortune, when choosing his ground, to overlook this little fortalice, and to pick up a guide who was not aware of its existence. The result was, the English discovered it among the trees, and finding it was a virtual castle thrown far out upon their right, so as to secure it from any probability of being turned, eagerly seized upon it and kept it filled with troops the entire day. Here it was that the most desperate fighting took place, but though the tide of valor rolled in fierce billows against it, one following the other from morn till night, they were shivered at its base, and rolled back in hopeless ruin. I had not made much progress in my examination before I was joined by a young gentleman who proved to be an English officer in the Austrian service. He had arrived at the serjeant's house a

little later than I, and had rode up to the field to join him and share the advantage of his explanations. Having ascertained that I had no objection to his company, he dismounted and we made a tour of the place together. Previous to his arrival, I had indulged in a few free remarks to the serjeant, but now I confined myself to inquiries. My companion, perceiving I was an American, pursued the same prudent course, and we walked quietly over the fields with vastly different sensations.

Though in the same state of dilapidation it was left by the fusilade, we found the chateau still inhabited, and for the privilege of looking at its ruins and tracing the havoc of some special shot, paid a franc apiece, and enjoyed the privilege of a seat. We further improved our repose by drinking a bottle of wine together; or rather by drinking a small portion of one, and of seeing the red residue disappear behind the grey moustache of our old soldier guide. From Hugomont we directed our steps again to the slope behind which lay the Guards who formed Wellington's reserve, and had traced to us by the finger of the serjeant, the fatal triangle into which the Old Imperial Guard, under Ney, were drawn. The secret of their ruin was explained. A deadly cross fire poured upon them as thick as rain, and they sunk before it as if they had been blown down by a tornado, or shriveled before a tempest of fire. It was at this moment the cry of "up Guards" was given to the flower of the English force which had been in repose all day, and that the panic took possession of the French. To me the entire of this scene was painful, and the only piece of consolation received was, when the guide paused at a certain portion of the field with the remark, "It was at this spot, late in the afternoon, when Wellington, fearing things were going against him, made use of the expression—'Would to

God that night or Blucher were come!" I experienced a sort of exultation at this involuntary confession of the British General that he was dead beat, and rejoiced in the alarm of soul which it exhibited. "In the next moment" continued our guide, "large masses of troops appeared advancing in the distance. The telescopes of both commanders were turned towards them. 'It is Grouchy at last,' said Napoleon. 'It is Blucher and his Prussians,' said Wellington." The latter turned out to be the case; the day was lost to France, and the star of Fortune sank from the eyes of Bonaparte forever.

"—————There last the Eagle flew,
Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain,
Pierced by the shaft of banded nations through;
Ambition's life and labors all were vain,
He wore the shattered links of the world's broken chain."

I had now consumed four hours on the field, and having returned to the point whence I had started, handed my guide his fee, and returned to my carriage with a saddened spirit. The thoughts I then experienced are shared by every American reader, so I need not describe them. The afternoon was closing, I gave directions to be driven fast, and to protect myself from the importunities of beggars, I provided myself with a lot of pebbles, which I tossed behind me as they came up, leaving them to scramble for them in the dust, on the supposition they were coin, until I was beyond their reach. I have no doubt I was rewarded with a few curses for the ruse; nevertheless, I would advise travelers, when too much annoyed by professional mendicants, to follow the same course.

July, 1851.

*Brussels—The Miraculous Wafers—Lace Manufactory—
Antwerp.*

ON the morning after my visit to the fields of Waterloo, I devoted myself to a general examination of the city of Brussels, its people, its edifices, and its works of art. To the former I could of course extend only a very cursory observation; but to the latter I gave a very fair attention, and bestowed as much time upon them, as such objects have a right to claim from a mere traveler.

The people and the place make a good impression on a stranger. The former are well clad, industrious, intelligent, and affable, and the city is picturesque, in many portions elegant, and in all portions clean. The population is variously estimated at a hundred to a hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants, but this latter figure is made up by taking in the suburbs. Many of the residents of the city are fashionable English people, who, on finding themselves embarrassed by the extravagance of aristocratic life at home, retire here to recruit their fortunes and strengthen themselves for a new campaign of folly and expense. This system of retrenchment may be conducted more successfully in Brussels than in any other city on the continent. Every-

thing is abundant here, and everything is cheap. One of the causes of this is, that the Belgians have a cheap government; but the main reason lies in the possession of a fine country and an agricultural population, who cultivate every portion of it to its highest mark.

The city of Brussels was founded in 600; it has suffered many vicissitudes during its long history, and has been continually passing into different hands, according to the predominance of the great military powers which surround it. After having alternately suffered the control of the Dukes of Burgundy, the Kings of Spain, the House of Austria, the Crown of Britain, the Republic of France and the rule of the Netherlands, it passed finally with Belgium into the hands of Leopold I., at the crisis of 1830, and was made capital of the newly created kingdom. Since that time, the Belgians, who never knew before what it was to be a nation by themselves, or have a government of their own, have been very proud of their new position and very favorable to their king. They flatter themselves, that though they lie in the direct road between France and the interior powers of the continent, their country is no longer to be the common battleground of the great powers, and no more in danger of being made an outpost of the French Empire.

Among the edifices of Brussels, the churches, as in all the continental cities except Paris, take the first rank. St. Gudule, the largest and finest, was built in 1010, and is chiefly memorable as the place where the first chapter of the chivalric order of the Golden Fleece was held by Philip the Good, in the year 1435. Its style of architecture is Gothic, and from its large square towers the city of Antwerp can be distinguished, though distant twenty-seven miles. The inside of the church is very spacious, and against the great pillars which support the roofs are stationed finely sculptured pictures of the

twelve apostles, each of gigantic size. The pulpit is a wonderfully executed carving in wood, of the size of life, representing the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise. It is the masterpiece of an artist named Van Bruggen, and does high credit to his patience and his taste. The windows of the church are remarkable for the richness of their stained glass, and the main one presents a grand picture of the Last Judgment, by the celebrated Flemish painter, Francis Flors.

The chief thing of interest in this church, however, lies in the oratory, or side chapel, called *St. Sacrament des Miracles*. In this, you are told, are deposited the three miraculous wafers that were stolen by the Jews in the fourteenth century, but miraculously preserved, notwithstanding all the attempts of the sacrilegious Hebrews to destroy them. The legend goes, that the Jews, wishing to exhibit their contempt for Christianity, seized upon the consecrated wafers which had been prepared for the ceremony of Good Friday, and spat upon them in the presence of those who were ready to receive them in solemn sacrament. Proceeding to still greater extremities, they struck their daggers into the wafers, when, of a sudden, blood burst forth from the wounds, and in the next moment the unbelievers were struck senseless to the ground. Taking heart at this rescue from Heaven, the Christian worshipers rose upon the blasphemers, and put them to death with the most cruel torments.

Nay, the pious devotion of those excellent people did not stop even there. They directed their wrath upon the entire Hebrew race within the city, put hundreds of them to death, deflowered their daughters, and confiscated their property to the benefit of the church. In these retributions it is supposed that the priests of St. Gudule were the most active, because the most offended, but it is not stated to what branch of the visitation upon the Hebrew families they particularly

devoted themselves. It has been said by some irreverent writers, who have no respect for miracles, that this affair of the wafers is all fabulous; that the Jews were plundered without cause, and that the story was gotten up long subsequent to the outrage, as a justification of the bloody deed. But this statement is not entitled to any confidence, for in addition to the assurances of my guide (who was a strict Catholic) of the truth of the entire legend, I purchased a little book from a venerable old priest on the spot, which contained an authorized version of the whole transaction. I might, however, have spared myself these references, by the mere mention of the fact that once a year, on the anniversary of the sacrilege, a solemn procession of the priests of St. Gudule takes place through the streets, of Brussels, in which are borne along the identical miraculous wafers now deposited in the oratory—a ceremony which I need not say to my intelligent readers is quite incompatible with any deception.

The church next in importance to St. Gudule, is the cathedral of Our Lady of the Chapel; it is not quite so large as the former, but it is filled with finer monuments and paintings, and contains a carved pulpit representing Elijah fed by the ravens, that is quite as curious as the expulsion of Adam and Eve. On the summit of the lofty spire of this church is perched a watchman, who sounds a trumpet every quarter of an hour as a signal that all is well, and who, whenever he detects a fire, gives alarm by one continuous blast. There are other fine churches, but they do not require a notice at my hands.

There is one monument, however, which the observer of Brussels must not overlook, though he prize churches and museums and palaces ever so much, and that is the statue of the *Mannikin Pis*. This is a little bronze figure, situated

at a corner near the center of the city, of a naked boy, who performs the office of a fountain, by discharging a stream of water in a natural manner. Great historical interest attaches to this figure, and the people of Brussels regard it with the highest reverence, as having been instrumental at one time, in the protection of their city. The artistic execution of the Mannikin is regarded by the critics as exquisite, and as to its character, it is quite as rational a palladium as that of ancient Troy.

Brussels devotes herself to a large number of manufactures, but that in which she is most famous, is in the manufacture of lace. In this she has no rival, and so proud is she of her proficiency, that she invites strangers to her workshops to view the miracle of its production. The work is all done by female fingers, incessantly flying among little spools, on which is wound floss as tenuous as the spider's web. And there they sit, the movers of those fingers, twining and flinging the spools through each other from morning till night, shedding the light of their bright eyes out upon the intricacy of the pattern, until the day comes when they can see no more. Then they retire in a state of pauperism upon their families, or go to the institution for the blind. There is another branch of the manufacture, however, which is still more fatal to the eye than working on the patterns, and that branch is the preparation of the thread. To train the eye to a skill and sharpness requisite to the fineness of the thread, the workwomen are separately placed in rooms which are pitch dark, save in the admission of a single streak of light that is let in from a hole above. Under this small focus the flax is laid, and by minute attention and the concentration of all her faculties, the poor laborer performs her work. In no Christian country is the penalty of crime so severe as this; but these poor girls go

through it day by day, never murmuring, so they get their few shillings at the end of the week, and never dreaming of their right to any other destiny than to yield up their liberty and eyesight to adorn the shoulders of harlots and coquettes, and to enable coxcombs in political economy to spirt forth vain ecstasies on the elevating influence of the fine arts.

On the following morning, after having enjoyed the luxury of a really good shave at the hands of a buxom lady of some thirty years of age, who came with her apparatus to my room, I walked to the rail-way station for Antwerp, paid seventy cents for my passage, and in an hour and a half thereafter, found myself safely deposited in the city of the Scheldt.

The chief objects of attraction in Antwerp to the traveler of the present day, are its numerous paintings by the great Flemish masters, and its grand cathedral. The city itself, however, is rich in historical associations, and suggestive of a fund of thought as the scene of some of the most remarkable of the conflicts of the middle ages. In the sixteenth century it had reached the height of its prosperity, and was ranked as the great commercial mart of Europe. It had at that time a population of two hundred thousand souls, but the persecutions of Alva, the tiger who scourged all Flanders for opinion's sake, drove thousands of its best inhabitants to seek a refuge in other countries, where they could enjoy a toleration of their faith. The siege which followed a few years afterward, under the Duke of Parma, and which was rendered so memorable by the stubborn resistance of the defenders in the face of famine, also contributed to its decline, while the loss of the navigation of the Scheldt and the subsequent closing of that river by the peace of Westphalia in 1648, completed for a time its commercial ruin. For a long while it lay inert and torpid, but in the eighteenth

century it took heart again, and at the time of its conquest by the French, was mistress of a reinstated commerce. Napoleon, appreciating the importance of its position, designed for it a destiny as brilliant as that of St. Petersburg or Carthage. He intended to make Antwerp the first seaport and arsenal of the north, and to keep always under the protection of its guns a powerful fleet, which should be able to command and overawe the mouth of the Thames. To this end, he built immense stone quays along the margin of the Scheldt, and constructed enormous docks and basins within the line for the reception and protection of its peaceful traders. In these works, and the improvement of its forts, he expended the immense sum of fifty millions of francs, yet the improvements were below the half of what he had designed. It had been his intention to enclose the entire of a huge sandy plain, that lies on the west bank of the Scheldt, with fortifications, and to form it, with the right bank, into one vast city. "Antwerp," said he, while subsequently speaking on the subject at St. Helena; "Antwerp should have rivaled London, and have been a province in itself."

But this splendid destiny was wrested from the Flemish mart by the French disasters of 1814. The English trembled for the independence of the channel as every new stone was laid upon the Antwerp bastions, and one of the hard conditions of the Peace of Paris, was, that the dock-yards of the Scheldt should be demolished. This condition was put in force, and from the prospects of the ocean diadem, Antwerp sunk into despair. Two large basins were, however, allowed to remain for the benefit of private shipping, and were very serviceable in protecting vessels from the injuries of the ice, which, during the winter, is continually floating down the river to the sea. The population of Ant-

werp at the present time, is between seventy and eighty thousand, but it has no prospect of a speedy increase.

In works of art, however, Antwerp may be said to be as rich as in its most palmy days—perhaps richer, for the fine arts seem to have a tendency to accumulate upon decaying nations, as flowers often flourish most abundantly among the tombs. The principal of these works consist in paintings, and the names which distinguish them are those of Rubens, Vandyck, Teniers, Jordaens, Quentin Matzys, and others of less importance, but still of great report. In seeking these pictures out, however, the visitor is almost always disappointed, for they consist mainly of crucifixions, assumptions of the Virgin, scourgings of Christ, descents from the Cross, and all those sacred horrors which, by this time, the continental traveler is well surfeited and disgusted with. The best feature of the exhibition is, that most of these paintings are to be found in the churches, and you are enabled, therefore, to combine the observation of two classes of sights together. In the cathedral of Notre Dame, which boasts the loftiest spire in the Netherlands, you are shown the “Descent from the Cross,” the famous masterpiece of Rubens. I had reserved myself for this picture, in the hope to experience an impression that would acquit me of insensibility to the great artist’s powers, in the works of his that I had seen before. But it failed to please me. I was not so obtuse that I did not perceive undoubted merits in the composition and the coloring—merits which marked it as the production of no ordinary hand—but in it were reproduced those eternal fat faces and puffy bodies of his female beauties; while the face of Joseph of Arimathea, with its smooth, red, chubby cheeks, looked more like the visage of some epicurean Dutchman, ready to enter on a wager for eating sausages, than that of a character allotted for high per-

formances in an inspired atmosphere. These incongruities discourage sentiment, and place us in the condition of guests at a strange dinner, when, instead of being able to enjoy a whole meal, we are obliged to push away most of the plates, and content ourselves with a leg or an arm.

The English are very partial to the style of Rubens. His pictures are in all their galleries, and he enjoys as great a reputation in Britain as in Flanders. But with the Italians, his reputation is not so high. Their tastes are formed on a different standard of human beauty, and bright colors, and great tucks of fat, from the throat down, are at a discount in their appreciations. The difference of style in this respect is very striking between the paintings of the Dutch and Italian schools. The former is all bulk and muscle, and the latter is all delicacy and expression. None of the beauties of Rubens would weigh less than twelve stone; while those of Guido, Raphael, Caravaggio, or Titian, are as delicate as the angels of a dream. The former seem to require three meals a day to keep up; but the idea never enters your mind of the necessity of preparing supper for the latter, or of sending them to the scale. The most refined and ethereal symmetry distinguishes the Italian outlines, but every Madonna in Flanders is as veritable a Dutchwoman as ever expanded under the influence of sauer-kraut, or wore her hips above her middle.

July, 1851.

The Cathedrals of Europe—Liege—Veviers—Cologne.

THE Cathedral of Antwerp, in which I saw the paintings that were the subject of remark at the close of my last letter, is an object of great pride with the worthy citizens of that place, and they boast of the height and beauty of its spire, of its carvings and its chimes, with as much satisfaction as an American would dwell upon the institutions of his country, or refer to the preponderance of its mercantile marine. The good people of Antwerp are not, however, the only ones in Europe who are lost in a similar infatuation for church steeples. About the first claim which a Londoner makes upon your admiration is in favor of St. Paul's and the size of its ball; the citizens of Cologne will show you a cathedral which was six hundred years in building; in Strasbourg they demand your wonder for a church founded in 504, with a spire 465 feet and 9 inches high; In Milan, the Duomo, with its 4000 full life statues, is claimed to be the finest structure in all Christendom; Genoa boasts that her temples are most superb in gold and moldings; while St. Peter's is shown by every Roman as a veritable wonder of the world. All of these places claim pre-eminence in the matter of their churches, and to judge by the vehemence with which each

contends for superiority of spire, of age, of tradition, or of ornament, over its competitors, one would suppose they esteemed the fineness of their temples as vitally connected with their standing among mankind. This estimation is not entirely without reason, but it is rather a sediment of what has gone before, than present sense.

In the rude ages, when the Church was imperial in intellect, she set up a control which reached equally the unlettered noble and the benighted serf. The humble received her ministrations with affection; the rich were awed by her learning into respect. The universal expression towards her was that of profound reverence, and not a sovereign in Europe dared treat her mandates with a slight. Over all, she exercised an absolute spiritual sway. She dreaded no antagonist but knowledge, and she guarded against the advances of that enemy, by making herself the repository of letters and the arts. All were dependent on her for instruction as well as for spiritual consolation, and he who thirsted after knowledge must drink the infusion from her fountains, and divide the refreshment with the dogmas of her supremacy to temporal restraint. She represented not only the Pulpit and the Press, but everything but the Sword; and woful was it with the warrior who struck without her counsel. In this state of things every church became a shrine, and knights and nobles paid deference to their altars with all the solemnities of regular pilgrimage. As this habit increased, the clergy of various cities and countries entered into rivalry with each other. Some installed a saint, and buried his body in the chancel; others secured spikes from the true cross, or parings from an Apostle's nails; others again built grand edifices, reared tall spires, or made their temples famous with costly pictures or fine marbles. The common ambition of all was to turn the tide of

pilgrimages to their quarter, and not only to enrich their particular church and order with the presents of the pilgrims, but to enlarge the trade and revenue of their respective towns through the expenditures of pious travelers.

The cathedrals I have named are a few evidences, among thousands, of the extent to which this pious emulation was carried, but the heat with which the disputes of superiority are still kept up, is now an empty folly, and entitled to scarcely more respect than a dispute among a lot of old women as to which of them retains the greatest share of attractions suitable for inviting the attention of youth. Out of respect for the dotage of Antwerp on this subject, however, I have no objection to advertising that the spire of her cathedral is claimed to be 466 feet high, which is three inches higher than that of the rival cathedral at Strasbourg, and indeed, if the measurement be true, higher than any steeple in all Europe. It is likewise very rich in carvings of wood, a celebrated artist having been engaged for years in crowning the oaken seats in the chancel with most exquisite chiselings, in representation of various saints. Many of these seats are still unoccupied with the oaken figures that are to preside over them, but the artist is young, and the order which he has received from the church will not occupy more than thirty years of his life. His genius, nay, his existence, may therefore be said to be purchased up by this cathedral, and when he dies, they can estimate his works to be worth as many thousands of pounds as they please, according to the common trick in Europe with those who wish to awe the world with a fictitious estimation of their wealth.

The cathedral, besides these carvings, and the pictures of Rubens, has one or two good pictures by Quentin Metsys, the blacksmith of Antwerp, and in the street, near its great door, is situated a well, surmounted by a highly ornamental

foliae ogf iron work, which was made by the famous master, before he had resigned the sledge for the easel. The story of the Blacksmith is familiar to all the citizens of Antwerp, and they dwell with much satisfaction on the triumph of the artizan in winning the daughter of the painter who scorned him, by the acquirement of even greater skill with the pencil, than was ever possessed by the father, who had despised him. There are other fine churches in Antwerp, which will well repay the visit of a traveler, and likewise a public museum that contains a very extensive gallery of the choicest paintings of the most celebrated Flemish masters, but it does not fall within the scope of my design to notice them. I do not, however, wish to pass by the "Crucifixion" of Rubens at this place, without estimating it as the best of his pictures, that I have seen, and without preferring it over the "Descent from the Cross," though the latter is regarded as his masterpiece.

The other features of Antwerp that are worth special observation are its fortifications, which are immensely strong; its botanical and zoological gardens, which are very well stocked; its Place de Meer, or principal street, which rivals in width and architecture any street in Europe; its brilliant looking-glass saloons where the stranger may drink schnapps and waltz with the floating beauty of the Scheldt without reproach; and to return to holy matters, its physical representation of Calvary in the yard of the Dominican Church of St. Paul. There you may see Gethsemane and Olivet; avenues which bear statues of the most popular prophets; the scene of the sweat and agony, and a representation of purgatory and the condemned souls within its flames. Finally, after these are shown you, you are led to the Holy Sepulchre, as copied from the one at Jerusalem, and looking through a grate, behold, in its dim light, the body of the

Savior, ghastly and wan, triced in the cerements of the grave, awaiting resurrection to the hands of a full sized pair of angels who watch beside him. There is something shocking in this last tableau, but the beholder is not able to decide, at once, whether he is moved by disgust or touched with awe.

Having seen all the sights of Antwerp, and obviated the necessity of being dependent on others for attentions, I presented letters which I had brought to the American Consul and others, and paid them my respects, without taxing them with trouble. I pursued this plan in all cases, and though I found it subjected me to the complaints of my good friends for having put it out of their power to do me a service, I felt better satisfied with myself in the end. It is not easy for a man to receive favor without losing a portion of his independence, and it is generally a better plan to see strange things by yourself, than to have your first impressions influenced by the criticisms of old observers.

I returned to Brussels from Antwerp, and on the morning following set out from the former city to Cologne. I found that the rail-road kept up the reputation of those I had seen before. The cars were as spacious, the guards were as polite, and the regulations were as prompt as in the best I had seen. At a quarter past eleven o'clock precisely, the principal conductor sounded a bugle which hung at his side, and away we went, entering on top speed almost from the score. In twenty-five minutes running time we arrived at Mechlin, or Malines, as it is called among the French, the name of which is familiar to most readers for its manufacture of shawls and lace. As it is viewed from the rail-road station its appearance is very antiquated and quaint. Grotesque looking houses are seen in all directions, and from the centre of the flat picture looms up the tower of a great cathedral to the height of 370 feet. The original design of this steeple

would have carried it to the enormous height of 640 feet, but wars and domestic confusions perverted the revenues of the church, and during the four centuries which have elapsed since its foundation, it has acquired no greater altitude than the cross and ball of St. Paul's, in London. Doubtless this has been a source of deep grief to the people of Mechlin, but they find consolation in claiming that its spire is the richest morisco tower in the world. The city is the seat of an archbishop, who is the primate of Belgium; it has a palace, a cannon foundry, and according to Murray, it makes a dish out of pigs' feet, ears and other trifles of that sort, which is very famous among French and German epicures, under the title of "a Malines breakfast." For this, I have no doubt, Malines obtains more respect and reputation on the continent, than for any other point of its character.

At half-past twelve we passed Tirlement, once a prominent walled city of the middle ages, but now reduced to eight thousand population, and at half-past two arrived at the renowned city of Liege. The appearance of this city is very imposing after the quiet and sedate German towns which, at this stage of your journey, you have become familiar with. It sits in a valley or bowl at the junction of the rivers Ourthe and Meuse, and from its thousands of roofs rises a din of labor and a canopy of smoke, that reminds you of Birmingham or Pittsburg. Historically, Liege is the most famous city in Belgium, and if we date only from the middle ages, yields in true renown to none of the towns of Europe. It is the capital of the country of the Walloons, and as early as the tenth century its bishops ranked as independent princes. The people, too, have always been celebrated for a spirit which, though termed stubborn and mutinous in the middle ages, we now recognize as manly and independent.

The population of Liege is about 120,000 or 130,000, one-half of which, however, is situated in the suburbs, or what is considered as out of the town limits. Its streets are narrow and dirty, but they present a bustling appearance, and redeem their dirt by showing reasons for it. Its chief manufacture is that of fire-arms and cannon, and it is said to be able to produce all articles of that sort cheaper even than they can be manufactured in England. It is to be hoped its people may never lose their character for being "turbulent" and "mutinous," until monarchy is blotted from their system; and it also is to be hoped that the day will come when they will turn the terrible cannon they construct upon their hereditary oppressors, with as much good will and purpose, as of yore their ancestors used their cross-bows against Louis of Bourbon and Charles the Bald.

The next place of importance on the road to Cologne, is Veviers, a city of some thirty thousand inhabitants, with a large suburban population. This place is devoted mainly to cloth manufacture, in which it employs some fifty thousand hands, who work from twelve to fifteen hours a day, and who are drilled to as close a discipline as the convicts in a prison, or slaves at an oar. A few work in their houses, but the greater number labor in large shops, the various lofts of which are filled with men and women, who seldom look up from their looms, and who never venture to speak, except by the permission of the overseer. This silent system is terrible to the mind as well as body; but there is no power on the part of the oppressed to resist, for a discharge from an establishment is a condemnation to pauperism and starvation, since, according to a convention among the employers, none will hire a man whom another has turned off. This, of course, reduces the working classes to absolute vassalage, and wherever such a regulation exists, they may be

said to breathe only by the sufferance of their employers. Attempts have been made at different times by certain manufacturers, to introduce this system among us, but the atrocious project has always been defeated with infamy to the inventors. The working people of Veviers, those at least who labor in the factories, are remarkable for their downcast look, and the first curse seems to be written in heavy lines upon their brows. They go along like men without hope, as if life were a penalty, and the only expiration of their terms of condemnation were to arrive with death. "Ah! if these poor people could but see an American mechanic, with his bright eye, erect head and proud and cheerful carriage, they would understand the value of liberty at a glance, and increase their hours of toil till they could earn enough to enable them to escape into an atmosphere where they may breathe and live."

"They have one good institution here, however," said a fellow-traveler, in reply to this exclamation of mine; "the wealthy have established a place where women who go out to days' work can leave their infants in the morning, returning to suckle them at noon, and take them away at night."

"And do you think that a good institution?" said I.

"I do," said my companion; "I think it a great advantage, and very humane, too!"

"Well, God forbid that the practice should ever be introduced into our country," said I. "I regard it as a mere artifice on the part of the rich, to multiply labor and to subsidize to their service everything that has a pair of hands, except the infant in arms. It is a mere trick to yoke the mother, and I see nothing humane in it."

The rail-road from Liege to Aix la Chapelle, runs for the most part through a country very much perplexed with hills and valleys, beautiful to the eye, but perverse and puzzling

to the grade. There are no less than nineteen tunnels in a distance of some thirty or forty miles, and the whole cost of the road between the two above named places, amounted to the immense sum of twenty-five millions of francs. On approaching the Prussian frontier, the train is stopped at a little town named Hebersthal, if I recollect aright, and the cars are visited by an agent of the Prussian police, who demands a passport from every passenger, whether native or foreign, and who will oblige every one to stop there who has none. He carries these passports off with him, and in a few minutes the train starts, leaving you in a very queer state of uncertainty whether you will ever again set your eyes on the document which you have been taught is your only protection from arrest and surveillance in a strange land. By-and-by, however, you arrive at another little town on the frontier, and there pass from the cars to a small bureau in the station, where you wait to hear your name called out in routine; upon which you recover your passport, with the addition of a new visé or endorsement of its regularity.

I did not stop at Aix la Chapelle, but proceeded straight from Veviers to Cologne, running, towards the end of the day, through a flat, drowsy-looking country, diversified only now and then by a windmill, or by pictures of women working at the glebe, or helping to make brick by the road-side. At eight o'clock I arrived at the famous city of Cologne, and having recovered my baggage, which the officers of the customs were polite enough to pass without examination, I took my seat in a diligence, and was soon set down at a hotel, the name of which I am very glad to be able to forget. I wish I could also forget all recollection of its physical characteristics, for notwithstanding its fine size, excellent location, and ostentatious corps of attendants at the portal, it was the

dirtiest place it was ever my misfortune to get aground in. Indeed, the whole city is filthy in the last degree, and the instant you enter it your nose is assailed by all the vile odors that are possible to decaying combinations. It is not surprising, therefore, that the inhabitants should be pre-eminent in the manufacture of a perfumed water—for surely necessity must have spurred their ingenuity to its highest development on this subject.

In no place can *eau de Cologne* be of half the practical value that it possesses in the place where it is made, and if it is to be estimated here according to the scope for its use, its manufacture should rank as a science. I thought of applying for a bottle immediately on my arrival, but being fatigued and thirsty, I chose first to order tea. It is a very ordinary thing for a thirsty traveler to order tea when he arrives at the close of day at a hotel, and an equally ordinary thing for him to drink it, but it is not usual for him to be required to make it for himself—at least, it had not been so with me before. Such is the custom, however, on the continent, but the custom arises from the same description of suspicion which induces travelers to look after their horses, to see that the groom does not cheat them in their provender. To exhibit fair dealing, therefore, the hotel-keepers of Cologne and other places throughout the continent, set before you an urn of boiling water, with a light under it, an empty tea-pot, and a case of tea, from which you select quantity and quality at your pleasure. Not being entirely deficient in the science of this composition, in consequence of early observation, I made a decoction to suit me, and having disposed of it, called a waiter, and directed him to send me a *valet de place*. In a few minutes I was waited upon by a very slick-looking fellow, with an almond-shaped head, small greenish eyes, a mouth curved like a jumping-hoop by a con-

tinual smirk, and a chin so sharp and long that, in case he suffered martyrdom, a friend might have planted his head beside him as he would a pike, to indicate the spot beyond which he, as a follower, would not retire, in contending for the faith. This genius carried in his hand a very slick hat, which he fondly stroked with a soft and oily-looking hand, as a man would touch anything for which he had the most tender affection. His plain, queer suit of black, seemed to have been designed for him by nature, and the white cravat which surmounted it, swathed his thin neck as naturally as a set of beads would decorate a friar. His very cheek looked silken and shiny, and as he bowed and smiled, it seemed as if he were about to glide inside of me, beyond peradventure of resistance or a ripple. I set him down at once as one of the government spies, who practice the vocation of a valet to facilitate their secret purposes; but being indifferent on this subject, and wanting him but for a special purpose, I accepted him, and sallied out to see the town.

COLOGNE, July, 1851.

Legend of the Dom Kirche—The Eleven Thousand Virgins.

THE streets of Cologne present no matter for observation at night, for the shops close early after dark, and at hours when Paris, London, and New York are in a blaze of light, you grope about in close and stifling lanes, and see nothing above or around you but queer buttresses and overhanging gables, that threaten continually to surge together and crush you in their meeting. I therefore did not keep the services of my smooth guide long in requisition, but after half an hour's walk returned to my hotel, for a good sleep and an early campaign in the morning. Unfortunately, however, for the first of these hopes, my room was located over a stable, which sent its fumes through my curtains, and the next chamber was occupied by a gaming party who drank and swore, and discharged their knuckles on the table as they played down their trump cards, in a manner that claimed half my wide awake attention and half my dreams. At length towards morning I became desperate, and got up and wrote an article for the *National Police Gazette*. This had the effect of tranquilizing my nerves, and perhaps also of putting the revelers in the next room to sleep, so that I got a lease of repose till the sun was well up in the sky.

I then perceived that the Rhine was under my windows ; spanning it on my left hand was a long bridge of boats, and spreading on the opposite bank, in most picturesque arrangement, were the houses and steeples of the little town of Deutz, a miniature dependence, bearing the relation of Brooklyn to New York.

Cologne, however, though the most important and wealthiest city on the Rhine, makes the large end of the above comparison but a feeble example of our mighty metropolis, for its full population is not more than eighty thousand souls ; while Deutz brings her portion of the illustration to not above one-tenth of Brooklyn. But the interest of Cologne does not depend upon its size. Its antiquity, which dates back to the time of the Romans ; its history, which is dignified by battles, sieges, and the frequent issue of thirty thousand warriors from its walls ; and its relics, as well of grandeur as of holiness, make it inviting to the traveler and precious to the antiquary. It is particularly welcome to the tourist as the first place where he meets the Rhine. And as he gazes upon the bosom of that "exulting and abounding river," the fame of which is mixed with the earliest visions of his mind, or turns back his view upon the city and reflects it was there the mother of Nero established the altars of the Olympian Gods, (to be superseded by a faith which ultimately boasted a Christian spire for every day in the week) he feels that he has entered fairly upon a sanctuary of the past, and that every footstep is pregnant with a lesson. Indeed, there is so much more to be enjoyed than can be described, that a writer who has only room for sketches must content himself with such general features as stand boldly out.

Boldest of all, and deserving chief estimation as a type of the grandeur of its ecclesiastical domination, is the Cathe-

dral, or Dom Kirche, the foundations of which were laid in 1248, and which, had it been completed, would not only have ranked as the St. Peter's of Gothic architecture, but would have been worthy of a city which aspired to the title of the "Rome of the North." "Even in its present state," says Murray's hand-book, "it is one of the finest and purest Gothic monuments in Europe. It is to be regretted that the name of the great architect who designed it has escaped from the knowledge of the world. One Master Gerhard, who was living in 1252, is the builder earliest named, but nothing is *known* even of him. The two principal towers, according to the original designs, were to have been raised to the height of five hundred feet, though that which is finished at present, is not above one-third the height. On the top still remains the crane employed by the masons to raise the stones for the building, and it has stood for centuries. It was once taken down, but a tremendous thunder-storm which occurred soon after, was attributed to its removal by the superstitious citizens, and it was therefore instantly replaced, or a similar one put up in its stead." This crane is still on the top of the unfinished tower, and I recognized it as a signal, when I was approaching the city, of a building in progression. I am inclined to think that the crane was always kept on the top by the monks, rather as a declaration that they had not abandoned their ideas of completing the structure, than as a charm against the Devil. It is quite likely, however, that they accepted the accident referred to as an auxiliary argument, and strengthened their plans with the authority of a miracle.

The church as it now stands consists of two parts—the choir at one end, and the main porch at the other. These were entirely separated and detached from each other for centuries, but large grants from the kings of Prussia of late

years, have raised the porch to an elevation which has allowed a temporary wooden roof to be laid between it and the nave, and now we see the entire length and scope of the building, as it is to be when finished. The present king of Prussia continues the grant of money, and under his pious aid three hundred and fifty workmen are busily engaged in repairing the old and adding to the new. It is estimated that if this number keep on, and two millions of dollars be furnished for the nave and three millions for the towers and façade, the work may be completed according to the original design in about fifty years.

About this original design, which is still shown here, there is a strange story, which shows the superstitious tendency of the German mind; and which, as it was told me with great patience by my guide, I will briefly notice.

It was in the reign of Conrad, the pious and puissant Archbishop of Cologne, that the Cathedral was first thought of. His Reverence, though the most powerful prince of his order, and though his churches were the most numerous, and much the richest in sacred relics, gave himself up to frequent grief, that other towns not half so large, possessed cathedrals which were famous all over Europe, and drew pilgrims by thousands to their shrines. After much tribulation and more earnest prayers than could be expected from an Archbishop who employed so many priests to pray in his stead, he was visited with an idea, and straightway sent for the most celebrated architect known in his parts, and directed him to devise a plan for a cathedral of Cologne which should exceed in grandeur all other religious edifices in the world. The artist took the commission and set himself to work, but so deeply had the Archbishop impressed him with the magnificence of his desires, that his drawings were continually inadequate, and as fast as he made them

he would feel compelled to rub them out. Finally, one night, tired, vexed, and perplexed, he threw himself upon his bed, and though nervous and irritated beyond the hope of sudden rest, he sunk into a deep sleep, and dreamed a dream.

