

OLD SIGHTS
WITH NEW EYES.

BY A YANKEE.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY ROBERT BAIRD, D.D.

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INTRODUCTION.

THIS interesting volume is from the pen of a young New England Clergyman, whose modesty constrains him to send it forth into the world without the author's name. Whether he has acted wisely or unwisely in so doing, is a question about which opinions may be divided.

To those who desire to read well written and appropriate notices of the places of chief interest in "Old Europe," this volume may be recommended without reserve. The style is pure and beautiful, and the descriptions of places and things are exact, concise, and highly interesting. It is manifest that the work is the production of a well cultivated and superior mind. It is altogether the most readable and instructive book of travels, embracing the same field, which the subscriber has seen for a long time. None but the most important places and objects are made to occupy the attention of the reader; and these are always spoken of in the fewest words possible, so that the interest is well sustained from the beginning to the end of the volume.

The discrimination with which the author treats of the various objects of art which he saw, displays no ordinary cultivation of judgment and taste. In this respect, the book before us reminds one of "*Mathews' Diary of an Invalid*," a book of surpassing interest, even yet, on the best works of art to be seen in Italy.

Familiar as he is with every step of the tour which the author made, from the time he reached the old world until he quit it, the subscriber may claim some degree of competency to speak of the merits of this book. What opinion he entertains respecting it, the reader, after perusing the preceding paragraphs, can be at no loss to divine. And we hardly need say that we take great pleasure in being made the medium of introducing it to the reading public of this country.

Most unhesitatingly and confidently can we recommend it to all those who desire to acquire clear and correct opinions in respect to the prominent objects of interest in the chief cities of the most civilized countries of the old world. None can read it without pleasure and profit.

R. BAIRD.

NEW YORK, *November 5th*, 1853.

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OLD SIGHTS WITH NEW EYES.

CHAPTER I.

THE VOYAGE.

A VOYAGE TO EUROPE! What a grand idea! It had long haunted my imagination like some bright vision of romance, which I hardly dared hope ever to see realized. The very word "voyage" had a bracing, inspiring, salt-water air. It called up "spirits from the vasty deep"—old ocean's varied forms of beauty and sublimity, gallant ships proudly careering o'er the waves, crews of brave and generous-hearted tars, and all the exciting scenes of nautical adventure.

And then EUROPE—the world's museum, crowded with the choicest productions of genius in every department of human effort, with her time-honored castles, her stupendous cathedrals, her magnificent palaces, her immense works of public utility, her unequalled collections of paintings, and statues, and antiquities, her venerable universities, her vast libraries, her long line of illustrious artists, and historians, and poets, and philosophers, and orators, and statesmen, and heroes, where every spot of ground is hallowed by its association with the most celebrated

events and names in history—it seemed impossible for one to breathe the air or tread the soil of such a classic land, without catching the inspiration of its greatness, and becoming himself a great man by inevitable consequence.

Imagine then, my delight at the prospect of actually attaining this elevation, and becoming myself “a travelled man.” Yes! The good ship “Aberdeen, Hubbard, master,” was up for Liverpool, to sail in five days, and it was for me to say, whether I would go in her. I hurried home to make the necessary preparations. How vivid is the recollection of those few days! All surrounding objects seemed to share in my excitement of feeling, and to wear looks of unwonted significance. What changes might pass over them during my absence! How changed might I be before my return! And what if I should never come back again! The very books on my study shelves seemed to reproach me for leaving their quiet and dignified society, to become a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth.

Once under way, I began to feel, for the first time, the loneliness of my situation. We were not far from the shore. The long lines of lighted streets were visible on both sides of us. Yet it seemed as if the ocean already rolled between me and my native land. I had set out for foreign shores, and return was impossible, until I had accomplished the end of my pilgrimage.

The next morning the wind was in our favor, and the music of the Sabbath bells was borne to our ears from off the land. Oh, how sweetly they sounded! as if calling us to stay and rest that day under the shadow of the sanctuary. But we heeded them not. Our pilot was aboard, and we immediately got under way. It was a beautiful morning, and the harbor was alive with vessels; some, like us, outward bound, and others just arrived. Soon we met the United States mail steamer

Sea Sickness—Reflections.

“Hermann” from Southampton, with all her colors flying; then the packet ships “Waterloo” and “Guy Mannering,” and others, whose decks were crowded with emigrants just opening their eyes on the “New World.” About noon we passed Sandy Hook, and discharged our pilot. The wind freshened up from the southward, and we began to make some headway.

The next morning brought my first experience of sea-sickness. I succeeded in getting on deck and walking a little, but at breakfast-time my appetite suddenly disappeared, and I retreated precipitately to my state-room, where I turned in and lay the rest of the day. This was Monday. Tuesday, ditto—ate nothing but a few prunes and some arrow-root gruel. Wednesday, ditto—much sea, and a great deal of rolling. Managed a little soup for dinner; fine headway. Thursday, not much better. Captain handed me the bulletin for the day—“Lat. 41 deg. 2 min. N. long. 58 deg. 25 min. W.—seven hundred miles from *home*.” The above is a specimen of the entries in my diary, day after day, without much variation, till I became very much reduced in strength and spirits. I find the following reflections written in my note-book about that time:

“It is worth something to learn, by going abroad, that God is everywhere; and that we may carry with us a sense of his gracious presence wherever we may go. The Psalms which I committed to memory last winter are a source of great comfort to me now; especially when confined to my berth and unable to read, I take great satisfaction in recalling them to mind and dwelling upon them.

“It is hard to feel our continual dependence on God; I mean not only to *realize* it, but to delight in it. To-day I am sick. I feel my dependence; but I hope to feel better to-

morrow, and not so dependent. Just as if I was not as dependent at one time as at another. So now I am at sea I feel my dependence; but I hope to be on land in the course of a few weeks, and then be in a measure relieved from a sense of my dependence. While absent from my family I feel our joint dependence on God for life, and health, and all things: but what can I do for them when present? How entirely dependent then as now! Teach me, O Lord, ever to cherish a sense of my dependence, in health as in sickness, on land as on sea, at home as abroad, and even to rejoice in it."

We had but four cabin passengers. One was an elderly man, an Englishman, for many years past a resident at the Balize, Honduras, now on his way to make arrangements for the removal of his family to England—a pleasant, sociable man, who had graduated at the University of Cambridge, and made the tour of Europe in his youth. One was a Welshman, who came to this country thirty-one years ago, and settled in Oneida county, N. Y., now on a visit to his relatives in the "old country." The third was a jolly young Yorkshireman, who had lived awhile at Paris, Brazil, and then in Canada.

I shall always feel under great obligations to our excellent captain for his kind attention to my health and comfort while under his care. Although evidently a thorough-going sailor, perfectly familiar with all the details of his profession, he has none of that roughness of exterior or manner which we commonly associate with sea-captains, but was as agreeable and gentlemanly a man as you would wish to see. Our steward, too—I should be ungrateful were I to omit mention of his many admirable qualifications;—attentive, prompt, ready for anything, always looking on the bright side, even when the wind was dead ahead, and possessed of the happy art of adapt-

ing his replies to the varying humor of his questioners. I never could cease to admire the dexterity and grace with which he would convey dishes of all qualities, shapes, and dimensions, from the cook's quarters to the cabin, across the deck in perfect safety, even in the roughest weather.

Our crew were a hard looking set ; many of them old men, hardly capable of duty, and all apparently enfeebled by hard labor, and exposure, and vicious courses. There was not one fresh looking countenance among them ; not one which bore any expression above that of a low sensuality, and not even that buoyancy of spirit which often animates brutes. The monotonous song with which they braced the yards or heaved the capstan, seemed to have no more life in it than the creaking of the ropes or the turning of the windlass ; and the miserable condition of their clothing added to the wretchedness of their appearance. No two were dressed alike. There was every conceivable variety of shape, and color, and texture in coats and pantaloons—the shortest possible roundabouts, and the longest possible overalls—old hats, caps, and huge sou'-westers—boots, shoes, slippers, and bare feet. Falstaff's ragged regiment could not have been worse off. Most of them were drunk when shipped,—out of money and out of clothes. All their advance wages had gone to pay the score run up at their boarding places since their last voyage. Consequently, when we reached Liverpool, they were wholly at the mercy of those ravening wolves who prowl about the docks to entice new comers to their boarding-hells, where they keep them awhile on the credit of their next voyage, and then pocket their wages in advance, and turn them adrift in the same destitute, wretched condition.

Many sea-faring men with whom I have conversed on this

subject, have expressed to me their conviction that much of this evil might be prevented, if the universal practice of *paying seamen's wages in advance* were discontinued. If they did not receive their pay, or only a part of it, until after they had sailed, then they would have some money coming to them when they were sober enough to know its value, and to make a good use of it. A feeling of self-respect and independence would grow up in their minds, and when they arrived at the end of their voyage they would be better able to look out for themselves, and steer clear of the landsharks. I would fain appeal to ship owners, and agents, and all honest and benevolent persons, who are interested in the welfare of sailors. Is not such a change practicable?