In the mythical vapor of that mental vision rose lofty towers of surpassing grandeur; brave angles protruded one after another from the clouds which had previously muffled his perceptions; piers and purfled windows; arches, chapels, flying buttresses, and a choir whose majestic parts seemed worthy of the worship of archangels, floated into the airy structure, until a unity of beauty and sublime effect stood finished to the mind with so sharp a shape, that the rapture broke his sleep, and he started to the floor to snatch the illusive model with his hand. It fled him; and when he rapidly sat down to sketch the brilliant recollection, he found nothing remaining but an overpowering sense of the grandeur of his dream. Several days passed in which he repeated his efforts, and as repeatedly sank in despair. At length, utterly discouraged, he directed his footsteps to the Rhine, with the intention of seeking rest for his troubled thoughts in the oblivion of its waves. When he arrived upon the bank, however, he saw a man sitting with his back towards him, apparently buried in profound reflection, and engaged while thus bent, in listlessly tracing figures in the sand with a cane. There was something in the stranger's appearance that involuntarily made the architect draw near him, and look over his shoulder. To his astonishment, he there beheld in the faint rifts which the stick of the Unknown had marked in the sand, the gorgeous pinnacles and mighty towers which had reared themselves to his own imagination in the dream. He uttered an exclamation of joy, but as he stepped forward, the Unknown drew his stick through

the tracery with a spiral motion that obliterated all proportion, and again plunged the artist in despair. What has been done once, however, thought the architect, may be done again, and addressing the stranger, he offered him twenty broad gold pieces for his plan. The Unknown turned full upon the artist, and laughing coldly in his face, drew from his doublet, which seemed too scant to cover half its bulk, a bag containing a thousand such gold pieces, as if to say that *money* was no price.

“How then may I obtain it?” said the artist.

“By signing this with your blood,” said the Unknown, pulling a piece of parchment from his pocket, at the same time piercing the artist with a stony stare.

The unhappy architect shook as with an ague under that freezing look. He then knew the tempter; but summoning courage, he made the sign of the cross and bade the Evil One avaunt. It was now the time for the Unknown to cower. He was vanquished by the holy symbol. The sand whirled for a moment at the artist's feet; the figure of the stranger vanished within its column, but as it passed away, a voice exclaimed hoarsely from its midst, “You'll come for the plan to-morrow at midnight!” The architect staggered home more dead than alive, and by the advice of his housekeeper, went to his confessor, who sent him at once to the Archbishop. His Holiness felt the responsibility of having got the architect into the scrape, and consequently, like any man of principle, felt it incumbent to get him out of it. Nevertheless, he wanted the plan, and was loth to take such positive measures with the Devil as would defeat the chance of getting it.

“Could you build a cathedral according to the Tempter's design?” said the Archbishop, after he had revolved the magnificent description several times over in his mind.

"I could," said the architect.

"And would not pilgrims come to worship at such a shrine?" continued his Holiness.

"By the thousand," replied the architect.

"Then go at midnight, my son," concluded the Archbishop, laying his hand paternally upon the artist's shoulder, "and take this relic with you," added he, pulling a holy morsel of one of St. Ursula's eleven thousand virgins from a pocket in his cassock. "Agree to the demon's terms, procure the precious plan, and when he presents the paper for your signature, cry 'Avaunt thee, Sathanas!' as lustily as you may, and oppose him with this sacred bone."

With much trembling in his legs, but with a very firm heart, the architect went to meet the fiend. The fiend was on the spot, according to his custom when he makes appointments, and as the clock pealed forth the last stroke of the midnight hour, he presented the plan with one hand, and a bond written in a phosphoric character, with a yellow, sulphury-looking blank for a signature, with the other.

"Let me see that the plan is the correct one," said the architect.

"Certainly," said the devil, with a politeness that did him a great deal of credit, considering his mode of life.

The architect seized the plan, and pressing it to his heart, he held up the bone of one of the eleven thousand virgins, as a charm for its protection. The Devil made a grab to regain his treasure, but he could not pass the mystic influence of the holy relic; neither could he confront the sign of the cross which the artist cut with it in the air. The Devil tried to evade the sacred symbol, by jumping from side to side; but the architect jumped as fast as he did, never ceasing to brandish the morsel of virginity continually in his face. But the odds against Lucifer were too terrible

for the contest to last long ; he was pierced to the core by every new shout of the anathema, and finally, when the artist called upon the name of the virgin of virgins, St. Ursula herself, Lucifer gave up the fight, with a shriek that awoke half the sleepers of Cologne.

“None but an Archbishop could have counseled you to such rascality as this !” said his subterranean Eminence, with a horrible grin ; “but I’ll be avenged. You have obtained the most perfect plan of a cathedral, known to the world, it is true, but, you will not gain for yourself the fame that you most want, nor will the priest who counseled you gain his pilgrims and his shrine. That cathedral never shall be finished, and your name shall be forgotten !”

As he spoke, the doublet of the demon expanded into huge black wings, that fluttered over the spot like thunder clouds, and with such violence did they wave, that they raised a storm on the waters of the Rhine. Holding the relic over his head, the terrified architect rushed home with his prize, with the ominous words ringing in his ears—“unfinished and unknown !”

The cathedral was commenced with vigor, and soon grew into form, but when one day the architect went to the top, to select a place to have his name inscribed, in order to defeat the malediction of the demon, a storm suddenly arose, a thunder pall descended on the tower, a wail of agony was heard by the workmen, in which were distinguished the words, “unfinished and unknown !” and when the cloud rose, their master was gone forever.

“And the building never has been finished,” said I, musingly, by way of approbation of the story.

“No, Monsieur,” replied my guide, “and the common notion is, that it never will be.”

“I perceive, however,” said I, pointing to the workshops,

“that the fathers of the church do not intend to take the Devil’s word for it.”

“No, that would be too great a scandal,” was the answer I received; but my inward comment was, that it was a greater scandal to rob the Devil, and then build a cathedral on his plan.

Inside, the church is well worthy of attention; but I do not propose to notice it further than as the receptacle of the tombs of several of the archbishops, carved in state, and also as the depository of the celebrated shrine of the three kings of Cologne, or the Magi, who came with presents from the East, at the time of the nativity, to join the shepherds in their admiration of the infant Savior. This chapel and this tomb is a very rich receptacle. The coffin which holds the sacred relics is of silver gilt, inlaid with precious stones. The names of the royal worshipers are written in their skulls, in letters composed with rubies, while crowns of jewels rest upon their bony brows. The tomb is in the charge of a custodian, who shows it to parties at the charge of some five or six francs, and, according to his account, the shrine, though deprived of many of its jewels at the time of its removal to Arnsberg, during the French invasion, is still worth six millions of francs. The other relics of the church are, a bone of the apostle St. Matthew, the heart of Mary de Medicis, and St. Englebert’s silver shrine.

The next object of interest to the sight-seer in the city of Cologne, is the “Church of St. Ursula, and of the Eleven Thousand Virgins.” The legend of this saintly lady and her maiden troop will be recollected by the devout as well as the curious reader. She was the daughter of one of the early British kings, and, obdurate against all ideas of marriage, conceived the design of devoting herself entirely to the service of God. A vision, however, told her she must

espouse a German prince; and previous to the nuptials, she collected a band of maidens about her, and announced her intention of making a pilgrimage to Rome. The maidens accompanied her, to the number of eleven thousand. They discharged the sailors before embarking, and worked the ship themselves. Despite of all storms, they finally made the Rhine, and were carried as far up as the city of Cologne. There Ursula met her betrothed, and together, followed by their train, they went to Rome. So taken was the Pope with St. Ursula and her suite, that he accompanied them back to Germany; but, alas! shortly after he left them, and just as they had settled comfortably in Cologne, there came upon the city an army of the Huns, who forced the walls, and took possession of the town. In the warfare of that age, women were never overlooked among the spoils of conquest; and if history is to be relied on in relation to the Huns, they were gentlemen whose propensities for such avails were bound by no limit except the limit of their prizes. Eleven thousand virgins, all in one batch—an amount of virginity never heard of before, and scarcely conceivable at present—might be supposed to have created as great a sensation in the barbarian camp as it would have done in a Christian one, and a proposal was at once made on the part of the barbarian commander, in behalf of the whole army, to St. Ursula and her troupe, that was quite shocking even to think of. The proposal was, of course, rejected with maiden indignation, and persisted in so resolutely, that finally the Huns, losing all patience, slaughtered the whole party, in revenge for their stubborn chastity. The virgin martyrs were buried on the spot which saw their sacrifice; but, in after years, the pious reared a church upon the scene of slaughter, and, disinterring the bones, piled them up in all quarters of the edifice.

There is no disputing the truth of this circumstance. On the walls and ceilings, in side chapels and in glass cases, are quantities of these hideous remains, and those who are skilled in physiology may detect in many of the relics unmistakable evidences of their female character. It has been contended by some who have been staggered by the vast extent of Ursula's maiden train, that the original translator of the legend confounded the name of one of her principal attendants (Undecemilla) with that of the number of the troupe; but I was assured by my guide that there was no foundation for that suspicion, and having engaged to pay him a dollar a day for his information, it would have been money thrown away to have doubted the story. St. Ursula herself reposes behind the altar; and in a side room, called the Golden Chamber, may be seen the skulls and arm-bones of several of her staff. In this chamber is also deposited one of the stone vessels which, according to the friar in attendance, was used by the Savior at the marriage feast at Cana, when he performed his transformation of water into wine. I also saw there a link of St. Peter's chain, which fell apart with the others, when the angel summoned him from prison. It is very refreshing to behold these proofs of the miracles of Scripture, and it would be well for those who are inclined to cavil, to visit this part of the world, and end their skepticism by putting their hands upon the jar, and hefting the link of the disjointed chain.

From the church of St. Ursula, I went to that of St. Peter, which contains the famous altar piece of Rubens, of the crucifixion of the elder apostle, with his head downwards; next, to a fine botanical garden filled with all kinds of plants; next to a Roman ruin, and finally to a Prussian review, in what I was told was the great square of the place. The number of the soldiers amounted only to a single regi-

ment, but they made a fine show, and were accompanied by a band of the most accomplished musicians. Their uniforms are very tasty, and their caps, which are helmet-shaped, are much more graceful than those of the French or English. In personal condition, however, they are no better off. They are drafted under the arbitrary law of conscription, being liable between the ages of twenty and twenty-three, and their pay amounts to but two and a-half groshen per day; equivalent to about six cents of our money. Out of this amount they are obliged to find themselves in food, with the exception of a ration of six pounds of black bread, which is doled out to them every fifth day. The whole day's pay is consumed, of course, in a single meal, and those of them who are not fortunate enough to have a liberal sweetheart or some comfortable friend, frequently go to bed with empty stomachs. Indeed, so inadequate is the allowance of the government, that parents and relatives look upon a young man who is called into service as ruined, for the time, and meet together to contribute to his support, as if he were a pauper. The soldiers themselves, the majority of whom have no outside resources, are continually wishing for war, in order that while they are cutting a few throats, they may enjoy the abundance of camp fare. More than a million of men are living, in Europe, in this kind of way, and the wonder of it is, that they do it at the command of a few persons whom they hate, to keep down thousands of themselves, whom they love.

July, 1851.

*Bonn—The Mummies of Kreutzberg—The Rhine and its
Legends.*

THOUGH Cologne is the place where the tourist strikes the Rhine, it is not usually selected as the point of embarkation by the traveler of pleasure. This proceeds from the fact, that for the first twenty miles, the ascent of the stream is flat and uninteresting; and partly also from the fact that a fine rail-road conveys you inland to the handsome little town of Bonn, where the real beauties of the river begin. You take the rail-road at any hour in the day, arrive at Bonn and get a good sleep at night, and then after a comfortable breakfast, the boat arrives from Cologne and you pursue your journey up the stream. I left Cologne under the charge of my jesuitical-looking courier, a little after dinner, and being very comfortable from the effects of a hearty meal, I indulged myself in a siesta until I had flown the entire eighteen miles that stretch between station and station. Indeed, I don't know how long I might have slept, had I not been roused on my arrival by my guide; who, I could perceive, by the smile which appeared on the faces of my fellow passengers, had proceeded from point to point of gentle summons, until his first cat-like touch upon my

shoulder had grown to an actual shake. Under his advice, or rather by his orders, for I had resigned myself entirely into his hands, as any wise man would have done after listening to his version of the eleven thousand virgins, I was driven to a hotel well entitled the *Hotel de Bellevue*, and without any agency of my own, provided with a fine chamber which spread the glistening river at my feet, and gave me a view of the Seibengebirge or Seven Mountains, and the famous Drachenfels in the distance.

Having refreshed myself in the style most approved by travelers who have been asleep upon a dusty road, my valet inquired if I would not ride and see the town, and, being commissioned by a nod of affirmation, he departed to order such a vehicle as he considered proper to my state. I ought to have felt very much flattered by his estimation of me, if his conduct in this matter was a test, for he brought me an establishment that seemed fitted rather to the ostentation of a Prince, than to the wants of a plain easy going man like me, whose least idea, on this occasion, was to make a show. The vehicle was a magnificent barouche, with gold mountings. It was lined with rich figured silk, and over its cushions was thrown a veil of fresh rose-colored gauze, to ward the contact and protect it from the dust. The horses were stately chestnut studs—of I don't know how many hands high—tricked out with rosettes and golden chains; while the coachman was the most showy circumstance of all. He was laced and trimmed from head to foot. His white coat was faced with gold; it was laced in front, it was laced behind; his breast was covered with festoons of gilded braid like the breast of a field marshal; on one shoulder he carried an epaulette, and to cap the climax, he wore a black cockade in his hat. I was staggered at this brave display, and for an instant drew back as if doubtful if so much parade were meant for me. My

man, mistaking my movement, stepped forward at this juncture, and claimed my approbation for having secured the establishment at the rate of four francs the hour, notwithstanding the established price was five. This quieted me. I found that a man could ride like a Prince in Bonn, at twenty cents the hour less than he could enjoy the same luxury in Broadway, and satisfied that I was not indulging in what looked like a mere wanton and foolish piece of extravagance for a single traveler, I took my seat, the valet mounted the box beside the embroidered coachman, and with a very fine flourish of the whip, we drove off. I could not help smile at my situation, however, as I went through Bonn with these two fellows perched before me, the valet with his arms folded and looking as he were undergoing a professional review before a commission of valets; and the coachman with the whip slanting rakishly before him, while his head maintained all the severer dignity due to the epaulette and the cockade. It struck me very strangely, as I rode along, that the dogs should have the audacity to bark at such an imposing looking personage; nevertheless, every now and then a batch of rascally curs would tear out in the road and have their privilege of anger, as if he were the most unimportant fellow in the world. Dogs are sad Jacobins, but it is due to my coachman to state that he paid no attention to their criticisms.

The town of Bonn is the birth-place of Bethooven, the composer. It was formerly the seat of the electors of Cologne, but it now owes its chief celebrity to its University. This institution had the credit (if such it be) of educating Prince Albert. It is situated in the extensive old palace of the Electors, has a library of one hundred thousand volumes, and numbers fifteen hundred students, most of whom are drawn from the highest aristocracy of Europe.

The town itself rates at sixteen thousand inhabitants; it is for the most part regularly built, and, in situation, is one of the most pleasant on the Rhine. Like Brussels, it is a very favorite residence of English, and it also has a fine society of German families, who choose to reside here, in order that they may supervise the education of their future heirs and representatives. I noticed in my drive many beautiful and gracefully dressed ladies, while of the other sex enough betrayed that easy style which belongs to knowledge of the world, or conscious independence. Indeed, the style of everything was metropolitan; and were it not that you could span the boundaries with your eye, you might suppose you were in the suburb of a great city.

The chief direction of my drive was to an old church, situated on top of a hill called Kreuzberg, about two miles from town. The attractions of this spot are, first, the view which it commands of the Seven Mountains and surrounding country, and next, the holy relics of the church. The most peculiar of these are the mummies of twenty-five old monks who lie buried in the crypt, and who, despite of time and the worm, maintain their bodies (though shriveled) undecayed. The person in attendance, upon a signification of your curiosity, lights a candle or a torch, and leads you through a trap-door in the body of the church, down to the vaults. There, in that gloomy pit, lie the old friars, side by side, in open coffins, wearing both gown and cowl, but sadly shrunk from their sleek living shape, when they performed good works, among the fat and abundance of the earth. They owe their preservation to a natural dryness of the soil, and thus have reaped the happy destiny of contributing to the support of the church, even long after their decease. Few masses need be said for their repose, for they have amply paid their way through purgatory, by the fees

given to look at their remains, and doubtless enjoy the reward of a perpetuity of good deeds. Some of them present a ludicrous appearance, and some a hideous one—the drying process having drawn their features out of shape, and made them appear either laughing or raving at each other. One of them had his head down towards his shoulder, as if in the act of listening, and appeared to be enjoying with a snigger some rich joke of the confessional; another seemed actuated by hatred and revenge, as if some blooming penitent had left his desk. The main object of interest in the church is a broad marble staircase, called the Sacred Stairs, which are said to be the identical ones that led up to Pilate's judgment seat, and contain even now stains of the blood which fell from the brow of Christ when suffering under the crown of thorns. These are opened periodically, and no one is allowed to ascend them except on bended knees.

After a two hours' further drive, and a visit to the Museum and botanical gardens, I returned to my fine hotel, and walked through its garden to the river's bank. There was a profusion of flowers all around me, and on the extreme verge, where the wall shut out the river, were perched two little latticed summer-houses. The one to the left contained a group of Englishmen, boarders of the house, who were smoking and looking up towards Cologne; but the one to my right was free to my solitary occupation. It sat down to enjoy the scene, and the better to improve it, ordered tea to be served to me there. It is a short description to say that I was enchanted—the scene itself was enchanted. The Rhine, the talisman of a thousand memories, was rushing at my feet. Opposite, spread vineyards, clustering with the grape. Further down rose the Seven Mountains, soft with verdure, except the frowning Drachenfels, which loomed

like some black magician among a knot of his familiars ; while above and around, grandeur or beauty filled up every detail of the picture. By the time my tea was set out, twilight was descending on the mountains. The cricket was just opening his gossip for the night. On the swift but glassy stream might here and there be seen a boat, with some returning party from the Seibengebirge ; while breaking on the doze of day, with a sound softer even than silence itself, came now and then a burst of childish voices, romping on the shore, or welcoming the pleasure voyagers' return. When the silver echo of this music faded over the water, the stillness would be deeper than before, and more than once I felt a regret that my sleep in the cars denied me a drowsiness like that of Nature, for I wished to have a dream in the enchanted atmosphere that flowed about me. Being deprived of that, however, the next best thing that I could do was to light a cigar, and smoke till all the stars were out upon their posts, and then to retire to my chamber, and find in Childe Harold the imagery and vividness which I could not command for myself.

There are two modes which tourists select in traveling up and down the Rhine. The first is the rapid way, by steamboat, which enables you to pass the entire panorama of the river, from Cologne to Mayence, in one day ; the other is to hire a *veturino*, or private traveling carriage, and pursue the road along the river's bank, resting nights in the various towns along the line. With English travelers, and those who intend to spend a long time in their tours, the latter is the favorite mode ; with Americans, and all who have keen observations and a sharp appreciation of the value of time, the former is preferred. I am with my countrymen in this preference, and would advise the adoption of the rapid rule for the whole of Europe. A few Rhine villages and their

feudal strongholds, are types of the entire species, and a Swiss or an Italian hamlet, like a Yankee one, is a mere pattern for all the rest. Wherever there is a grand ruin or a scene of special interest, it is well to devote to it a liberal examination; but I would not waste weeks in drawing through a string of dirty hamlets, in a shackly vehicle, and living all the while on bad fare, in the supposition that such a pilgrimage is necessary in order to properly see a country. Such a course might be serviceable, to a certain extent, in enabling one to study the habits of a people, but with an American, who has daily opportunities at home to study the character of every race on earth, it is not commensurate with a great delay of time. Of course I do not speak for mere idlers, but for men who travel to improve their minds, and with whom the hours are too full of things of great concern, to waste in tracing the history of some inferior village, or in counting the shot marks in some dilapidated tower.

On the following morning, the steamboat which had left Cologne at six o'clock, arrived at Bonn at eight; and, duly prepared with a good breakfast, I took passage on board of her for Mayence. At once, on starting, we plunged into the glories of the Rhine, and, before I had spent two hours of observation on the deck, I was forced to relinquish my notions in favor of the Hudson, to this unexampled scene. On all sides, mountains spring from the river's bank, backed by other mountains rolling away in the distance, showing between their summits, luxuriant sides and intervalles of green, belonging to mountains further on. Perched on their tops, or riveted upon the very needle of some beetling crag, will stand a tower, or some crumbling ruin, looking down upon a cluster of humble dwellings, of which it was either the tyrant or protector, like an eagle from its perch. Be-

tween this border winds the river Rhine, continually curving in its course, and though seeming to be shut out every now and then from further progress by some fresh barrier of hills, yet opening to a new career of beauty at every turn.

The sides of the mountains, though in many instances quite precipitous, are cultivated to the very tops, and during nearly the entire distance between Bonn and Mayence, their product is the vine. This culture, though wearing to the eye an appearance of great exuberance, is carried on with much difficulty, and prosperity for the crop is wrung from the ungenerous and reluctant earth by every artifice known to ingenious husbandry. In many places the hills are so steep that a sufficient quantity of earth will not, of itself, hold for cultivation, in which case, a series of steps is built all along the mountain side, and earth and manure are carried up on the backs of the male and female laborers, to form the beds. In some cases the vines are placed in baskets, which are set on these shelves in rows, and then filled around with other earth. The great labor required for their cultivation may therefore be easily conceived. The general appearance of a vineyard on the Rhine, in France, Switzerland, and in many parts of northern Italy, is that of a corn-field, and when it first falls under observation, the eye of an American traveler is very much puzzled to know what kind of crop it contains. It is the common impression in the United States, that the grape grows in bowers, and that the vineyards of Europe are distinguished by huge patriarchs of the fields, in some instances as sturdy as oaks, each groaning with half a harvest of its own. The very opposite is the case. The vines consist of little tender slips, scarcely three feet high, strengthened by sticks, to help them support the burden of their crops, and look, as I said before, when at a little distance, like shoots of young corn. To the south of

the Alps, however, they are trained on high poles, and when you descend through Piedmont fairly into Italy, you find them twined in bowers.

The region of the Rhine is the region of legends; and nowhere are they more abundant or more wierd than in the district along the river's bank. Every crumbling castle, every tottering tower, every beetling crag, has its tale of murder, magic, mystery or love, and in most of them, the demons of the air and earth, the spirits of the forest, the hobgoblins and sprites of the imagination, flap their wings and play their parts. Here you are pointed out the castle of Rolandsdeck, where the love-lorn knight perched his stony nest, and sighed away his life in gazing on the distant convent that immured his lady-love. There appear the castles of the two brothers, who slew each other in mortal combat, for preference in the eye of the same noble maid. Next comes a crag from whence the black huntsman plunged with his steed into the stream; and then appears the Schonberg ruin, famed for its seven beauteous daughters, who crazed the heads of half the young warriors of the time, but who, for their obduracy in maidhood, were changed into seven barren rocks, which might only show their heads but once a day, at low water, from the surface of the Rhine. Further along, you are shown the fortress of "the Mouse," a little square tower, perched upon a peak, which tradition assigns as the scene of a most barbarous act, perpetrated by Bishop Hatto, its possessor.

The crops had failed the country round, and the starving poor, knowing the Bishop had an ample store of the previous year's produce, flocked to his castle yard for alms. Finally, he appointed a day to relieve their wants; but the petitioners having collected in his great barn, he set it on fire, and burnt them all, to the following tune:—

“ I’ faith, ’tis an excellent bonfire, quoth he,
And the country is greatly obliged to me,
For ridding it, in these times forlorn,
Of the rats, that only consume the corn.”

Bishop Hatto, however, says the story, repented him of this act of policy, for the dead rats bred live ones, and they swarmed up the mountain side, entered his castle at every crevice, and despite his shrieks, his prayers, and his anathemas, they devoured up his flesh and gnawed his bones.

This tradition serves very well to mark the distinction which existed in the middle ages between the mountain nobles and the humble creatures who sheltered themselves within the little nooks between their castled peaks—a distinction of baron and serf; lord and vassal; tyrant and slave. The whole region of the Rhine still shows traces of expired oppression, and as you sail along and see the daylight through the ruined battlements, and mark the havoc of the mine and the petard upon their shattered walls, you involuntarily thank heaven for the invention of gunpowder, which brought the iron-handed and iron-hearted pirates down from their eyries, and placed them on a level with the people. Before the invention of the culverin and shell, these lordly freebooters would select for their stronghold some peak which commanded a long sweep of the river and the neighboring roads, and as they spied the approaching caravan and the richly laden boat, would descend upon them, and rob them at pleasure in the way of tribute. From the villages which laid cowering at their feet they commanded such exactions as they pleased. They wrung service from families, they made a slave of the youthful peasant, and the person of no maiden was safe from the whim or fancy of the paramount oppressor. Resistance was in vain; combination for retaliation was idle; the crag defied the approach of any united force; and desultory valor with its feeble shaft, would only dash

itself to death against their massive walls. By-and-by, however, the friar's secret was made known to the world; small quantities of black grains were put into long iron tubes, and on the breath of the lightning that these tubes sent forth, went thundering rocks and whistling balls, which made the insolent towers shake to their foundations. The haughty freebooters ceased their wassail; they took thought for a desperate contention, but a new use of the black grains undermined their foundations, and blew them and their wanton followers high into the air. There are now fewer castles upon the peaks than of old; and those which stand in ruin are left to crumble silently away, a useless contribution of the past, except as a memento and a lesson.

I made no landing in my voyage up the Rhine, having altered my intention of stopping at Coblentz, in consequence of the unpleasant nature of the day. A damp and chilling atmosphere, accompanied by frequent showers, were the features of the weather, and despite the numerous attractions of the scene, I was continually reminded of the necessity of an overcoat and an umbrella. Indeed, the weather seemed to have been imported direct from London, for my special inconvenience, and I was fully confirmed in my conclusion that the climate of Europe—of that portion, at least, which I have seen thus far—is inferior to that of the majority of the states at home. Though I have been in it from June to midsummer, I have experienced mainly rain and chill, and have very seldom found it wise to lay aside either overcoat or double-soled boots. I am told, on all sides, however, that the season is a singularly wet and chilly one; but that is always the cry, everywhere, on a complaint of bad weather. Nevertheless, I passed off the day pleasantly enough upon the Rhine, and arrived at Mayence, at the close of the afternoon, very much gratified with my excursion.

July, 1851.

Mayence—Weisbaden—Frankfort.

THE city of Mayence is usually the limit of the tourist's upward journey on the Rhine. Even at some distance before reaching it, the special grandeur of the river has become flattened out, and exulting hills and rushing depths give place to low shores and widened surface. Besides, navigation is impeded at this point by a bridge of boats which spans the entire stream. The bed of the river, however, though widened is not enlarged, for it is not so deep and the current is therefore not diminished of the force which enables it to be used as a mechanical power, without artificial means. Frequently, throughout its course, I noticed this adaption of its force, to boats moored in the current, the broad wheels of which were turned by it slowly round, and made to perform the duties of a mill. On the lower side of the bridge at Mayence, was moored a long string of these boats, taking advantage of the stiffened tide, as it rushed the swifter for having been compressed between the interstices of the bridge.

Mayence is a fortified city, of a date as early as the Roman Empire, and has consequently undergone all the vicissitudes of a lengthened history, most of which runs through rude and barbarous times. The chief points in its

renown, are the facts that it was the source of free trade, and the birth place of Gutenberg, the inventor of types, and, of consequence, of the art of printing. The system of free trade was devised in the thirteenth century by one of its citizens. His scheme was to effect a league among the Rhenish cities, to resist the exactions of the robber barons who perched themselves in mountain strongholds and forced tribute from them at every step of their progress. He succeeded, and the league being favored by the Emperor of Austria, the castles of the piratical collectors of the customs were blown into the air, and the cities thenceforth interchanged their products fraternally with one another. The population of Mayence is at present about fifty thousand, inclusive of six thousand soldiers, who are continually in garrison, and who are divided equally between Austrians and Prussians. It belongs to the Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt, but owing to its importance to all Germany as a frontier fortress, it is thus taken into the care of the two great German powers. It is under the immediate control of a Governor, who, however, for the same reasons as above stated, is under the direction of Austria and Prussia, and is appointed by them alternately, every five years. Everywhere soldiers are seen swaggering about, and except in the churches, they are always the most conspicuous objects to be found.

Upon the quay near the landing of the steam-boats are two large freestone buildings, one of which—an ancient palace—is now converted to the uses of a custom-house, and the other of which is remarkable as having been the temporary residence of Napoleon during the occupation of the city by the French. On the same line are situated the principal hotels of the town, looming up in large size, and making a fine appearance. I selected the *Hollandischer*

Hof, or Holland House, and found its accommodations to be as good as its promising exterior. After having refreshed myself with a cup of tea, I found time, before nightfall, to take a short walk about the town, and note its features. At length I came to the cathedral, and was fortunate enough to reach it just as a procession was issuing from its main door. It was a procession of the host marshaled by a friar with a long baton, who, as he reviewed his troop of virgins and male devotees, stepped backward as gingerly as a dancing-master, and every now and then squared the breasts of the front rank with his staff, as gravely as if he were a mechanic making an application of the level. While he did this, he led a chaunt in which the troop all followed, and the solemn cortege, after passing the line of the church, wound out of sight into a narrow street, where I did not care to follow. What their purpose was I did not know, but it stirred up thoughts which made me sad, and reminded me sufficiently of my fatigue to send me home.

On the following morning I rose early to continue my journey, but found the weather cold and disagreeable, and threatening rain. Nevertheless, I set out on foot to cross the bridge to the rail-road station at Castel, on the opposite side of the river, leaving directions for my baggage to be sent after me. Before I had left the land, however, the rain came pelting down with such good will that I was forced to call a drosky, and at the time of my deposit on the opposite bank it had become a drenching shower. I was somewhat undecided whither to direct my course, as I stood at the broad window of the Castel depot, and saw the deluge which filled the air drive spitefully into the Rhine. I halted sometime whether to select Frankfort or Weisbaden, but finally decided in favor of the latter, secured a ticket, and was at my destination in an hour afterwards; that is to say, at

eight o'clock. But I found the famous watering place in anything but an inviting mood. The streets were deserted, the shops gloomy, the atmosphere was still suffering under a chill, and the shower, though for the present spent, threatened every instant to recommence. I felt half a regret that I had not continued on to Frankfort, for there are always resources in a large city against any desperation of the weather, but my philosophy came to my assistance, and I drove to the Hotel de la Rose with a tolerably buoyant spirit.

The reception which I met with from the gentleman in charge was quite a relief in view of the forbidding aspect of the day, and I began to congratulate myself that I had secured a little sunshine that was not set down in the atmospheric bills. I was not altogether so well pleased with his arrangements, however, for he put me in charge of an acrobat, who kept me mounting until I began to mistrust that I was beginning anew the translation of Elijah. He brought me to a stand, however, at about the seventh heaven of his paradise of stairs, and waiting till I had somewhat recovered my breath, sought to console me by beckoning me to a window and enlarging on the fine view which my position gave me of the country round. I thanked him very kindly for his selection, told him that I appreciated its advantages as well as if I were up in a balloon, but that nevertheless, owing to some notions I had on the subject of ascensions, I should be forced to change my hotel unless they could change my room. In the meantime I would take a bath, after which I wanted him to send me an intelligent *valet de place*. At this the acrobat disappeared, and I descended to the ground platform to take my bath. I was led into a passage containing a row of doors, which were attended upon by a man and woman, the former of whom on my appear-

ance opened an apartment and invited me to step inside. I did so, and found the bath to consist of a pit dug in the earth about eight feet long, and three feet deep and wide, filled with hot water, and admitting me into it by three or four steps which descended to the bottom. The water which the well contained was conducted by subterranean pipes from a natural spring in the centre of the town, called the Kochbrunnen, or "boiling spring," which, though 150° Fahrenheit at its source, was subdued at this distance into a very pleasant temperature. I was, however, somewhat discouraged at first by the appearance on the surface of a very disgusting looking greasy scum, and rang for the attendant to remonstrate with him on the neglected state of affairs. When he came, I charged him with having given me a second-handed dose, and pointed to the scum with the remark that the water appeared to have performed duty not once only, but seemed to have been used by a whole company of grenadiers. The attendant, however, denied the impeachment, and vindicated the water and himself by explaining that the scum which offended me so much, was an evidence that the fluid was in its proper state, and never had been used. Satisfied with this explanation, I took my bath, and had the satisfaction of feeling very much refreshed.

Weisbaden abounds with hot springs of the sort I have described, but the most popular is the Kochbrunnen, or boiling spring. They are saline, but their chief qualities are muriate and sulphate of soda, muriate and carbonate of lime, muriate of magnesia and potassa, with some silicia, oxide of iron, and free carbonic acid. In the way of bathing they are said to be efficacious in curing rheumatism, gout, paralysis, and all cutaneous diseases; and in the way of drinking they are expected to rectify any quantity of diseases

that depend upon the stomach or the blood. Great numbers of people flock annually to Weisbaden, as to our Saratoga, during the summer season, for the benefit of these waters, and it is said that the natural population is by this means often doubled. The Weisbaden baths were formerly more in vogue among the fashionable world than at present, but the attractiveness of the place becoming familiar to the neighboring populations of Mayence and Frankfort, which it lies between, led to an influx of the bourgeois, that was not altogether palatable to the potentates of fashion. In addition to this, some bad transactions in the way of gaming hurt the prestige of the place, and it has lost a portion of its popularity to other springs. Nevertheless, it is still better patronized than any other of the springs of Nassau, and being the residence of the Grand Duke, and the capital of his province of Nassau, is certain to retain a certain position in the world of fashion.

I paid a visit, in company with my cicerone, to the boiling spring, before noticed, saw some woful visages over steaming tumblers, imbibing the scalding fluid by short instalments, and then set out for the Kursall, or grand caravansera, for the fun, frolic, pleasure, gaming, and intrigue of the place. This consists of a large edifice with an Ionic front, which throws out two wings embracing three sides of a spacious lawn, famous in fine weather for its promenaders, while under the portico which runs around its sides are situated showy shops, filled with all sorts of finery, after the style of the Palais Royal at Paris. In the building are three large and magnificent halls, the centre of which is appropriated to dancing, and the side ones to public gaming tables. All are superbly furnished and hung with costly chandeliers, and in the evening hours, as well as the hours after dinner, they are thronged with company. Those fond of strong

excitements cluster around the *roulette* and the *rouge et noir* tables, and the more gay whirl away the hours in the waltz. Dancing and gaming is the business of the place. Except eating, there is nothing else to do, unless indeed we include the intrigue and other follies which proceed from leisure and luxurious life. The admittance to the great hall is a florin each for gentlemen, but ladies sail in free of any charge. The utmost freedom therefore prevails, and there is no difficulty to any gentleman of good manners to get a pretty partner, or to make a pleasing acquaintance for the season. Many of the ladies who frequent these dazzling scenes wear titles with their diamonds, but well-bred Americans are accredited with sufficient rank to be admissible to all. It was quite an early hour in the forenoon when I walked through these halls of Vanity Fair, but though they were deserted at that hour, except by three or four boss gamblers who were fumbling about the roulette tables, I could fancy in the space a thousand whirling forms, and hear the whisper which made mischief with many a betrothal or marriage tie, or the smothered execrations which spoke the epilogues of ruined fortunes. It was my intention to extend my examination to the Museum, the Mint, and the Public Library, but the day was so dismal and unpropitious, that I decided to forego the task. This conclusion was hastened, moreover, by a fresh shower which commenced falling as I issued from the Kursall, and it was confirmed by the escape of my hat, which lost all its Paris gloss in a series of provoking gambols, before it could be captured by the combined efforts of myself and valet. "Baden-Baden," said I to myself on my return to my hotel, "shall be the recompense for the loss of this watering-place," and accordingly on my arrival I ordered my trunk to be strapped down,

paid my bill, and set out by the twelve o'clock train to Frankfort.

I arrived at my new destination in an hour, and was received at the depot by a stout, red-faced gentleman, in a coat with six capes, who caught me in his arms when the car-door opened, as if he had been waiting for me, and considered me his captive by right of conquest. When he deposited me on the ground, I discovered, by many unmistakable signs, that he was a coachman; and in endorsement of his rights in the premises, I delivered myself and goods into his hands without a murmur. In a few minutes I found myself drawn up in front of an ostentatious edifice, entitled *Hotel Empereur Romain*. It seemed as if I had been expected at this place also, for there were at least a dozen persons at the doorway, headed by the host, who, as soon as I had descended, raised their hats with great ceremony, and bowed on both sides of me as I entered the house. It struck me that I was perhaps mistaken for some distinguished guest, and feeling at once that the high rank of an American citizen was thus challenged to vindicate itself, I accepted the tribute as if it were my due, and with a short nod of dignified condescension, walked between them as if I were a hereditary scion of the house of Brunswick. "At any rate," thought I to myself, as I brought myself to anchor on a superb sofa, in a finely furnished chamber, "if this is a joke, I at least have had my share of it." My opinion changed, however, before my stay was ended, and I was enabled to attribute to politeness what I at first had charged to accident. The attentions were kept up, and I never moved about the house, or went out of it, or came in, but the same raising of hats, and the same respectful bows, took place. Indeed, I soon found this custom to be general among the people. The common mode of saluta-

tion is by raising the hat, and it is carried to such an extent, that people of the highest pretension practice it to the humblest in the same way and to the same extent, that we make recognition by a nod of the head. I was quite surprised when I walked out with my new *valet de place*, to find persons of the most imposing appearance paying him this high mark of respect, and equally struck when I perceived purchasers of all grades raising their hats to shopkeepers every time they entered and went out of their shops. This custom prevails very generally throughout Germany. It is a very pleasing one, and I should judge it is a very beneficial one to the hatters.

Frankfort is one of the most ancient cities of Germany, and it has always been famous for its commerce, and for the public spirit of its citizens. It was made a free city in the twelfth century, and still remains one, with a territorial dependence of some eighty-five square miles. This territory has a Senate of forty-two members. These are divided into three grades, and they annually elect two Presidents from the first and second ranks. There is also a permanent chamber of fifty-one citizens, and a legislative chamber. This latter chamber is comprised of twenty from each of the two above named bodies, forty-five persons chosen by the electoral college of the city, and nine chosen by the rural districts; making, in all, a Congress of ninety-four members, which meet every November, for a session of six weeks. The Senate is the executive branch, but how the other attributes of government are parceled out and balanced, I had not time to analyze and ascertain. Such as it is, it has always been attended with great prosperity to the State; but though it bears the name of a free city, it has never had a free or generous government. It has always treated the Jews with great illiberality, and other sects, also, have at times felt the effects

of its bigotry and persecutions. Until within a few years back the Jews were confined to a certain quarter of the city, within which they were closed at night by two large gates; and all who were found outside beyond a given hour, were liable to serious punishment. Worse still—though their number rates at six thousand, or one-tenth of the entire population of the place—they were, until 1834, prohibited from contracting, among the whole body, more than thirteen marriages a year. The result of this was, that the unfortunate Hebrews were obliged to enter into conventional marriages, which, though they received no sanction from the law, were privately warranted by all the sanctifications of the Jewish church. Frankfort is the birth-place of the Rothschilds; and in the Judengasse, or Jews' quarter, you are shown the house in which this remarkable family were born. It is a queer old building, situated in the midst of buildings as queer and dirty as itself; but notwithstanding its condition, it was clung to, till a year or two ago, despite of all temptations to remove, by the aged mother of the stock.

The appearance of the city, or that part of it called the old town, is the most quaint imaginable. The streets are most of them very narrow; the gables of the houses jut forth over the lower stories, like fungi, and the roofs are carried up in peaks so lofty, that I have seen four tiers or stories of windows in one of these canopies of slate. To render them still more picturesque, you will now and then see their chimneys surmounted by huge storks' nests, and perhaps behold one of these famed sentinels standing bolt upright in his perch, flapping his great wings in enjoyment of his privileges, with as much complacency as if he were a burgher of the town. The modern part of the town, however, is very fine. The streets are broad, well curbed and paved, and the

residences of the rich are veritable palaces. Chief among them is the residence of the brothers Bethman, the bankers with whom I hold my account; but there are many others which would be quite adequate to the state and condition of a prince. Indeed, the rich of the place ape as much style as they can, and assume the concomitants of the most pretentious aristocracy. They vie with each other in keeping fine gardens, and in gathering collections of rare paintings for the traveler to visit and admire. The Bethmans exhibit in their garden Danneker's celebrated statue of Ariadne and the lion, for which they paid 15,000 florins. The people of Frankfort are very proud of this piece of work, and claim it to be equal to any ancient masterpiece of art. Throughout the shops of the town you continually meet with reduced copies of it in bronze and bisque, and it has also become a favorite arabesque for china ware.

The objects of main interest in Frankfort are the house of Göethe, the poet, which still stands in the same condition as at the time of his birth, and the Romer, or Council House of the German Emperors. This building contains the chamber where the German Emperors were elected from Conrad I. to Francis II., and about the walls are hung their portraits in regular succession. In this same chamber the Senate of Frankfort now holds its sittings, and within the building is preserved the golden bull by which Charles IV. determined the number of imperial electors and their mode of voting. The charge to see this document is about a dollar, so I passed it by, and contented myself with dropping about two shillings into the hand of the next little Dutch maiden who, with one key on her finger, and a bunch of them at her girdle, was prepared to show me through every room in the house.

July, 1851.

*Heidelberg—Baden-Baden—Hell—The Castle of Torture—
Life among the Springs.*

ON the second morning of my stay in Frankfort, I rose at an early hour, and took a farewell walk about the flowery ramparts of the town, previous to leaving it forever. I next directed my attention to the market, next to a spot that is pointed out as the site of Charlemagne's house; next crossed the ancient bridge over the Mayne at one point, and recrossed the stream in a shallop skulled by a large headed and large bottomed Dutch waterman, at another, and finally went to breakfast, satisfied that I had finished up the residue of the sights of the place with all the faithfulness that could be expected of a wayfarer, who was traveling alone. After breakfast I made, for the third time, an effort to find the American Consul, but owing to his hard German name, and the brief space of time he allotted to his consular duties, was doomed to a final disappointment, so resolving to trouble myself no more about my passport at this point, I closed my trunk and decreed a continuance of my rail-road campaign.

On leaving my hotel door I received the adieus of the whole available force of the household, in the same ceremonious manner as they gave me welcome when I arrived,

and amid such a raising of hats as would have been accompanied by at least nine cheers in any part of the United States, I bowed back, raised my hat in return, and drove off. On my road to the station I saw the Prince of Prussia issue from the *Hotel de Russie* in the same way, and, except by a presentation of muskets and sabres, he had none the better of me. A little further, I stopped my coach to notice the exercises of a military riding school, which occupied an open square, and spent some ten minutes in observing a skilful cavalry officer drilling a number of fresh recruits, and teaching them how to sit and manage a horse. They are manufacturing cavalry throughout the Austrian and Prussian States at present as fast as possible, and likewise augmenting and drilling new levies of infantry in every German town. I like the sight. The object is to organize a force to overwhelm all prospective insurrectionary movements throughout Europe, but now that bayonets think, the cunning of the science will be turned against the inculcators, and these military establishments prove the common schools of liberation. Let them go on and recruit and drill; it is reserved for them to learn soon, the new lesson, that it is dangerous for despots to multiply soldiers in an age when all men know, that what belongs to them is their own.

When I arrived at the depot I found that the Grand Duke of Baden was to be a fellow passenger, and what was of still more interest, I was enabled to count twenty-six Americans, whom the different hotels of the town had contributed to the train. "Nobody but Princes and Americans ride in the first class cars in Germany," is of late years a common continental joke, and in justification of both ends of the maxim, the two first class cars, besides the one occupied by the Grand Duke, were filled with brother Jonathans, leaving a large portion of us to lose rank in the second class. Never

before, I imagine, did the conductors and servants of the train see so many Princes together, and they did not fail to bestow upon us a liberal share of their admiration. I have no doubt we surprised the Grand Duke himself, for I observed him on one occasion when he was receiving the cheers and homage of the crowds collected at the various stations, touch the arm of his chief gentleman in waiting, and look towards us, as if inquiring who were these grave and silent gentlemen, who poured out of the first class cars.

The road which I had taken terminated at Baden-Baden in a southerly direction, and embraced in its line the interesting places of Heidelberg and Carlsruhe. Most tourists on their road downward stop at both these places, but I was in haste to cross the Alps, and my yearning for Baden-Baden devoured up my curiosity for intermediate points. Heidelberg, however, was too well worthy of a visit to deserve this slight, and as soon as it was behind me, I regretted having passed it by. It is celebrated for having experienced greater vicissitudes than any city of the German States, in the way of bombardments, burnings and pillage, and it is likewise renowned for the most famous castellated ruin of the continent. In the cellars of this castle is shown the celebrated Heidelberg tun, which, when the Electors held their court here, was always filled with generous wine, the great bulk of eight hundred hogsheads which it contained, enabling them to hold frequent wassail from it, and to supply with new wine whatever quantity was temporarily taken out, without impairing the enormous quantity which remained, with any perceptible defect of flavor.

The town, too, presents the queer circumstance of a church dedicated to the Holy Ghost, which is divided into two sections, for Catholic and Protestant worship; and it also presents the further curiosity of the Church of St. Peter, to the

doors of which Jerome of Prague, the companion of John Huss, nailed the theses that contained the doctrines of the Reformation. I received glowing descriptions of all these things from the American recruits whom we took up at this station, and mentally resolved not to admit to any new acquaintances I had not been there. Indeed, I had long previous to this discovered that the wisest course for a traveler to pursue, when asked if he has been to this place or that, is to answer promptly in the affirmative, and let the questioner pass to something else. If you are indiscreet enough to say "no," you are at once put to the torture, and told, with hands outspread and eyes distended with pitying surprise, that the place you have omitted, was the place of all places that you should have seen. Three times was I laid upon the rack in this way. The first time I was half convinced by the earnestness of my tormentor that I had virtually come to Europe for nothing, but I discovered the philosophy of the matter after the third assault, and made up my mind firmly to pretend thereafter to have seen everything that any one else had seen. I recommend the same course to all travelers. Nothing is more annoying to the quiet tourist than to be reproached in this way by every person who wishes to become an oracle at the expense of his ignorance.

Among the new accessions of my country-people whom I had the pleasure of meeting with at this point, was a most estimable family from Georgia, consisting of an elderly gentleman who has represented his district twice in the legislature, accompanied by his wife and daughter, a nephew and two nieces. I had first fallen in with the party at Paris, and now met them here with as much pleasure as if they were relations. They had started in advance of me, had come nearly over the same road, but having traveled more

leisurely, I had been enabled thus to overtake them. I found them in charge of a traveling valet, or courier (as such improved editions of commissionaires are called), whose duty it was to attend to their baggage and passports, make bargains, pay their bills, and talk all sorts of tongues to all sorts of people, with whom their traveling necessities should bring them in contact. For these services, the traveling expenses of the courier is paid, and he is allowed for his labor one dollar per day; a sum well laid out, for without such assistance, traveling soon becomes irksome, and reduces you to the condition of a servant to yourself.

The courier, in this case, was a tight built little Italian, from the lake of Como. He had an intelligent, knowing look, as all couriers are bound to have; nevertheless, his sharpness was subdued by exceeding good manners, and were it not for his vocation, he might have passed at any time for a traveler of leisure. He was about forty years of age, much of which time he had spent in journeying about Europe, and was able to impart in such conversations as take place on the top of a stage-coach, many things that made him interesting as a companion. I take this pains about Louis Cisi (or Chizzy as he is pronounced), because I foresee it is destined he shall become serviceable to me, and that I shall derive no small amusement from his peculiarities. The family to which he belonged welcomed me to their route of travel, and the younger branches, as soon as they heard me say I intended to continue on to Italy, took me into their confidence and hailed me as a valuable ally, to help persuade the old folks to continue on as far as Rome. The Eternal City had been the destination of the party at the time of leaving Paris, but the heat of the season, and reports of malaria on the campagna, had cut off their pros-

pects of travel at Vevay and Geneva. The young ladies, however, were not at all afraid of the unhealthiness of Rome, and had been engaged for several days past in devising methods to make favorable weather in the longed-for quarter. It may be conceived, therefore, when my opinion of the safety of Rome was asked, they awaited my answer with extraordinary interest; and when, by what they afterwards called a few masterly strokes of language, they heard me strip the prospect of its terrors, and laugh the pestilent rumors out of thought, they regarded me as a deliverer. The party were in great spirits that afternoon; even Louis Cisi, from the lake of Como, courier, aged forty years, went about rubbing his hands and smiling like a comic almanac, at this new gleam of a continuance of his term of services for two months more. I smiled myself, for it gave me a prospect of delightful company, and in addition to that, I was exhilarated with the consciousness of being engaged in a little piece of mischief. As doubtful as the matter looked, I promised to accomplish the feat, and thus by having a special object to achieve, I added a new attraction to my wanderings.

The Duke of Baden left us at Carlsruhe, where he has a palace, and we continued on, and arrived at Baden-Baden at half past five. We were not subject to any custom-house detentions, and Cisi, recognizing me now as under his care, and detecting likewise in my face a good promise of extra fees, took charge of my baggage as of the rest, and the entire party of us drove to a magnificent establishment, known as the Hotel de l'Europe. After dinner, the ladies, though much fatigued, expressed a desire for a walk, and just as one light after another began to appear, upon the dusk of night, we went forth. Truly it was an enchanted scene. Our hotel contained a graveled garden in front, filled with indi-

genous flowers, and ornamented with large orange trees in blossom. At the foot of the garden ran the river Oos, some twelve feet wide. Facing the river appeared majestic trees, thinned out for a promenade; under them wound graveled walks, and beyond, rose various structures devoted to the luxuries and pleasures of the place—while behind, and all around, ran lofty mountains, like a grand rim of darkness against the sky—upholding as it were, like a monster goblet, the flood of blue and sparkling firmament above. There could not choose but be a river here, for the village lies perfectly embosomed, and the wonder is, that in any season the stream should be no larger than the Oos.

The scene where we first directed our steps was where most people moved; and that, of course, was to the Kursall and its vicinity. This establishment is a large white building, with an ornamental front, covering as much space as the Astor House, or any ordinary square of buildings, in the style of the United States, though not, of course, so deep. In front of it are arranged groves of orange trees, where promenaders walk. There little tables are set around, for parties to sip coffee or eat ices, and all along, in front, the building is strewed with rows of chairs, occupied by gentlemen and ladies, who are either engaged in gossip, or in listening to the performances of a splendid band in front. Inside this building is a magnificent hall comprising nearly its full length, its walls being covered with richly figured damask, and its interior lighted with brilliant chandeliers. At the upper end of the hall, and directly under one of the main chandeliers, is situated a large gaming table, on which the art and mystery of *rouge et noir* is performed, and behind, and partly divided by a damask partition, is another table for the game of roulette. Behind these tables sit the banker and two assistants, who pay and take the wagers with little

wooden rakes. With these they haul in and shove forth the gold, while before them press a crowd of players, who, after placing down their glittering stakes, stand as silently as statues, awaiting the decision of their bets. These players are not only gentlemen, but sometimes ladies—while gathering in the crowd, to look at the fluctuations of the game, will often be seen anxious members of the softer sex. About the area of this grand hall, crowds are continually sauntering up and down, while tired couples take refuge on luxurious side sofas, and review the throngs as they go by. In the rear of this gaming hall is the dancing saloon, and on either wing is a restaurant and an opera-house.

The fatigues of the day soon were so much multiplied by the excitements of this scene, that the ladies of the party retired again to the hotel for repose; but I, being of a more elastic spirit, took to the mountain in the rear, for a moonlight view. I was induced to this by the appearance of couples whom I saw now and then disappear in that direction, up mazy paths, or issue from some luxuriant jungle, which yawned against a background as sombre as a cave. I struck one of these avenues and commenced winding up, being decoyed into all sorts of sinuosities by interweaving roads, and only kept in my proper latitude by the sparkle of the Kursall at my feet, and the swell of the music that rose from its orange promenades. At length I reached the apex, and stood in the broad moonlight above the groves which art had sprinkled on the hill, and in the midst of an atmosphere that was voluptuous with music, and delicious with perfume. Around me ran a complete circus of dark mountains, the commencement of the Black Forest range. Below, and in the centre of this gigantic bowl, lay the embosomed village, a portion of it creeping up the sides of the opposite hill, while perched upon the top of the eminence

which overawed it, rose the towers of the Neue Schloss, or castle of the Duke of Baden; the tyrant of the scene. It was a soft and delicious picture, and quite undisturbed except by the furious barking of a dog confined in a solitary chateau on the crown of the hill, and who had taken offense, it seemed, at the interruption of the solitude by my approach. I tried to pacify him with my voice, but failing to appease him below a sullen growl, I retreated from the disturbance, and commenced to descend to the hall, where I supposed his master or mistress had gone before me, to enjoy the gaming tables or the waltz.

When I arrived below, I found that the ball had begun; so after a short visit to my hotel, for the purpose of arraying myself in proper costume, I entered the dancing saloon, and made one of the observers. It was not a large, but a very tastefully ornamented hall, and among the other decorations were large orange trees, in boxes, which, being in full blossom, shed their most delicious of all fragrance through the room. The chief ornament of all, however, was the grace and matchless manners of the company; while as to the dancing, each person who swung upon the floor seemed qualified to give lessons in the art. The gentlemen were elegantly, but very plainly dressed, each perhaps with a single diamond in his bosom; but the ladies were radiant with gems, and bedecked in all the richest fabrics known to art. I shall never forget one of them, a Russian countess, who was arrayed in cambric, and who, with her waxen cheeks and flaxen hair, seemed more like a spirit, enveloped in a fleecy cloud, that had floated in the open window by accident, than like a mortal member of the scene. If I had not been in the region of the Black Forest, where spirits and sprites are plenty, and where the entire air is tinged with romance, I might have been satisfied to

have compared her with a waxen doll; but her eyes redeemed her from that derogation, and certainly she danced like an angel. As her pink feet twinkled under her puff of snowy skirts, I could not help associating her with the name of the "flying cloud." I retired at twelve o'clock, but till two the Russian princess kept floating about my apartment, without ever knocking against the bed-posts, while the music, which was really directing her mortal footsteps in the Kursall, breathed through the slats of my blinds, to inspirit the phantom in its airy waltz. When the music ceased, the fancy fled, and the bubbling of the river under my windows took me back to early recollections and the ease of boyhood, I fell asleep.

I did not, however, get all the repose to which I was entitled; at early sunrise I was awakened by a band of soft instruments, consisting of flutes, violins, clarionets, oboes, and flageolets, whose delicious strains seemed to ooze out of the very leaves and flowers, as if the tranquil voice of Nature were of itself breathing thanks for the Sabbath sweetness of the morning. I opened my casement and looked abroad, and scanned anew the landscape which had ravished me so much the night before. It was the same, but brighter for the flood of gold which was just pouring in upon the scene over the rim of hills, to which the sun had lifted with his beams. "Truly," said I, "this Baden-Baden is a perfect Paradise on earth; and that being the case, I will put on my pantaloons, and go forth and enjoy it."

I found the music which had awakened me nearly opposite the hotel, at a place called the Trinkhalle, or Drinking Hall, a long and handsome building, with a fine colonnade, which is devoted to the service of enclosing the main hot spring of the place. Here, valetudinarians resort, and before breakfast and dinner take their prescribed gulps of

mineral fluid. I joined the crowd of patients, and out of curiosity drank my glass alone. Its flavor was like that of warm milk to my palate, but is generally represented to taste like chicken broth. The place for bathing is mostly in the town, on the slope which rises behind the river. It is from the heights above that the hot springs burst, and owing to the warmth they impart to a large portion of the surface of the earth, and the steaming currents of waste water that escape towards the river, this part of the town has received the very graphic name of "Hell." In Hell is situated the principal source of the hottest spring. It was shown to me in all its features, and I became satisfied that the representation that it was used for scalding purposes with pigs and poultry, was no falsehood. Above this portion of the town looms the Duke's Castle, and Hell being an appropriate starting point for so horrible a mansion, I took a donkey and commenced the ascent, in the style of Sancho Panza, and many a much less celebrated man. I reached the castle after a tedious effort, was very well received by an attendant at the gate, and very politely shown through the various portions of the building. The castle is not new, as its name imports. On the contrary, it is very old, having been built in 1689, to supply the place of the ruin of a still older castle on the summit of the adjoining hill, which had been previously burnt down by the French. It is chiefly remarkable for the horrible dungeons which are sunken under its foundations; and as I find them well and briefly described to my hand, and exactly as I saw them, in "Murray's Hand-Book of Northern Germany," I will save myself the trouble of going over the same ground, by adopting that description verbatim.

"Under the guidance of the castellan," says Murray, "the stranger is conducted into these singular vaults down a wind-

ing stair-case, under the tower, in the right-hand corner of the inner court, through an ancient bath constructed by the Romans. This entrance has been broken through in modern times; originally the dungeons were only accessible from above, by a perpendicular shaft or chimney running through the centre of the building, and still in existence. The visitor, in passing under it, can barely discern daylight at the top. According to tradition, prisoners, bound fast in an arm-chair and blindfolded, were let down by a windlass into these dark and mysterious vaults, excavated out of the solid rock on which the castle is founded. The dungeons were closed not with doors of wood or iron, but with solid slabs of stone, turning upon pivots, and ingeniously fitted. Several of them still remain; they are nearly a foot thick, and weigh from 1200 to 2000 pounds. In one chamber, loftier than the rest, called the *Rack Chamber*, (Folter Kammer,) the instruments of torture stood; a row of iron rings, forming part of the fearful apparatus, still remains in the wall. In a passage adjoining, there is a well or pit in the floor, now boarded over, originally covered with a trap-door. The prisoner, upon whom doom had been passed, was led into this passage and desired to kiss an image of the Virgin placed at the opposite end; but no sooner did his feet rest on the trap-door, than it gave way beneath his weight and precipitated him to a great depth below upon a machine composed of wheels armed with lancets, by which he was torn to pieces. This dreadful punishment was called the *Baiser de la Vierge*, and the fatal pit, with its trap-door, an *oubliette*; because those who were precipitated down it were 'oubliés'—never heard of more. The secret of this terrible dungeon remained unknown, until, as the story goes, an attempt to rescue a little dog, which had fallen through the planking above the pit, led to the discovery, at a depth of

many yards, of fragments of ponderous wheels set round with rusty knives, with portions of bones, rags, and torn garments adhering to them. The last and largest of these vaults is called the Hall of Judgment. Here the judges sat upon stone benches, remains of which may still be traced round the wall. Behind the niche where the President (Blutrichter) sat, is the outlet to a subterranean passage, by which the members of the court entered. It is said to have communicated at one time with the Alte Schloss, on the top of the hill, but it is now walled up. According to popular belief, these dungeons were the seat of a *secret tribunal*, (Vehm-Gericht,) such as that described so well by Scott, in Anne of Geierstein, and by Goethe, in Gotz of Berlichingen. It must be remembered, however, that the famous Vehme of Westphalia held its meetings, not in the dark, nor in dungeons, but in the broad daylight, and in the open fields. There is little doubt that these prisons were the place of meeting of a mysterious tribunal, over which the lord of the castle most probably presided. Similar prisons (excepting the doors) are to be found in almost every well-preserved baronial fortress of the middle ages, and though sometimes appropriated to the trial of real offenses, committed within the seigneur's jurisdiction, were not unfrequently the instruments of tyranny and the scenes of dark crime, while, at the best, from the secrecy of the proceedings, such a trial must have been but wild justice. The upper part of the castle is only worth notice on account of the fine view from its windows, and of the open shaft running through the building from top to bottom, within the winding stair-case, which was the means of access to the dungeons below. It was divided by a partition extending the whole way down. It is supposed that a prisoner, with his eyes blindfolded, was admitted by a door in the hall, opposite the principal entrance of

the castle, was seated in an arm chair, wound up to the top by windlass through one side of the shaft, and let down the other, into the prisons of the secret tribunal. The shaft at least served to convey air into those subterranean chambers."

One would suppose that the present Grand Duke, in deference to the spirit of the age, if not in regard to his own sentiments of delicacy, would obliterate these horrible witnesses of the atrocities of his ancestors; but it seems that so far from esteeming them a reproach, he makes a merit of their exhibition, in the hope, doubtless, of profiting by the wholesome awe and allegiance they inspire. He does not use these dungeons now, but has a castellated prison on the Oos, where recently a more barbarous tragedy was performed, than the ones so vividly described above by Murray. It took place shortly subsequent to my departure from Baden-Baden, but as it is within the date of this letter, I may allude to it. The new prison is situated on the bank of the Oos, and at the time of my stay was filled with political prisoners charged with revolutionary projects, many of whom were men of high character. While they were reposing in their dungeons, closely locked and harshly treated, heavy rains fell, a freshet gathered, and the puny Oos rose to a swelling and abundant river. All the platform of Baden-Baden was swamped; the dining room of the Hotel de l'Europe, some ten feet above the ordinary surface of the stream, was flooded two feet deep, and the deluge in another quarter bubbled in the prison windows. The unfortunate captives, not knowing what this meant, gave the alarm, and by degrees, as the water rose, they clamored for release. But the guards paid no attention.—The Grand Duke was at Carlshue, and they had no authority to let the prisoners loose. The waters rose higher and higher. The outcries of the captives rose to shrieks; despair overtook them;

they fancied this a deliberate act on the part of the Duke and his bloody myrmidons to put them to death, and they raised their hands aloft and cursed him before God. Some sought to dash their brains out against the wall; some fell to prayers; others clung to the bars and lifted themselves as high as they could out of the rising flood; but at length, as the water rose to their nostrils, their hold broke, and with a bubbling shriek and malediction joined together, they sank quieted forever. All on the first floor, (and I believe the number was thirty,) perished in this way, but the keepers received no reprimand from his Highness. They had obeyed orders, and like good men and true, had not suffered any principle of humanity to interfere with their duty for so legitimate a prince.

After having visited the Castle, I returned to the hotel, and found the courier busily engaged looking for me, charged with an invitation to accompany his family to the Castle of New Eberstein, another ancestral fortalice of the Duke of Baden, at the distance of some six or seven miles. We set out in two barouches, and after a drive of an hour and a half, through one of the most delightful pieces of country I ever saw, arrived at the object of our jaunt. We found the castle perched on the very crest of a crag, and when we got inside, were quite surprised to find, that what looked like a mere spire, or turret of masonry, from the vale below, contained so many neat and comfortable rooms. It is richly furnished, and during portions of the year is used as a residence by some of the Grand Duke's family. The symbol of the genealogy stands over one gateway, in the shape of an exquisitely cut wild boar, and the likenesses inside of the lords of the line, exhibit a marvelous agreement with the crest. After examining the Gothic furniture, ancient armor, paintings, and stained glass, we stepped out on the balcony, and

viewed the valley of the Mourg, as it wound like a thread far down and away, until it was lost amid the multiplying mountains of the Black Forest. Our last performance was to enter our names in a register—a common custom at all private castles—and to give a fee to the custodian—also common—and then retire. The scene upon the height was too beautiful, however, to leave hastily; so when we got outside, we took advantage of a table and some benches, which we found underneath the trees, on the edge of the cliff, and consulted Louis Cisi on the subject of refreshment. If Louis Cisi was really great on any subject, it was on this. He received my views with profound attention, and in a few minutes succeeded in mesmerizing a stout Dutchwoman, who appeared at a postern in the castle-yard, sufficiently to obtain two bottles of red wine, a large slice of goat's milk cheese, and a stout loaf of moist rye bread. We ate of our lunch with fine appetites, laughed, joked, and enjoyed everything around us, and being perfectly refreshed, consigned the residue of the two bottles of wine to the scientific appreciations of the courier, and returned to Baden-Baden, much improved.

It was the middle of the afternoon when we entered the village, and the rows of shops around the Kursall, which had been closed in the morning, were opened, in defiance of the day. The music was playing, crowds were swarming about, and the gaming tables were more numerous patronized than they had been even on the previous night. The owners of these tables pay a large tribute to the government for their banking privileges, and they cannot afford to do without the profits of the Sunday business. Moreover, they sustain the bands of music that enliven the place, and expend 250,000 florins a year upon the walks and public buildings. These conditions sanctify their proceedings to the conscience

of the Grand Duke, and his guests are subject to be plundered, for the indirect revenue of the State. His ancestors had a more direct way of levying tribute on all comers, but it is doubtful if their downright policy, was as profitable as his present system.

July, 1851.

*Strasbourg—The Clock and the Cock—Basle—The Castle
Ruin.*

THE blandishments of Baden-Baden, with all its Arabian charms, were not equal to the attractions of good traveling company ; neither were they equal to the resistance of that unconquerable desire to move forward, which is incessant in the mind of every American ; so when I received notice, on the second day of my stay, that the party I had joined at Heidelberg intended to move to Strasbourg on the following morning, by the early train, I dropped my resolution upon theirs, and placed myself in the hands of the courier, to be waked at a proper hour in the morning.

We started at six o'clock, and after a two hours' run, through a finely cultivated country, arrived at the bank of the Rhine, which here marks the western limit that divides Germany from France. We crossed the rushing river by a bridge of boats, and soon after striking the opposite bank, were gratified with a sight of the neat little French soldiers, in their saucy caps, and doubly gratified with the frequent appearance of the inscriptions of "*liberte, equalite, fraternite,*" which distinguish not only their barracks, but every public building within the domains of the Grande Nation. It was the semblance of liberty at least. How long to last remains to be seen.

Immediately after crossing the river, our diligence, which conveyed us from the rail-way depot on the other side, drew up at a bureau of police, and we severally handed out our passports to an officer, who stepped to the windows to demand them. Leaving our credentials in his hands, we drove on a little farther, and were stopped at a bureau of the customs, where we were directed to point out our trunks, in order that they might be examined. The Strasbourg bureau has a very bad name for being too sharp in this sort of business, and it was amusing to observe the perturbation of some of the ladies as they fumbled for their keys, and watched the countenances of the officers who were to have the handling of their clothes. Fortunately for our party, we escaped all the annoyance that attends this sort of scrutiny. We intended to depart from Strasbourg in the afternoon train for Basle, Switzerland, so leaving our baggage in the hands of the officers to be sealed up and despatched through the territory of France without being opened, we were enabled to depart without annoyance or concern. Another American party of ladies and gentlemen, however, who shared our omnibus, were not so luckily situated. They were bound for Paris, and were doomed, therefore, to see the rude fingers of the myrmidons of tribute run through their clothes, and turn up articles to the eyes of a mixed company of observers, that were fit only for the scrutiny of washerwomen. This is an odious practice; annoying enough, surely, to male travelers; but to ladies quite unbearable. It is to be hoped that the time will soon come when great governments, like that of France, England, and the United States, will collect their revenue in some reputable way, and be above the indecency of stopping friendly visitors upon the highway, and running their fingers through their linen to see if they cannot grope out a few farthings' worth of duties.

From the custom-house, we drove to a fine establishment, known as the *Hotel de la Ville*, and having refreshed ourselves by washing, and an hour's rest, set out to see what we could of the town, between that and five o'clock. My first duty was to go to the post-office, and despatch a letter to the United States. I was the more in earnest about it, as I was behindhand with my correspondence, and I had but fourteen days margin, before it was due for publication in my paper in New York. Nevertheless, such is the accuracy of postal arrangements in France and England, and such the exactness of our noble American mail steamers, that I had been enabled, on calculation, to humor my idleness to this point, and yet to be in time. (That letter, mailed in Central Europe, as I describe, reached my office in New York on the afternoon I had marked down for it, and was duly given to the hundred thousand readers of the *National Police Gazette* on the following morning, without a disappointment.) From the post-office I walked to the market, when, after Louis Cisi and I had fraternized over two or three pounds of fine cherries, I returned to the hotel, to place myself at the command of my friends.

We rode about the city sufficiently to find that Strasbourg was a very serious, quaint, and antiquated town, with a German aspect, despite its French possession; and when we got tired of riding, we disposed of the barouches and took a peep into the shops. The main feature of the day for us, however, was our visit to the Cathedral (an edifice which I have incidentally alluded to before), and we so timed our call, as to be there at noon, in order to hear the famous clock which it contains strike twelve. This piece of machinery is of enormous size, and of most complicated character. It stands in the south transept, near a side door, and daily collects a large crowd of people to see it perform the

duties which its constructor allotted to it at meridian. It is an erect structure, some thirty or forty feet high, of Cathedral fashion, divided into stories, and ornamented with pillars and the other features of organ architecture. The division next the ground is the astronomical department, and indicates the days of the month, the month of the year, the year of the cycle, the mean time of the chief meridians of the earth, the date of eclipses, the coming of comets, and the periods of other grand phenomena for many years in advance. Above, are some allegorical figures, and above them still, appears a panorama of the apostles, headed by St. Peter, who, the instant a huge cock crows from the top of the clock, commences striking the noon hour. St. Peter comes out of a little door, like a figure on a Swiss musical clock, delivers a blow upon the bell, and decorously departs. St. Matthew follows in like manner, and so the troupe go through, and when the last one vanishes, the cock above, who seems to have official supervision of the performance, claps his wings, fills his beautifully plumed throat, and delivers a long crow of satisfaction, as if to say to the audience, "all's right, my hearties! and now you can go home to dinner." The crowd at this signal disperse, and chattering settles into repose. Having a little more curiosity than most of them, or perhaps being more willing to pay a fee to gratify it, I gave the custodian of the clock a florin, as a fee of admission for two ladies and myself, and had the satisfaction of mounting, by an inner stair-case, to the top. Our respect for the cock, however, was much diminished by this operation, for we found his voice was made by a bellows some four feet removed from him, while all he did for his fine reputation, was to swell his throat and flap his wings. He was, in short, a mere pretender, like the dummies who figure in chorus scenes at operas, and whose entire duty is,

while the singing is going on, to open their mouths and occasionally move their hands.