The eighteenth day out we came in sight of land, passed Cape Clear, and were obliged to beat up the Channel in the face of an east wind. The next day, towards evening, we came near the Irish coast, saw Brown Stonehead with its two beacons, and could discern the verdure on shore; then Waterford lighthouse, where was a pilot-boat lying off, from which three men came alongside of us in a small boat, to see if we had any provisions to give them. The next day we were becalmed, so that the tide drifted us down the Channel. Towards evening, however, the wind sprang up again, and the succeeding day we passed Holyhead, had a view of the Isle of Man, saw the Skerries, rocks that proved fatal to so many vessels before the erection of the present lighthouse; and beyond the Isle of Anglesey, had a glimpse of the cloudy outline of Mount Snowdon, which our Welshman contemplated with delight. We soon made Point Linus, the usual station for pilots, about forty-five miles below Liverpool, and when I went on deck late in the afternoon, quite an exciting scene presented itself. Our

The Pilot—Arrival.

signal was set for a pilot, viz. the union jack at the fore ; in the distance was a pilot-boat with colors flying, responding to our call, her small boat making for us ; a steam-tug alongside, anxious to escort us up the Mersey, for only sixteen guineas, which our captain refused to give. The pilot came aboard and dispensed the news to our hungry company. The next morning a steamer took us in tow, we passed Rockfort, had a fine view of Liverpool on the left, and Birkenhead on the right, under a clear sky. The flag was up at Prince's Dock, to signify that it was full of vessels ; but on our captain's landing, room was made for us ; we entered the basin and hauled into the dock just as the "Isaac Webb," swarming with emigrants, was hauling out of the Waterloo Dock, opposite ; having made a very good passage of twenty-two days.

CHAPTER II.

LIVERPOOL.

"So here I am, at last, in the *old country*," said I to myself, involuntarily, as I stepped ashore with something of the feelings of an exile returning to the land of his fathers: for we do not feel like aliens in those countries which have always occupied a large place in our minds; whose history has been the wonder and delight of our childhood; the lives of whose great men have been the food of our youthful aspirations; and to whose literature we are mainly indebted for the development, growth, and culture of our mental faculties. They are not foreign from our thoughts and affections. We have often visited them in imagination; and now that we are actually there, we seem to have been there before. Memories of the past come forth to meet us, old associations take us by the hand and greet us in familiar tones, as if welcoming us back again to some former home.

Especially is this true of ENGLAND—in every sense our *mother country*—the prolific source of all our virtues and of all our glories. The germs of all our free institutions were found in her. They only needed a more genial soil and more auspicious skies, in order to attain their present luxuriance. Till within a comparatively recent period, our history is the same as that of England. We have an equal share in her

great names. Chaucer, Shakspeare, and Milton are our poets. Bacon, Locke, and Newton are our philosophers. Coke, Hale, and Blackstone are our jurists. Chatham, Burke, and Erskine are our orators. No Englishman has any better title to these names than we have.

Our baggage was placed in charge of a carman, who had obtained a permit to have it examined at the dock dépôt, whither we followed him. The officer in attendance, a very civil, gentlemanly man, put me to very little trouble, not even opening my carpet-bag. My fellow-passengers were not so fortunate. One of them had two or three American reprints of English authors—Dickens's and Lever's works—which were condemned to the flames without leave of redemption. Another had a parcel of tobacco, a package of letters, and a number of daguerreotypes from children in America to their parents in Wales, which were seized with great indignation, and subjected the bearer to a vexatious and expensive detention before a magistrate. The best way to avoid trouble at the Custom-House, the only honest way indeed, is to have nothing contraband in your possession, so that you can carry a clear conscience. Above all, keep clear of *American reprints, private letters, and tobacco.*

The general appearance of Liverpool was more inviting than I had supposed. Its streets, though not so wide or regular as those of New York, are much cleaner and better paved. The buildings are not generally as lofty (except the warehouses, which are seven or eight stories), but more relieved by architectural ornaments, heavy cornices, paneling, and pediments. Some of the new blocks in Broadway, *e. g.*, that on the site of Grace Church, are more in the English style of commercial buildings. The streets are much more quiet than in New

York, most of the heavy business being confined to the neighborhood of the docks.

These docks are the greatest "lions" of Liverpool. They are constructed in the side of the bank of the river, and are on a most stupendous scale—wet, and dry, and graving docks, connected with wide and commodious quays and immense warehouses. The wet docks occupy a superficies of ninety acres, 3,384 yards, and the quays measure seven miles one hundred and fifty-six yards in length. Within a few years, extensive docks have also been constructed on the opposite side of the Mersey at Birkenhead.

The principal public buildings are the Town-Hall, the Exchange, and the Custom-House. The Town-Hall is a handsome Palladian building, surmounted by a dome, which is crowned by a statue of Britannia. It contains a number of portraits, a statue of Roscoe by Chantrey, and on the landing of the staircase one of Canning by the same artist. The Exchange buildings form three sides of a square, in the centre of which is a group of statuary in memory of Nelson, executed by Westmacott in 1813. Victory is just about to crown the hero as Death, partially concealed by a shroud, stretches out his skeleton hand and touches his heart, while a sailor stands before him in an attitude of defence, and another kneels behind, lamenting his fate. On the sides of the base are bas-reliefs of Nelson's victories; and four colossal male figures, in attitudes of humiliation and grief, are chained to the corners. The new Custom-House, by far the finest building in Liverpool, both in magnitude and architectural dimensions, contains also the post-office, the excise-office, the stamp-office, the dock-treasurer and secretary's office, the board-room, and offices of the dock committee. There is also a splendid build-

The People—Signs.

ing recently erected, though in an unfinished state, opposite the station-house of the London and North Western Railway in Lime street, called St. George's Hall, to be devoted to the fine arts. It is in the Grecian style, and has an exquisitely wrought sculpture in bas-relief on the front pediment, representing several figures, Commerce, Agriculture, the Fine Arts and Sciences, &c., bringing their tribute to Britannia.

I was struck with the marked difference in the appearance of people I met in the streets from those I had been accustomed to see at home. The people here are heartier, fuller-faced, ruddier, carry their heads higher, and project their chests more, their lips are more parted, as if breathing more freely, and they are more leisurely in their gait. They have more of the vivacity and buoyancy of youth, their tones of voice are higher and more varied, and to use a common English expression, they look much more "jolly" than our New York merchants driving along Wall street, as if hurrying for dear life, with stooping shoulders, compressed lips, pale faces, and anxious looks.

One notices the absence of the large-painted and gilded signs which line the sides of our streets—the prevailing mode here being wide plates of brass or white metal on the door-posts or window-sills, engraved with large letters, and kept bright by daily scrubbing. The drinking establishments are styled "*vaults*"—*e. g.* "ale, and porter, and wine, and spirit vaults." You see a great many little donkeys in the streets, some rode by children, and others harnessed in carts—pony carriages with lady-drivers—and huge draught horses, three and four tandem, whose load is limited by a special ordinance to sixteen barrels of flour a-piece. In case of a fire, you will see the engines drawn by horses on the gallop, followed by a

St. James's Cemetery.

string of carts with casks of water to feed the engines till the water is let on from the hydrants. The water which supplies the town is not flowing at all times, but is only let on at certain seasons to fill the cisterns attached to the houses.

The markets in Liverpool are well worthy of a visit, particularly St. John's, which covers nearly two acres of ground, and is all under one roof, supported by one hundred and sixteen pillars. The market in Great Charlotte street is celebrated for its fine fish—salmon and turbot, and a singular-looking red fish called "*gurnets*," with a head shaped like the inverted stern of a ship.

St. James's Cemetery is also quite a curiosity. It was formerly a quarry of red sandstone, but has now been converted into catacombs. It is situated in the midst of the town, surrounded by streets and blocks of houses, inclosed by an iron railing. Near the entrance is a beautiful marble chapel. You descend a path cut in stone, now leading through a tunnel in the rock, till you come out upon a level spot in the bottom of the ravine, which constitutes the cemetery, and is laid out in walks and flower-beds, and adorned with shrubbery and trees. The sides of the ravine are mantled with creepers and ivy, in some places smooth rock, in others hewn stone laid in arches and containing vaults. In the centre is a small circular stone building, containing a marble statue of Huskisson, the distinguished Parliamentary patron of Railways, one of Liverpool's greatest benefactors.

Several pleasant excursions may be made in the environs of Liverpool, by the omnibuses which run in all directions—Toxteth Park, West Derby, Aigburth, and Wavertree (pronounced "*Watery*"). From the last place is a walk of a mile to Childwall, where is "Childwall Hall," belonging to the Marquis of

Ancient Church at Childwall.