The remaining curiosities of the church are its choir, said to have been built as early as the time of Charlemagne, and its spire, claimed to be the highest in the world. One account makes it 466 feet, and another 474 feet, but either figure overtops all others, and excels in altitude the Pyramids of Egypt. The name of the architect of this structure has been more fortunate than that of the artist of the Cathedral of Cologne. He has been handed down as *Erwin of Steinbach*, and his original designs are still preserved among the archives of the town. The next church of interest is the Protestant Church of St. Thomas, to which the stranger is chiefly attracted by a fine monument to Marshal Saxe, and two bodies in the crypts of a Count of Nassau and his daughter, which are shown to visitors on account of their preservation. We did not, however, take this direction. Churches and mummies were becoming stale things with us; and, in the way of structures, glimpses had become as instructive to us as long examinations had been before.

On returning to our hotel, we were met by Louis Cisi, who had just come from the bureau of police, with our passports all duly visé, and warranting us to proceed whither we would, within the domains of France. None of us had been to the bureau; none of us had been compared with the personal descriptions which these passports contained, yet they were endorsed "correct," and the domains of France lay open before us. I had undergone the same performance twice previously, and on neither occasion was my identity examined; and for all the purposes of traveling, the passport of a person twice my size, would have answered quite as well as my own. The main object seems to be the collection of a certain amount of fees, and that being accom-

plished, those concerned in them take no further interest in you.

At half-past five we took the cars for Basle, and before the night set in, ran through some of the most magnificent mountain scenery, as well as rural plains, I yet had seen.

Our course was southward along the line of the Vosges mountains, which rolled in the distance like monster billows frolicking along with our course, while from their feet spread a grand platform, divided into a thousand farms, filled with kine, and teeming with the most exuberant cultivation. Here the spectacle occurred again of women working in the fields, and the sight was oftener two women to one man, than an equal division of the laborers. As if in correspondence with the system of female labor, I also noticed that cows were yoked and worked like oxen. I observed that tobacco was cultivated here to some extent, and likewise that bunch willows were profusely reared in the way of hedges. I found upon inquiry, that the willows were made very serviceable in farming purposes, being cultivated to supply the place of hemp, and to be used as withes for tying bundles. At half-past ten we arrived at the hotel of the "Three Kings," at Basle, in Switzerland, glad to bring to a close a day's exploits which had began in Baden-Baden an hour before sunrise.

In the morning I met several Americans at breakfast, and two or three Englishmen, all of whom had arrived from different points, and were bent on scattering different ways. Some of the former were thoroughly disguised by heavy beards and mustachios, but we recognized each other invariably by a habit of salting our butter, which Europeans eat almost without flavor. When most of the company had retired from the table, I raised my head to look at a large, black muzzled man, who sat at the opposite end, and whom,

till that moment, I had taken for a German. He was kneading a lump of butter with his knife, into which he had thrown a quantity of salt, and I was engaged at the same moment in artistically tapping the blade of mine, preliminary to the same performance. We both smiled, and by common consent, as if no further introduction were necessary, exchanged the compliments of the morning. Under all his disguise, I knew him to be an American, and by the same salt criterion he knew me. Closer observation proved him to be a personal acquaintance, and a New Yorker.

The beard of my friend was an admonition against two days of neglect on my part, so I went across the street to a little barber-shop, which put out the head of William Tell on a pole, as a sign of its calling. On entering, I found a young man, some nineteen years of age, busily engrossed in nursing the long tresses of the mistress of the shop, a buxom lady, who seemed to be of middle life. She seemed not at all disturbed but asked me very politely to sit for a few minutes in the adjoining room until the lad was done, and then he would attend on me. There seemed to be a conscious pride in her manner, not exactly consistent with her dishabille, but while philosophizing on the subject, I recalled to mind the historical fact that the females of this region had once upon a time been forbidden, by law, the luxury of dressing the hair. The result is, that the ladies of Basle pet their tresses very much, and every female who can afford it, has them dressed as frequently as possible, as a mark of independence. I found nothing peculiar in my barber, except his persisting in not naming his price, preferring to leave the matter to my generosity. I did not like his compliment; it was an experiment that annoyed me, so I gave him the smallest sum which his job deserved.

The Swiss, though industrious and honest, are a most mer-

cenary people. "There is nothing," says the proverb, "that they will not do for money, and they will do nothing without." Though republicans in principle, and ardently attached to liberty at home, they have always been ready to hire themselves as soldiers to any despot to oppress any cause. They are not, however, to be blamed too much for their extreme thrift and parsimonious habits. Their very country, with its mean and niggard soil, inculcates it into their minds, and the excess of population which is produced by their virtuous, domestic lives, is annually driven forth to seek whatever offers in the way of employment, among other and more fertile nations. Being constitutionally brave and athletic, it is not strange that they should have been sought as soldiers; and being faithful to the last degree, to those by whom they are employed, it is not strange either they should have been for ages selected as the body-guards of kings. The alterations in the state of affairs in Europe of late years, have not changed the relations of Switzerland in this respect. The chief of her productions is still armed men; or rather men who are ready to take up arms for money in any public cause. It is not many years since a body of them perished almost to a man in defending an unfortunate King of France in his own palace; and the monarchs of Rome, Naples, and Sardinia, still entrust to them the defense which they dare not place in the hands of their own subjects. The people of Switzerland, however, whether in town or country make a good impression on the stranger. They are clean, robust, and industrious, and the mild, wholesome faces of the women, with their quiet aspect and simple manners, proclaim a domestic and virtuous people.

The city of Basle has a population of about 21,000, nearly twenty thousand of whom are Protestants. Some of the

cantons of Switzerland, however, are Catholic, but nearly two-thirds of the whole country is devoted to the Protestant faith. Its government is purely republican, with the single exception of one canton, or county, out of the twenty-two, and that is the canton of Neuchatel, which is under the jurisdiction of the King of Prussia. All the other cantons are democracies, and in most of them the elections are annual, and the suffrage universal. The Supreme Government consists of a diet or Congress of representatives from each canton, who vote on great questions, according to the special instructions of their constituents. At the command of this diet 64,000 men may be enlisted for wars, under the same conditions as militia in the United States.

The French language is the language of Basle, and among the richer classes French manners prevail, but everywhere in the streets you are met with a gravity and sedateness, which are quite opposite to the popular aspect of a French town. This may be accounted for, however, on other grounds than disposition. Basle is the stronghold of Methodism, and the severities of doctrine may add to the staid decorum of its citizens.

Basle has quite a reputation and quite a history. It is the richest town in Switzerland, and during the Middle Ages it was the most warlike. I have not time to speak of its exploits now, but it is enough for its reputation to allude to the plains of Jacob, just beyond its outskirts, where a few hundred Swiss once met and routed forty thousand French. The environs of Basle are very picturesque, and well worthy of a drive. Being convinced of that, at an early hour in the day myself and party chartered two barouchès, and set out for a ruined castle some three or four miles east. In about an hour we arrived at our destination, deposited our vehicles at the foot of the hill on which the ruin was perched,

and commenced our ascent. Unfortunately for our progress, we struck a cherry orchard in our road, and spreading ourselves among the trees, lost an hour in a more-delightful pastime than we expected. By laborious degrees, up spiral paths, we at length reached the crown of the hill, and there, after considerable effort, during which we gave mortal offense to two or three large dogs, we succeeded in rousing the custodian of the ruin from a dilapidated lodge, which was strongly perched upon the very brink of the cliff.

There was nothing in the ruin sufficiently at variance with other dilapidations of that character to warrant a particular description, except some curiously constructed dungeons underground, and a subterranean place of sepulture, where different members of the extinct family of the original possessors lie entombed. One of these dungeons has a well-like opening in the garden, and from the aperture you can look down frightful depths, and see the forms of persons moving around the custodian's lamp like shadows flitting in Pandemonium, or souls groping in purgatory. In another part of the garden we were shown a little hut, which on entering we found to contain the figure of an ancient Hermit, who on our approach suddenly started, moved his head towards us, and turned an hour-glass as if in admonition of the lapse of time. The ladies screamed a little when the automaton first moved, but happily they recovered their equanimity without fainting. On descending the hill we had another bout with the cherry orchard, and arriving at the inn, spread ourselves about the door in true Swiss fashion, and eat our bread and Gruyere cheese, and drank our wine, as if it had been the custom of our lives. We only suffered one drawback to our repast, and that was the presence of a dung-heap and a drain beside it, which stood directly by the door; objects not only offensive to

the eye, but also to the nose. Nevertheless, this prologue to a dwelling is a common sight in Switzerland, and it matters not how clean and well kept a house may be, its chief feature is a dung-heap before the door, to season the atmosphere for yards around. Nay, it seems to be a monument of pride, for great art is bestowed upon its erection, the most favorite method being to tuck the straw ends of the successive layers in, so that the tumulus resembles a huge mound of blanket cakes. As to the pool which floats beside it, nothing can redeem its offensiveness to a stranger's eye; yet so familiar is it to the Swiss, that I have seen children shoving little boats on its disgusting surface with one hand, while they held pieces of bread in the other; the mother of the group all the time standing in her doorway, and looking with complacent satisfaction upon the innocent gambols of her brood.

On our return to the city, I called upon the American Consul, and after an interesting conversation about the people he was placed among, went forth with him to the library of the town to seek out maps, by way of determining what route I should select through Switzerland, and downwards towards Rome. On our road he pointed out to me the Cathedral which contained the tombs of Erasmus, and Anne the Empress of Rodolph of Hapsburg, and he introduced me to a reading-room, where I had the pleasure of seeing my own paper on file. In the evening the Consul called on me, and finding the circumstance a good one for making a decided stroke in relation to the Italian visions of the party I was with, I drew forth his views as to the safety of such a jaunt, at the then present time. I thought I had ascertained them to be favorable before I put him in such a responsible position, but to my utter surprise he took ground against me, and left only the slight crevice to work

back through, that there would probably be no-danger in a stay in Rome of *three or four days*. The young ladies looked at me reproachfully for having introduced this evidence in the case so unadvisedly, but I excused myself by whispering aside, that the change arose out of the Consul's superior regard for their health over mine. I added, however, that now that I was responsible for a drawback, I was doubly bound to see them through to their wished-for destination. I therefore bade them to be of good cheer, and they retired, despite their disappointment, stronger in hope than before. Before the council closed, Louis Cisi was directed to take seven places in the morning diligence for Berne, and I went forth to meet Dr. Moffat, of New York, (who had just come in from the south,) to talk politics with him at one of the principal cafes of the town. Before ten o'clock, however, everything gave evidence that the town was going to bed, so taking the hint, we retraced our steps to the Hotel of the Three Kings, and followed the decorous example by going to bed ourselves.

July, 1851.

*The Swiss Diligence—The Scenery of the Jura—The Valley
of the Suze—Bienne.*

I ROSE at five o'clock on the second morning of my arrival in Basle, to take the diligence at six, for a ride of eighty-seven miles to Berne, and in due time found myself and the party to which I was attached, gathered before the vehicle which was to be our conveyance for the day. I confess I was somewhat struck with the establishment. This was the first time I had closely noticed a pure continental diligence, and certainly the first time I had ever engaged to entrust myself to one. My notions of them, as I had seen them enter Paris, now and then, were that they were rather large-sized, clumsy omnibuses, drawn by large-footed, stupid-looking horses, stuffed with passengers inside, and piled with trunks without; but now that I got near, their importance increased, as the proportions of a Colossus are increased when viewed at the top of the column on which he is placed.

The huge vehicle which our courier had chartered for us, was a veritable ship on wheels, and took its freight from a vast pile of trunks and boxes which lumbered the street around, with the same capacity of stowage, as if it had been

a real bark, swallowing a whole wharf load of merchandise within its hold. The worst of it was, that in this case, the monster did not take its cargo in its belly, but piled it on its roof, relying upon our mortal weight inside to operate as ballast. Upon a Swiss or German calculation, there might have been some sense in this arrangement, but being, all of us, only of medium American avoirdupois, the disparity was frightful. For passengers, the diligence had three divisions: the main body or central division, holding six; the *coupé* in front, holding three; and a sort of open coop, which was called a *bouvette*, perched up in the rear, on a level with the roof, holding as many more. The *coupé* was the choice place, but that had been bespoke by a couple of wary travelers two days before, so there was nothing left but the body and the *bouvette*. Choosing the latter, along with Louis Cisi and the guard, because it afforded me a wider view of the country than I could have got through the small coach window, I mounted, by a very skillful effort, over a set of zig-zag steps that would have answered for the purposes of ascent to the second story of a house, and perched myself snugly in one corner of my lofty seat. After half an hour's delay beyond the time, the baggage, protected by a black leather covering, was duly buckled on the roof; five strong, heavy horses were harnessed to, the driver cracked his whip, and we swung and thundered off, the motion of our weight shaking up the entire district of the town through which we drove, and sifting the more forward of its members towards the doors and windows to see us pass. My sensations were at first rather uneasy, I felt the great vehicle oscillate from side to side, as if it threatened to keel over against the houses, but when we got into the open country, and it leaned at times over the edge of a declivity, or nodded on the brink of a river, I considered my situation to be

positively alarming. But by-and-by I became accustomed to the motion, and being strengthened by the nonchalance of the courier and the guard, soon got so bold that I took a sort of pleasure in the peril.

There were many novelties, too, to divert my thoughts from apprehension. The scenery had become peculiarly Swiss. Mountains, valleys, foaming streams, grassy slopes, wooded heights, frowning rocks, and pastoral tableaux, were the continually succeeding features; and to enliven our way the more, we every now and then dashed through some stoned-paved village, the driver adding to the flourish by cracking his whip for some five minutes on a stretch, seeming to take a peculiar pleasure in discharging the report at the second story windows, by way of eliciting the smiles of the damsels who came forth, and of deserving the "hoorays" of the delighted urchins who gathered in the road. I was so occupied by the novelty of this performance in the two first villages we passed, that I did not observe Louis Cisi and the guard kissing their hands on both sides of the way; but extending my observation on that point, I found that some of the ladies in the central region of the diligence were amusing themselves in like manner with the good-natured female faces that appeared at the house doors. The exhilaration was irresistible, I joined in with the rest, and we went along thenceforth like revelers on a holiday, who were continually passing through detachments of their friends to some general fair. At intervals of seven or seven and a half miles, we stopped to change horses, and to leave and receive the mail. On such occasions we would tumble out, hand some change to the driver and guard for "drink health," and perhaps ourselves patronize the inn where we drew up, in the way of its red wine, or it might be of cherries, which were now in high harvest and very fine. The

fee of "drink health" is an obligation which custom places on the pockets of those who occupy the *coupé*. That is considered the best seat; it commands a view of the driver's exertions, and it pays its premium by administering to his comfort. It is usual for the passengers in the *bouvette* also to contribute, and also help to take charge of the guard, or more properly speaking, the conductor. The latter person has charge of the interior arrangements of the vehicle, and it is likewise his duty to receive and discharge the mails. His seat is properly located in the *coupé*; but on this occasion our conductor had sold it out, for an exchange in the *bouvette*, at the price of five francs for the day. At a later period he sold his seat in the *bouvette* to another inside passenger at a further advance of five francs, taking a place with the driver in the front. At a later period still, when it commenced to rain, he retreated from the perch in front, levied an extra five francs on the man in the *coupé*, on the ground that no stipulation had been made he should remain outside *if it rained*. To balance this, he imposed as much more from the customer in the *bouvette*, on the same irresistible principle. Feeling then that he could afford to get wet, he put on a heavy cloak, borrowed an umbrella from the department of the centre, and took the showers as they came.

After leaving Basle we soon struck the valley of the river Birs, and followed its banks for hours, as it sinuously wound along, now between defiles and gorges, now through opening valleys, and occasionally over something like a plain; but pouring always toward us, and leading us up a continual ascent in the direction of its source in the mountains of the Jura. Ever since I left Cologne, all the water I have met has set against me. I had either been upon the Rhine or its tributaries, and they all the while flowed downward to the

sea. I consequently have been continually ascending, and with the exception of an occasional decline, must continue to do so, until I cross the Alps to descend upon the plains of Italy. The results of this are, an increase of cold in the atmosphere, which makes me regret the imprudence of having left my overcoat in Paris, and which, though the month is July, gives me a very keen reminiscence of a New York October. Now and then, however, as the showers cease, it becomes more mild, and I can rest without discomfort in my airish seat.

As we progressed, the road became wilder, and we found ourselves among the towering mountains and deep defiles of the Munster Thal, or Val Moutier. Along this line is said to be found some of the grandest scenery in the world. For a long distance cultivation disappears. Nature relinquishes her softer features, and seems to have employed her vigor in Titanic freaks. Long files of mountains stand in grim array, straining over each other's heads. Enormous masses of disintegrated rock lie here and there, as if they had been used as pellets in some mighty warfare. Black overhanging cliffs frown upon your path; narrow and frightful gorges, lined with solemn firs and filled with the roar of unseen cataracts, hidden by tangled jungles from the eye, yawn from your feet. Anon appear awful lateral chasms, as if the earth had been smitten by some mighty stone-breaker; and bolt upright, with peculiar regularity, stand great side walls of naked rock, like the ruins of some monster castle, where none but giants lived, and which nothing but gigantic power could destroy. The road winds painfully through this terrible defile, continually up, up, up, coil by coil, against the face of the repulsive rock, sometimes with but a thread of footpath between you and the edge, and nothing for your trust but the faithfulness of five dumb

beasts, and the care and experience of an almost as dumb a driver.

For hours we scaled these dreadful precipices, frequently holding our breath, clenching our hands, and looking down with awe, as the huge top-heavy vehicle balanced itself over some ravine, or uttering an exclamation as it trembled on the brink of some ledge, as if doubtful it could hold it poise.

The side walls of naked rock of which I speak, present a most singular appearance, and at first sight you are disposed to regard them as lateral partitions of some blighted castle; but a little attention to their enormous size cures that illusion and you see them as one of the phenomena which Nature is so fond of multiplying in this region of her freaks. They are the result of volcanic action, and are met with in their greatest grandeur near Courendelen, about mid-day. Indeed the whole valley is produced by a great volcanic rent in the dense body of the Jura, and the small foothold that we find, has been won from the rock by the artifice of man, or lodged upon its sharp and ragged shingles by the sediment of centuries. It was the great avenue by which the persevering Romans made their way to the fairest provinces of Central Europe, and it is still the principal route by which the north seeks its intercourse with Italy.

About two miles beyond these side reefs in the mountain, we came to a place called *Moutiers Grand Val*, and a short distance further on, to a snug little village called, I think, *Tavannes*, where we got dinner. We had now reached a great elevation, and I found the weather so penetrating, that after I had secured my meal, I went about the house endeavoring to purchase a blanket to serve the purpose of a wrapper. On meeting with the landlord of the inn, however, I did better than I thought, for he generously lent me his own cloth cloak, exacting no further condition for its use,

than that I should leave it with his brother in Berne, who was the keeper of the fine *Hotel de la Couronne*, in that place. With this protection, a flask of Holland gin under my arm, and six segars in my side pocket, I climbed back to my perch, quite sure that I should be able to endure the open *bouvette*, long enough to enjoy the remaining features of the route. Presently we struck the valley of the Suze, the first stream I had met whose waters took a direction to the south, and we began slowly to descend towards Bienne. I recollect remarking to Louis Cisi shortly after we had commenced enjoying this descent, that I thought I could perceive a very sensible moderation in the temperature, and I recollect, too, that Louis Cisi agreed with me at once, but whether these impressions were in accordance with the tone of the barometer, or whether they resulted from the cloak and the good cheer I had enjoyed, is yet an unsettled point in my mind. It may be as well to mention that the conductor also took his segar out of his mouth to agree with us, a combination of authority which might be irresistible, had not all of it been liable to the same arbitrary influences.

As we followed the romantic line of the Suze, the country continued to improve; the slopes of the hills here and there showed patches of cultivation, with now and then a clump of cottages, and now and then a mill which took its stand at some bubbling fall, to tax the powers of the stream. In parts, the country opened and presented us with little plains, the most pleasant features of which were the pastoral groups of shepherd boys with their crooks and dogs and flocks, and the most repugnant of which was, the sight of women straddling in the fields with scythe in hand, mowing down the grain.

Before reaching Berne we came to another chasm in our route, through which the Suze plunged and fretted at tre-

mendous depths ; we, therefore, were obliged to leave it for a while and make a new ascent more perilous than any we had made before. So precipitous was it in parts, that often we were glad to leave the diligence and ease the load the horses had to draw. Notwithstanding this relief, so continuous was the strain upon the faithful animals, that the driver was forced to lay aside his coat, in order to prolong his power to crack his whip beside their ears by way of reminding them that there was to be no pause. I thus had a good chance to notice how the team worked, and likewise to approve the superior tact with which the pull was managed. French and Swiss horses make a toilsome ascent much easier than American horses do. The latter are too much curbed and checked by harness for the sake of style and show, but the continental horse wears no check rein, and when he goes up hill he drops his head well downward, throws his shoulders forward with it, and thus contributes to a dead pull a deal of weight that would otherwise be wasted in a flourish. The horses here, however, are of a different race and breed from those we use in the United States. They are always kept in their natural state, but though they thus retain attributes of spirit in its first degree, they do not show half so much of it as do the geldings of our country. They are patient and drowsy, and endure with indifference a cracking of the whip about their ears that would make our neutral steeds revolt beyond the power of control. Authority, in any shape, receives in this part of the world more deference and submission than on the western shores of the Atlantic ; even among the horses.

After descending from this latter height, the road soon brought us to a turn that suddenly opened to our eyes a magnificent plain of several miles in extent, diversified by many colored crops. Pursuing the circuit a little further,

we obtained a distant view of the small town of Bienne, lying on the edge of the deep blue lake of the same name. To help the prospect, the sun came out and gilded the scene up to the highest point of beauty. We descended the hill at a tremendous pace, and soon found ourselves rattling our way through the centre of the town, the coachman's whip cracking a jubilee for his arrival, and summoning everybody out of doors to celebrate our entrance. In a few minutes we were off again, meeting the Suze once more beyond the town, and crossing it by a bridge. We then crossed another bridge a little further on, over a river called the Zuil, which drains the lake of Berne, and empties itself into the river Aar about four miles further to the east. From this point to Berne, we found the country very fine. The cottages were of a better character than any we had yet seen, and on every side we beheld increasing evidence of prosperity and comfort. But soon darkness closed in the comfortable rural scene, and most of our passengers, male and female, betook themselves to the refreshment of a nap, till nine o'clock deposited us at the comfortable *Hotel de la Couronne* in Berne.

July, 1851.

Berne—Lucerne—Altorf—The Passage of the Alps—The Devil's Bridge—The Break - Down—Faido.

I FOUND the town of Berne to be one of the most interesting places I had seen in Europe. Everything in it is peculiar; but most peculiar is the prevalence of bears in every shape and style, from the stone emblems which meet you at the gates, to the living occupants of the Barengraba, or Bear's Ditch, in the outskirts of the town. This is explained by the fact that the town has Bears for its arms, and its foundation is connected with a legend which makes that animal held in the utmost veneration by the people. Throughout the architecture of the place they are the prevailing ornament; they supply the figure of dolphins in aqueducts, of lions in monuments, of knights in allegories, and the Barengraba, of which I have spoken, consists of two enormous pits or cells, just at the gates of the town, provided by Government for the ease and support, at public expense, of some of the finest specimens of the Bruin species that can be obtained. In the Museum, you are shown a great variety of the animal in preservation, from the grand polar monarch in his shaggy fleece, to the small brown cub, whining at its mother's dugs. At table, in your hotel, you are very likely, on calling for refreshment, to be confronted

by some china or silver Bruin, with his paws held up as if he were imploring you to drink out of his mouth. For a time, your attention is continually attracted by bears, bears, bears, until at length you reject the reproduction by concluding that Berne is the paradise of bears, and therefore no more observation or reflection is to be bestowed on that branch of its philosophy.

The general aspect of Berne is very ancient. The dwellings are mostly built of stone, with pent-house roofs; and arcades below and piazzas above, prevail in all the principal streets. Underneath the arcades are situated retail stores, and there, in rainy or in hot weather, the Bernese choose their walk; while, at more favorable times, they take the open street. No description of weather, however, confines a person in doors, for, except in crossing from one corner to another, there is no liability to exposure, and the bazaars are likely to be as gay with company on an inclement day as on a fine one. But the walk in the open street is to a stranger much to be preferred, for it not only shows you the queer faces of the buildings, but exhibits a panorama of the dwelling windows that is much more interesting than the panorama of the shops, for in these windows, on piles of gaudy cushions, may be seen ladies and gentlemen reclining with oriental languor, respectively smoking, reading, or chatting, as they occasionally lean forward to look forth.

The streets of Berne are wide, and paved with a broad square stone, somewhat similar to our Russ stone, but laid at right angles, as in London and Paris, instead of being set diagonally. For the purpose of cleanliness, the surface is convex, and in the centre of the street is turned a branch of the river Aar. This is covered with flags in many places, but in others it is an open, swift canal, some two feet wide, relieved at intervals with ornamental basins and fountains

of large size, at which the washerwomen of the place congregate to talk and work. Having thus performed their tasks, in open convention, as it were, they lug their burdens off, and spread the clothes in the high roofs to dry at leisure, beyond the reach of the rains and the frequent fogs to which the neighborhood is subject. To aid this purpose, the dormer windows are built of an enormous size, with open apertures to let in the air, and with projecting eaves to keep out the storm.

The finest sight in Berne is obtained from a place called the "Platform," at the rear of the Cathedral, and elevated by a wall of masonry, a hundred and eighty feet above the banks of the river and the lower town. Here, over miles of country, I got a view of the black range of the Jura, through which I had toiled the day before, and in another quarter I discerned the distant Bernese Alps, their snow-clad peaks mixing with the clouds. At first I took these peaks to be clouds themselves, but at the hint of my guide, I traced their sharp lines as they pierced the fleece of heaven, and defined them to look like spires of frosted silver, mantled in parts with spangled tissue. Below me, and on three sides of the town ran the swift Aar, and in the centre of the stream stood a small island to divide the current and give it still greater force. This island is called the "Ise of Baths," and being considered a sort of neutral ground between the two shores, it is filled, as my guide informed me, with nymphs, who wait upon the visitor, and improvise, at his command, any of the features of Mahommed's paradise. This is a strange circumstance in the very centre of so chaste a clime, and it is still more strange, that so strict and virtuous a people as the Swiss should suffer it to thrive under their very eyes. But so it is, and a "Berne bath" is as familiarly understood all over Europe, as are any of the

obliquities of Paris. Perhaps the sufferance proceeds from the fact that Berne considers herself, as she is, the chief town of Switzerland, and like all capitals, may tolerate certain extraordinary features, as a sacrifice for greatness. She might, however, very well content herself with her libraries, museums, magazines, hospitals, schools, and mint, and yet be ahead of any other native municipal competitor.

The museums of Berne are very good, and in the one allotted to natural history, I saw, besides the bears, the "preservation" of the celebrated dog "Barry," that noble friend of man, who saved so many lives by his exertions in the snowy passes of the great St. Bernard. There is a fine repose and natural dignity in the attitude and mien of this natural philanthropist, and my feelings paid him as profound respect as I stood riveted upon his form, as if he had been of a superior race.

The environs of Berne are beautiful, and it has also some delightful interior promenades; but before I close the enumeration of its sights, I must not omit to give it credit for a cathedral four hundred and thirty years old, and a town-clock which, like that of Strasbourg, makes a parade of the apostles every time it strikes the hour of twelve.

One day in Berne seemed to be sufficient for our party, so we took places in the diligence, and started at seven in the morning for Lucerne. The day was rainy, as it had been during the passage of the Val Moutier, and the incidents, so far as the diligence was concerned, did not much vary from the incidents of that occasion. The aspect of the country was, however, different. It was more subdued, and in the early part of the day was distinguished by the frequent appearance of little chapels by the roadside, and

with figures of the cross and Savior, crowned with flowers, and set up at the entrance of villages, to proclaim to the visitor its Romish faith. We also this day met with, in some of the close valleys, men and women wearing beneath their chins the horrible swelling or excrescence called the goitre, to which affliction so many of the Swiss are subject. We likewise beheld some of the "*cretins*," or born idiots of the clime, standing gibbering at the cottage doors, or dancing out into the road with the most revolting grimaces, asking us for alms. After dinner, which we took at one o'clock, we got into a more prosperous and better cultivated country, and as the weather lighted up, found inclination and opportunity to admire the improving aspect of the cottages. These now appeared with very ornamental fronts, tacked all over the surface in little scale-like shingles, making their outside resemble a closely woven coat of mail, or the husk of the pine-tree fruit. We noticed, moreover, that their broad roofs were in all cases heavily laden with huge pieces of rock, from the peak to the eaves, and on inquiring the reason, learned that they were thus protected from the powerful winds that pour between the mountains, which would otherwise whirl them off. The scenery kept on improving through the afternoon, and developed itself beautifully as it opened on Lucerne at five o'clock. The weather had then quite cleared up, and we had a fine view of the lake and the features which immediately surround the town.

The situation of Lucerne is exceedingly picturesque. It sits at the very head of the lake, as if it were presiding over its blue waters. On the right hand rises Mount Pilate, its majestic head enveloped in the clouds, and extending in the distance, right and left, appears a circle of high mountains, amid whose labyrinths the lake is lost. Far beyond, rise

the glistening summits of the snowy Alps, a striking contrast to the summer aspect of Lucerne and the Italian languor of the embosomed scene which its environs enclose. We found a superb hotel, indeed a perfect palace, situated directly on the edge of the lake, and from its piazza enjoyed the sweetest picture, and most abounding in all the elements of beauty, that we yet had met. A short walk through the town well repaid us for our labor, but we were most largely gratified by a visit to a place called the Pfyffer Garden, where we saw Thorwaldsen's colossal lion, cut in the solid rock, to commemorate the massacre of the Swiss Guard of Louis XVI., who fell at Paris in resisting the attack made on the Tuilleries, on the 10th August, 1792. The noble animal is transfixed with an arrow and declines in death. To the last moment he grasps a shield bearing the emblems of the Bourbons, while his countenance bears an expression of pain and sadness, of despair and dignity that could scarcely be exceeded by the lineaments of the human face. It made a profound impression on me, and I involuntarily accredited it, in my judgment, as the best piece of European sculpture I had seen. In the way of lions, I had been quite surfeited in England, but the progeny of that quarter resembled this no nearer, than a Shetland pony would an Arabian barb.

On returning to our hotel at dusk, a grand family council was called as to our future course. The snowy Alps were in sight, and it was necessary that a decision should be made whether they were to be crossed by my friends on the following day, or whether they should diverge to Lake Geneva for a northern route, leaving me to push forward to the plains of Italy alone. The family spread themselves anxiously about a circular table, guide books were produced, maps examined, and calculations sagely made with the aid

of a lead pencil, as to the number of days it would require to go as far, at least, as Venice. All were pretty well fatigued, but not an eye winked during the discussion, and the council finally broke up with a decision to pursue with me the direct onward course. Then a long breath of satisfaction was drawn by the younger members of the audience, and it was decided that we should take the steamboat that ran down the lake to Fluellen, in the morning.

We rose at daybreak, and at five o'clock were off, the peak of Mount Pilate, looming clear of clouds, and by that strange contradiction of appearances, promising us a storm. Sure enough, a few minutes after our departure, the rain began to descend; the surface of the lake was spoiled, and we saw all the grand scenery of the borders, through a dim and misty veil. On our way we noticed several market boats pulling stoutly for the town, some of them heavily laden with produce, and some of the deepest laden rowed by women. On our way down we passed William Tell's chapel, on the northern shore, saw the celebrated Mount Rhigi, and reviewed every variety of scenery, from the savage to the soft, on either side. Fortunately the storm was not attended with any violence, as is often the case on this lake, and we landed in safety at the small town of Fluellen, at its lower extremity, at half-past seven o'clock; or as Louis Cisi would have said, after a passage of ten quarters of an hour.

After a pretty good soaking in our debarkation, we took coaches to Altorf, and there took the diligence for our passage over the Alps, by the famous pass of Mount St. Gothard. Altorf is situated at the northern end of that pass, and is otherwise celebrated as the scene of William Tell's appeal to the Swiss, against the oppression of the tyrant Gesler. As we rode through the town, there was pointed out to us a

tower, covered with paintings in honor of William Tell, which is said to mark the identical spot whence he shot the apple off his son's head.

From Altorf the road began to ascend, and after a while we worked our way above the region of rain, and found ourselves in a more tolerable atmosphere, though still wet and cold. We fortified ourselves against this however, and against the effect of the previous soaking we had endured, by a few instalments of spirits, and then wrapped ourselves up and reclined in our places with tolerable comfort. As we wound up higher, the sun came out brightly and genially, and notwithstanding we were fast approaching the region of snow, we were enabled to throw off our cloaks, and now and then jump out and scramble across rocky short cuts, for exercise, while the diligence was lumbering around some tortuous circuit of the mountain side.

At the start of our ride, we passed through groves of lofty chestnut trees, the finest I had ever seen; as we ascended we left them behind, and found in their places hemlocks, oak, beech, and elm; and higher still we met the pine, the fir and the larch. These grow in gorges, swing in chasms, stand on subsidiary peaks, or array themselves on ledges, like watchmen, guarding the savage solitude through which we pierced. By-and-by they gave out altogether, and the chilled and peevish earth threw out only a sparse covering of dryish looking grass, that seemed a parody on vegetation, and appeared almost as destitute of nourishment as the snow which laid above it, and trickled its contributions to the cataracts that fell on every side. Some of the defiles into which we were plunged, were most terrible in their appearance, the black and riven walls rising hundreds of feet above us, and the spiteful river, whose descent we climbed, raging at us over its broken bed as if a thousand

demons were squabbling at the bottom, and warning us from any invasion of their purgatory. The most awful of these gorges, and where the Reuss ran wildest, was a pass called the Devil's Bridge. It was so steep that the male passengers preferred to relieve the diligence, and make the pass on foot. Formerly it was considered very dangerous, but now a new bridge securely spans the cataract, and you cross without any apprehension. As you look down, however, at the remains of the old bridge, and view its mean proportions, you can scarcely restrain a shudder at the idea of the perils a vehicle must have undergone, which ventured on its narrow thread.