Salisbury, and a very ancient church well worthy of a visit. It is built of red sandstone, in the old English style; the entrance is below the surface, and lined with monumental tablets of clergymen. The slips and seats are of oak, not painted or varnished, and very rude; a great many recesses containing large square pews for noble families, with separate entrances, and lozenge-shaped escutcheons containing coats of arms hanging up over their respective pews. The view from the rear of the church is a fine specimen of English landscape—green fields, a small stream—the country sprinkled with country seats, villages, and spires, and a railway train passing in the distance.

CHAPTER III.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

THE Tower is one of the most interesting objects in London to visitors, on account of its numerous historical associations. It was built by William the Conqueror, about the year 1078, and strongly garrisoned with Normans, in order to intimidate his new subjects. From some coins found here, it is believed that the Romans also had a fort in the same spot. For five hundred years it was occupied as a palace, but since the time of Elizabeth it has been devoted to the purposes of a Royal Arsenal, a depository of the regalia of England, a garrison, and a prison. It is situated on the north bank of the Thames, at the northeast end of the city. You approach it by Thames street, which takes you through the celebrated Fish Market, which has given its name to the foulest and most abusive language, viz. Billingsgate. Close at hand is the Custom-House, an extensive pile of Portland stone, presenting a fine front to the river, three Ionic porticoes of six pillars each, the whole 488 feet in length, and 107 in width, with a broad and solid quay, which forms an agreeable promenade.

North of the Tower, across the street, is Trinity House, the seat of the corporation of that name, selected from the commanders in the navy and merchant service, including also some of the nobility, who have the navigation of the whole kingdom

under guardianship, appoint pilots, erect light-houses and sea-marks, publish charts, and attend to all business connected with the Thames. On Trinity Monday of every year a sermon is preached before them, which, for five years in succession, was assigned to the celebrated Henry Melvill, by his Grace the Duke of Wellington.

The Royal Mint is opposite the northeast angle of the Tower, St. Katharine's Docks on the east, London Docks beyond, and still further down the West India and East India Docks. All these are objects of interest to a stranger, and, together with the Tower, may be visited in one day.

The Tower is surrounded by a very wide and deep moat or ditch (measuring 3,156 feet), which is now drained and laid out in grass-plots and flower-beds, and adorned with shrubbery. The space inclosed by the wall is an irregular four-sided figure, covering more than twelve acres, and is a town in itself, containing various streets and extensive ranges of buildings, besides a long line of barracks for the garrison.

It is open to visitors daily from ten to four. You enter by the Spur Gate, call at the ticket-office on the right, where you obtain tickets of admission (6d. each for the Armory and Jewel-room), and proceed a few steps further to the ante-room to await the arrival of a warder, who takes a new party every half hour.

Passing through a second gate in Middle Tower, and crossing the bridge over the moat, you enter a third gate in the massive walls, with Byward Tower on the right, and find yourself within the fortress at the head of a long paved street. Bell Tower occupies the angle of the wall on your left. Walking on a few steps, you see on your right St. Thomas's Tower, where was Traitor's Gate, through which so many illustri-

Wakefield Tower—Record Office—Ordnance Office—Bloody Tower.

ous prisoners of state have been conducted from the river to their gloomy apartments in the Tower, and thence to the scaffold. Nearly opposite, on the left, is the Bloody Tower, in which the two young princes, Edward V. and his brother, were smothered by order of their uncle, Richard III., and buried at the foot of the stair-case. Near by is the Wakefield Tower, the place of confinement for the prisoners taken in the battle of Wakefield, one of the first of the bloody conflicts of the Two Roses. The Lollards or Wickliffites were also confined here. It has a fine octagonal room, in which it is said Henry VI. was murdered. The range of buildings adjoining it, contains the Record office, where are kept all the rolls from King John to Richard III. (which you may have the privilege of searching for a year upon one subject, by paying 10s. 6d.), and also the Ordnance office.

Passing under the Bloody Tower you come out into a large open space, the heart of the fortress, containing "the Green" on your left, the "White Tower" before you on your right, beyond that "the Parade," the Grand Storehouse, a fine building, 350 feet in length, fronting "the Parade," but now in ruins (having been destroyed by fire in 1841), and in the northwest corner on your left, "the Church." Adjoining "the Green" is the governor's house, where the commissioners to inquire into the Gunpowder Plot met in a room since called the Council Chamber. "The Church," "*St. Peter ad vincula*," was erected in the reign of Edward I., and is the depository of the headless bodies of many distinguished persons who were executed either in the Tower or on the adjacent hill. Among them were Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and Sir Thomas More, Lord High Chancellor, who were beheaded by order of Henry VIII. for refusing to acknowledge his supremacy over the Church of

The White Tower—Horse Armory.

England ; also his ill-fated wives, Anne Boleyn and Catharine Howard. Near the Church is Beauchamp or Cobham Tower, noted as the prison of Lady Jane Grey. Back of the Grand Storehouse is Bowyer Tower, of which the basement floor alone remains, where it is said that the Duke of Clarence, being condemned to die by his brother Edward IV., and allowed to choose the manner of his death, was drowned by his own desire in a butt of Malmsey wine.

The "White Tower," or "Citadel," is a large square building, of a kind of white stone (which gave it its name), with turrets at each corner, erected by Gandulph, Bishop of Rochester, in 1070. It measures one hundred and sixteen by ninety-six feet, and is ninety-two feet in height. The walls are eleven feet thick. The north-east turret was used for astronomical purposes by the Astronomer Flamstead, previous to the erection of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich.

The first room is an apartment one hundred and fifty feet long, and thirty-five wide, called the Horse Armory, where you are carried back to the days of chivalry by a long line of mail-clad knights, sitting erect upon their steeds, "with visor down and lance in rest." They represent many of the Kings of England, and other distinguished personages, in suits of armor worn by them in life, and are arranged in chronological order, beginning with Edward I. in 1272. Opposite is a row of figures representing the dress and arms of the esquires, yeomen, and retainers in corresponding periods. Behind them is a row of cannon and specimens of firearms of different periods, besides many other interesting curiosities.

From this room you pass up stairs into the chamber in the Tower, called Queen Elizabeth's Armory. This was the prison of Sir Walter Raleigh, where he wrote his "History of the

World." The walls are fourteen feet thick, consequently the window is in a deep recess. Over against it is a dungeon in the wall, perhaps eight feet by six, with no aperture for light or air save the door, which is said to have been his bed-room.

This room is also full of curiosities. Here are shown the helmet, belt, and sword of Tippoo Saib, the Indian prince, a representation of Queen Elizabeth in full dress, the heading block and axe that severed the heads of Anne Boleyn and the Earl of Essex, a wooden cannon used by Henry VIII. at the siege of Boulogne, some fine specimens of ancient armor, shields with a great number of figures most exquisitely embossed, thumb-screws, and other instruments of torture. At the entrance are two grotesque figures, called "Gin" and "Beer," of the time of Edward VI., which were originally placed in the great hall of the palace at Greenwich, over the doors leading to the buttery and larder.

From the White Tower we proceeded to the "New Jewel Office," in the north-east corner of the inclosure. Here we were received by a grave and stately matron dressed in black, who solemnly divested us of our canes and umbrellas, and with an air of grandeur ushered us into the Jewel-room, where she entered upon a description of its contents in a tone of such profound reverence as to be mostly inaudible. It is a small apartment, having a large glass case in the centre surrounded by an iron railing. The regalia consist of several crowns and sceptres of previous reigns, the emblems of royalty used at coronations, viz.—the golden orb, the golden sceptre and cross, the sceptre with the dove, the sword of mercy, golden spurs, the bracelets, the golden eagle and the golden spoon; the state salt-cellar and St. Edward's staff; a splendid gold wine-fountain for royal banquets, a silver baptismal font, and communion

service for the royal family; the whole surmounted by the new crown of Queen Victoria, which is a cap of purple velvet, bound with hoops of silver glittering with gems, having an immense ruby and amethyst in front, and a dazzling cross of diamonds upon the top. This crown alone is valued at five millions of dollars, and all the regalia at upwards of fifteen millions. The regalia, as well as the whole fortress, is in the custody of the Constable of the Tower, who has several officers under him, and a detachment of the Guards for a garrison. The gates are opened and shut every night and every morning with great ceremony, a yeoman, porter, sergeant, and six men being employed to carry the keys.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE British Museum, which is one of the wonders of the world, owes its foundation to the will of Sir Hans Sloane, a physician, who died in the year 1753. During a life of uncommon activity, prolonged to the term of ninety-one years, he had accumulated an extensive library of books and manuscripts, and the largest collection of objects of Natural History and works of art in his time. These, which had cost him \$250,000, he directed should be offered to Parliament, after his death, for \$100,000. The offer was accepted, and the same act also directed the purchase of the Harleian Library of manuscripts, for which \$50,000 was paid, and enacted that the Cottonian Library, which had been given to the Government for public use by Sir Robert Cotton, in 1662, should, together with these, form one general collection. Montague House in Great Russell street, one of the largest mansions in the metropolis, was bought for this purpose at an expense of \$100,000, the various collections removed into it, and opened to the public in 1759, under the name of the British Museum.

This building, however, soon proved inadequate. In 1801 a large collection of Egyptian antiquities captured from the French by the British army at Alexandria, was added to the Museum. In 1805 the Townley marbles were purchased. In

The Building.

1823 George IV. made a donation of the valuable library collected by George III. The Elgin marbles were purchased for \$175,000. Nearly \$70,000 were paid for Dr. Burnet's rare classical library. Drawings were accordingly prepared for the erection of an entirely new museum on the same site, which has been in progress for the last twenty-five years, and is now mainly completed.

It is still surrounded by the old brick wall, with a square turret at each corner, and a huge cupola over the gateway, completely obstructing the view till you have entered the spacious court-yard. The building is in the Grecian Ionic order, and occupies four sides of a quadrangle. The southern façade, which fronts the gateway consists of the great entrance portico, which is eight columns in width, and two intercolumniations in projection. On each side is an advancing wing, giving to the entire front an extent of three hundred and seventy feet, the whole of which is surrounded by a colonnade of fourteen columns, five feet in diameter and forty-five high.

Ascending a flight of twelve stone steps, one hundred and twenty-five feet in width, we pass through the doorway, twenty-four feet in height, and stand in the entrance hall of most imposing dimensions, sixty-two by fifty-one feet, and thirty high, with a magnificently trabeated ceiling ornamented in the Greek style. In the hall are three marble statues, one of Shakspeare, by Roubilliac, Sir Joseph Banks, by Chantrey, and Mrs. Damer, by Cerrachi, holding in her hand a small figure of the Genius of the Thames. We are now on the lower floor. Below is the ground floor, and above the upper floor.

To make the regular circuit we turn to the left and ascend the principal staircase, the beautiful casing of the walls on each side, red Aberdeen granite highly polished, pass through the

central saloon (which is over the entrance hall), and begin with the Ethnographical room at the right (to one facing the south). This room, which consists of several compartments, is filled with curiosities, illustrating the various characteristics, manners, customs, arts, religions, dress, and features of different nations; shields, spears, poisoned arrows, scalps, war-horns of human jaws, dried bodies, canoes, snow-shoes, musical instruments, clothes, ornaments, cooking utensils, &c., &c., from China to Peru, and from Behring's Straits to the Cape of Good Hope. The great number and variety of objects of religious worship is very remarkable; of every conceivable material and shape, the likeness of "things in heaven above, and in the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth." I never saw so humiliating, so disgusting, so mortifying an exhibition of human depravity. It makes one ashamed of his species.

Returning to the central saloon, we commence the tour of the Zoological collections, which are contained in three galleries or suites of rooms on the southern, eastern, and northern sides of the quadrangle.

We begin with the hoofed quadrupeds. The central saloon has twenty wall cases with glass doors, in which are arranged specimens of antelopes, goats, and sheep. Over the cases, the horns of different species of oxen. On the floor, specimens of the giraffe.

The southern gallery (which occupies the eastern portion of the south front) has thirty wall cases, in which is a continuation of the hoofed quadrupeds, as the oxen, deer, camels, horses, the various kinds of swine, armadilloes, manises, and sloths. On the tops of the cases, horns of different kinds of elephants, rhinoceri, and hippopotami.

Next is the Mammalia saloon, containing the handed and

rapacious beasts. The handed beasts fill twenty cases, divided into the "old world monkeys," and the "new world monkeys." Such a variety of monkeys as I never dreamed of before, though I have often since;—green monkeys, moustache monkeys, white-throated monkeys, red-eared monkeys, white-nosed monkeys, black-cheeked monkeys, white-collared monkeys of the "old world," and negro monkeys, howlers, night apes, Jew monkeys, ring-tailed and flying monkeys, of the "new." The rapacious beasts fill thirty-three cases, such as the various kinds of cats, dogs, bears, &c., the insectivorous beasts, such as moles, hedgehogs, and the marsupial or pouch-bearing animals, such as kangaroos, opossums, etc.

The eastern gallery contains the birds, in one hundred and sixty-six small cases, occupying a suite of three large rooms. A series of small table-cases along the sides of the rooms is devoted to the eggs of birds, and a series of large table-cases in the centre (forty-five in number) to the shells of molluscous animals. These rooms are also adorned with one hundred and sixteen portraits of kings and queens, and other distinguished characters.

The northern gallery consists of five rooms, filled with the reptiles, such as lizards, snakes, and turtles, the batrachian animals, such as toads, frogs, and efts, and the collection of fish. The table-cases contain sea-eggs, star-fish, corals, insects, crabs, and sponges. On the tops of the small cases are the fish which are too large to be inclosed in the cases.

The north side of the north wing is appropriated to minerals and fossils. Among the minerals, I was struck with the great number of specimens of meteoric iron from all parts of the world, California gold, splendid crystallizations of sulphur from Sicily, magnificent sulphates of baryta and selenites from the

Hartz Mountains, and from Switzerland. Conspicuous among the fossils were the megatherium from South America, a gigantic tortoise from the hills of India, huge salamanders, iguanodons from Tilgate Forest, ichthyosauri, plesiosauri, and mastodons.

The remainder of the upper floor is devoted to the smaller Egyptian antiquities, the great vases and bronzes, and the cabinets of coins and medals.

The Egyptian room is an interminable accumulation of deities in bronze, gold, silver, porcelain, wood, and stone, sacred animals, household furniture, such as chairs, tables, beds, articles of dress, and the toilet, vases, lamps, cups, spoons, instruments of writing and painting, sarcophagi, sepulchral tableta, amulets, coffins, human mummies, and mummies of bulls, and rams, and cats, and dogs, and baboons, and snakes, and fishes.

The Etruscan room contains a collection of vases discovered in Italy, and known by the name of Etruscan, Græco-Italian, or painted vases. They are of exquisite beauty of form and workmanship, with figures upon them in bas-relief, far surpassing any works of modern art.

The bronze room contains Egyptian, Greek, and Roman antiquities. Then there is the Medal room, containing ancient and modern coins and medals; and the Print room, containing an extensive collection of prints and drawings.

The ground floor of all the buildings on the west side is devoted to the more massive Egyptian antiquities, such as colossal statues, sphinxes, sarcophagi, parts of tombs, temples, and gates, and to the Greek and Roman marbles. Room 1 has five compartments of Greek and Roman sculptures. The Nimroud room has eleven compartments of sculptures procured by Mr. Layard on the banks of the Tigris, principally slabs from the sides of apartments, representing battle scenes, sieges,

Library—Autographs.

triumphal processions, religious rites, and domestic employments. In the centre is a fragment of a human-headed bull. The Lycian room contains remains of ancient cities in Lycia; the Grand Central Saloon, Greek and Roman sculptures; the Phigalian Saloon, from Phigalia, in Arcadia; the Elgin Saloon, the Greek marbles of Lord Elgin, from Athens and its vicinity. When it is borne in mind that every article throughout the whole is numbered and labelled, one is utterly lost in amazement at the inconceivable amount of labor that must have been expended in merely arranging and classifying the stupendous collection.

The lower floor is occupied principally with the library of manuscripts and printed books. The rooms are lighted from above, and warmed by hot-water tubes. The floors and book-cases are of polished oak. At one place you can look through a suite of rooms opening into each other, some with glass partitions between, affording a vista of more than six hundred feet, lined with the choicest productions of literature. King George's Library is considered of very great value. It fills a large room, though only twenty-two thousand volumes, being nearly all folios; while an adjoining room of about the same size contains six thousand.

I cannot describe the interest with which I gazed upon the autographs (in books owned by the writers) of William Shakespeare, John Milton, Voltaire, Isaac Newton; a letter of Oliver Cromwell; one of Charles I., just before his execution, to his son; one of Richard III.; Edward VI.; one of Lady Jane Grey—the letter which brought her to the scaffold; Lady Jane Grey's prayer-book; a manuscript book penned by Queen Elizabeth; one of her letters; Pope's original draft of his Iliad, on the backs of old letters, collected and bound together;

proof-sheets of one of Walter Scott's poems, corrected and altered by himself. I was also much interested in some books made of papyrus, narrow strips, looking like dried palm leaves, laid one upon another, and tied together; a Cingalese book, consisting of slips of bright metal engraved and laid in a pile; a book of birch bark; some very ancient Hebrew manuscripts in the form of a double roll on two sticks; the Caxton books, the first ever printed—at least in Great Britain—very distinct; the first Psalter ever printed, a fine copy, valued at 16,000 florins.