Having passed the bridge, the elderly gentleman, whose family were in the coach, turned with me to view the scene behind. We paused a moment, electrified with the awful grandeur of the picture. In the next, it conquered us, and without reflection, and without power of restraint, we both threw our arms in the air, and shouted, or rather screamed with all our might and main. Our pent-up feelings found as much relief by that escape as if we had cured a different emotion by a flood of tears. The strain which had been upon our imaginations had made us grave, anxious, reserved, and almost sad, but now we relaxed into ease again, and developed our sensations in a flood of conversation. Our shout had attracted the attention of the ladies in the coach, and they peeped from the windows and joined in our salute by clapping their hands, while the other male passengers, taking the cue, applauded in like manner the magnificence of the scene. It was a strange sight. There we were—a motley company, composed of French, English, German, and American, differing in temperament and habit, varying in religious creeds, but all thrilled alike with awe and paying united homage to the power and grandeur of the Almighty as exhibited in his works.

The snow, which till now had been above us, began to appear beside the road, and now and then we would pass a deposit in a hollow many feet in depth—too deep to be conquered by the feeble summer sun, until returning winter re-enforce its mass. At noon we reached a little plain, which, though quite blank of cultivation, seemed like a Paradise after the rude country of precipices and defiles through which we had toiled; and a little beyond this we came to the "Hospice," where the charitable monks have lodged themselves to give succor to the bewildered traveler among the snows. Near the Hospice, we found a very comfortable inn, where we changed horses and had dinner, and where, also, we had the gratification to get a mountain trout, which had been caught hard by in a basin of the Reuss. As a memento of the place, I bought before starting a collection of Alpine flowers, which are gathered here and preserved neatly in a book for the benefit of travelers. From the Hospice we pushed on with our fresh team, now and then meeting enormous drays, with teams of five and six gigantic horses, conveying merchandize from Italy by this route, to the consumption or manufactories of Switzerland. Our road now became more steep and zig-zag than before, and so abrupt at times that it resembled a perpendicular winding stairs, or a rope coiled to and fro so as to win an inclination that might be conquered, out of the otherwise inaccessible height.

We were now in the region of perpetual snow, and as the slow progress of the diligence permitted it, the whole party turned out and had a snow-balling match in commemoration of a passage of the Alps on the 18th of July. At two o'clock or thereabouts, we reached the apex of the pass, the snow walling us on either side, and a half frozen lake or reservoir meeting us at the top, as the source, or one of the

sources of the river Ticino, which was to conduct us downward into Italy. There were two houses on this height, both rudely built of stone, and occupied by those who have charge of the ascending and descending teams. At one of them our horses were changed, and while this was going on I entered the other and made prize of a chubby infant which sat alone in the middle of the floor, and brought it forth for the examination of our crowd. A mother soon turned up for the child, however, and when I rendered it back, she passed it to the hands of all the passengers, who each in turn covered its fresh and frosty cheek with kisses, and filled its little fists with crowns. The mother all the while looked as smiling and contented as if she were a native of Paradise, instead of being an inhabitant of the inhospitable and cheerless apex of the Alps.

We had made the ascent with five horses, but now that we were going downward, we took but three, and truth to say, we found those three too many. The road was steeper, if anything, than we had found it on the ascending side, and we were obliged to run through the short coils of a winding stairs hundreds of feet above the level of the valley, with fence to bind us in. Nevertheless, though the bare sight of this, even by a man on foot, was enough to cause a shudder, the reckless driver, as if merely to show his daring, drove down at headlong speed, and as we whistled round the turns, (which we made at every hundred yards or so,) we could feel the coach raise upon its side wheels, and threaten to spin over into the abyss. There was not a person in the diligence who did not feel alarm at these fearful turnings, but our ignorance confided in the driver's experience, and prevented us from making a remonstrance. After a little while, we wished we had, for as we were rattling down a steep descent through a narrow gorge, with the

Ticino foaming hundreds of yards below, the iron shoe that was fixed to the left hand wheel broke away, and discharged us like a shot against the rock. Fortunately, the chasm was on the right hand, or we would have gone over, and not enough been left of us or our vehicle, in half an hour, to make a stick for a parasol. As it was, the whole front corner of the diligence was stove in, one axletree was broken, and the conductor and driver were discharged against the rock, and fell among the feet of the horses. Both luckily escaped, however, without being very badly hurt. Most fortunate of all, the well bred animals who drew us stood stock still, and thus our lives were saved. The conductor, as soon as he had recovered, made many apologies for the accident, and set off to a station in the rear to get a new vehicle to take us on, but as we were now only three or four miles from Faido, our destination for the day, we concluded to do the rest of our perilous journey on foot. We did not regret the change. The exercise was refreshing, and we were enabled to enjoy some peace of mind. At sun-down we reached Faido, and put up at the Hotel of the Angels, well chartered for a hearty supper and sound sleep, by the fatigues we had undergone throughout the day.

July, 1851.

*Italian Switzerland—Lugano—Como—Milan—The Tragedy
of Love.*

My last letter left me deposited at the Hotel of the Angels, at Faïdo, the termination of the day's journey of those who make a crossing, southward, of the Alps, and it is the duty of this letter to rouse me up at four o'clock, to resume the diligence at five, in order to complete the journey to Milan. It was Sunday morning, and though the sun had just touched the summits of the hills that bound in the village on every side, the bell was tolling for mass, and the inhabitants were streaming towards the chapel of the place to make their weekly shrift. The whole village seemed to be alive, and notwithstanding the earliness of the hour, the dames and damsels who made an attractive mosaic of the crowd, were as carefully dressed as if they had prepared their toilet for high noon. The appearance of the people, however, both male and female, had much changed. Though still in Switzerland, the characteristics of the Swiss race had disappeared, and yielded entirely to the Italian. The street signs too indicated Italian to be the language of the place; and also unmistakably Italian were the large dark eyes, brown cheeks, and handsome features of almost every person who went by. Now and then a square built Swiss maiden,

with her unrestrained form, high cheek bones and small gray eyes, would pass along, but only often enough to show the contrast between the two races, and to claim admiration for the superior forms and graceful carriage of the Southrons. The dress too was changed, and instead of the latticed bodice, short frock, and peaked hat of the Alpine beauty, there appeared flowing skirts, long scarfs, and tiaras of glossy hair, covered with tasty veils falling in carnival fashion down the back.

As we left the town and progressed upon our road, the contrast continued to increase in the way of the country itself. The landscape had a softer aspect, the clipped grapevines of the northern region rose to the luxuriance of bowers, and still further on they were trained on upright poles, in the shape of trees. Indian corn after a few hours' drive began sparsely to appear, and towards the close of the day rejoiced in a multitude of fields. The villages through which we passed were exceedingly picturesque, and the groups which gathered in the thoroughfares to see us pass, looked like the pictures of Cervantes and Gil Blas. Belinzona, the capital of the canton, through which we passed in the forenoon, lay in a sunny languor, its people hiving lazily about their doors and windows, as though they were making up a scene for the underplot of a romance, while some miles further on, from the apex of a toilsome hill, we looked down upon a sweep of meadows, with Lake Maggiore obtruding from the mountains like a sheet of silver invading a portion of the plain. We saw but a corner of the lake at this point, (the corner which receives the Ticino,) and then wound off eastward towards Lugano.

We arrived at Lugano about noon, and as we thundered down a steep hill into the town, a scene of most surpassing sweetness broke upon us. There lay the town perched at

the head of the lake, and built partly up the hill with picturesque effect. There lay the lake in silent beauty, still and clear as glass; while based in the crystal, as though planted on a mirror, majestic mountains stood around its borders, exhibiting between their great openings where the lake spread on, a scene of drowsy quiet, mixed with grandeur, that seemed to have been invented for the repose of Nature. To finish the picture, little gondolas, or pleasure boats, with gay parti-colored awnings, were pushing lazily about on various portions of the lake, or emerging from some of the mountain nooks where their parties had been picnicking or looking after fish.

We took dinner at Lugano, and reluctantly resumed the diligence to move forward from the fairy scene, skirting the edge of the lake, and crossing it by a fine bridge, to take its left hand border down. As we rode along, evidences of the Catholicity of the country appeared very frequently in the shape of chapels by the roadside, of churches with the emblem of the cross upon their spires, and rude pictures of the saints painted in front of the dwellings and even upon stable doors. The country is thickly populated along the border of the lake. We scarcely left one village a few minutes, before we would plunge into another, and throughout all, we heard for an hour a continuous chime, summoning the devout to worship. The day was very hot, yet I endured an outside perch with great fortitude, and found my pay in a series of impressions, which will probably never be eradicated from my mind. All day we had been descending; and towards the close of the afternoon we left the hills behind us, and entered upon the vast plain that stretches between Como and Milan. And how grateful seemed that plain. From the commencement of the Rhine, to this final farewell of the Alps, my mind had been strained with gran-

deur to an aching point, and I welcomed this new phase of nature with a strong feeling of repose, and for a time felt as if I never wished to see a hill again.

We arrived at Como at six o'clock, but did not enjoy an examination of its features, beyond what could be gathered in a ride through the town. We could see, however, that it was a fine place, and deserving of its early ambition of being a rival of Milan. It is situated at the southwest extremity of the lake of Como, and its neighborhood is celebrated as the location of some of the most superb villas of all Italy. It is here that the unfortunate Queen Caroline, of England, took up her residence for a time, and purchased a place, which she called the Villa d'Este.

The city was all alive when we entered it, and the hours of church service being over, we saw its people to their best advantage. It had been a saint's day, and in addition to the larger portion of the population being abroad to enjoy it, great numbers had come up from Milan to share the fete. Here we saw soldiers (Austrians), a sight we had not seen since we had entered peaceful republican Switzerland, and here again we felt, as soon as we saw them, that the system of passport annoyance was to re-commence. The streets of Como were very gay with ladies, as we rode through; and the ladies of Como were very gay in themselves. A bevy of young beauties perched on a hill shouted to us and waved their handkerchiefs as we passed by, and most of the lady promenaders, stately as peacocks though they were, would turn their lustrous orbs towards us with glances by no means devoid of welcome. We noticed that they were remarkable for the beauty of their hair, the which, though the sun pours down here in no temperate beams, they seldom cover even with a veil; nay, they seldom ever take pains to shade their cheeks. Most of them carried fans in their

hands, but they used them rather for the purposes of coquetry than for covering, and scarcely ever raised them before the sun, except to shade their eyes when they were forced to look in direct opposition to his rays. The gentlemen also were carefully dressed, and among them I noticed some of the finest specimens of manly beauty I had ever seen.

We took rail-road at Como for Milan, a distance of twenty-three miles, and shortly after entering the cars were relieved of our passports, in exchange for tickets, which entitled us to recover them on entering the capital. Throughout the whole distance of the track we ran through a continuous plain, cultivated to its utmost capacity, and containing among its other productions a large amount of Indian corn. It did not, however, exhibit that vigorous appearance it does with us; but this probably is owing not so much to the defect of the climate as to the deficient husbandry of the cultivation, for it seemed to my eye that the grain had been sowed broadcast, instead of being planted and hilled as in the United States. The rail-road between Como and Milan is very well built, but its regulations are poor. A great deal of time is lost at the stations in taking in passengers, and though the train ran very swift when it was in motion, we were more than two hours in accomplishing the twenty-three miles. We arrived at the great gate of Milan, the same which received Napoleon as a conqueror, at half-past eight o'clock, and after a tedious detention for an examination of our luggage, were allowed to pass. We then made the best of our way to the Hotel de la Ville, where my friends retired at once to bed, leaving me to follow their wise example as soon as I had made amends for a poor dinner by an attack upon a cold fowl, flanked by a small bottle of Burgundy wine. In the morning I took breakfast

with the family, despatched a letter home for publication, and then engaged a *valet de place* for an examination of the city.

The chief object of interest in Milan is the great cathedral, a superb Gothic structure, built entirely of white marble, and inferior in size to only two other churches in Europe—the church of St. Paul's, in London, and St. Peter's, at Rome. In outward beauty, to my eye, it exceeds them both, though the palm must be yielded to the latter, in all the claims of grandeur which result from harmony and size. The cathedral of Milan is a miracle of chiseling, as well in the way of statues, as in tracery and fret work. From all parts of its exterior rises a perfect forest of delicate marble spires, overlaid with lace-like carving, and from every point, and in every niche and angle stands a sculptured saint, each of the size of life, and the majority of them of the most exquisite proportions. Four thousand and four hundred elaborate figures of this description preside over the architectural grandeur of the edifice, and even yet the number is said to be not quite made up. The interior is supported by clustered columns, eight feet in diameter, and ninety feet in height, and below the floor, in a grand chapel underground, lies the evangelical patron of the place, the holy San Carlo. He is enclosed in a glass coffin, through which his mummy may be seen, dressed in his archiepiscopal mitre and robes; his fleshless fingers glittering with costly gems. The best view of the exterior of the cathedral, is from the large square at the left side of the front. The church of next importance in Milan, is that of St. Ambrose. It dates from the ninth century, and is famous not only for its ecclesiastical councils, but is renowned also as the place in which the German Emperors usually received the crown of Lombardy. Among its relics it contains a huge brazen serpent, which is declared

to be the identical one made and used by Moses in the wilderness. In the church of Santa Maria della Grazia, an altar of Carrara marble is shown, which, for elaborate workmanship, is well worth seeing, while in a side chapel is a host of relics sufficient to revive the dormant faith of the most inveterate skeptic in the world.

Hard by the latter church, is an old Dominican convent, in the great hall of which is painted on the wall, the famous "Last Supper," by Leonard Da Vinci, who was a native of Milan. It is nearly faded out, however, by damp and age, and it has also suffered much from the abuse which it received when the building was occupied as a barrack by the French. At present the hall is in a most wretched condition, being quite bare, and from the proximity of a stable, having the smell of the menagerie. Under this state of things all traces of the great picture must soon fade out, and nothing remain to tell its beauty, but the engravings which now flood the world.

There are five galleries of paintings in Milan, and one of the best is, that attached to the Ambrosian Library, an institution founded by San Carlo, and now containing ninety-five thousand printed volumes. Attached to another public library, is a gallery containing Guido's crucifixion, and a glass case enclosing a manuscript letter of Lucretia Borgia, and a lock of her golden hair. I was profoundly impressed with the appearance of these relics. The enormous wickedness of the beautiful demon to whom the tress belonged, had lodged her in my imagination as a fabulous creation, but the inspection of these relics, placed her before my eyes, and gave reality to her character. What beautiful hair, said I, involuntarily, as I stood musing over the case.

"Ah, yes sir," said my guide, "the hair is very fair, but the heart was very black."

Milan is the capital of Austrian Italy, and has a population of nearly two hundred thousand souls. It is situated in the centre of an immense plain, and it derives its commercial importance, doubtless, from its being the focus of the various roads that pierce the Alps, which unite here, as if they were so many rivers, flowing with their trade to a common port. Its manufactures, however, are the most important branch of its prosperity, and of these the manufacture of silk preponderates over all others. Velvets, lace, artificial flowers, carpets, &c., are also largely produced, and its trade in rice and Parmesan cheese is very extensive. It has also a royal tobacco manufactory, but owing to the settled hostility of the people to the Government, this does not at present do a very thriving business. It was on the tobacco question that the people broke with the Government in 1848, and through their contumacy in still refusing to smoke dutiable segars, they are held under martial law. No one can be seen smoking in the streets except the Austrian soldiers, or perhaps some government official or parasite, who takes the broad daylight to inculcate a lesson of loyalty to his neighbors. But it would not be altogether safe for him to go forth thus at night, for his segar would run a chance of extinguishment by a fist, or by a keen stroke between the ribs that might perhaps put out the smoker as well as the segar. The result is that smoking in Milan is confined mainly to the soldiery, and to retainers of the Government; or it is enjoyed by the loyal only inside of cafés or closed doors. I had forgotten this state of things at the time of my arrival, and was about issuing from my hotel with a fine regalia in my mouth, when I was reminded by my guide of the nature of affairs.

“However, *sir*, you need not throw away *your* segar unless you like,” added he, “for you will be

known as a stranger, and the people will not take offense at *you*."

"But I *will* throw it away," I replied, promptly suiting the action to the word; "for I will not do anything that gives dissatisfaction to the people."

The good fellow seemed much pleased with my conduct; from that moment his confidence was unlocked, and he talked of nothing but Garibaldi, and hopes of revolution for the rest of the day. I found this feeling universal among the populace, and also found the hatred to the government intense.

"What is your local government here?" said I, to my intelligent hotel-keeper.

"We have none," was his answer.

"Have you no town council?"

"No."

"No Mayor?"

"No."

"Who rules here then?"

"The man who rules over all Lombardy—Radetzky!"

"How long has this martial law been in force?"

"Since 1848."

"How long do you expect it to continue?"

The prudent landlord shrugged his shoulders, and I took the hint and answered for him—"Until the spring of 1852."

A strong evidence of the state of the public feeling was given a few days previous to my arrival, in the assassination of a man who had been guilty of information to the government, as to the liberal sentiments of certain of his neighbors. He was stabbed in the open streets while people were going to and fro in all directions, yet such was the common detestation of his conduct, that not a witness

could be found who saw the act, and the spy was turned into his grave unmourned and unredressed.

The people of Milan look worthy of their spirit. They are by far the best dressed and noblest-featured population I have seen anywhere in Europe. They bear themselves as if they deserved liberty, and only want good leaders to do great deeds. The women are by no means behind the men in pride and resolution, as they proved by many glorious acts of devotion during the commotions of 1848. One recent instance of self sacrifice and elevated courage, though exhibited in love instead of patriotism, will serve to show the deeds of which they are capable.

A Milanese girl was the mistress of a Frenchman, and they had lived together, and loved each other tenderly for several years. As time ran on, his passion weakened in its ardor, and avarice got the ascendancy in his heart. An eligible match was offered him with a young heiress, which, after some reflection, he decided to embrace. He endeavored to keep it secret, but by the instinct which love alone possesses, the companion of his bosom found it out. Having nothing in me that is magniloquent or tender, I will not attempt to describe her ravings or her tears. It is enough that she broke his purpose, and he yielded to a temporary remorse. By-and-by, however, when his mistress was appeased, he resumed his overtures to the heiress, and at length got so far as to plight his troth and fix the bridal day. In the meantime, the Milanese discovered his duplicity, and feeling that hope had closed to her forever, she took the last resource of an abused affection, and wrapping her mantle about her, left his house. There were no tears, no violence on this occasion, but she paused on the threshold and warned him as she went, that if he performed the last outrage on her love, by the consummation of his nuptials,

the occasion should be signalized by blood. The Frenchman trembled when he heard these words, but it was not from an emotion of remorse. That passion holds but a narrow lease in an artificial heart, and the sentiment he felt was fear. He postponed the marriage, and when the second day came round, he postponed it again. At length, disgusted with his weakness, and apprehensive lest he should lose his prize, the bridal day was fixed for good. The guests assembled; the table of the merchant father groaned with plate; the room was festooned with flowers, and at the head of the regal board was grouped the bride and her maidens, the bridegroom and his friends. It was noticed, however, that the bridegroom did not seem to be happy. He was nervous, agitated and abstracted. Now and then he would start, look suddenly around, as if he expected some unwelcome sight, and then by a desperate effort rally himself into a hollow burst of gaiety. As he stood at the head of the feast, he dropped for a moment into one of these gloomy fits, but instantly recovering himself, he raised his goblet with a cheerful air to propose a toast. All paused to listen; but on that silence came the sound of a bustle in the hall, which turned his cheek to paper. Of a sudden, the doors of the saloon were thrown open, and there appeared confronting him, a figure dressed in the snowy garments of a bride, but otherwise, except in the orbs that blazed beneath her brows, more like a spectre than a bride. For a moment or two she made no movement, but fixed like a statue, seemed to enjoy the consternation of the company. During this awful pause, the goblet of her faithless lover fell from his trembling hand, and its sound upon the marble floor seemed to remind her of her purpose. She raised aloft a dagger. "I warned you," she exclaimed, "that if you attempted to consummate these nuptials they should be

signalized with blood—and I have come to keep my word,” and as she ended, she plunged the dagger deep into her own neck and fell upon the floor. The guests rushed towards her; some raised her in their arms; but life had already taken farewell of its faint hold, and the proud, broken-hearted girl was dead.

Teatro la Scala—Life in a Diligence—Pavia—Genoa.

AMONG the most attractive public features of Milan, to a stranger, is the famous Opera House of *Teatro la Scala*. It is the largest theatre in Italy, with the exception, perhaps, of the San Carlo at Naples, and would, if the boxes were arranged as in the principal theatres of the United States, contain at least six thousand people. The pit, most of which is divided into stalls, will hold eight hundred; and there are six tiers of boxes, rising one above another, all divided into little rooms or coops the entire distance round. The season had closed at the time of my visit, but on payment of a fee I was enabled to enter the house. From what I could see of it, even at this disadvantage, I was obliged to accord to it the palm of magnificence in arrangement and decoration, over London and Paris, and obliged to regret, too, that I had arrived a few days too late to see it in its pride. The appearance of the establishment when filled with company, is represented to be very novel. There are no lamps except those which are used to light up the stage, and the whole body of the house remains in a sort of dusk, which prevents objects being seen with any distinctness, from side to side. The boxes, which are little rooms, are

occupied by parties of six or eight, who devote themselves to conversation, card-playing, or refreshments at little tables where they have lights of their own, while others remain in the dark, either listening to the music, or looking at the performance of the surrounding scene, without any retaliating observation on themselves. Ordinarily, but little attention is devoted to the play, the chief use of the house being that of a rendezvous or conversazione. There are several other theatrical establishments in Milan, but it being midsummer, only three of them were open.

The hotels in Milan are very good, and the one in which I staid was equal to the best I saw in Europe. It was fitted up with all the appointments of a palace, and its table kept up the promise of its general style. The landlord, moreover, is a very intelligent and gentlemanly man, and treats Americans with the most especial respect and consideration. He remarked to me, that the English, who used to do most of the European travel, had within the last two years disappeared to a great extent, and that the Americans were taking their places. "This year," said he, "there are more Americans than English, and I really do not know how to account for it."

"Next year," said I, "the disproportion will be still greater, and the reason is, we are getting all the money. The Americans will hereafter do the best part of the European travel, and you must prepare to study their tastes. In short, you must provide yourself with *tomatoes*, and the *New York National Police Gazette*."

There were at this time, fourteen Americans at this single establishment, though situated in the very midst of Northern Italy; so at the dinner table we made quite a formidable array, and also caused among the waiters quite a stir. While thin beverages were called for at other por-

tions of the board, rich wines prevailed with us, and the criterion of selection among our people was generally the high figures in the tables of the price. The household was in a buzz of admiration, and as I went out, I heard one enthusiastic *garçon*, who seemed bursting with amazement at the exploits in champagne which a knot of five, who still remained at table, had already performed, exclaim to a sympathetic listener behind the door, "*En verite, les Americains sont des enfants prodigues!*" Truly, these Americans are prodigal children. There was much truth in this, according to the rules of comparison, and the serving people about European hotels know how to appreciate it.

I staid in Milan one day longer than my Georgia friends, and then prepared to follow them to Genoa, where they had agreed to wait for me, preparatory to a decision whether they would turn back from that point to Turin, or embark upon the Mediterranean for Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, and Rome. Like them, I was obliged to take the diligence at noon for an eighteen hours' ride, and then push through without prospect of relief, except in occasional stoppages of five minutes to change horses, and occasional naps over the smooth portions of the road. As a preliminary to the journey, and before I was allowed to pay for a place, I was obliged to deposit my passport with the conductor, who gave me in exchange a ticket or receipt, to entitle me to regain it from the police of Genoa, to whom, as well as to the police on the borders of Sardinia, he was accountable for his human freight. Thus chartered I set out, being stowed with eight persons, all Italians but myself, in a close coop on wheels, and shut in from all air and view by curtains closely drawn to exclude the broiling sun on one side, and as tightly drawn to keep out the clouds of dust from the complexions and dresses of the ladies on the other. I con-

sequently saw nothing of the country, and was debarred by the limbs of a very stout lady, who sat opposite and dove-tailed me in my place, from making an escape until we arrived at Pavia, on the borders of Sardinia, at four o'clock in the afternoon.

Here we traveled out to undergo an inspection of our baggage, by the Sardinian officers of the *douane*, or customs, and to get what refreshment we could, at a miserable cabaret in connection with the bureau. The same performance occurred here in the inspection of our trunks which I have described at Strasbourg, but I escaped all disturbance of my clothes, by passing into the hands of the searching officer, according to the direction of Murray's Guide Book, three or four small silver coins as a tribute of my respect for his politeness, in advance. It is a good course to follow at all Italian bureaus, and I also recommend it to travelers who wish to be spared the inconvenience of a rude investigation.

From Pavia I was boxed up again, being relieved between four o'clock and dusk only by a general pic-nic, which was performed by the whole company, each of whom had, with commendable foresight, provided himself or herself with a wallet of provisions and a flask of wine. I was prepared like the rest, and at the signal of one of the ladies, we all went to work; and as the feast proceeded did ourselves credit, by sharing our varieties with the edible assortments of our near neighbors. I fraternized readily with the stout lady opposite, and made an eligible exchange with some daintily cut slices of Westphalia ham, for the half of a small chicken which she drew out of her capacious pocket. She likewise rewarded the excellence of my Bordeaux, by a slight pull which she invited me to take from her flask of *eau de vie*. When night set in, conversation subsided into a gradual chorus of snores, among which, justice obliges me

to say, the notes of my stout *vis a vis* were entitled to infinite pre-eminence. There were times throughout the night when I would have been glad to escape for a few moments at the stopping places, but the stout lady had in her sleep slipped rather forward, and I was hopelessly wedged in. We were a sweet looking party at daybreak, and the glances which we exchanged when we awoke, and tried to appear at ease, would have been worthy of the genius of any of the painters of the National Academy.

At half-past seven o'clock I arrived at Genoa, with a grateful heart, and purblind with fatigue, followed a wheelbarrow, containing my luggage, to the nearest hotel. There I threw myself down, and took a two hours' sleep, in recompense for the refreshment I had lost, after which a bath made me presentable to my friends, and tolerable to myself.

Before descending to the breakfast room, I threw open my front windows, and stood out upon the balcony, in the fresh morning air. The day and the scene were very fine. Before me, in a grand expanse, spread the blue waters of the Mediterranean flickering softly in the sun. The city lay upon the scollop of the shore, in the shape of a semi-circle, about a mile in length, while the buildings rose, one above the other, to peep into the harbor, in the style of spectators at an amphitheatre, backed by the Appenines in the far distance, and by a closer range of hills just behind the limits of the city. Immediately below me lay the placid harbor, protected from the ocean swell by two enormous moles or piers, which project towards each other from either extremity of the city, filled with shipping of all nations, which dozed securely by their hawsers, perfectly indifferent to whatever wind might blow without. Beyond the harbor, and at various distances upon the main, might be seen the

steady ship, the dancing smack, the little fishing-boat, and the black trail of some laboring steamer on its track between Naples and Marseilles. All this was a peculiarly pleasing sight to me. Having been born in New York, and my earliest notions being associated with harbor scenes and the sea, I enjoyed the picture with peculiar relish, and appreciated it the more because I had not seen a ship since I had left Antwerp on the Scheldt.

Genoa has a great name in commerce, and she likewise owns the credit of having given birth to that greatest of all navigators, Christopher Columbus, whose genius and whose perseverance redeemed a hemisphere from the abyss. She likewise owns the credit of having once worn the diadem of commerce, through her command of the Indian trade, and of having been, like all commercial nations, famous for her love of liberty. As early as the eleventh century she was the capital of a Republic, and she continued to remain such, until its domain was arbitrarily assigned to the kingdom of Sardinia, by the Congress of Vienna, after the battle of Waterloo. The people, however, wear their yoke uneasily. They yearn after their ancient glory and old independence, and murmur at the taxes that are imposed for the support of an uncongenial system. They are very free in speech, and democratic expressions are just as frequent in their newspapers and their cafés, as in London or in New York. Indeed, it would be almost impossible to restrain them in this privilege. Like the citizens of Liege, they have always been famous in the chronicles of history as a turbulent people, and as being continually agitated by questions of popular privilege, that seem to spring, as it were, out of the ground.

The commerce of Genoa has, of course, very much declined within the last three centuries, but this is owing

rather to changes over which she had no control, than to her own negligence, or to the declining enterprise of her people. The discovery of the Cape of Good Hope transferred the trade of the Indies to Portugal, and the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks, shut up the direct route which Genoa commanded to the East by the way of the Mediterranean. Out of these changes grew up dissensions with Venice, which was her rival for the India trade, and in addition to her loss of business, she became debilitated by bitterly contested wars with the mistress of the Adriatic. She still, however, ranks as the second commercial city of the Mediterranean, and now that her commerce is again increasing, renews her hope that she will soon be pre-eminent above Marseilles. Her situation is very eligible, and lying in the curve of the continent nearest to the fertile plains of Parma, Sardinia, Piedmont, and Lombardy, and also the avenues of Switzerland beyond, she becomes the entrepot and commercial agent of them all. These advantages are shortly to be increased by a rail-road which is soon to be finished to Turin; and by a further one that has been spoken of to Milan.

The aspect of Genoa, as I find it now, is most lively and picturesque, though the first expression must not be understood as applying to the dwellings in the lower portion of the town. There, most of them are very tall and very ancient, and in the greater number of the streets they lean towards each other like aged giants, who are becoming loose in the knees. The greater number of the streets in the lower quarter are mere lanes, scarcely any of them admitting the passage of a vehicle; indeed, many can be touched on both sides by the outspread hands, and the passage of a donkey with well filled paniers drives you to the necessity of standing in a doorway till he gets by. In some cases, the

projecting eaves of the houses almost meet above, and the residents who wish to give a sociable afternoon party, need only summon their neighbors to an opposite window, in order to hob and nob over a cup of tea, as familiarly as if they were at the same table. While on this subject, it is hardly necessary that I should suggest the facilities which such a state of things must afford to younger persons, in the way of making love, or in taking advantage of such as is already made. This narrowness keeps the streets shady and cool, though it does not help to keep them clean. A good system of sewerage, however, prevents them from becoming offensive; but many a time I was obliged to wish the sewerage would keep them free from fleas. Owing to their inaccessibility to vehicles, the most frequent objects you meet in them are mules and donkeys, laden with every imaginable article, from fagots and dry goods, to panniers laden down with bricks and ironware. These grave wayfarers seem to be on a very good footing with themselves. Filled with their own importance, or indifference as to your presence, they go straight along, never stepping an inch out of their chosen path, and unless you very promptly move aside, they will walk against you, and, without saying "by your leave," thrust you to the wall. Upon looking at their burdens, however, you do not grumble at their unconcern, but willingly give the road up to so much patience and fidelity. In order to enable them to keep their feet up the steep and glossy pavement of these streets, they are shod with a circular iron shoe, which projects an inch beyond the foot all round, and gives them the appearance of having their feet set in the centre of iron quoits.

The streets of Genoa, in the business hours, are filled with people, and everybody is at work, or passing to and fro on business. The main street, which runs along the quay,

where the principal shipping business is performed, is a perfect hive of labor, and is filled, from the earliest hours, with a swarm of laborers, who answer to the long shoremen of our country, but who here look like so many Massaniellos, ready to be organized into a grand torch chorus at the sound of a gong. They are, however, much superior in appearance to the loafers of an opera troupe. They are hearty, lusty fellows, brawny in frame, with fine muscular development, and they work with a good will and an incessancy that I never saw equaled in the United States, even on a special job. They take the most incredible burdens on their shoulders, and move under them always with a trot, and having deposited them, return without pause, and at the same gait, for another. All over the quay there is a continual hum of voices and outcries, mixed with the braying of donkeys, and the lumbering roll of heavy drays, which, with their long lines of horses, are setting out to, or returning from, the great roads to Milan, Turin, or the Alps. Some of the features of this scene are quite novel, and strike the attention of a stranger very singularly. The conduct and aspect of the donkeys often provoke his mirth, and he can scarcely restrain his laughter at the queer contrast they present, when harnessed in tandem, as they often are, with horses of the largest size. The first instance I saw of this queer intermixture, was the appearance of a magnificent stallion, harnessed in a line of donkeys, two of which went before, and two after him, in dragging a load of merchandize. I could not help wondering, as I saw his proud neck and stately step, whether he was not ruminating on the degradation of his associations. But appearances or congruity seem to be very little consulted in Genoa.

In contradistinction to all this enterprise and activity, the whole line of arcades on which stands the water front of the

city, is in a state of lamentable dilapidation ; the arches are crumbling, piles of rubbish lie at their base, and the general aspect of the water front is that of a town which has just sustained a severe bombardment. The more modern portion of the city, however, which stretches along the north side of the port, redeems this sloven picture by handsome buildings, and regular and spacious streets. Upon these, and in the higher and more salubrious portions of the town, are situated many palaces, the magnificence of which almost discourages description. Indeed, from their number, and the grandeur of their decorations, in fountains, galleries, gold, and gardens, Genoa has enjoyed through centuries, among her Italian sisterhood, the title of "The Superb." I visited the most famous edifices, and will content myself with contributing my acquiescence in the justice of the compliment. The churches, as a general thing, do not come up to the glory of the palaces, but one of them, the name of which I think is the Annunziata, exceeds, in gilding, any interior decorations I have seen between this place and Versailles. Such a wealth of ornament is lavished upon its ceiling that the sight is wounded, and it seems as if, should a conflagration of the building ever take place, that molten streams would pour from the opulent ruins into the street.

In banking, too, as well as in palaces and commerce, Genoa deserves a high distinction. The Bank of St. George, the oldest bank of circulation in Europe, was established here as early as the fourteenth century, and Genoa still remains the money mart of Southern Europe. I advise travelers to draw upon their bankers here, rather than in Leghorn or Rome, as they will receive much more favorable terms than at either of the latter places.

I rose at daybreak the second morning of my stay, for the purpose of looking through the markets. Notwithstanding

it was so early, I stumbled over a donkey laden with onions as I stepped out of my hotel door, and brought up in front of a beggar and a priest, one of whom inquired very earnestly if I was hurt, and the other begged me for God's sake to forget my troubles, and give him alms. I was not in a very good humor, for that class of the residents of Genoa denominated fleas had wofully disturbed my temper, and I fancied that the muleteer whose donkey I had upset, was cursing me in anything but choice Italian. Nevertheless, as I noticed that the worthy padre was engaged in repressing a flea-bite under his arm, and that the mendicant was scratching promiscuously all over, I was softened by the consolation of companionship in misery, and politely thanked the first, and gave a franc to the second. I had been told to expect fleas as soon as I got south of Milan, but I had no idea that the region of vermin commenced so virulently at such an early latitude. Upon reflection, I do not wonder that the people of Gênoa are industrious, for they dare not be idle. Half the time of a person who is not at active work, is engaged in scratching his body, and to such perfection is this motion brought, that ladies will perform it in your presence almost without exciting your suspicion of their object. In fact, they make it contribute to style, and some of their most casual and graceful motions are undertaken for the mere purpose of dislodging a flea. As I became interested on this subject, I studied the matter rather closely, and I found that it was seldom the object of the scratcher to eject the intruders, but merely to break their hold, and oblige them to adopt the relief of a fresh place. The beggar who assailed me, however, was a rough performer. The fellow had no art, and went at in a downright way, as a matter of relief. I am inclined to think that for this reason he would command but little respect or charity

among his countrymen. He was a cripple, and had but two short stumps for legs, while he was further fortunate in the loss of his left eye. Throughout the previous day I had seen many with one arm, others with one leg, several with club feet, paralyzed limbs, and broken backs, while those who were deaf, dumb, and blind, were beyond my count. At length, as I proceeded, I became more and more astonished at the number of cripples of one sort and another, and I was forced to the conclusion that it is the custom among a class of beggars to clip themselves of certain members, in order to make capital for setting up the business of a mendicant. The loss of one leg is a very good business start, but the fortitude which can yield up two, will probably be rewarded with a handsome revenue of alms through life.