A singular coincidence occurred while standing with a friend in one of the alcoves. He had just introduced me to Mr. Watts, an eminent linguist, who speaks twenty-five languages with facility, and mention was made of a letter which I had brought from the corporation of Yale College to Walter Savage Landor, Esq., thanking him for a manuscript copy of his late poem, entitled, "*A proper Lesson for King Charles's Martyrdom.*" The letter contained an allusion to the monument recently erected in "the Green" in New Haven to the memory of the regicide Dixwell. At that very moment, while the "regicide" was on our lips, an attendant handed Mr. Watts a slip of paper with the name of a book on it which some one had called for, but could not find. It was "*Lives of the Judges,*" a book which it was thought had never been called for before. I leave mathematicians to calculate the probabilities of such a coincidence. At the same time I had the pleasure of an introduction to the Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne, author of "*An Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures,*" a very pleasant old gentleman, with a broad-brimmed hat, and a Quaker-looking garb, and an air of literary benignity which might well mark him as the genius of the library.

Admission.

No charge is made for admission to any part of the British Museum. It is open to the public on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, with the exception of the library, to which, however, access can easily be obtained by previous application.

CHAPTER V.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THIS was originally an Abbey or Monastery. The principal buildings were the "Cloisters," containing the cells of the monks, and the "Minster," or church attached to the Monastery, called "West-minster," or "Minster of the West," from its situation west of the city of London. The first church on this site is said to have been built A.D. 616, to the honor of God and St. Peter, by King Sebert of the East Saxons. It is described by an ancient chronicler as in a "terrible place," on Thorney Island, "overgrown with thorns, and environed with water." It was rebuilt by Edward the Confessor in 1050, and endowed plentifully with relics. Henry III. enlarged it, and added a chapter to the Blessed Virgin. Henry VII. built the magnificent chapel known by his name in 1502. Henry VIII. stripped it of many of its ornaments, to convert them into money; and in Cromwell's time it was occupied by the soldiers of the Commonwealth, its chapels turned into barracks, and many of its images and ornaments defaced and mutilated. In William and Mary's time a large sum was expended in repairs, under the direction of Sir Christopher Wren, who erected the two towers on the western front. During the present century, Henry the Seventh's chapel was repaired at an expense of \$210,000. The work of restoration and repair is still carried on.

The Minster—Dining Hall—The Pix.

The Minster is in the form of a Latin cross, the foot of which is the western front. Adjoining the foot of the cross, on the southern side, is a range of buildings, formerly occupied by the Abbot. The first apartment is the "Jerusalem Chamber," to which Henry IV. was carried from the Confessor's shrine in the Abbey, in a fit of apoplexy, in order that the prediction concerning the place of his death might, in some sort, be verified.

"It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem,
Which vainly I supposed *the Holy Land*;
But bear me to that chamber, there I'll lie;
In *that Jerusalem* shall Harry die."

Close at hand are the Dining Hall, Buttery, Pantry, and Kitchen, now used by the Westminster School, an institution founded by Queen Elizabeth in 1560. The Dining Hall is still heated in the ancient mode, at the dinner hour, by a fire of blazing faggots in a circular stone hearth in the centre. The smoke finds egress through the chimney in the roof.

East of these buildings, under the right arm of the cross, are "the cloisters," on the four sides of a grassy area. On the pavement in the south cloister is the punning inscription over the ashes of one of the earliest Abbots, who died in 1085, Vitalis:—"A vita nomen qui traxit, morte vocante Abbas *Vitalis* transiit hic que jacet."

Adjoining the east cloister, directly opposite to the end of the right arm of the cross, is an ancient building, now called the Chamber of the Pix, where is kept "*the Pix*," a box containing the standard of gold and silver coin, which is brought out but once in every reign. A little further east is the Chap-

ter House, an octagonal building originally of great magnificence, where the Chapter of the Abbey held their sittings. By the consent of the Abbots in 1377, the Commons of Great Britain first held their Parliaments in this place. It is now filled with the public records, among which is the original Domesday Book, over seven hundred years old, and in fine preservation.

Let us now enter the Abbey by the little door in the east side of the south *transept*, or arm of the cross, close by the Chapter House. We are in the "Poets' Corner." Look up on the wall at your left, just as you enter, and you will see the monumental tablet and medallion likeness of the great dramatist Ben Jonson, with the inscription, "O rare Ben Jonson;" next Butler, author of "Hudibras," then Edmund Spenser, John Milton, Thomas Gray, Matthew Prior, Dryden, Cowley, Chaucer, Drayton, Shakspeare, Thomson, John Gay the satirist, whose epitaph ill accords with the genius of the place :

"Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, and now I know it."

Goldsmith, Addison, Handel, Dr. Barrow, Casaubon, Camden the antiquarian, Garrick, Dr. South, Sheridan, Dr. Johnson, &c., &c.

Many of the monuments are in the sacella, or sepulchral chapels, which are separate rooms or recesses in the sides, or additions on the outside. On the south end of the south transept is St. Blaize's chapel. Walking on from Poets' Corner north, the first at your right is St. Benedict's chapel. Near the entrance is the monument of Simon de Langham, Monk, Prior, and Abbot of Westminster, and afterwards Archbishop of Can-

St. Edmund's, St. Nicholas's, and Henry VII.'s Chapels.

terbury and a Cardinal, who died in 1376. The effigy standing on an altar, robed and mitred, is exceedingly well sculptured.

Next is St. Edmund's chapel, full of monuments of Earls, and Bishops, and titled ladies, some with the figures of the deceased erect, others kneeling, others reclining on their elbows, and others recumbent. One tomb is surmounted by kneeling figures of a knight and his two wives, and surrounded by kneeling figures of their four daughters, all sculptured in full dress of the Elizabethan style.

Next is St. Nicholas's chapel, crowded with tombs of the most gorgeous magnificence, composed of alabaster, touchstone, porphyry, and variegated marbles, adorned with brass and gilding; Gothic canopies, supported by Corinthian pillars; pyramids, supported by kneeling figures, &c., &c. One of the most beautiful is that of Sir George Villiers and his wife, statues said to be good likenesses. One of the most gorgeous is that erected by Lord Burleigh, to his wife Mildred.

We now come to the eastern extremity of the Abbey, which is occupied by Henry VII.'s chapel, a magnificent building of itself, one hundred and fifteen feet in length, seventy-nine in breadth, with a ceiling sixty feet high, and consisting of a nave, two aisles, and five chapels. It was built as a burying-place for Henry VII. and his successors, and none but those of blood-royal are ever admitted. You ascend a broad flight of steps of black marble, pass through a dark vestibule, and emerge into the brilliant light of the chapel. The floor is of black and white marble; the gates of brass most curiously wrought; the stalls on the sides, of oak beautifully carved, studded with portcullises, falcons perched on fetter-locks, dragons, &c., covered with strange devices. The side-walls are in sunk panels with feathered mouldings, and abound in niches

 Tomb of Henry VII.—Knights of the Bath.

with statues, angels, escutcheons, and the royal heraldic devices, Tudor roses and the fleur-de-lis under crowns. As you look up to the fretted roof,

“Equally poised and scooped into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade reposes”—

with its light and airy pendants, graceful and delicate as the foliage of the forests, blossoming with roses and knots of flowers, you can hardly believe what you are told, that it is all solid stone.

In the centre is the tomb of Henry VII. and Elizabeth his queen, surrounded by a brass inclosure of open work in the richest Gothic style, itself a magnificent palace in miniature. Over the arched entrance is a projecting branch supporting a crown, a sign of the rank of the guests within. On the tomb are the effigy of Henry and his queen, with hands raised to heaven for mercy.

The installation of the Knights of the Bath is performed in this chapel. The stalls are ranged on each side of the nave. Each stall has a brass plate, engraven with the arms of the knight, three seats lower down for his esquires, with brass plates for their arms, and above his sword, helmet, and banner. The sight of these banners, suspended from projecting lances, was truly affecting: vainly striving to keep up to the heraldic pomp and pride of noble lineage, their splendor faded, their lustre tarnished, their armorial bearings almost defaced, their very texture dissolving; some hanging in tattered shreds, and a few entirely gone, naught but the lance remaining. Most of the crowned heads of Europe are here represented. The last installation was that of Louis Philippe in 1812.

Among the royal personages buried in this chapel are Edward VI., Mary Queen of Scots, Charles II., William III., Queen Mary, Queen Anne, James I., and George II. Some of these have no monument, nor even an inscription over the place of their burial.

Leaving Henry VII.'s chapel, and proceeding west, the next chapel on your right is St. Paul's, full of tombs in the "cinquecento" (or "five orders") style, a mixture of all orders, obelisks, arches, scrolls, variegated marbles, gilding, and colors. Among the finest are Sir Thomas Bromley, Queen Elizabeth's Chancellor, Sir James Fullerton and lady of the time of Charles I., Sir John Pickering, Queen Elizabeth's Keeper of the Great Seal, and the altar tomb of Sir Giles Daubeny in the centre. Strangely incongruous with these relics of chivalry is the colossal statue of James Watt, the inventor of the steam-engine.