As I walked along the water street, which I described so bustling in the day before, I looked into the little cabarets or restaurants that were built in cellars under the arcades, and there I saw Pietro and Gomez, Carlos and Beppo, Giacomo and Sanchez, *et id genus omne*, strengthening themselves for their day's task by tucking in their breakfasts. In some cases, half a dozen of them eating out of the same dish. There seemed no rivalry in the matter, for there appeared in all cases to be an abundance of food, and each helped himself without haste, and saw his companions follow him without apprehension of injustice. The favorite article seemed to be a fry of small fish, about the size of a sardine, but pulpy, like a snail. I afterwards found them in great plenty in the markets.

The markets were chiefly distinguished for their abundance and variety of fruits; they are also famous for the size and excellence of their veal. Calves are grown here to an enormous size, and in this line, the stock-raisers of Sardinia rival the English in their production of mutton.

Veal is nowhere so fine as in Genoa. Figs, cherries and plums, hold the same pre-eminence, while in the way of vegetables, potatoes make a respectable appearance. Tomatoes are cheap and plenty, and mushrooms appear in the most extravagant profusion. In fact, this latter article seems to be a great staple with the hucksters of Genoa. On all sides they are heaped up in baskets, and they appear from the button size to a bulky fungi nearly as large as a Russia turnip. They are, however, very different from the mushroom of England and America. They have something of the same flavor, but they are more woody and solid, and consequently are less rich and less delicate. They are sold in all styles, either fresh from the earth, or cut into dried shavings, or done up in cases for exportation. Those selected for the latter use, are of the small button size, and large quantities of them find their way to the United States. They are eat here in various ways, but the most favorite method is to fry them in oil, in which style they do not taste unlike a fried oyster. Cheese and maccaroni are likewise prominent articles among the market people; and I observed at shops, throughout the streets that were devoted to market purposes, large quantities of Indian meal. I finished my survey of the market by breakfast time. After that I visited the street principally occupied by the goldsmiths; the quarter devoted to the braziers and workers in brass and iron; the factories of silk and velvet; and closed the day with the impression that Genoa was a great city, and its people a worthy and industrious people, who deserve a better fate than to descend from their grand history to be the subjects of a king.

July, 1851.

*From Genoa to Leghorn—Pisa and the Leaning Tower—
Beautiful Bathers.*

THE sight of the beautiful waters of the Mediterranean, the freshness of the delicious breezes which wafted from its surface in our faces, and the captivating downward line of coast that stretched towards the Eternal City, fixed the minds of my friends, and on the morning of the second day it was decided they would continue on to Rome. Our courier, therefore, was despatched with orders to secure us places, and on the afternoon of the third day after our arrival we found ourselves sailing out of the harbor of "Genoa the Superb," in a little steamer called the "Castore," one of a line of French mail packets that run between Naples and Marseilles.

It was seven o'clock when we started, therefore we had not more than enough of daylight to admire the aspect of the retreating city, and to make preparations to secure eligible resting, or "roosting" places for the night. A dinner was set out for us in the cabin, but there were few partakers; the motion of the vessel making many of the passengers sick, while most of the rest had their dinner before their start. I was one of the few who appeared at the steward's muster, but out of the entire party of my friends there was

only one—and that one a lady—who was not in the hands of the waiters, who in these boats perform the offices of maids—I beg pardon, I mean to say, maid-servants. This general sickness was hardly expected from the appearance of the sea, but I found it had a short chopping motion, which operated upon our flirting little two hundred and fifty tun craft, more decidedly than the full sweep of the Atlantic acts upon a steamer of proper size and regular deportment. At our start there was a good deal of laughing, talking, promenading, and skylarking on the short after deck, but we had not got a mile from the mole before the color began to flutter on the ladies' cheeks, sudden disappearances prevailed, and presently an overture of sad noises, interspersed with violent interjections, commenced in the caves below, and lasted throughout the night.

A chorus of sea music of this kind, though by no means agreeable even to a contented soul, would, however, probably not have disturbed me much, had I not suffered a more serious annoyance in the shape of an attack of fleas. I have alluded to my sufferings in this way at Genoa, but I must acquit "La Superba" of the suspicion of having followed me with her peculiar institutions to this distance. I am positive on this subject, for after great pains and a most persevering search, I parted, just previous to my embarkation, with a fine fellow, the last of his set, who had been with me the greater part of a whole day, and those I met on board were members of a new tribe, replenished mainly from Marseilles, but doubtless well strengthened with contributions from all the Christian ports on the line of route.

At midnight the vigor of distress among the invalids had subsided into fitful murmurs, and it was only at long intervals that silence would be quite ripped up by the violent

action of a disgusted stomach, or disturbed by a plaintive appeal on the part of some female sufferer that some person would step forward "and put an existence to her life." At four o'clock in the morning, however, the wheels of the *Castore* stopped in the harbor of Leghorn, and rejoicing in the respite, the pale faces hurried on deck, and smiling faintly as they met each other, pretended, as is customary with sea-sick convalescents, to regard the agonies through which they passed in the light of a joke. It was broad sunrise at half-past four when I emerged from the cabin, and though we were all ready to debark, in order to spend the day (that is to say, till five o'clock, P.M.) on shore, we were detained full two hours for the passport officers to arrive, before we were permitted to land. At length we reached the shore, and abandoning the free breakfast which we were entitled to on board the steamer, took our way to the *Hotel Victoire*, and enjoyed a very comfortable breakfast there.

The harbor of the city of Leghorn did not make much of an impression on me from our anchorage; nevertheless, it is a very comfortable port, and the city, in its buildings and its streets, is worthy of its rivalry with Genoa, to be the commercial emporium of Italy. It has a fine mole, some half a mile in length, extending into the sea, and an inner harbor where vessels are drawn and laid over on their sides for the purpose of repairs. Small vessels are also built here, and when I went in I saw a brigantine of some three hundred tons setting upon the stocks, and ready to be launched that very day. The shipping lies in the outer or main harbor—not up to the wharf as with us, but anchored side by side in the open water, as in Genoa, and holding only by their hawsers. This creates a large number of watermen, who are continually pulling about in their gaily

awninged barges, and who watch you as keenly, and are as importunate for your patronage, as our steamboat hackmen and baggage smashers are.

Leghorn is a free port, in the largest sense of that term. There are no port charges of any kind. It is to this fact, also to the great liberality which has always been extended by its government to foreigners, and likewise to the cheapness of its provisions, that it owes its fortunes and its eminence. It has a stirring, busy air all along its quay, and before you have advanced many steps on shore, you perceive you are in a town of mark. As you advance you continually meet with signs of industry. As you leave your hotel door, or turn a corner, some half a dozen willing fellows rush towards you in competition, to hire you a carriage; and returning to the quay, the gondoliers will espy you several squares off, and meet you quite far in the city, in order to secure your fare, in case it is your purpose to embark. There are no such efforts made for employment among a lazy people. I was much annoyed by this at first, and also by the importunities of a number of itinerant boot-blacks, who wished to arrest me in my meditations, but I checked myself from a petulant disposal of them, by the reflection that they were worthily engaged, and deserving of my respect. Nay, I did better; I put my feet under the care of one of these street artists for about three minutes, and obtained a perfect protection from further annoyance on this subject, in the matchless lustre which he imparted to my Broadway Pacalins. The next thing I did was to drift into a barber-shop; from thence I floated to a café, and thence to a market, where I yielded to the temptations of an oysterman, whose stock consisted of about three hundred small sized oysters in the shell, which lay in a tub with some four inches of water over them, to keep them cool and give them

a fresh appearance. The day was hot, I was somewhat feverish through loss of sleep, and as insignificant as they were in their pretensions, they looked very inviting. Besides, I had not seen an oyster since my unfortunate acquaintance with the English bivalve, on my visit to Vauxhall, and I was desirous to ascertain if the whole of Europe was not capable of producing in this line something better than a parody or a practical joke. I ordered the venerable fisherman who had them in charge to commence to open, and presently I found a crowd of boot-blacks and market people gathered to observe my exploits. The oysters opened very small and attenuated, and looked rather as if they had floated into their shells by accident, and pined there in discontent, than to have enjoyed that exuberant existence which common notion imparts to an oyster or a clam. They had the appearance of the English oyster, being filmy and transparent, and thin enough to read a newspaper through them, but they were free from that odious, copperish taste, which creates such a nausea in American stomachs. What flavor they had, however, was oyster-like, and I kept eating on, vacantly dreaming about Florence's and Sherwood's, and feeding a recollection rather than an appetite. I must have exhibited great singularity, for the crowd regarded the mechanical alacrity with which I disposed of the little articles with an undisguised admiration, which I began to attribute to a knowledge that the oysters were unwholesome—so I suddenly desisted, and called for my account. I then found out, by the price, that they had been wondering at my extravagance, in devouring such rarities in so great plenty.

Leaving here, I commenced sauntering about the town, and soon found that the business of marketing was not confined to any particular quarter. Many of the cross streets consisted of lines of shops, the fronts of which were piled

with vegetables or hung with meat, and brawny fellows were continually going to and fro with baskets on their shoulders, piled up and overflowing with the good things of the earth. There was a plenty of such fruits as I had seen in Genoa; tomatoes appeared in as great quantity at the shop doors as in New York, and potatoes were not only abundant, but larger and finer than I had ever seen anywhere else. Melons, too, were thrifty, and the large watermelon frequently appeared on street stands, sliced in inviting quarters, to tempt the wayfarer to take a bite. Besides the brisk appearance of these shops, the streets receive animation from numbers of itinerant merchants, who continually accost you with offers of every imaginable sort of wares. Some of them, I am sorry to say, in their ardor for trade, offer, in default of any other means of profit, to introduce you to interdicted mysteries of the town. The morals of Leghorn admit of this. Its population has as small a reputation for severity and self-denial as any in Italy, and the system of *cavilieri servienti* is tolerated very generally among all the easy classes. How easy the females of the under strata are, through this example, is a matter which I will leave to the reader's speculation.

Leghorn is flat, but it is a clean, well built and rather handsome city. It has not many fine buildings, but has an appearance of regularity, and its streets are the best paved of any in Europe. They are generally wide, the carriage road being curved and laid with great squares of granite, with a surface as even as if it had been planed down. The curb is made of massive blocks which rise about six inches above the level of the highway and spread in broad flags to the house walls. Nearly all the stores in the main street have awnings extending to the edge of the walk, and I noticed that the encumbrance of posts was obviated, by

their being depended from cords which were interchanged with awnings on the opposite side of the streets. In addition to these awnings, the cafes have heavy curtains hanging before their entrances which admit the visitor by being parted in the centre, and then fall together again and shut out the light and heat. Some of the shops were very handsome, and I noticed a few of them were devoted to the sale of the broad straw hat which was once so fashionable in America, and which has made the name of Leghorn more familiar in England and the United States, than all her commerce and all her history.

After my ramble I returned to the Hotel *Victoire*, and joined the ladies and gentlemen of my party, who on my return chartered two vehicles to take us to the station of the rail-road that runs to Pisa and Florence from this point. We arrived at the depot too early, and having three-quarters of an hour on our hands, we paid a visit to the English burying ground hard by. By this time I was thoroughly overcome with drowsiness and fatigue, and while the rest of the party went philandering among the tombs, or plucking berries that grew about the yard, I laid down under the shade of a bush by Smollet's grave, and spreading my handkerchief over my face, went to sleep. I was suffered to enjoy this for about half an hour, when I was awoke by Louis Cisi, and transferred myself to the cars. Pisa is but thirteen miles, distance from Leghorn, so we reached there in less than an hour, and taking vehicles on our arrival, were deposited in a few minutes more in a great deserted square, before the celebrated *Campanile* or Leaning Tower, which has long ranked among the wonders of the world.

I was prepared to be struck with this strange edifice, but when it was presented to my view, my expectations were exceeded, and I could scarcely realize that it was not falling

to the ground. It is a circular tower, or shaft of hollow masonry, one hundred and ninety feet in height, with walls two feet thick and an interior, uninterrupted by partitions, twenty-two feet in diameter. It leans fifteen feet on one side beyond the base, and when I looked over the declining edge from the summit, the illusion that it was toppling over, was unpleasantly increased. The ascent is made by a circular stair-case that runs between a double line of walls, which let out at regular intervals upon outside galleries, eight in number. These mark the divisions of floors or stories, which once interrupted the well of the interior. These galleries, or balconies, being exposed to the weather, have accumulated in their crevices a little soil that supports a few minute wild flowers, which the ladies paused to gather as mementoes for their albums ; but when they arrived at the topmost story and took a peep over the impending edge, all disposition to loiter was frozen into fear, and they were glad to hurry precipitately down. They seemed to think their weight increased their danger, and in the panic of their retreat, imagined all the time of the descent, that the edifice was reeling to the ground. A shout of the guide as he ran before, made two of them shriek out, and when they reached the earth it was some minutes before they could be restored to ease. There are different opinions as to the cause of this architectural phenomenon. Some allege that it was constructed in this style as an evidence of the genius of the builder ; and others, that it owes its inclination to a sinking of the foundation. The latter opinion is most prevalent, owing to the nature of the ground, and owing also to the fact that two large edifices near at hand have the same inclination. The Leaning Tower is of marble ; it was begun in the year 1174 and finished in the fourteenth century, but there are no data which attach to

its history that throw any light upon the mystery of its construction. The danger of its fall is much less than what it seems, for notwithstanding its great inclination, the centre of gravity is still ten feet within its base.

In the same square with the Leaning Tower are three other remarkable buildings, consisting of a Cathedral, Baptistry, and the *Campo Santo*, or Cemetery. The first was built earlier than the *Campanile*, and contains some of the most magnificent altars and superb paintings in all Italy. Many of its ornaments, however, are in direct opposition to the genius of the place, being fitted rather for a bacchanal saloon or the nooks of a seraglio, than for a Christian church.

These buildings and their contents are mere monuments of Pisa's ancient grandeur. They were in their gloss when she boasted of a municipal area of five miles, and a population of one hundred and fifty thousand souls; but she has now shrunk from her walls and her population is reduced to twenty thousand. She sits upon the Arno, only eight miles from the sea, and once, her fleets overawed the coasts of Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, and Barbary. She acted moreover as the carrier for the French in the time of the crusades, but the Genoese overthrew her maritime power in a great naval battle in the thirteenth century, and transferred the supremacy of the Mediterranean to herself. At a later period, the course of the Arno changed, the port at its mouth was blocked up, and Leghorn came forward and released her from all business with the sea. Alas! how do the mighty fall!

We returned to Leghorn in the middle of the afternoon, and I, leaving my friends to go on board the steamer, went to a sea-bathing establishment that bordered on the harbor, at a little distance from the dock. Having been provided

with proper uniform, I dived under the frame-work of the bath, and swam out into the open water, and in addition to the scope thus afforded me, had the pleasure of seeing swarms of other bathers in near proximity, and in every direction. Most of these were females; all were habited in attire for the purpose, and were splashing and wantoning about like so many mermaids, or like still more dainty and less fishy naiads. The water in this portion of the bay was but four feet deep, so they had full scope for their pranks without danger, and fine opportunity to rest from undue efforts. Such a giggling, laughing, clacking, shouting, screaming crew of revelers, I never heard. They seemed to be occupied rather in practical jokes than in any display of natation, and whenever any of the party were put *hors de combat* by some stroke of generalship or inadvertence, a shout would burst forth, accompanied by clapping of hands, that would ring over the whole bay. In further commemoration of the circumstance, perhaps some half a dozen, yielding to the exuberance of their delight, would dive into the water, and come up with a continuation of the laugh that had agitated them before they went down. While this was going on, I laid behind a point that sheltered one party, with my head just bobbing on the surface, like Clodius observing the sacred mysteries of the Bona Dea, and at length reluctantly swam away, in obedience to the summons of the declining sun, which notified me it was time I should embark. On my road back to the bath, I was hailed by boat loads of beauties who were going out to bathe, and was also saluted by the freshened deputations, who passed me in their return from their watery gambols, to the town.

I got on board the *Castore* none too soon; in a few minutes after I ascended her side she commenced her revolutions, and I was congratulated by my friends on my good

fortune in getting on board, in the fact that she had suffered an unexpected detention of an hour. Though late when we left, we held daylight long enough in that extended afternoon to see the islands of Corsica and Gorgona as we passed, and also time enough to lean over the side and tell story after story, in exchange, until night wrapped everything from our vision but the stars, and we were summoned by a common drowsiness to bed.

July, 1851.

Civita Vecchia—Exploits of the French Army—The Ride to Rome—Italian Postillions—Roma the Great.

THE little steamer Castore, after being very busy all night, landed us safely in the port of Civita Vecchia (or Chivita Veck, as it is commonly called) early on the following morning, and when I went on deck she seemed to be enjoying her repose at her moorings with as much satisfaction as was exhibited by the tired engineer, whom I saw shuffling to his bed, or the exhausted passengers, who had just recovered an amiable understanding with their stomachs.

It was Sunday morning, and the first thing I saw, as I turned towards the shore, was the picture of three or four hungry-looking French soldiers, in their fatigue-coats, perfectly absorbed in holding fishing-poles in their hands, and in watching the fate of the lines that depended from them into the water. Sprinkled on other parts of the mole, and swarming half-clad about the doors of the barracks, appeared other military groups, belonging to the two French regiments now in possession of the place, while further along on the sandy shore of the beach, beyond the moles which triangularly bind in the harbor from the waves, were several more soldiers, refreshing the camp-horses with a swim. We had ample time to observe all this, and some

other sights that were not quite so inviting, for we were detained two hours by the stringent passport regulations, which met us at the door of his Holiness's dominions; but after that delay, and the payment of some fees, we were permitted to land, and find our way through the strictly-guarded city gate to a hotel.

While waiting for our breakfast, the Sabbath stillness of the morning was suddenly broken by the peal of a trumpet; next came the short, sharp rattle of the French drum, and close upon that swelled the full notes of a grand brass band, playing a march in superb style. All of us at once poured out on the balcony, and hard by, in the same street, we saw a full regiment drawn up for review. It was a very grand and gratifying sight, and I flattered myself with the hope that these warlike Gauls, who were now here for the repression of a Republic by way of buying favor with the monarchical Church of Rome, would not only pre-occupy the soil from the still more malicious grasp of Austria, but ultimately, when matters mended at Paris, would become, with their brethren in the Holy City, the deliverers of Italy.

Civita Vecchia is the *Trajanus Portus* of the old Romans, and still continues to be the principal port of the Papal dominions, and the western entrepot for travel and for trade with Rome. Its harbor was constructed by the direction of the Emperor Trajan, as its ancient name imports, and for eighteen hundred years it has been the point whence the legions of the old Empire, or the swarms of such of its invaders as entered from the sea, have entered in, and gone forth, respectively, for their most momentous expeditions.

By a half hour's walk which I took after breakfast, I discovered that the town was laid out regularly, though it did not have so clean an appearance as Leghorn. Some of the

buildings to the north were large and imposing, but the southern portion exhibited rather a sorry appearance, and the houses seemed to be occupied by the poorest class of people. The men appeared to be very lazy, and had a lazaroni look; and the women, though coarsely handsome, wore a disheveled and slattern appearance, that bespoke an absence of pride on their part, and concern on the part of their legal lords. In this connection, it struck me that an unusual number of them, or rather that a number unusual to any female population, carried children in their arms, and when I noticed the familiarity of some French soldiers who were drifting about among them, I fancied I could discover a French smirk in many of the offspring who were held up for admiration, some of whom I now and then stopped to pinch upon the cheek. If this conjecture is correct, the miserable population of Civita Vecchia may experience an improvement to compensate it for invasion, and a spirit rise in future times to rebuke those who were instrumental in implanting it.

At nine o'clock our courier had made arrangements with a special conveyance to take us to Rome, or Roma, as the Italians call the Holy City, and a few minutes after that hour we passed out of the city gate which it had cost us so much trouble to get in. Our vehicle in this case was not exactly a diligence, but a lumbering carriage very much like it, with two divisions containing seats for six, and an open *coupé* in front holding seats for two more, with a leathern hood that drooped over the driver's seat like an old lady's scooped-shaped bonnet. In this, with the driver before us astride the near wheel-horse, in postillion fashion, one of my companions and myself took seats, under the impression that they were the most eligible not only for comfort, but for obtaining a view of the country as we went along.

In this we were mistaken. It had been our impression that every step of our progress over this classic ground would be attended by the deepest interest, but we soon found ourselves in the situation of persons who go forth to observe a country in a snow-storm, and whose entire time is occupied in keeping the drift out of their faces. The sun was broiling hot. The whole country was parched and desolate. Not a house or a hovel was to be seen. Scarcely a tree or shrub relieved the blank face of the earth, and at the outset of the journey only a litter of little flat hills on the left appeared to suggest the idea that nature had miscarried even in its endeavor to create a mountain. Soon these disappeared, and from the dry and pulverized road arose successive clouds, that blinded our eyes, and filled our ears and nostrils, and the crevices of our necks, with a searching and impalpable white powder. We were soon fairly dusted under, and as we sat rigidly enduring our sufferings with a fortitude that became American citizens, we took the appearance of rough-cast plaster busts, with nothing to disturb the artistic finish and effect, but the angry glossiness of our eyes, and an occasional sharp movement to dislodge a flea, who had introduced himself at Civita Vecchia, or perhaps insinuated himself up our boots from the horse-cloth under our feet.

The postillion, a gay young ragazzo, who had set out with hair well oiled, and black as jet, had gradually become a veteran about his ear-locks, and the brown horses of our team had, by a like process, turned to an unexceptionable grey. Thus we went on, enveloped in a sort of white simoom, seeing nothing to relieve us, except the sea we skirted, and urging the postillion in vain to increase his pace beyond the rate of six miles to the hour. At the end of the first twelve miles, we came to a solitary stone hovel, the first

building we had met, and out of it issued some four or five of the most forbidding and graceless looking rascals I had ever set my eyes on. From their lowering brows and evil faces, it would have been natural to have taken them for brigands, but the service which they lent to our driver in unhitching his team, proclaimed them to be hostlers, and relieved us from all apprehensions. A new postillion now took us in charge, and while he was arranging his horses, the old one came upon us with a demand of some half dollar a-piece, as his perquisite for drink money. Having two more ordeals of this kind to pass through, we resisted the exorbitant demand, as well for the sake of example on his successor, as on account of the intrinsic injustice of the attempt; so we turned him over to the management of Louis Cisi. The contest which then took place was highly interesting, but though the extortionate driver was sustained by all his uncombed and evil looking confreres, Louis held his ground, and put him off with a dollar. While this was going on, I observed that his successor in office took no notice of the dispute, from which I foolishly augured that he was a man of juster disposition, and was rather ashamed of what was going on. When all was ready he cracked his whip, and we lumbered slowly off, leaving the late driver looking at the dollar in his hand with the most ineffable contempt, while he discharged after us a volley of anathemas, which it would be hardly proper for me to translate.

Our second stage was no better than the first. There was no improvement in the face of the country, every thing was parched and vacant, and were it not that we passed in one spot an immense stack of oat or rye stubble, to indicate that these plains were fruitful in their proper season, we might have supposed them destitute of all vegetative principle. Still no house accompanied this sign of habitation, and we

rode on our glaring way without seeing a human being, without meeting a vehicle, or without observing any living thing except a solitary ass, who in the excess of his dominion and the plenitude of his loaferism, lay stretched at full length in the soft rifts of dust that filled the road. As we approached him, he lifted his head lazily, and having ascertained to his satisfaction that we actually intended to disturb him, he slowly rose and walked indignantly away. Though no great beauty to look at, he was very acceptable to our eyes in that dearth of sight, and our regret at losing him was softened by the consolation, that like the emblems which met Columbus when approaching the shores of the New World, he was the precursor of some inhabited country ahead.

At one o'clock we arrived at a miserable little village inhabited by fishermen and muleteers, called Palo, where we were to have a change of horses and a new postillion, and where we dismounted to shake off a portion of our dust and to get a wretched lunch. After a wash in some fetid water, a draught of red wine that seemed to have been drawn from a tan pit, a bit of biscuit and a piece of flinty Parmesan cheese, that looked as if it had been struck with a hatchet from a cake of yellow beeswax, we returned to our locomotive cage to resume our journey. When the new driver took us in hand, the same angry scene which occurred between the first one and our courier, was renewed between him and the last, and we rolled off while the wordy debate was still at its height.

We now left the blue edge of the Mediterranean, along which we had traveled in a southerly direction for twenty-four miles, and struck into the country from the coast in a more easterly direction. During this second half of the journey, however, neither the road nor the face of nature

was much improved. The same mineral drift enveloped us; the same treeless, shrubless, scathed, and blasted surface presented itself in all directions, and the same desolation of human forms and human habitations weighed us with depression. About half way from Palo to Rome, however, Nature seemed to rally a little, and we saw one or two villas, a few trees, an occasional border of hedge, and actually met two carts, drawn by bison-like looking oxen, who moped slowly along at their own pace, while the peasants in charge, who should have urged their steps, lay stretched prone upon their backs, in a sleep so sound that even the noise of our passage-by did not awaken them. After this interlude—this travestie of population—everything relapsed into solitude again, and nothing was to be seen but naked bolls of scorched earth, rolling away in waves of barrenness and desolation. I inquired the cause of this melancholy sight and the absolute desertion of so enormous a waste in the near vicinity of such a capital as Rome. The answer was, that the earth was blighted and the atmosphere baleful, and that no temptations of the government could succeed in tempting population to redeem it. The entire Campagna, or open country that surrounds Rome, is equally pestilential, while over a portion of the plain, known as the Pontine Marshes, some twenty miles to the south, the air is charged with a malaria that for ages has been notorious for its hostility to life. Nobody occupies this accursed platform, and no one ventures to reside in any portion of the Campagna, except a few outcasts whom society has driven from its bounds, or the brigand-like postillions who inhabit the gloomy post-stations on the road. These latter are generally desperate and reckless men, many of them fugitives from crime, who find refuge and association at these God-forsaken points, and who, taking up the trade of postillions, are

tolerated of their offenses, because of the perils they endure and the service which they render.

The fellow whom we took at Palo, was an impudent and malicious rogue, and a fair representative of the class. He would answer no question civilly, and despite all our entreaties, we could not get him to move faster than a five-mile pace. To help him along, and to save time, we commissioned our courier to descend and hitch and unhitch the iron shoe used on the near hind wheel in going down hill, and in less than half an hour, the rascal had converted poor Louis into his servant. Instead, then, of dismounting himself, as he had been obliged to do before, he would sit bolt upright in his saddle, and shouting out "Courier! Courier!" order Cisi to the wheel, as if he had been his bond-slave always. Louis said nothing, but I could see that he meditated a revenge of his own, when time should place the advantage in his hands.

But there was a motive for our postillion's drawing, which for some time I did not discover. A vehicle, lighter than our own, containing a driver and three persons, had overtaken us, and was desirous of passing by. Our postillion, however, would not suffer it, but kept doubling from side to side of the road, so as to cut them off. The driver in the rear shouted to him to give way, and at length the three gentlemen joined in, by turns, to entreat him to the same effect. Their situation was disagreeable, not to say painful. Their vehicle was an open one in front, and the dense clouds of dust, which our huge carriage plowed into the air, nearly blinded and stifled them. For a time our driver made no answer to their outcries, but at length he condescended to look over his shoulder, to let them know that he would suffer them to go by, if they would give him six pauls—about as many shillings. The gentlemen were

so incensed at this effrontery, that they refused to purchase comfort by submission, and came to a conclusion to horse-whip the rascal at the next station. When they arrived there, however, the spectacle of the four or five loose-girt, hang-gallows ruffians, who came forth in the road to assist him with the traces, induced them to forego their intention. But they dismounted, to correspond with us, and I found one of them, who offered me a cup of wine, and took pains to give me, in good English, a vivid description of his sufferings, to be an Austrian Envoy to the Papal States. The other two were members of his suite. While we were talking, I suggested to the Envoy to direct his driver to draw his horses quietly ahead of our carriage, so he could command the start. He did so, and he and his party, after an exchange of compliments all round, went off the first. This was our last stopping station on the road. It stood at the top of a hill, about twelve miles from Rome, and afforded us a view of the great dome of St. Peter's, apparently not three miles off. This was an illusion dependent on its enormous size; a size so much greater than one is prepared to expect, that the conjecture of nearness is much more obvious to the mind, than the true state of its proportions.

Though we were now within sight of Rome, the face of the country did not improve. Everything was still burnt, sterile and unoccupied, and desolation mocked the grandeur which we could casually see from the hill-tops, by enveloping it with a blight of death. Surely, never was a great city so discouraged of approach. It seemed impossible that we were in the environs of the former mistress of the world, and present empress of the arts. There were no suburbs; no villas extending out to greet the traveler; no Sunday swarms of peasantry, or artisans released from labor, enjoying a Sabbath leisure; no pleasant inns; no

cottages; no children; none of those sights which bespeak comfort and civilized life; not even a bird wheeled a dismal circuit in the air, to let us know that, beside ourselves, any shape of animated nature could exist. Indeed, up to within a few hundred yards of the very gates of Rome, we met with but a single human being, and so strangely did he appear to us, that his presence struck me as incongruous with the scene, and it seemed as if he were some fugitive who had eluded the vigilance of the centurions at the gates, and made his escape from the city. At a little distance further on we met another man, and save the sleeping muleteers, and the people at Palo, and the stations, these were the only two human beings belonging to the country whom we saw in a journey of forty-eight miles.

At six o'clock or thereabouts, perhaps at seven, we passed the French guards, entered the western gate of Rome, and crossing the Tiber by the bridge of St. Angelo, plunged in the heart of the city, making our way as straight as possible to the custom-house. Here we were subjected to a new inspection of our luggage, an annoyance which we had hoped to escape, from the fact that the servants of his Holiness, in the department of the customs at Civita Vecchia, had very carefully performed that office in the morning, and as the seals attesting their scrutiny and care had not been broken. Nevertheless, we bore the delay with the utmost fortitude, and resolutely abstained from giving a single farthing to those who thus unnecessarily contributed to our discomfort. When the search was over, we attempted to get in the diligence again, to be driven with our luggage to a hotel, but to our great surprise, we were refused this privilege by our rascally postillion, who had taken a notion to leave us where we were. There were no carriages near, and we were in a terrible plight to march through the

swarming Corso of a Sunday afternoon. However, there was no alternative; so, resigning our baggage to a horde of lazy looking fellows who had been regarding it with the eyes of spoilers for several minutes, we prepared to stump it to our lodgings. Before starting, however, I took the opportunity of telling the postillion, when he held out his hand for money, that I regarded him as the most refreshing specimen of a rascal whom I had met with while in Europe, and if it were not for a trifling objection made by the ladies, I would reward him for his behavior by kicking him all around the court-yard. He then appealed to Cisi, but I charged the courier not to give him a cent. Then came Louis' turn, and at length burst forth the courier's pent-up rage. It was in vain the postillion offered to compromise and come to terms; Louis was not only inexorable, but he embittered the rogue's submission by the keenest taunts, and left him with a laugh that must have been a full compensation for all the previous insults he had suffered.

At length away our party streamed toward the *Hotel d'Angleterre*, presenting a most ludicrous appearance in our dusty dresses, and looking more ludicrous still from the fact of being led and followed by a small army of baggage smashers and beggars, the latter of whom threatened often, by their eagerness, to trip us up. For my single trunk and carpet-bag alone, there were four huge loafers in commission. One fellow, who seemed to be the captain, wheeled the trunk on a barrow; two of his suite or staff walked on each side and steadied it with their hands, while a sort of scout or *cooley* marched some yards ahead, carrying my carpet-bag with the same air of triumph that had descended on him when he plucked it successfully from an undersized competitor in the custom-house yard. I paid every one of these without demur on arriving at the hotel, and the de-

tachment drew off, satisfied with my liberality, and transported with admiration at the succession of very ceremonious bows with which I dismissed them; returning the courtesies at an advantage of some twenty-five per cent. in my favor, as they backed away from me, quite across the street. Just as this scene was closing, I heard a clear and hearty laugh above, and looking up, perceived in an opposite window, a good-natured and handsome female face, of some twenty-five or thirty years of age, enjoying the joke with a more apparent relish even than myself. At such an intervention, I made one extra bow, of course, retreating decorously into the house, and summoned the landlord for a room.

I soon relieved myself of the accumulation of soil I had gathered throughout the day, got myself into christian trim again, and throwing open my blinds, found myself, by an unexpected coincidence, *vis-a-vis* with the good-natured female face which had been so much delighted at the ceremonious exchanges that had passed between me and the custom-house lazzaroni a little while before. I had but time to observe that there was a very fat padre in the same room, and to notice that a somewhat older woman was engaged in setting out a meal before him, when the servant knocked at my door and communicated to me the delightful intelligence that my dinner was ready.

ROME, July, 1851.

The Forum of Trajan—The Column of Antoninus—The Corso—The Widow Perplexed—The Capitol—The Dying Gladiator—House of Rienzi.

THERE are many things in Rome which demand the attention of the stranger, besides its curiosities of time and art. Tired as I was, I found a dozen of them between my sheets, after the first half hour's doze that waited on my lying down, but by diligent effort, and the use of a deluge of the perfumed water of Jean Marina Farina, brought with me from Cologne, I conquered a short peace, and fell asleep again. This time weariness carried me through, and nature held out against disturbance until seven o'clock in the morning. Recollecting then that I was in Rome, I hurried out of bed like a boy who has overslept himself on Christmas morning, and without seeking for the courier, or making any inquiries for my companions, I went forth to obtain a glimpse of the city.