The next chapel is St. John the Baptist, containing the monuments of Lord Hunsdon, of Queen Elizabeth's time, Col. Edward Popham, one of "the Parliament's generals at sea." In the centre the tomb of Thomas Cecil, Earl of Exeter, and with his effigy on the top, and his first wife lying on his right side. His second wife refused to be placed on his *left*, and so the place is vacant. All three, however, rest under the monument "cum firmâ spe resurrectionis."

Next is the elegant little chapel of St. Erasmus, or Abbot Islip, adorned with niches and statues on pedestals and under canopies, most delicately and richly chiselled. In the ambulatory close by is the tomb of Gen. Wolfe, having a bas-relief in the base, of the taking of Quebec.

We now leave the side, cross the aisle, ascend a few steps and reach the floor of Edward the Confessor's chapel,

regarded as the holiest spot in the Abbey. It stands just before the site of the High Altar, in the middle of the top of the cross. Here is the mosaic shrine of Edward the Confessor in the centre, on the sides the plain tomb of Edward I., next the mosaic tomb and canopy of Henry III., Queen Eleanor, the chantry of Henry V., with its canopies and niches filled with statues of kings, bishops, abbots, and saints, Queen Philippa, Edward III., Richard II. But an air of neglect and desolation pervades the place. Its recesses have been robbed of their jewelled images. The mosaic work of gold and colored glass has been picked out of the cement wherever it could be reached. The silver head of the effigy of Henry V. is gone, and naught remains but the oaken trunk once "covered with fine embroidery and gilded plates of brass."

In this chapel are the ancient coronation chairs. One made by Edward I. to hold the famous Scotch stone (said to be Jacob's pillow, brought from the Holy Land), on which a long line of Scottish kings had been crowned, and which, together with the regalia, was brought from Scone, in Scotland, in 1297. In this chair all the English monarchs since that time have been crowned, Victoria the last. It is a rudely carved oaken chair, with a very hard seat, as I can testify from experience. The other chair was made for Mary, consort of William III. Behind the coronation chair is a magnificent stone screen, which forms the west end of the chapel, with fourteen sculptures upon the frieze, illustrative of the life and visions of the Confessor. In front of the chapel is Abbot Wau's mosaic pavement, of curious workmanship, but greatly dilapidated.

The north transept had formerly three chapels on its east side (viz. St. John the Evangelist, St. Michael, and St. Andrew), separated by carved screens of wood; but the screens are now

entirely gone. Among the monuments here are Admiral Kempenfelt, Sir Humphrey Davy, a fine one of Sir Francis Vere, recumbent on a couch, a canopy overhead, resting on the shoulders of four half-kneeling knights; one of Lady Nightingale, by Roubilliac, representing Death issuing from the tomb, about to launch his dart at his beautiful victim, while she sinks back into the arms of her agonized husband, who vainly strives to ward off the blow. Also monuments of Canning, Lord Mansfield, Kemble, Charles James Fox, Warren Hastings, &c.

At the head of the nave is "the choir," an inclosure for the performance of service, separated from the nave by an elegant stone screen in the Gothic style.

We have now explored all but "the nave," the lower part of the stem of the cross. Among the monuments which line its sides may be mentioned Dr. Watts, Major André, Lord Howe, Congreve, William Pitt, Sir Godfrey Kneller, William Wilberforce, Sir Isaac Newton. Perhaps this description may serve to convey some idea of the multitude of objects in the Abbey to attract and engross the visitor. But it is impossible to describe the effect of the whole, as, at the end of your tour, you stand at the foot of the cross, cast your eyes along the Gothic arches which separate the nave from the aisles, supported by pillars of grey marble, look up at the lofty roof, and then permit your eyes to roam over the wilderness of chapels and monuments in the distance. What scenes have been witnessed by these old grey walls that seem heavy with the dust of ages! Eight centuries ago they were gay with pictures and hangings of tapestry, statues of "king and martyr, and sainted eremite," resplendent with gold and silver and precious stones. They looked down upon altars illumined with perpetual fires,

censers smoking with fragrant perfumes, processions of Benedictine monks in their black vests, incense-bearers in their snow-white robes, officiating priests in their jewelled and gold-braided garments, crowds of kneeling worshippers, and the swelling voices of the choir chanting the "Kyrie Eleison," rose and fell upon the air continually. Hither have all the monarchs of succeeding reigns come to receive their regal investiture, and hither have they been borne in state to moulder along with kindred dust. Here sleep the heroes, the statesmen, the philosophers, the philanthropists of England. I can well understand the sentiment of Lord Nelson, at the battle of the Nile: "*Victory, or Westminster Abbey.*" While there is much here to remind one of the folly and vanity of earthly pride and grandeur, there is more to remind one of those "longings after immortality" which stamp the seal of divinity upon our nature.

CHAPTER VI.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

“—— Or let my path

Lead to that *younger* pile, whose sky-like dome
Hath typified by reach of daring art
Infinity's embrace : whose guardian crest
The silent Cross among the stars shall spread
As now, when she hath *also* seen her breast
Filled with mementoes, satiate with its part
Of grateful England's overflowing dead.”

THE history of St. Paul's goes back to the first introduction of Christianity into Britain. Eusebius names the Britons among those nations to whom the apostles themselves preached the gospel. Clemens Romanus says that Paul travelled “to the utmost bounds of the West.” Hence some antiquarians have attributed to Paul the first publication of the gospel in Britain; others to James, the son of Zebedee; to Simon Zelotes, to Aristobulus, to Peter, to Joseph of Arimathea, who, with twelve others, is reported to have been sent from Gaul to Britain, by St. Philip, A.D. 63. By maintaining the truth of this last story, the English clergy obtained the precedence of some others in several councils of the 15th century. Whatever we may think of these traditions, there is little doubt but that Christianity was introduced into Britain as early as the first or second century. The first church on the site of St. Paul's is supposed

to have been built not far from that time; to have been destroyed during the Dioclesian persecution; and to have been rebuilt in the reign of Constantine. Again was it demolished by the pagan Saxons, and again restored in the seventh century (603 to 615) by Sebert, a prince under Ethelbert, the first Christian monarch of the Saxon race, who was converted by the labors of St. Augustine. This building was destroyed by the great conflagration in 1086; after which, Mauritius, Bishop of London, commenced the magnificent edifice which immediately preceded the present cathedral, which was not, however, entirely completed till 1315. It was one of the largest in the world, being six hundred and ninety feet in length, one hundred and thirty in breadth, and surmounted by a tower and spire five hundred and twenty feet in height, the upper half of which was constructed of timber.

The famous "Paul's Cross," which stood before that cathedral, near a cross in the churchyard, was a pulpit of wood mounted on steps of stone, and covered with lead, from which the most eminent divines were appointed to preach in the open air every Sunday forenoon. It was also used for various other public announcements. The sermons preached in the cathedral are still called "Paul's cross sermons."

During the sixteenth century St. Paul's had fallen into great neglect and ruin. It was injured by fire several times, and but imperfectly repaired. In the reign of Queen Mary it had become a common thoroughfare for foot passengers, carriers, and porters, with beasts of burden. In the reign of Elizabeth, one of the chapels was let for a glazier's workshop; one of the vaults, previously used for burial, was converted into a wine-cellar; the shrouds and cloister, under the convocation-house, let out to trunkmakers, "by whose daily knocking and noise

"Paul's Walkers"—The New Cathedral—Sir Christopher Wren.

the church was much disturbed." More than twenty houses had been built against the outer walls, and part of the foundation cut away to make offices. One house, partly formed of the church, was used as a play-house; the owner of another had cut a way through a window into part of the steeple, which he used as a warehouse; and another had excavated an oven in one of the buttresses, in which he baked his bread and pies. The interior was a common rendezvous for beggars, drunkards, and idlers of every description, who were called "Paul's walkers."

In the reign of Charles I. Archbishop Laud made great exertions to have it repaired. More than a hundred thousand pounds were collected, and the undertaking intrusted to the celebrated architect, Inigo Jones. The work was interrupted, however, by the civil wars, and had been prosecuted but a few years after the Restoration, when the great fire of 1666 reduced it to a mass of ruins.

In the course of a few years a new cathedral was commenced under the superintendence of Sir Christopher Wren. It was a difficult matter to pull down the remaining walls and tower of the old cathedral, without injury to the surrounding buildings; and it is worthy of notice, that when all modern contrivances were found to be impracticable, the battering-ram of the ancients was thought of, and employed with perfect safety and success. The corner-stone was laid in 1675, and the top-stone in 1710. The whole expense of the building was about seven and a half millions of dollars, raised principally by a tax on coal.

It was built of Portland stone, and stands on the highest ground in the city, in the midst of the churchyard, which is surrounded by the street, and inclosed with an iron balustrade.