I had made a very early acquaintance with Rome, having commenced to read its history, and consequently to lay out its streets and erect its buildings, at six years of age, and I was quite familiar, in imagination, with all the avenues and edifices, where the early masters of the world had made their processions and their promenades. I was quite sur-

prised, therefore, when I found this elaborate empire of the mind vanish in an instant, and give me no better exchange than a general aspect of narrowness and dirt; and for the lordly phantoms who should all the while have stalked about in togas, no nobler representatives than a sallow, vapid, limpsy looking people, wearing for the most part our own parody of costume, diversified by a large sprinkling of black spectres who flitted about in the shape of shovel-hatted priests, with now and then a pulk of French soldiers marching to and from their quarters. I felt as if I had mistaken my journey and landed in a wrong place, but when I wandered to an open forum where a forest of broken columns held up their riven heads in piteous desolation, I was reminded that the "Niobe of Nations" lay beneath my feet, and that nearly two thousand years had not sufficed to cover all her matchless beauty with the grave. The column of Antoninus Pius, which rose one hundred and twenty-two feet in height from the centre of the piazza Collona, met me on my return, and the last fragment of my doubts submitted to the reality that I was in Rome. I felt very glad that I was, and having distinguished a barber's-shop by the unmistakable sign for all nations, was further made happy in the discovery of a veritable American barber's chair, and in getting an artistic shave. I soon rejoiced in a clean face, rejecting again an invitation to leave a foundation for mustachios, and went back to my hotel in such a contented state of mind, that my cheerfulness of aspect was the subject of immediate compliment on the part of my friends. I am sorry to say, however, that they did not seem so tranquil. Their sleep had been disturbed by their new Roman friends, to an extent that had rendered their appearance jaded, and they were in a much better humor for complaining than for sight-seeing.

After breakfast, having some business to transact and letters to present, I chartered a proper vehicle, engaged a *valet de place*, and set out by myself, but under his guidance, for Torlonia's the banker's. Having drawn some money there for the expenses of my Italian campaign, and inquired in vain for a budget of letters which should have reached me at Milan, I turned in the direction of the residence of Mr. Cass, the American Chargé. On my road to the Piazza del Popolo, I passed the superb column of Trajan, which is the model of the triumphal pillar of Napoleon, in the Place Vendôme, at Paris. Though not so great in height as the column of Antoninus Pius, it is more elegant in its proportions, and though earlier in date, its fine *basso relievos*, representing the achievements of the Emperor, are much better preserved. Its congruity has suffered an invasion, however, similar to that which befell the Parisian copy, at the downfall of the French Emperor, and in the place of the figure of its imperial Roman founder, which it once bore upon its apex, now stands a colossal statue of St. Paul. But there is a congruity even in this apparent contradiction; for the pillar, equally with the stony heart of the apostle, proves that the most obdurate materials may be converted to the purposes of Christianity.

From the column of Trajan, we drove to and through the Corso, or principal avenue of modern Rome. This extends from one end of the city to the other in a straight line, and forms its principal promenade and business street. It is filled with fine palaces and handsome shops, and being fifty feet wide, it enables the best of them to show to some advantage. Here the wealthier portion of the population do their shopping, and here, in the afternoon, they drive along in their coaches, as in the *Paseo* in Havana, and the *Champs Elyseés* in Paris. It is in this favorite avenue, too, that,

in Carnival times, the races are conducted; the riderless steeds, being started in a pulk at the Capitoline Hill, at one extremity, and finding their goal in the Piazza del Popolo at the other end; a distance of somewhat more than a mile.

While rolling leisurely along the Corso, my guide suddenly directed the coachman to draw up, and touching his hat to me, informed me that Mr. Cass was coming in our direction, a few yards ahead. The minister received me very cordially, and after a short conversation, took a seat in my barouche, and returned to his residence in order to furnish me with a volume containing certain printed directions, which he said would facilitate me in a rapid examination of the Holy City. His obligation to visit an American gentleman, a stranger, whom he had been informed was lying at the point of death, prevented him from accompanying me further, but he promised to call on me in his carriage after dinner, in order that we might keep up with the proverb, of "while in Rome, doing as the Romans do." Having left Mr. C., I resigned myself again to the direction of my guide, and to the pleasant occupation of occasionally knocking from the surface of my drilling pantaloons, the rogues of fleas who kept perseveringly jumping upon me from the floor-cloth of the carriage. I was tolerably successful in this pursuit, having baffled all the host from making a lodgment beyond my outworks for more than an hour. At the end of that time, however, a fellow of considerable genius and perseverance succeeded in eluding my vigilance, and penetrated my defenses, to the very small of my back, whereupon I relinquished the contest, and resigned myself to a sort of despair.

It may be thought that I am peculiarly sensitive on the subject of fleas. I confess I have a prejudice against them;

nevertheless, I do not exaggerate the subject. Since I struck Genoa, in my southward course, they have occupied the largest share of my attention, and as I am recording my daily impressions, and the incidents which cause them, I cannot slight this Italian feature, without unfaithfulness to my task. It is likely that the evil is aggravated very much by the dryness of the atmosphere and the heat of the weather during the summer months, but I state things as I find them, and offer no apology for the truth. I have only to add to this branch of my observations, at present, that if the little troublers weather the winter months, as well as the summer ones, then the Italians, between Rome and Genoa, are as well flea-bitten, the year round, as were the people of Pharaoh during the visitation of the second plague of Egypt.

In due time, and in despite of the fleas, we reached the "*Piazza del Popolo*," a large square fronting the famous Pincian Hall, and terminating at the northern end, near the old Flaminian Gate, in the *Porta del Popolo*. Just by this gate, which I found guarded, of course, by the everlasting French soldiers, stands an unpretending little church, called the church of Mary. I entered it at the recommendation of my guide, and drawing aside the heavy serge curtain, which filled the doorway and excluded the outer air, I found myself transferred to an atmosphere of most refreshing coolness and agreeable quiet. There were several forms kneeling about in different places, and some were sitting idle, as if they had selected the place as a retreat merely from the oppressive heat outside. In a distant nook, an aged priest was silently going through some motions and genuflexions, in which a knot of kneeling devotees grouped near him, took a deep interest, while two or three strangers, like myself, were moving slowly round the interior, observing the paintings in the side chapels. As I was returning towards the door, my

attention was suddenly riveted by a bust, or rather a half-length figure, of a female form, set in an alcove and fenced across with heavy bars of iron, so as to represent a prisoner looking through a grate. The figure was draped in serge, and it wore a hood or cowl, but instead of the human features, which should have appeared within its folds, there grinned a skull, artistically cut in polished ivory. I turned to my guide for an explanation, and he gave me the following story :

“The effigy represented a very wealthy lady, who had been a great patron of the church of Mary, and who, on her death-bed, had been persuaded by the excellent fathers of that establishment that the repose of her soul would be best provided for, by leaving her huge estates to their establishment. This circumstance came, however, to the ears of a vigilant padre of the church of Jesus, who, gaining access to the invalid, endeavored to convince her that it would be a much more eligible arrangement to leave her property and her future interests in the care of the Jesuit chapel.

“The good lady was sorely puzzled ; she was desirous of making the best bargain possible, now that two contractors for her heavenly repose were in the field, and yet she feared to give offense to either. At length it struck her, that she would divide her fortunes between the establishments, and thus secure the ministrations of both, and die out of their hands, leaving them satisfied. Having done this she gave up the ghost. Alas, she made a great mistake. The church of Mary which had expected all, disputed the codicil in a suit at law ; and the church of Jesus which had hoped for all, was equally dissatisfied with its luck, and accepted the legal contest. The dispute lasted for some years, but while it was going on, a lot of keen outside friars, like the fox in the fable during the strife of the lion and the tiger for the

lamb, organized a church which they called 'Jesus and Mary,' and received the entire fortune from the sacred tribunal, as an avoidance of all further strife. This decision was most disastrous to the unfortunate beneficiary. The good fathers of the church of Mary, incensed beyond measure at the fickleness of purpose which had cost them so much, condemned the poor lady to remain in purgatory for ever and ever, while the friars of the church of Jesus, being in receipt of nothing for good offices, have not felt called upon to take her out. To make her punishment more signal, and at the same time to convert her folly into a lesson, the holy fathers of the former church have put her in this iron cage, "and poor creature," concluded my guide, "she is now burning, burning, burning, worse than any poor devil who never gave a scudi to the cause of Christ!"

"Between the two stools then, she fell to the ground," said I, musingly.

"Yes sir," added the guide; "and I believe there is something in the proverb which says, that 'one better have the devil for his friend, than have none.'"

Upon this, we issued from the church and resumed our carriage to set out for the Capitol, on Capitoline Hill. Before leaving the Piazza del Popolo, however, I should not omit to give it credit for a fine Egyptian obelisk of brown stone, of great antiquity, brought from the Heathen Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis, but now consecrated at its summit by a Christian cross. Neither should I forget to mention my guide's warning, that the Piazza del Popolo and its vicinity is generally subject to malaria during the summer months, and is by no means a place to promenade in after night-fall, when the pestiferous miasma descends upon the earth. Indeed, he informed me that it was not safe for a stranger to be anywhere abroad in Rome during the torrid

season after evening had set in, and I communicate his wisdom for the benefit of those who may follow after me.

We re-traversed the whole Corso and the entire length of the city to get to Capitoline Hill, that celebrated spot which performed so important a part in all the history of ancient Rome. The carriage ascent is made by two rather steep and crescent-shaped avenues, which skirt the main steps and meet in a platform above, the sides of which are lined by two Palaces of Arts, and the back ground occupied by the Palace of the Senator, containing offices of Justice, and surmounted by a tower. The ascent to the platform is rendered imposing by two gigantic equestrian statues of Castor and Pollux standing by their horses, and the platform or square itself is ornamented by a mounted bronze figure of Marcus Aurelius, which is said to be the finest equestrian statue in existence. The Tower of the Capitol, however, was the place which I had come on this occasion especially to visit, for, according to the guide books, and also according to my guide, a stranger should commence his examination of Rome by the topographical view which this point affords, of all the divisions of the old and modern city. We therefore mounted without delay, and after a tedious circuit round many a weary flight of stairs, found ourselves in the open belfry of the Tower, with a grand panorama lying wide around us, and narrowing to the city which nestled at our feet. That which spread at a distance was the blank campagna, burnt and sere, and further on over its brown waste appeared the reliefs of the Sabine Hills, next the mountains whence of old the Volsci issued, and further still the Appenines. To the south the finger of the guide pointed to where lay the pestilential Pontine marshes; next it fell upon a portion of the plain where once was pitched the camp of Hannibal; and then it moved descriptively up

and down, and bade me mark the course of the Tiber where it still ran on, unconscious of the past, and in the very bed which it pursued when it was the line that divided ancient Latium and Etruria. A few villas ventured out to a little distance from the city here and there, and now and then a village with its clump of trees might be seen to diversify the prospect further on, but everything seemed faded, and the sapless earth looked as if no season could redeem it into verdure. The view I am told, however, is very different in the proper months. Nearer where we stood clustered the habitable quarters, and we saw distinctly marked upon the seven hills, the bones of the old metropolis, mixed in great part among the living structures and veins and muscles of the new. Prominent in the latter division swelled the proud cathedral of St. Peter's; and superior above all the remains of the dead city, loomed the great mastodon of edifices—the fractured, roofless, empty carcass of the Coliseum; woeful, but not voiceless—desolate, but not undignified; mightiest of its day, but mightier because its day is past, and containing more, in the joyless circle of its walls, of the history of departed times, than the tongues of a thousand living lecturers can teach.

Having studied Rome from this perch for an hour or more, I descended, and entered the palace to the right of the platform, which is called the museum of the capital. It is free of access, on paying a small fee to the custodian, and I found it filled with marbles of the rarest merit, which had been gathered from time to time from the excavated Roman palaces they had once adorned. The best of these—I should rather say, those which interested me most—were the celebrated Dying Gladiator, the Fawn of Praxiteles, and the famous Antinous, which for a time contended for the palm of exquisite manly beauty with the Apollo

Belvidere. There is also a very fine Venus here in a reserved room, which may be seen for an extra fee, but it is not equal in merit to either the Gladiator or the Faun. The museum opposite, called the "Palace of the Conservatori," consists principally of a collection of marble busts, in which those by Canova, despite the claims of the ancient ones, seemed to me to be very much the best. In a great hall up stairs are some fine frescoes; another hall contains a large collection of paintings, and in two others are respectively the famous Bronze Wolf, with the infant figures of Romulus and Remus at its dugs, which is alluded to by Cicero as having been struck by lightning in the Capitol; and the two Bronze Geese found in the ruins of the Tarpeian Rock, and which were originally cast in commemoration of the geese who waked the sleeping sentinels to the timely defense of Rome. Taking a hint from these latter emblems, as to the Tarpeian Rock, I left the Palace of the Conservatori, and made a turn to the left through a short, dirty street which seemed to breed ducks, as if they were an honor to the place, until I came to a rude garden-gate. The pull of a string here rang a bell, and brought a stout, good-natured woman forth, who let us in, and we found our way to a corner of the garden, which my guide told me was the veritable spot whence the great criminals from the Capitoline dungeons, and the traitors of the State, were cast headlong forth in times of old. Most modern travelers have not been impressed with the Tarpeian height which history has represented as so awful, but I confess it seemed to me quite sufficient for all purposes of State, and sure to break any man's neck who was cast headlong forth. The precipice is, however, much reduced by the accumulation of soil which has gathered at its base, and, as it appears, more freely than

in any other place. Its height is still, however, some sixty or seventy feet.

From the Tarpeian Rock, I returned to my hotel, well satisfied with my morning's work, and with plenty of information to exchange with my friends, who had followed a different course.

After dinner Mr. Cass called for me with his carriage, and we took a drive first along the Corso, then to the Coliseum, passing in our road the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars, and the arch of Constantine. Pursuing our way after a due examination of these relics, we reached the superb arch of Titus, the model of the gigantic one in Paris, at the barrier de l'Etoile, in commemoration of the victories of Napoleon. Our next observation was the beautiful little Temple of Vesta, one of the best preservations of Rome, and oftenest reproduced in mosaics, and we finished by a visit to the house of Rienzi, the last of the Tribunes. This building is now used as a stable, so we did not enter, and the day being on the point of closing, we returned to the Hotel d'Angleterre, where Mr. C. courteously set me down; and into the depths of which I was glad to retire, to make a few notes previous to going to bed.

ROME, July, 1851.

*The Coliseum—The Mamertine Prisons—The Pantheon—
St. Peter's—The Apollo Belvidere—Excavations for Statues.*

I WAS awakened at an early hour of my second day in the Holy City, by the sound of a detachment of soldiers marching underneath my windows. Shortly after followed the carol of a trumpet and the clatter of hoofs, and somewhat later came the grand swell of a full band, and the precise tramp of a heavy column of infantry. All these signs reminded me that the Gauls were once more masters of Rome, and when I had sufficiently reflected on this parody of ancient history, I jumped out of bed.

The grandeur of the Coliseum on the day before had made a profound impression on my mind, and, early as it was, I set out to renew my examination of its remains. I had the visit quite to myself, and walked for a time about its vast arena, where once had thronged the myriads of the Imperial City, entirely alone. No sound disturbed the solitude of the place but the dull echo of my own footfall—no object moved, except some gliding lizard, startled by my step. Presently, there entered by one of the gaps towards the open country, an old woman, leading a little girl by the hand, who, advancing to a rude cross planted in the centre

of the arena, knelt piously before it and devoted themselves to prayer. Their last act was to rise and kiss the cross, whereupon they went away. I subsequently learned that this cross, and a plain pulpit near it, were established here in commemoration of the massacres of the early Christians who had perished within these walls; and I further learned, that the kissing of that cross conferred an indulgence to the pilgrim of two hundred days.

The form of the Coliseum is oval or elliptical, and its extent may be conveyed by the facts, that its structure covers nearly six acres of ground, and that its four stories were originally one hundred and fifty-seven feet in height. Eighty-seven thousand people were provided with seats around its arena, while if the arena itself were filled, as in case of a popular assemblage, it might have held the population of all Rome. Underneath the platform or floor of the amphitheatre, which was supposed to have been laid with wood, were situated a row of dens and dungeons, the latter containing malefactors or heretics who were to be torn to pieces, and the former the tigers and other wild beasts who were to tear them. The gladiators, who contended hand to hand for victory and life, were brought in from better quarters, to pay the spectators for their good food and good training by vigorous strokes at their opponents. These combatants were either brawny malefactors, or some lusty Goths or Gauls captured in the way of war. The scene is changed now, and as I touch this portion of the past, I do not wonder that the French drum tattoos so saucily about these humbled ruins.

Though still the vastest recollection of old Rome, the Coliseum has been much reduced, and has suffered more from the hands of domestic spoilers than from the tooth of time, or the spite of the barbarians who at various times

became masters of the city. Two thirds of its material are said to have been lugged away by the Roman magnates of the middle ages for the construction of their lordly dwellings, and three or four extensive palaces were pointed out to me in the modern city, that were built entirely out of its stones. Indeed, for more than two hundred years it lay open to the plunder of all who wished to avail themselves of hewn stone for new buildings; and yet, so enormous is its size, that on a casual glance, you can scarcely distinguish were it has lost. The spoliation of the mammoth was stopped, however, in the fifteenth century; and subsequently, Pope Paul the Seventh, solicitous for its continued preservation, nerved it with iron clamps, and propped its southern side with a strong wall of masonry. It is at this point that you get the best idea of the vastness of the structure, for notwithstanding the millions of bricks that are put up to make this angle, and the great expense that attended its construction, it looks like a mere bit of cord or binding on the edge of a field of cloth. The same solicitude is shown by the present government for the preservation of all the older ruins, for modern Rome has learned that much of her present greatness depends entirely upon her proofs of the greatness of the past.

From the Coliseum, I paid a visit to the Mamertine Prisons, those awful stone dungeons under ground, where Jugurtha was starved to death, and where the holy apostle St. Peter is said to have been confined. Nay, I was shown the very pillar to which the apostle was chained, and was refreshed, also, by the mark of his feet in the spot where he stood when he performed certain miracles, well authenticated in the records of the church. There were no fragments left of the chain which fell to pieces when he was miraculously released at the summons of the angel, but I had seen one

of the links of that chain at the church of the Eleven Thousand Virgins, in Cologne, so my curiosity was satisfied upon that point. On ascending from these horrible dens, I paid rather more attention than when I had entered, to a little oratory above, where a crowd of humble devotees were kneeling and praying, and propitiating the evangelist by votive offerings. Indulgences of greater or less lengths are granted for certain acts performed here by the faithful, as in the case of the cross at the Coliseum; and as I came out my attention was directed to a church not very far away, which granted similar exemptions on performance of some ceremony at its threshold. These things considered, Rome is a very eligible place to live in, for those who do not wish to wear too tight a bridle on their appetites or conscience.

After breakfast, I drove to the Roman Forum, thence to several pagan temples, now converted into christian churches, and finally finished my researches among antiquities for the day, by a visit to the Pantheon, the best preserved and most famous, in the way of architectural excellence, of any of the remains of Rome. It is the portico, however, which has gained for the Pantheon its great reputation, and the merit of which is so remarkable that it drew from a very great English critic (Forsyth) the very silly remark that it was "more than faultless." The Pantheon simply consists of a portico of sixteen Corinthian columns, supporting a plain pediment, eight columns being ranged in front, and the rest in rows behind, so as to make a vestibule of columns. The body of the building before which this is placed, is a plain rotunda, supporting a dome of exquisite proportions, the centre of which is open to the air by a circular aperture in the roof, bound with a rim of brass. There are no windows. Through the open circle in the dome alone comes all the light and air for the space within, and through that opening

for nearly two thousand years have the elements beaten without damage to the structure. The effect, both within and without this building, is unquestionably very fine, but I think it will fail at first to inspire the rapture which its world-wide fame invokes. It will grow towards the appreciations, however, the more it is observed, and maintain its claims to preëminence better after frequent examination than at first. That is the law with all true excellence. Virtue is coy. Anything that is really good disdains to triumph except through the most deliberate operations of the judgment.

The Pantheon has, too, a more teeming history than any other monument of ancient Rome. It has weathered all vicissitudes of government; it has stood unscathed amid barbarian conflagration; it has escaped the wantonness of Attila, the ferocity of Genseric, Guiscard, Vitiges, and other ravagers of art. Time, even, and its storms, have not been able to debilitate, much less to conquer it. It has yielded but in one way. The faith to which it was sanctified is no more practiced within its walls. In turn it has let its altars to pagans and idolaters. One by one their doctrines have faded out, and it now is occupied by the ministers of the Christian church.

“Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—
Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods,
From Jove to Jesus—”

is the expression which is struck from the glowing mind of Byron, on his contemplation of its history, and “what revolution for its altars next?” must be the question, which arises in the mind of every person else.

From the Pantheon I drove to St. Peter's, the grandest monument of modern Rome, and doubtless the most wondrous pile that ever was constructed by any nation, whether

old or new. The site of the Coliseum is not much more vast, and its purposes condemned its grandeur mainly to the magnificence of size; while St. Peter's unites size and beauty, sentiment, harmony, proportion, fitness, dignity, and everything that can render architecture attractive and imposing. The Coliseum spans nearly six acres, St. Peter's covers nearly five, while St. Paul's of London, of which the English boast so much, occupies only two. The Coliseum, however, covers all of its ground, while St. Paul's of London has a church-yard, and St. Peter's occupies a good slice of its five acres by a superb colonnade and circular courtyard in front.

The foundation-stone of this wonderful edifice was laid by Pope Julius II., in the year 1506, on the site of an old church built by the Emperor Constantine, to mark St. Peter's grave. For a time it proceeded very slowly, and but a portion of its foundations were laid, when, in the middle of that century, it was committed to the charge of Michael Angelo, the man of all the world who, from the boldness of his genius, was fitted to be entrusted with the task. The object was to excel all structures of the past; and Angelo had not only a daring and improving mind, but was tinctured with less pedantry than any who had preceded him. Better still, he knew how to discriminate between all the degrees of beauty, and was not insensible, through egotism, to excellencies, even when originated by others. When, therefore, Angelo sat down to his gigantic task, the size of the Coliseum was doubtless first in his mind; and when he thought further on, came probably the chaste and surpassing beauty of the Pantheon. There was trouble in this conjunction. No calculation of means would enable him to lay out his foundation to the enormous platform of the first, and even his genius must have felt dubious

of excelling the second—the architectural gem of eighteen hundred years. Consulting, too, the pecuniary condition of the later times, he did not encourage himself to make the Cathedral excel the Coliseum in bulk; but as for the Pantheon, said Angelo, “I will take that, and put it into the dome of St. Peter’s.” And there it stands, with the exception of its portico, poised a hundred and fifty feet above the ground-floor, in the air. The task of laying out a plan for this Cathedral was not confided to Michael Angelo until he was in his seventy-fifth year; but it may be safely named as the greatest achievement of his life. On the day after visiting it, I was asked by a friend of what material it was built, and so strongly did the triumph of the architect dwell upon me, that I involuntarily answered, that it was built out of the genius of Michael Angelo, and that every arch and pillar was a portion of the majestic structure of his mind.

On entering the church I did not find myself as suddenly impressed with its vastness as I expected, and it was not until I had marched about its aisles and chapels for an hour, that I began practically to comprehend its great extent. My guide, who knew all the illusions of the place, took great pleasure in eliciting my surprise, and in bringing me in contact with marble statues, which seemed at a distance to be the size of life, but when approached proved of gigantic proportions. The figures in the dome, worked in mosaic, share in this illusion, and yet they were sixteen feet in height, while a pen in the hands of St. Mark, in a subordinate curve of the ceiling, that appeared to the eye the length of an ordinary goose-quill, I was told, would measure just six feet. Everything inside of this grand Cathedral is on the same scale with the exterior, and every figure is consistent with its size. The floor is laid with colored marbles; the niches

are filled with grand statues of the saints, and the side chapels and walls are decorated with superb mosaic copies of the great paintings of the old masters. The high altar stands in the centre of the church under the dome, and directly over the sepulchre of St. Peter, and around the steps which lead to the shrine, a hundred and twelve lamps are continually burning, night and day. I thought as I looked at this pious display, of the masses which Henry the Fifth of England had vainly decreed should be annually said over his body in Westminster Abbey, and of the lights which Queen Eleanor had ineffectually ordered should burn forever around her tomb in the same place, and I wondered how many centuries it was probable these lights would live against some new reformation, or new revolution in the Church. Around the altar and against the shafts of the dome are the statues of four saints, who in balconies above their heads have the custody of the most choice relics of the sanctuary. One of these contains the handkerchief with which Jesus wiped his face when bearing the cross, and which is said to contain an exact representation of his features; another holds a veritable portion of the true cross. St. Andrew guards the relic of his own head; and St. Longinus, the soldier who pierced the side of Christ, still keeps the custody of his bloody lance. Another relic in the same circle is a column, or rather two columns, brought from the original Temple at Jerusalem. I shall, from this point, attempt no further description of this Cathedral, but in concluding my brief notice of it, I may as well help the conception of its size, by a remark of Mr. Cass, that he saw at one time sixty thousand soldiers stand up and hear mass in its aisles, and by the further fact, that the entire cost of the edifice has been estimated at between seventy and eighty millions of dollars.

From St. Peter's I turned into the adjoining palace of the Vatican, or rather into that part of it which contains the most famous museum of marbles and paintings in the world. Here I saw the celebrated School of Athens, by Raphael; the Last Judgment, by Michael Angelo, and many other first class pictures by both of these, and several other illustrious masters. The museum of marbles contains three thousand specimens, among the finest and most renowned of which are the Laocoon and the Apollo Belvidere.

It is difficult to describe the effects which the contemplation of this latter master-piece of sculpture produces. The figure is so delicately beautiful and yet so vigorous: it is so earnest, and yet so confident; so calmly dignified, and yet so full of quiet action, that life seems to issue from every pore, and you almost fancy you can hear it breathe. There is nothing in it that is extravagant; nothing that is tame. It is full of majesty without being theatrical; and with no strife for effect, its noble features wear the superior impress of a God. Its position is that of an archer who has just let fly a shaft, and by looking at the noble sportsman's face, you can fairly travel with the arrow, and rest with his eye upon the stricken game. The figure has but little drapery, but what it has is matchless, and the mantle that falls from the right arm is so airy and so natural, that it seems to be gently drifting in the air. In this you behold the last refinement of art, and its effect on me was, to render me content to forego a visit to the Venus de Medicis at Florence; for I felt, that in the Apollo, I had witnessed the highest triumph of the chisel. Good judges, who have seen both, will decide how nearly I am right. Everybody who has seen this, will say how deplorably distant from the truth, is every imitation of the figure.

The Apollo was found among the ruins of an imperial

villa at Antium, and brought to Rome in the sixteenth century; "the Laocoon," which is a group of a father and two boys perishing in the hideous folds of serpents, was taken from the ruins of the palace of the Emperor Titus. It was discovered in 1506 by a man of slender means, and so highly was "the wonder of art" esteemed, that the Pope conferred upon him a large share of the revenues of one of the city gates as his reward. All, or nearly all of the marbles in this museum were recovered in this way, and most of them exhibit the highest evidences of genius. Excavations are continually going on, sometimes by private persons and sometimes on Government account, and hardly a day transpires but some new and long lost gem of art is brought to light. Old Rome, it will be borne in mind, lies imbedded under the modern surface of the earth, some sixteen or eighteen feet, and in many places, parts of the new city are built above the ruins of the old. This proceeds from the drift and accumulation of the soil that has been going on for nearly two centuries, and it very often happens, that in excavations for a foundation, some antique boudoir of lady fair, or library of learned senator is broken into, and extracted of graceful marbles that were once the ornament of its voluptuous occupants. The French have done a great deal in the way of excavation since they have been here, and among their worthiest efforts are the unearthing of the columns in the forum Trajan, and clearing the floor of the Coliseum, of its immense deposits of earth and rubbish. The statues and busts are always found imbedded in the earth, lying in various positions, as they fell, some broken and some unimpaired. They are always swathed with a rather compact coating of clay, which winding sheet is formed by the dampness of the stone, making the earth plastic to its curves. When marbles are thus discovered, they belong, as do all

hidden treasures, to the Government, and deportation is forbidden by heavy penalties. This, though it denies the treasures to the world, is unquestionably a wise regulation on the part of the Roman State. Her stock in trade is religion and treasures in the arts, and if either are reduced, and more particularly the latter, the pilgrims who now support her would decrease, and she would in a few years be little better than the waste which now spreads vacant over the grave of Athens.

ROME, July, 1851.

Nero, and the Burning of Rome—The Churches—The Palaces and Picture Galleries—The Baths of Caracalla—The Philosophy of Saintship.

It is unquestionably my duty by this time to make some very fine reflections on the rise and fall of empires, and on the vanity of human pride and power, as preached by the mighty ruins which, in this pantheon of the past, lie strewn around me; but the truth is, I have been in such a downright, sensible, matter-of-fact humor, ever since I have been in Rome, that I dare not try; and I feel no more disposed to poetry than does a man who is gearing himself for a foot-race. I am inclined to think the fleas may be somewhat answerable for this want of sentiment, for they have paid me unremitting attention ever since I have been in the city, and it will be admitted that it interferes very much with a man's reverie for him to be obliged every now and then to dive under his arm, or to fish suddenly with his fingers in his neckcloth, to dislodge some sharp intruder who strikes him without notice, and I may add, without mercy. Thus far, my time in Rome has been rendered wretched by this annoyance. The little rascals give a stranger no rest or sleep, and I notice by the appearance of the members of the party I am traveling with, that they suffer as much as I.

Indeed, I brought two of the ladies, whom I detected yesterday while at dinner, in a stealthy endeavor to rub their shoulders against their chairs, to an open confession, and they declared thereupon, with a strong emphasis, and without further hesitation, that Rome was the most horrid place to live in they had ever seen. There is no means of escape—no mode of relief. Personal cleanliness is no protection, for everything is dirty around you; and no exercise of vigilance can keep you free from visitation, for everything you approach may harbor an invader. Before going out in the morning I spent an hour in special devotion to the condition of my clothes, and yesterday and to-day I practiced the stratagem of dressing myself on the top of a marble-topped table, which I mounted with the dexterity of a McCullom or a Ducrow. Yet all was of no avail. I had not rode more than five minutes in the street, before I noticed several competitors for my acquaintance scrambling up the white surface of my pantaloons, and soon after I was fumbling under my cravat, with a pretense of its adjustment, but really to dislodge a fellow who had selected that quarter for his breakfast. I was quite puzzled for a while to imagine where these vagabonds came from, when of a sudden I suspected the source of the annoyance, and stopping the barouche, ordered the driver to shake the carpet which had lain under my feet. I was quite delighted at this discovery, and was felicitating myself on the prospect of comfort in the future, when all at once my calculations were dashed by the discovery of a ruthless practice which the housewives of the place indulge in, of shaking their sheets out of the windows, and of thus billeting their evening troublers upon wayfarers, by drifting them in their necks. If I possessed sufficient eloquence, I would endeavor to describe my feelings throughout this morning; but let it suffice that I re-

turned to dinner so evidently out of humor, that my want of spirits was at once discovered by my friends. They asked me where I had been. "I have been," said I, "on a second visit to the Tower of the Capitol, and I have discovered the true reason why Nero burnt Rome." "How is that?" they inquired. "Well," said I, "my guide pointed out to me the site of the column on which the tyrant sat and fiddled after he had put the town in flames. But I rejected the fable. It is absurd to suppose that any People could become abject enough to endure such an experiment, when it would be so much less terrible for them to perish by resistance and the sword. No, no; that is one of the humbugs of history. The real state of the affair is, doubtless, that Nero burned the city as a sanitary measure, to destroy the filth and fleas, and the story of his fiddling is a pleasant perversion of his act of scratching." A hearty laugh all around was the answer to this essay, but it did not shake me at all in my opinion.

From St. Peter's I paid a visit to several other churches, the most renowned of which is the basilica of St. John of Lateran, celebrated for its five Lateran Councils, and also for its Scala Sancta, or Holy Stairs. These consist of twenty-eight marble steps, which are said to be the identical ones that belonged to the stair-case in Pilate's house, down which Christ descended after he had been adjudged to death. At the top of them is a chapel, containing a picture of the Savior, as he appeared at the age of twelve, said to be painted by St. Luke, and also said to be faithful as a likeness in every lineament and expression. Crowds of devotees visit here, and always ascend the stair-case on their knees, and so devoutly has this duty been performed that the marble is protected from further wear by an outer covering of boards, which has been several times renewed. The

other relics of this church are, a slab of porphyry on which the soldiers cast lots for the raiment of the Savior, a column of the Temple at Jerusalem, said to have been split when the veil of the Temple was rent in twain, and a miraculous altar table. The quality of this latter is, that if the priest, who administers the sacrament, should be skeptical of the real presence of the body of the Savior, the consecrated wafer would drop from his hand, sink through the marble slab of the altar, and leave a hole. I did not hear of any special instance, however, when this herectic detector had exercised its supernatural agency.

The magnificence of St. John's will not bear description; neither will that of Santa Maria Maggiore, San Paolo, and other basilicas of the same stamp. The most profuse wealth is lavished upon them, and they are the depositories of some of the finest paintings in Rome. The church of the Capuchius, an order of friars of simple habits and excellent reputation, contains Guido's celebrated picture of the Archangel, and the church is likewise interesting for its vaulted cemetery beneath, in which lie ranged the skulls and skeletons of the brotherhood, duly labeled and named according to the order of their death. "This was the skull of my companion," said the stout father, who showed us through, picking a skull from off a heap, and tapping it on the forehead with his finger. I looked at the inscription on the crown, and saw that the owner had died in 1839. There are four apartments in this cemetery, and the centre of each is devoted to a plot of earth, brought from the sacred city of Jerusalem, and divided into graves. Right cosily do these old fellows lie here together, and as the stout old padre who was with us, pointed with his key to a spot, which he said would be his when he died, I thought I could discover a gleam of calm enjoyment in his eye. The spot he pointed to was the

oldest grave in the cemetery, and it is the custom when a brother dies to inter him here, and place the remains of the previous occupant upon the shelves. If, however, the one who is thus unearthed, be a friar of distinction, his skeleton may perhaps be riveted together, and be stood up, with gown and cowl about it, along with other grim and awful forms, which at intervals of space keep guard over the general mass of bones.

The church of the Capuchins finished my visits to the religious establishments, but as there are over three hundred of them in Rome, it will not be understood that I visited them all.

The sights most worthy of a stranger's observation in modern Rome, are the palaces and their paintings. Foremost among these, are the palaces of the Vatican and the Quirinal, belonging to his Holiness the Pope; and the palaces Barberini, Colonna, Corsini, Farnese, Rospigliosi, and Spada, and with these may be classed the Villas Albani and Borghese, which are suburban palaces beyond the walls. All these sumptuous edifices are filled with the most rare and costly works of art, and are not only open to the stranger free, but are supplied with catalogues, which are handed to visitors to direct them in their examination of the paintings. The only fee which is expected for their inspection is a small piece of silver to the attendant who shows you from room to room, and politely lets you out. This apparent liberality, however, is founded on shrewd calculations of policy, for it tempts the world to visit Rome, and it inspires the obscure of her own population to look upon the owners of her grandeur with awe. The latter principle is understood and practiced to its highest refinement by the Church, whose majestic aisles and altars, grand music and impressive ceremonies, cause the visitor to shrink with his

own insignificance, and make more converts than all the teachings of her ministers. The exhibition of wealth in any shape wields the same description of control over the mass of minds, and, in tame countries like this, it, when skillfully managed and amiably represented, often becomes a substitute for a large standing army. The possession of these palaces and grand collections of paintings does not, however, always argue wealth; for the owners of some of the galleries which would in themselves be worth a large fortune in many parts of Europe, are really in very narrow circumstances, and were it not for their pride, would be glad to receive the gratuities given to their attendants. This is owing partly to the craving which at one period of their lives leads them into large purchases of paintings, and to the disability which at another, exists under the law, to their selling them again, except in Rome. It is astonishing to see the quantity of wealth that is consumed here in the shape of mosaic tables, pictures, statuary, carving, &c., and the amount of labor that is sunk in their production. The owner of one of these palaces might say—"there, in that corner, in the shape of a mosaic table, is the best portion of the life of one great genius, which I purchased for two thousand scudi. There, upon that canvas, is six years' occupation of one of the most renowned painters of the age; and in that chamber ranged around and duly numbered, is a series of tableaux that represent the entire existence of one of the best colorists who ever lived." These are boasts; proud ones for a pretentious and arrogant nobility, but they mark a condition of affairs that is not the proudest boast of a state. We have no such advanced condition of the fine arts in America, and I trust we may never have. There is as yet no great need of them, and as I have said before, they cannot be cultivated to this pitch without sacrificing better

things. "How do you get along so fast in the United States?" said an Italian to me one day when the progress of my country became the subject of conversation. "Because," said I, "we have such an immense population." "Why, I heard you say just now that you have only twenty-five millions; whereas Italy has thirty millions." "Ah, but," said I, "all of our twenty-five millions work at something useful, which makes them equal to fifty of your millions. A great portion of your millions, indeed of the millions of all Europe, is consumed in soldiers, painters, priests, and people who spend their days in asking alms, making trinkets, and in putting little pieces of stone together in the shape of mosaics. Were we to abandon our steam-ships, our railroads, and our iron and other factories, for war, superstition, and mere trifles of art, we would soon be as slow and dull, and weak as you."

The paintings which I saw in the palaces were principally the works of the old masters, and the subjects which most abounded among them were exhibitions of the naked body writhing under the torture of the cross, the fire, the wheel, or the warm display of limbs while expanding under the influences of desire. As a general rule, they were either horrifying or sensual, the first class exhibiting all the agonies of Prometheus, the Savior and the Saints, and the latter abounding with the frolics of Venus, the pranks of Jupiter and Pan, the temptation of Joseph, the peeping of the Elders at Susanna in the bath, and all the thousand stories in mythology and Scripture that afford opportunity to art to exhibit posture and voluptuous expression in the human frame. And this, we are told by those who make opinion for us, is refining and elevating to the mind. Perhaps it is, perhaps not; at any rate, I raise a question on the subject.

The Quirinal Palace of his Holiness is a very superb

residence. It is well ornamented with large paintings on Scripture subjects, and the general cast of all the principal apartments is crimson, the Papal color prevailing on the walls as well as in the hangings. I entered one grand apartment, however, the centre-piece of which was a fine fresco of Jupiter, and some of his heathen satellites ; another room, lined also with crimson, and looking out upon the garden, was occupied by a billiard-table. In the Palace Ruspiogli, I saw the original of Guido's celebrated picture of Aurora, and in the Spada gallery, I was shown the colossal statue of Pompey, before which Brutus and Cassius struck Cæsar, and at the base of which the imperial victim fell. The ride to the villas comes within the category of my visit to the palaces, and though I may not feel called upon to describe them, I consider it proper to commend them to the traveler as among the most worthy objects of visit in or near to Rome.

The conclusion of the afternoon, when I paid the first installment of my visit to the palaces, was wound up by a general drive, which took me through the Ghetto, or Jews' quarter of the town, next to the hill where St. Peter was crucified ; then to the famous tomb of Cæcilia Metella, and finally to the great remains of the baths of Caracalla. The Jews' quarter is an inconceivably filthy place ; the streets are narrow and crowded, and the persons of the Hebrews who inhabit them are in keeping with the material dirt that is spread around. The residents are subject to very strict regulations, as might be expected from a Government whose policy is founded on a sympathy for the crucifixion of Christ. Unhappy as is their condition, and restricted as they are, there are eight thousand of them in the city, proving their title to be considered a remarkable people, by living and flourishing in the midst of their enemies, and in despite of all the disabilities which inconvenience and oppress them.

The baths of Caracalla are, next to the Coliseum, the most stupendous ruin of ancient Rome. We obtained our entrance by a wooden gate, to which, after thundering for a while, a man came running down the road, and let us in. The first thing that struck us as we stepped through the aperture, was a fine-sized, lively gray cat, who seemed to be the only custodian of the place, and who, after looking at us very sharply, came forward with a succession of bounds to meet her master. Having rubbed her back against him, and sniffed daintily at us afar off, she made another bound, and went capering away, as if she intended to show us how perfectly she was mistress of the grounds. The remains of these baths give token of an enormous structure, and exhibit more strikingly perhaps than any other ruins, the strength with which the ancient Romans built. The richness of their structures, when they were in trim, is likewise exhibited by pieces of mosaic work found among its rubbish, and now and then a fragment of rich spar which once adorned its walls. It is estimated that their foundations embrace the circuit of a mile, and their divisions contained accommodations for the plebeian, as well as for the patrician classes of Rome. After a stay of about half an hour in this place, the cat and her master saw us to the gate again, and we set out for the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars, stopping on our way to view a small, round building, where, our guide told us, St. John was boiled in oil. A few steps from this spot, indeed, at the other end of the same garden, we were conducted with flambeaux into a deep subterranean vault or cemetery, which contained the urns of the Claudian family (I think), all duly inscribed, and duly filled with bones and ashes. The young ladies were much concerned to know, as they lifted one or two loose covers, and saw the scant relics within, if these were the identical remains

of that old patrician brood, whose names they bore, and doubtless would have swallowed all the asseverations of my commissioner upon the subject, had not I suggested the probability that other strangers might, through half a century of visits, have been tempted, like themselves, to appropriate a bone, and thus keep up the necessity of fresh supplies.

“Well, what do you think,” said the youngest of the party to me, “about the little building in the garden; do you think St. John was really boiled in oil there?” “I have no doubt,” I answered, “that somebody suffered death within its walls by that very process. Nothing was more likely in several of the barbarous stages through which Rome has passed; and nothing is more likely too, that such a circumstance should be remembered. The divinity of the character who suffered there, is, however, a question worthy to be inquired into.”

“Well, I declare, that is just like Mr. Wilkes’ opinion in the Borghese gallery, this morning, about the numerous crucifixions and martyrdoms of the saints,” said a young lady a step or two older than the first. “He had no doubt that this person and that, had been crucified, and stoned, and torn to pieces by tigers; but he supposed that many of them had been bad men, who had deserved it; men who had aroused popular indignation to their punishment by some intolerable crimes, and had been subsequently canonized into saints, on a principle of church policy, not to perpetuate the fallibility of priests, and to discourage assumptions of criminal jurisdiction on the part of the people.”

“Mr. Wilkes is more than half right,” said the father of the two young ladies, “and there is too much of that kind of canonization of rascality in our own country, among the reformed creeds of the Methodists and Presbyterians. We see it every day.”

ROME, July, 1851.

The Population—The Priests—The Palace of the Cæsars.

MODERN Rome, viewed from the Tower of the Capitol, looks like a city that has been curtailed by conflagrations; her walls, a world too wide for her diminished bulk, girding at intervals a partial waste, with huge skeletons of antique temples rising in the thriftless space, as proofs of occupation gone, and as witnesses of perished glory. Modern Rome, viewed from its streets, is dull, and cramped, and uninviting. The houses are blank and tall; the streets for the most part narrow. Dark at night and dirty by day, the city wears a greasiness of appearance which seems to be shared with it by a great portion of the population; and particularly by that portion which is composed of women and priests. But the Corso must not be included in this condemnation, for it is filled with good shops, it contains many fine edifices on its line, and runs straight and level, without bend or turn, from end to end of the city. The show windows, however, are not so well displayed as with us, and there is not that appearance of business about them which usually attends the fashionable bazars of Paris or London. But these are hard comparisons, and it must not be forgotten, that it is now the dull season of the year in Rome.

The population of ancient Rome has been variously estimated, by careful writers, from 1,240,000 down to 560,000. The present population is set down at 160,000, which computation includes the French regiments now in possession of the city. There have been writers extravagant enough to mark the imperial city up to 14,000,000 ; while others have computed it at five and three ; but these are exaggerations, and the fallacy of them may be discovered at once, by a glance from the Tower of the Capital, at the comparatively small circuit of the ancient walls, and the great space occupied by the palaces, amphitheatres and temples, devoted in great part to show. This circuit is much less than that occupied by Paris, and it does not seem to comprise one-third the area of London. Indeed, it is very doubtful if Rome ever was so great as either of the wondrous modern cities I have named, though it probably exercised a more decided power, in its day, by the absence of any rival for the dominion of the world. Rome was mighty and magnificent when everything else was dwarfed ; mighty as the first great instance of centralization ; mighty in her armies ; mighty in her mind ; mighty at any rate, but not equaling the giants of this mightier age. It is doubtful if she ever exhibited more luxury than Paris ; possessed more valor, or was more accomplished in the arts ; and when time or calamity still strew desolation on the pride of Gaul, and make her capital a waste of ruins, I further doubt, if the future traveler will hold the latter less in admiration, than does the present world the cemetery of Roman pride.

The inhabitants of Rome do not exhibit any marks which accredit them as direct descendants of the ancient masters of the world. But they are by no means an inferior looking people, while many of them are decidedly handsome. The women are generally comely, and have fine eyes, and

contrary to the experience of the first morning of my arrival, I find many of the men well formed and robust. The best looking portion of the population is found in a district on the right bank of the Tiber, which is inhabited by a class of people known as the Trastevere. These people boast of their descent from the ancient Romans, and through the pride of their genealogy, refuse to intermarry with any other of the inhabitants of the city. They are for the most part men of fine size and good features, and I have seen a baker or a brasier leave his door and walk along the street with as much loftiness of carriage as if his shoulders wore the toga.

The Trastevere are said, however, to be very turbulent; nay, it is charged against them that they are prone to the stealthy use of weapons, and I was told by a very high authority in Rome, that for ten or twenty scudi, one could go into this district and contract for the *removal* of an enemy, with almost a certainty of having the job performed. Assassinations are said to be frequent, and strangers are advised to avoid the quarter after nightfall. The facility of taking sanctuary and thus escaping the consequences of detection and pursuit, is laid down as one of the causes of the frequency of crime; but this incentive has very much decreased since the arrival of the French. Previous to the conquest of 1849, crimes of the highest character were committed with comparative impunity. The Pope, whose kind heart revolts against all severity, could hardly be induced to sign death warrants, and the murderer, after performing his work, might either take sanctuary for the time, or bribe the inferior officers of justice with a portion of his fee. Since the French have been masters of the city, they have instituted a rigid authority, and crimes against the person are punished with the utmost rigor. Last week they

promptly shot two fellows for drawing knives; and but two days ago they nailed three of the Trastevere by their ears to their own doors and shot them, for having been concerned in the assassination of a French soldier. It would be idle for the local authorities to attempt to remonstrate against these summary military adjudications; the French would still do as they pleased, and it is due to add, that the check which they have given to lawless violence has had a beneficial effect in repressing crime, and meets with the approbation of the better classes of society.

It is said, also, that most of the assassinations that are performed by hired bravoës, are done at the instigation of clerical employers, who have rivals of one sort or another, whom they wish to remove from their path, but whether this is a scandal against the church I have not had time to judge. It is certain that the morals of the city are at a very low ebb, and that for this result none are more answerable to public censure than the priests. The thousands of them who are here should be able to keep the population in good conduct, and being in such great numbers, they are in some sort answerable for the condition of affairs. This is a hard view, and there is a harder inference under it, but the opinion I convey is prevalent in Rome, and with none is it more fixed, than the most devout adherents of the church. Indeed, the great majority of the population, all of whom are Catholics, regard the priests, and principally the Jesuits, with the most bitter hatred, and long for a renewal of the chance which Garibaldi once afforded, of expelling them from Rome. That revolution broke their spell and upset their power, but the unhappy invasion of the French brought them back, and riveted the domestic servitude again.

For a long time, however, the priests did not venture to

resume the full tether of their previous sway, but emboldened by the presence of the French, and the increasing despotic aspect of affairs in Europe, they have within three months re-established their assumptions, and enforced once more the regulation which may domicile in every family a spiritual overseer. This terrible system of espionage reduces the people to the most abject state of servitude—a bondage worse than the old Roman tyranny, when the emperors were masters of every life and lords of every hearth. The domiciled ecclesiastic is not only a spy, but the agent delegated to hear from the wife and daughter of the household, even such thoughts as he cannot see. This authority over them soon, therefore, becomes greater than that of the husband, and while the latter is away at his work or his business, the shadowy familiar is at home strengthening his influence over the frail minds which he has taken in his charge. Such an influence cannot but be evil and immoral, and it is a matter of no wonderment to our reflections that the mass of the men of Rome so ardently hate the ministers of a religion they adore. I am also told that all the degrees of the church are touched with the prevailing luxury, and that the Cardinals are no more to be relied on for asceticism, than a fox-hunting young lord, or a French lieutenant in country quarters. Outwardly, they exhibit the utmost decorum, as do all classes in Rome, but privately they live in the greatest splendor, and there is no worldly pleasure to which they are not addicted. In politics the Cardinals rule the roast, taking precedence of the lay nobles, and shaping the course of the Government. At present their rule is very rigid, and the prisons are full of the victims of their hates, while hundreds are weekly being banished, or disappear, as it is whispered, by more fatal methods. The Pope, who is really a good and kind-hearted man, though a very

weak one, takes no share in these affairs. He has become so thoroughly discouraged by the unfortunate result of his attempted reforms, that he has resigned all management in the hands of the ecclesiastical nobility. Of all the atrocities that are practiced in his name, he knows nothing; he neither suggests nor protests, but takes the odium and wrings his hands and weeps. Through too much humanity, therefore, he delivers his people up to unheard of cruelties, and by consulting the disposition of a saint, runs the risk of being execrated as a devil. It is a great misfortune that such a man as this—a man who cannot curb the revenges of his satellites—should have been elevated to the head of a powerful system, and but few will regret the hour which cuts his tenure short. He is too good for this earth; gentle and tender as he is, his death would be a blessing to his people, and the blow that should make him a martyr, while it shocked the world, would be regarded as an intervention that had been decreed by Heaven.

The state of society, in other respects than those to which I have alluded, is unfortunate in Rome, but all the evil proceeds from the fruitful cause of a superabundance of people, who are religionists by profession, but politicians in principle and in practice. Politicians and government dependents are not proverbial for morality and integrity; and I know of no rule, by which those in shovel-hats and black gowns, should be less corrupt and profligate than those in broadcloth coats. When the temporal cares of the State are confined to temporal hands, and the ministers of the church devote themselves to affairs of benevolence and matters of doctrine, instead of to artifice, ambition, diplomacy, and intrigue, then will the priests of Rome retrieve the reputation of the Holy City, and obtain for themselves the esteem, which is

the reward of the exemplary and faithful laborers of their order in the United States.

I was awakened this last day of my stay in Rome (31st July), by heavy thunder, and the noise of a shower of rain. I sprang from my feverish sheets with an ecstasy of pleasure, and looking out of my window at the flooded streets, enjoyed a revengeful satisfaction in the reflection, that thousands of my special tormentors must be perishing in the deluge. The rain continued to fall heavily for an hour, and the atmosphere thus thoroughly purified and cooled, offered great temptations for a ride. I accordingly set out for the Villa Albani, a superb residence without the walls, belonging to the Cardinal Albani, celebrated for its fine paintings and its rare marbles. Here I saw statues of the rarest execution, and busts of most of the Roman Emperors, whose countenances, by the way, have become so familiar to me now, that I can distinguish one from another without referring to a catalogue. Though the styles of these busts, even of the same persons, are often very different, the features or the identity can never be mistaken. The common impression with us is, that the portraits we get of Cæsar, Nero, Trajan, Caligula, *et id genus omne*, in compendiums of history and in school-books, are mere imaginary sketches, dignified or debased in feature according to the fancy of the artist; but they are faithful likenesses of these numerous busts, and I have no doubt that the sculptured heads themselves are sufficiently exact to afford a test to phrenology in its appreciation of character. I am here reminded, while upon this point, of a doubt which has often struck me, as to the authenticity of many of the pictures attributed to great artists, while visiting the princely galleries of Europe, and especially of Rome. It did not seem possible to me, that one genius could have accomplished so many pieces as

are attributed severally to Raphael, Guido, Rubens, and others of their class, even though each had worked day and night, and devoted more than a hundred years to his tasks ; but I found upon inquiry, that it was and is a custom of the great masters in sculpture and in painting, to merely draw the outline of their thoughts on canvas, or make a model in plaster of their conceptions, and leave their scholars to fill the figures out. Finally, the master gives the finishing touches, but his labor, compared with the bulk of the work laid out upon the piece, is but as a day in comparison to a month. Raphael injured his reputation by too much carelessness in this way, but he redeemed it just before his death, by a picture of marvelous power, which he painted entirely with his own hand.

From the Villa Albini, I visited three or four churches of importance, reaching in my road the Jesuit Chapel, where, it being a fete day with that order, I saw high mass performed in a style of most imposing grandeur. Great wealth and magnificence were displayed about the altar ; the choir was the most powerful, finished and full, I had ever heard, and the ceremonies the most striking I had ever beheld ; but there was such a myriad of lights blazing before the silver shrine of Loyola, and the aisles were so densely crowded with devotees, that I was glad to escape, long before the ceremony had concluded. I was reeking with perspiration when I got out, and for the first time during my stay in Rome, I experienced a sense of cool refreshment in returning from a church to the outer air. Owing to the solidity of their construction, and the depth of their walls of stone, these buildings are always very cold, and ordinarily as you go into them when they are empty, out of the warm atmosphere, you feel as if you had been suddenly plunged into an ice-pit. The unwary stranger is likely to

suffer very much from this transition, and it is for the purpose of cautioning him against the danger, that I notice the circumstance in the conclusion of my remarks from this quarter. No person should ever attempt to enter these places while in a state of perspiration, and it is prudent, even after having paused to cool, before venturing to cross the threshold, to fold your coat across your stomach until you get thoroughly tempered with the atmosphere of the building. A disregard of these precautions leaves the stomach liable to be suddenly chilled; its operations becomes deranged, and diarrhœa supervenes. While in this state, a stranger is peculiarly accessible to the attacks of malaria, which prevails, more or less, all summer long, and presently he may be dead. It may be written down, that many a man has lost his life by being in too great a hurry to enter the church.

In the afternoon I employed the waning hours of my stay, in a drive with the family of my friends to the gate by which the French entered Rome. From this point we saw Garribaldi's house, now one of the interesting ruins of modern Rome, and had an opportunity of satisfying ourselves, by personal examination, that the report was true that the French general had selected one of the strongest portions of the Roman wall for his bombardment, rather than direct his shot in a quarter of the town that would subject the Coliseum and other grand ruins to destruction. This protracted the siege several months, and occasioned great loss of life to the troops through their exposure to the malaria of the campagna; but Oudinot was inexorable against entreaties to change his position to a more vulnerable point. His answer was, "No, France will be censured throughout the world if she destroys these sacred remains, and as for myself, I shall be execrated through all time in

company with Attila and Guiscard." When this refined forbearance is compared with the brutal spirit which plundered the Coliseum to build palaces for Roman princes, one may say, "Verily, the Gaul has become redeemed, and the Roman has degenerated into a brute."

From this battered angle we drove to the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars, and knocking at a little wooden door that was set in a high dead wall, we found it swing back of itself, and invite us, as it were, up a narrow pair of wooden stairs, of two flights, to the level of the ruins. A good-looking woman, of middle age, who had pulled the bobbin that let us in, received us, with a child in her arms, in a little paved court-yard at the head of the flight, and passed us through a side-door into what seemed to us to be once a vineyard, an orchard, and a garden. Under this exuberance, however, were the ruins we had come to see. The vine, the fig, the almond, the peach, the apricot, the nectarine, were thriving here luxuriantly among the halls where once trod the imperial rulers of the earth, and over mosaic pavements and through what was once the perfumed boudoir of beauty, trailed some rank and idle vine, lurked some reptile, or skulked some moping bird, hoarding its doleful music for the night.

Despite the verdure of the platform through which we walked, this scene was mournful. Here a battered staircase suggested the swarms of bravery and beauty which had once idled over it to luxurious halls beyond, or a shattered alcove, with its empty niche, made us regret the gem of art which once had occupied its space. The vineyard and garden, we were told, grows upon the second story, while to the road, rose a high and square barrack of coarse walls, the shell perhaps of what once might have been a banquet hall worthy of the gods, but now occupied as a barn, and

stuffed with hay, which protruded from every window. The ruins were all rude, the marble facing of the walls having most of it been carried away, and nothing but rough masonry, except in a few instances of marble steps, remaining. In the rubbish, however, which had crumbled from the ceilings, our guide grubbed up clumps of fine mosaic work, and bits of lapis lazuli, to attest the magnificence of the original structure, and to confer upon our young ladies, as mementoes of their visit. We likewise preserved some peach pits, after we had eaten our fill of fruit, for the purpose of planting them at home, and in the height of my enthusiasm, I climbed an almond-tree, to make prize of a particularly fine looking nut, for the patriarch of the party. The afternoon was beautiful, the place romantic, and involuntarily we all sat down, spread out our stores as if it were at a pic-nic—and what a place for a pic-nic the palace of the Cæsars would be, and compared ideas and reflections. After expressing a great deal of wisdom in this way, after pointing out to each other, all at once, a bird that swooped down to our faces, after tracing in the distance the black trail of a Naples steamer, fifteen miles distant on the crimson margin of the Mediterranean, we rose, loitered through a by-path, amid rank grass, to the tomb of Seneca; and when dusk had settled upon the ruins, we retired. As the little wooden door at the bottom of the stair-case closed behind me, I was reminded of my departure on the morrow, and felt that I had bidden farewell to the Eternal City, her Pagan temples, her Christian altars; her new structures, and her ancient ruins; her crimes, her glories, her hints of past greatness, and her volumes of present instruction, perhaps forever.

ATLANTIC OCEAN, Oct., 1851.

From Rome to Paris—the Demon of the Soane—Journey to London—Departure for home—Conclusion.

ON Friday the first day of August, as early as half-past four o'clock in the morning, that pattern of all *couriers*, Louis Cisi, knocked stoutly at my chamber door, and asked me politely, if I were ready to take my *walk* in the diligence to Civita Vecchia, in order to catch the afternoon steamer for Marseilles. My immediate answer to Louis Cisi, was given by a bound upon the floor, and my full reply was rendered in a few minutes afterward, by stowing myself along with my friends, in a huge cage on wheels, which, though it freighted us at \$3 a piece, was better suited to the purposes of a traveling menagerie, than to the transportation of civilized human beings. But we did not suffer so much in this diligence as we had in the one that conveyed us down to Rome, for the road was laid by the shower of the day before; and the absence of the sun until near the termination of our journey in the afternoon, kept the atmosphere refreshing. I here paid \$17 60 for a ticket to Genoa, and at five embarked on board the steamer "*Ville de Marseilles*." At nine o'clock the next morning we breakfasted in Leghorn; at half-past twelve we resumed our voyage, and anchored in the harbor of Genoa at ten o'clock at night. In consequence

of the passport regulations of the place, however, we were prevented from debarking till the following morning.

And here I bade my pleasant friends good bye. They were bound for Turin and the Lake of Geneva, to see the "fete of the vintage" at Vevay, and I was leaving direct for the southern port of France. I therefore embarked again at noon, getting ticketed for \$15 40 more, and on the following morning, (Monday,) at eleven o'clock, landed at Marseilles.

The aspect of this harbor, as you approach it from the sea, is bleak and uninviting. It is backed by arid hills and rimmed with burnt and mud-colored rocks that bear not a wisp of verdure. The gateway of the harbor lies between two fortified rocks, so narrow that it looks like a bight, and the appearance of the town under the influence of the summer sun, is that of a yellow cauldron seething and flowing with heat. The basin, too, is dirty, taking all the drainage of the town, and being littered on its sluggish surface with floating straw and muck. The town, however, redeems itself when you are once within it, and the fine stores and shaded boulevards make amends for its outward visage, while its activity and stir of business render it quite cheerful. But there was not sufficient attraction here to tempt me to make a stay, so I got ticketed for a twenty-three hour ride to Lyons in a diligence, for forty-six francs (\$8 75) and set out again at three o'clock. We drove first to the post-office and took in the mails, next to the rail-way station some two or three miles off, and there the body of our diligence, after being driven in the court-yard, was gripped by pulleys, and with all its cargo in it, lifted from its wheels and deposited upon the rail-way trucks. Several of the diligences were treated in a like manner, until the bodies made up quite a lengthened train, when leaving our wheels and

our horses behind us, we were whistled off through an olive growing country to Avignon, some fifty miles to the north. There the rail-road terminated, when being lifted upon new sets of coach wheels, and hitching in fresh horses, we rattled away all night at the good old rate of seven to seven and a half miles. We lost no time by stoppages, however; the utmost celerity was observed in changing horses, and we were allowed but ten minutes in the morning to get our breakfast. From this hour until two, at which time we arrived at Lyons, we enjoyed the beautiful scenery of the valley of the Rhone, and during a part of it, also enjoyed the satisfaction of beating the speed of a river steamer, which was struggling up against the rapid current to our destination.

My sojourn at Lyons lasted but four hours, but I employed most of that time in driving about the city in company with Mr. Brassey, the present Rail-road King of England, and Dr. Barnett, the physician of his laborers, who had been fellow travelers with me from Genoa. These gentlemen were both of superior intelligence, and we exchanged information in relation to our respective countries with great advantage to either side. They had been to Turin, with a view to estimate the cost of a projected rail-road between that point and Genoa, preliminary to a proposal on the part of Mr. Brassey, for a contract with the Sardinian government, to the extent of several millions of dollars. He had also in contemplation a proposal to purchase from the government of France, the great rail-way between Chalons and Paris, and in order to learn the facilities for its extension south, we drove to the confluence of the Rhone and Soane, which meet at the bottom of the city, and which junction forms the bridging point. Returning from thence, we scoured the town, and at six o'clock em-

barked on a long, needle-shaped steamer, that was to convey us to Chalons, at ten francs, or two dollars per head. I use this term, per head, because we were huddled together like so many cattle, and because, for two-thirds of the crowd of passengers there were no resting places, except such as we could find on deck. This dreary prospect made us resist the invitations of fatigue until near midnight, when, being quite worn out by our previous sharp travel, Mr. Brassey, the Doctor, and myself, were glad to creep under the great tarpaulin that covered the baggage, and stow ourselves among the trunks and boxes, as if we were three houseless philosophers in a lumber yard. But even this poor refuge was denied us, for at intervals of every half hour or so, as the boat shot the bridges, some rough fellow, whose duty it was to lower the smoke pipe, would jump on our bodies in the midst of our sleep, and trample us with as little consideration as if we were heaps of hay. But we made no resistance. The labor of travel had utterly broken our spirits, and the man of millions was as passive under the feet of the plebeian, as if sufferance were his nature. By-and-by the ludicrousness of our position inspired us to merriment, and drove away sleep, and turning the evil into profit, we would lie and wait for the genie of the pipe to jump upon us, as if it were a capital joke. At length the day broke, the chilly fog which we had hidden from lifted, and we arrived at Chalons. Here we met the rail-road which connected with Paris, and leaning backward in the spacious cushioned seats, managed to obtain that sleep which had been jounced out of us by the demon of the Soane. We started from Chalons at six o'clock in the morning, our tickets were six dollars each, and we reached Paris at ten minutes past four in the afternoon of the 6th of August; completing for me a journey of five days and ten hours from

Rome, the passage or ticket expenses of which amounted to fifty-three dollars and twenty cents.

I found a large number of Americans in Paris, several of whom were New Yorkers, and personal friends. Added to this, the city was particularly gay with reviews and shows, so I remained until the first of September, re-uniting in the interim, with the good friends I had parted with at Genoa, who reached Paris some two weeks after me. They remained, however, only five or six days, and then set out for England, on their way home, leaving Louis Cisi a waif entirely upon my hands. But I should rather say, I was on Cisi's hands, for an acute inflammation of my shoulder, superinduced unquestionably by my night exposure on the Lyons steamer, made me prisoner to my room for the best part of the last week of my stay, and only consented to let me up, after I had paid tribute to the medical faculty of Paris in the sum of two hundred and forty francs. I may as well mention here, that Americans are very subject to attacks of rheumatism in London and in Paris. The atmosphere is damp in both places, and a very little exposure at night is likely to bring on a visitation of the fiend. Paris is in this respect, the worst place of the two, for its clear atmosphere is deceptive, while that of London is compounded of horrors, and gives you fair warning to guard against its dangers in advance.

After shaking Louis Cisi cordially by the hand, and bidding him wipe the tear out of his eye, I left Paris for London, by the seven o'clock evening train, in company with three New Yorkers, paying each \$15 18, on the promise of the rail-way placards to be put through from end to end in eleven hours. The French end of this promise was kept, so far as the rail-way running was concerned, but the delay at Calais, the slowness of the wretched British steamer that

dug us across the channel, and the time consumed by the custom-house authorities at Dover, threw us over to the second morning train from the latter place, and the result was, we did not reach London until eleven o'clock, A.M., thus translating our eleven hours into sixteen.

"Where does your honors wish to be set down?" asked the moist cabman, after we had stowed ourselves in his vehicle at the station.

"Drive us to some hotel where they speak English!" replied one of my friends on the front seat, who, feeling the loss of his courier, forgot for the moment, that he was now in a place where he could take care of himself.

"Drive us to Morley's," said I, taking the remark for a sarcasm on London pronunciation, "I believe they speak English there."

The cabman recovered from his bewilderment; the policemen who politely closed the carriage-door for us, indulged in a quiet smile, and away we rolled towards our indicated destination.

We found London very full of strangers. It was the last month of the Great Exhibition; the hotels were crowded, and the streets were thronged with wondering country folk, so that the whole town looked like a fair. Lively to all, it was particularly lively just then to an American, for the superiority of our mechanics had recently been made manifest, in the triumph of our yacht over the united British squadron; while upon the land we had given England a lesson in Hussey's and McCormick's reaping machines, that wrung a burst of admiration even from the *London Times*. England had always claimed to be at the head of the world in the science of agriculture, and "Brittania rules the waves" was every Briton's boast; but the "Reaper" laid low the former pride, and the clipper of New York obliged the

boasters of the main to take down their sign. The exploits of Hobbs, too, in the science of bank locks, was in everybody's mouth; while to the art of war, Colt of New Jersey had made the most potent contribution that came from any quarter of the earth. To cap the climax, the Baltic, one of the Collins line of New York steamers, had just made a trip to Liverpool across the Atlantic in the unprecedented time of nine days and nineteen hours, bringing with her the news that the people of the United States had by their incomparable enterprise solved the great problem of commercial ages, and by two routes across the Isthmus, snatched the prize of the East India trade by a direct route across the Western Ocean. John Bull was struck aghast; for the first time he had gotten a fair view of the genius of his offspring; but he behaved himself like an honest old gentleman, and in amendment of his sneers at the commencement of the Fair, he lauded us with our full meed of praise. All the London newspapers were lavish of their praise on every point that I have stated, while English gentlemen in private intercourse would frankly laugh at their own dullness, in suffering themselves to be so outstripped in noble competition. This was exceeding gratifying, and I felt justified anew in the expression which I made in one of my early letters, that an Englishman never appears at so great an advantage as at home, and that when he is once convinced you are worthy of his acquaintance, nobody can exceed him in hospitality and substantial goodness of heart. He often shows badly when abroad, and he always esteems himself better than any one he does not know, but he has no prejudices under his roof, scorns to be unjust when you appeal to his magnanimity, and never wounds your nationality with a sneer.

I remained in London until the close of the Exhibition, and having "done up" the great sights in my former visit,

I employed most of my remaining time in short excursions in the country, and in social intercourse. I made, during this period, the acquaintance of several literary men of mark, and received from one the compliment of a special dinner, to which he invited Ledru Rollin, Mazzini, and Causidiere, on my expressing a desire to be brought in contact with them. At another dinner party, at Richmond, I had the pleasure of meeting, among the fourteen guests who were present, the Honorable Robert J. Walker, Mr. Ouseley, formerly British Minister to the Brazils, Hon. Ashbel Smith, of Texas, Gen. Gibbs McNeil, and Wm. Beach Lawrence, the son and private secretary of our Minister to the Court of St. James. Though the occasion was a Sunday one, we all made speeches; Mr. Walker taking the subject of Free-Trade; Mr. Ouseley replying to a compliment to his friend, Sir Henry Bulwer; Mr. Smith speaking on the crisis through which the United States had happily passed by means of the Compromise Bill; Mr. Lawrence answering to the health of the American Minister, and the humble servant of the reader rising on a call from Mr. Lawrence, and discoursing on the duties of the Press, to dissipate whatever jealousy and unkindly feeling may remain between the two great nations, England and America, by a reciprocal exhibition of each other's good qualities, rather than by a captious presentation of the bad. I subsequently to this dined at the Embassy, in a circle of eight, at which Mr. Walker was also present, but on this occasion the party confined themselves to conversational discussion, in which Pennsylvania bonds and Mississippi repudiation were rather severely handled by Mr. Peabody, the talented American Banker, who is the rival in London of the Barings, for the American banking business. Mr. Walker came forward, however, to the defense of Mississippi, as he was bound to do, but it unfor-

tunately so happened that Pennsylvania had no defender. In occupations of this sort I passed my time in London until the 13th October, when I bade it farewell, and on the 15th set sail from Liverpool, in the steamer Pacific, to return home, after an absence of just five months from New York.

I have now but one task to perform, and that is, to thank those gentlemen who have afforded me facilities for seeing to advantage, the various places in my travels where I found them resident. Among these I hold myself especially indebted for courtesies to Mr. Cass, our Chargé d'Affairs at Rome; Mr. Vesey, Consul at Antwerp; Mr. Goodrich, Consul at Paris; the Hon. Abbot Lawrence, Minister to Great Britain, and Col. T. B. Lawrence, his private Secretary and son. All of these gentlemen, and none more so than the two latter, are easily accessible to their countrymen, and their demeanor is marked by a plain and unostentatious affability, which shows a desire to serve, that does not always distinguish the manner of those who have been cast among the great. There are several gentlemen in private life whom it would afford me pleasure to particularize for favors shown and hospitalities extended to me, but I will lump my thanks to them, and, in conclusion, add my sincere acknowledgments to those of my readers who have paid me the compliment to accompany me to this point of my correspondence, and who have shown the patient good nature to endure it.

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