Within this inclosure, facing Ludgate street, is a marble statue of Queen Anne. The ground plan is that of a Latin cross, with an additional arm or transept at the west end to give breadth to the principal front, and a semi-circular projection at the east end for the altar. The west front (towards Ludgate street) consists of a grand portico of two stories, the lower twelve Corinthian columns, the upper eight composite, resting on an elevated base of black marble, ascended by twenty-two steps, and supporting a triangular pediment, on which is sculptured in bas-relief the history of St. Paul's conversion. On the apex is a statue of St. Paul, and at the sides St. James, St. Peter, and the four evangelists, all eleven feet high. Two elegant turrets rise, one on each side, to the height of two hundred and eighty-seven feet, terminating in a dome, ornamented with a gilt pine-apple. The south turret contains the clock,—the north the belfry.

The north transept has a semi-circular portico of six Corinthian columns, over which is an entablature, with a sculpture of the royal arms, supported by angels. The south front corresponds with the north, except that upon the entablature is a phoenix rising from the flames, with the words "*Resurgam.*" The east end, or apsis, is semi-circular, and ornamented with various sculptures. The exterior of the walls of the cathedral is ornamented with two rows of pilasters—the lower Corinthian, and the upper composite.

The dome rises from the centre of the cross, having a circular basement for about twenty feet above the roof of the church; above that a stone gallery and balustrade; then a Corinthian colonnade formed by a circular range of thirty-two columns; above that the golden gallery (so called from its gilding) with a stone balustrade and a range of Corinthian

Ball and Cross—Whispering Gallery.

columns ; then the vault of the dome, on the top of which is another gallery ; then the stone lantern of two stories each, with Corinthian columns, surmounted by a cone, on which rests the gilded ball and cross. The dimensions of the building are five hundred feet in length, two hundred and eighty-five in breadth, and four hundred and four in height. The ball is six feet in diameter, the cross fifteen feet high, and their weight (copper with iron spindle and standards to strengthen it) about seven tons.

Let us now enter by the door in the north transept (by paying 2*d.*), and crossing to the opposite side, obtain tickets of admission to all parts of the building, by paying about one dollar. First let us examine the interior. The pavement consists of square slabs of black and white marble alternately. The central arena under the dome is an octagon, formed by eight massive piers (four of which are forty feet wide each), which support the dome. The pavement of this space is a circle of the exact circumference of the dome ; the dark slabs in it form a complete mariner's compass, exhibiting the thirty-two points, and also the half and quarter points. The nave is divided into three portions, a middle and two side aisles, by rows of massive pillars. The piers and arches which separate the nave from the side aisles are ornamented with columns and pilasters of the Corinthian and composite orders, adorned with shields, festoons, chaplets, cherubim, and other devices. The vault of the ceiling is made up of different-sized cupolas, cut off semi-circular and united by segments.

A circular staircase in the south-west pier leads to the whispering gallery, which encircles the inside of the dome at the extreme edge of the cornice. The guide sends you to the opposite side, and tells you to put your ear to the wall, and

you hear distinctly his slightest whisper one hundred feet distant. The shutting of the door produces a reverberation like thunder. Here you have a fine view of the church below and the dome above. The paintings by Sir James Thornhill, in eight compartments on the interior of the cupola, representing the principal events in the life of St. Paul, have been almost obliterated, as is supposed, by dampness admitted through the roof. The same staircase also leads to the galleries (in the garret) over the north and south aisles, where is the library, with a valuable collection of books, and a beautiful floor composed of more than two thousand pieces of variously-colored oak in geometrical figures. Opposite is the model room, containing Wren's original wooden model of the cathedral, and some of the funeral decorations used at the interment of Lord Nelson.

The guide then hands you over to an old woman, who shows you the clock, which is a fine piece of workmanship, and well worthy of inspection. The pendulum is fourteen feet long, and is loaded with a hundred pound weight. The diameter of the exterior dial is twenty feet, and the length of the minute hand eight feet. The bell, which strikes the hours, is ten feet in diameter, and weighs 11,474 pounds, and has been heard at the distance of twenty miles. It is never tolled except upon the death of any member of the royal family, the Lord Mayor, Bishop of London, or dean of the cathedral. Besides this, there are several smaller bells to strike the quarters, and for common use.

Now mount up, up, up, till you come out upon the golden gallery on the outside of the dome. Look down upon the roof of the Cathedral. What a vast pile of building! And then look away towards the south, and trace the course of the Thames, spanned by its noble bridges; and on all sides, as far

Copper Ball—The Crypt.

as the eye can reach, a dense mass of buildings, chimney-tops, domes, spires, and columns, that seems to have usurped the face of the earth, and formed a new world, and brooding over it a dull canopy of smoke that seems determined also to usurp the face of heaven. This is LONDON—that huge Leviathan, throbbing with the pulse of more than three millions of souls, stretching out its giant arms over the whole globe, and wielding a mightier influence over the destinies of mankind than ever did the Roman Empire in its palmy days.

Higher and higher yet, up slender and narrow staircases within the vault of the dome, and you reach the gallery at the foot of the lantern, and have another view of the metropolis. Still up, up, up, now by a ladder, then squeezing through a narrow aperture, stepping on projecting slats, grasping a knotted rope, and finally giving a spring and dexterous twist to your body, you are seated, face inwards, in the copper ball on the summit, capable of containing eight persons, so your guide says, but you think rather contracted accommodations for one. The hum of the city, coming up from below, reverberates within the hollow sphere like the roar of a furnace, and while I was there a violent storm of rain and hail pelted the exterior surface. It was a strange place to be in. Nowhere have I ever felt so entirely secluded from the world as in that copper ball on the top of St. Paul's.

Let us now make a rapid descent from the top to the crypt or cellar beneath the Cathedral. It is a large, dry, and well-lighted space, with massive arches, some of the pillars of which are forty feet square, on which rests the immense weight of the superstructure. It is the place of sepulture for such as are interred in the Cathedral. Here is the body of Sir Christopher Wren, the builder; here the great painters Reynolds, West, Law-

rence, Barry, and Opie, lie side by side. In the middle avenue, immediately under the centre of the dome, is the tomb of Nelson, a sarcophagus of black marble, surmounted with a cushion and coronet, originally prepared by Cardinal Wolsey for his own entombment in the chapel of St. George, at Windsor, but now bearing on the pedestal the inscription, "HORATIO VISCOUNT NELSON." Close by is the tomb of Admiral Lord Collingwood, his companion in arms.

The monuments are in the church above. The first one erected was to the memory of John Howard, the philanthropist, by the sculptor Bacon. He is represented trampling upon chains and fetters, holding in his right hand a key, and in his left a scroll, on which is engraved, "Plan for the improvement of prisons and hospitals." On the pedestal is a bas-relief, representing him visiting a prison, conveying food and clothing to its wretched inmates.

One of the most conspicuous monuments is Lord Nelson's, executed by Flaxman. He stands, arrayed in the pelisse presented him by the Sultan, leaning on an anchor, with a coil of rope at his feet. Beneath, on the right, stands Britannia with two young seamen, whom she points to the hero as their great example. The British lion on the other side guards the monument. The figures on the pedestal represent the North Sea, the German Ocean, the Nile, and the Mediterranean; and on the cornice are the words "COPENHAGEN," "NILE," "TRAFALGAR."

Here also are the monuments of Sir William Jones, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Earl Howe, Lord Rodney, General Picton, and a host of naval and military heroes who "*fell gloriously*" on the field of battle. Oh, what a glory! The sight of these monuments, reeking with the blood-stained

trophies of war, made me sick at heart. I could not but think how pernicious the influence of such models for imitation on youthful minds, kindling with the aspirations of ambition.

In sweet contrast to these is the monument of the pious Heber, Bishop of Calcutta, that illustrious standard-bearer of the cross, the work of Sir Francis Chantrey. He is represented kneeling on a cushion with the Bible in his right hand, and underneath are his own beautiful lines, commencing :

“Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrow and darkness encompass thy tomb;
Thy Saviour has passed through the portal before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.”

I was so fortunate as to be present at the Annual Musical Celebration in the month of May, called the “Festival of the sons of the clergy,” the avails of which are devoted to the fund for the relief of the widows and orphans of clergymen. It was held in the “choir,” which occupies the eastern end of the cross, and is separated from the nave by a beautiful screen of wrought iron. Over this screen, supported by a double range of Corinthian columns of blue and white veined marble, is the organ gallery, adorned with carvings in oak. On each side of the “choir,” within, is a range of fifteen stalls, with the Episcopal throne on the south, near the altar, richly decorated with carvings, and surmounted with a mitre. The usual seat of the Bishop is the central stall, distinguished by the ancient Episcopal emblem, a pelican feeding her young from her own breast. Opposite is the Lord Mayor’s seat. The Dean’s stall is under the organ gallery, richly ornamented with carvings of flowers and fruit. All the galleries and stalls are adorned with a profusion of carved work, flowers, and fruit, and cherubim

looking down on you from every direction. The reader's desk is in the centre, within a brass railing, and is entirely of brass, gilt, in the form of an eagle with expanded wings, supported by a pillar. The pulpit is close by. Notwithstanding the crowd, I succeeded in obtaining a good seat within the choir. The stalls were soon occupied by the prebendaries in their canonicals; behind them the clergy in their gowns; the long slips in front, filled with the choristers in white surplices—the united choirs of her Majesty's Chapel Royal, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The female voices were in the organ gallery. In front of the choristers, on each side, were the orphan boys and girls supported by the Association. The side galleries and boxes were filled with spectators.

A great rustling is heard, all heads are turned, and the Lord Mayor is seen entering the north aisle, arrayed in a scarlet robe, richly furred, with a broad hood, and golden collar and chain, preceded by the gorgeously dressed mace-bearer and sword-bearer, and his train supported by a page. He takes his seat, and the mace and sword are hung up over his head. Directly opposite sat the late Duke of Cambridge, in scarlet coat bedizened with stars and ribbons, and heavy epaulettes—a grey-headed and whiskered old man, who kept bobbing his head about continually, making all the responses with great emphasis, and beating time to the music. Further up sat the Bishop of London. Archdeacon Musgrave preached the sermon.

The full choral service was performed, and with very fine effect. It seemed a fitting tribute to pay to the Most High. The opposite choirs uniting in the swelling responses, and then answering each other in the glorious strains of the Psalms,

Grand Effect.

reminded me of the heavenly host "who rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy!" and when, at the close, Handel's magnificent Hallelujah chorus rose to the vaulted roof, like the voice of many waters, and echoing peals of thunder,

"King of kings, and Lord of lords! Hallelujah!"

my soul thrilled with exultation at this *external* homage to the Deity, and the time seemed not far distant when "one song shall employ all nations,"

"The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
Shout to each other, and the mountain tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy;
Till nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round."

CHAPTER VII.

A RIDE THROUGH LONDON.

BEFORE leaving London, let me invite my reader to accompany me in a ride through some of its principal thoroughfares upon the outside of an omnibus, with occasional digressions on foot; while I point out various objects of interest in passing. We will first take our stand on LONDON BRIDGE. A word or two about it. "Old London Bridge" was covered with houses, connected together by large arches of timber which crossed the street. Hans Holbein and John Bunyan once lived here. In 1212 it was the scene of a dreadful catastrophe. A great multitude had collected upon it to assist in extinguishing a fire which had broken out at the Southwark end. While they were engaged in this work, the fire communicated with the opposite extremity, and upwards of 3000 persons perished in the flames, or were drowned in the river. In 1756 all the houses were pulled down, and the bridge underwent a thorough repair. The "new bridge" was commenced in 1824 and opened in 1831. It is built of granite, the foundations resting on beech piles, and is nine hundred and twenty-eight feet in length, fifty-six in width, and consists of five elliptical arches. At each end there are two flights of stairs, one on each side, leading to the water. The pedestals at the top of each flight are single blocks of granite, each weighing twenty-five tons.

London Monument—Statue of William IV.—Fishmongers' Hall.

On the city side, facing the north, you have a good view of LONDON MONUMENT (on Fish street hill, at a little distance on your right), which was erected by order of Parliament in 1671, under the direction of Sir Christopher Wren, to commemorate the great fire in 1666, which broke out in that vicinity. It is a fluted Doric column, fifteen feet in diameter, upon a pedestal forty feet square and twenty-eight high, in all two hundred and two feet in height, and has within a black marble staircase of three hundred and forty-five steps to the balcony upon the top, which is surmounted by a blazing urn of brass, gilt. The approach to the bridge is King William street, a wide, open space, in the middle of which is a colossal statue of WILLIAM IV., of granite, with the pedestal forty feet high, and inclosed with an iron railing. Let us stand here a moment and survey the dense stream of foot-passengers, carriages, and omnibuses passing over the bridge. A wink to the 'bus man—(don't call him "driver," unless you wish to insult him; he's a notch or two above that, and fully aware of his superiority in rank;) a long step up, a desperate pull at the leather strap hanging down for your grasp, and you are on the top alongside of "the whip." Notice the bouquet in his button-hole. "'Tis a nice one," said one of them, in reply to a complimentary observation on my part; "it didn't cost me but two-pence, and it'll last me a week nearly. I take it out and put it into water every time I stop." Londoners have a great propensity for flowers. A merchant is not half dressed for his morning walk to his counting-room without his nosegay.

That stately pile on your left close to the bridge is FISHMONGERS' HALL, the headquarters of the company of fishmongers. There are ninety-one of these city companies, comprising the chief trades and occupations, arranged in their order of prece-

Boar's Head Tavern—"London Stone"—Queen Elizabeth.

dency, beginning with "MERCERS," and ending with "WATERMEN."

Riding now away from the bridge, at right angles with the course of the Thames, we pass one corner and come to Eastcheap at the next. Great Eastcheap is that part of the street on our left. You can see there a house with a stone figure of a boar's head, which occupies the site of the BOAR'S HEAD TAVERN, alluded to by Shakspeare in Henry IV. as the residence of Mrs. Quickly, and the scene of Sir John Falstaff's merriment. In Cannon street, which is a continuation of Great Eastcheap westerly, is St. Swithin's Church, which has in its south wall "LONDON STONE," one of the greatest antiquities of the metropolis, having been known before the time of William I. It was against this stone that Jack Cade struck his sword and exclaimed, "Now is Mortimer Lord of London."

Continuing the same direction, we enter Grace Church street (for in London the name of the street changes almost every block), and the next corner on the right is Fenchurch street. There you will find the HUDSON BAY COMPANY'S HOUSE, and at No. 53 KING'S HEAD TAVERN, which was visited by the Princess (afterwards Queen) Elizabeth, on her liberation from the Tower. The dish in which her dinner (pork and pease) was served up is still preserved in the coffee-room, together with her portrait. The street at right angles on your left is Lombard street, once the residence of the LOMBARDS, the money-lenders of former times, now chiefly occupied by bankers. No. 43 was the residence of JANE SHORE. In this street POPE, the poet, was born.

Turning the next corner to the left and going west, we enter Cornhill, full of insurance offices. The poet GRAY was born in this street. DEFOE, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," lived

here and kept a hosier's shop. We now come out into the open space before the ROYAL EXCHANGE, a noble building with a Grecian front of Corinthian columns, and a beautiful sculpture upon the tympanum, representing Commerce, with various groups of British, Asiatic, Chinese, African, &c. In the centre of the building is an open court, surrounded by a colonnade, which is the Merchants' 'Change. LLOYD'S COFFEE HOUSE, the headquarters of maritime intelligence, is in the east end. In the open space in front of the building is an equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, in bronze, by Chantrey, fourteen feet high, upon a pedestal of Scotch granite of the same height.

North of this open space is the BANK OF ENGLAND, a vast pile of granite, covering an area of three hundred and sixty-five feet in front on Threadneedle street, four hundred and forty feet in the west side on Princess street, four hundred and ten feet on the north on Lothbury, and two hundred and forty-five on the east on St. Bartholomew's lane. It is low in proportion to its extent, being not more than a story and a half in height, and having the principal suite of rooms on the ground floor. There are more rooms below than above ground. The exterior presents a great number of Corinthian columns and pilasters, mouldings, and architectural ornaments, but has a guarded, prison-like appearance, as it is almost wholly destitute of windows opening upon the street, most of the apartments being lighted from above, or from the open courts within. At St. Margaret's Church, Lothbury, near by, you may hear the eloquent MELVILL preach one of the "*Golden Lectures*" every Tuesday, at 11 A.M.

Proceeding west in a course about parallel with the Thames, we leave Cornhill, and enter "the Poultry." Looking over

your left shoulder you have a view of the MANSION HOUSE, the official residence of the Lord Mayor. Wallbrook street, which enters here, was once a stream which served as a fosse to guard the eastern extremity of the city.

Riding on we enter Cheapside, and the throng becomes more and more dense every moment, yet all moving on with as much peace and decorum as a funeral procession. Interspersed among the crowd, at frequent intervals, you see a number of persons in blue uniforms, with canes in their hands, walking leisurely along, or standing at the corners, taking a general survey of the scenes around them. If a vehicle stops a moment longer than is absolutely necessary to take in or discharge its load, the quick eye of the policeman is upon the driver, and he is ordered to "*move on.*" If a group is collected upon the sidewalk around a shop-window, engrossed with conversation, or arrested by some accident, the hand of the policeman is felt upon the shoulder, and you hear the words "*move on*"—"move on."

As you pass King street on your right, you can see GUILDHALL at the end of it, facing you, with a fine Gothic front. This is the seat of the chief public offices of the city of London. We are now in the heart of the city proper; for London comprises the city of London, the eastern portion on the north side of the Thames, the borough of Southwark on the other side, and the city of Westminster at the west end, together with a multitude of circumjacent parishes. Guildhall has a noble hall, capable of containing 7000 persons, adorned with several monuments and statues, which is used for the city feasts at the inauguration of the Lord Mayor, visits of royalty, and other illustrious occasions, and also for the city elections, and public meetings. Under the window at the west end are

St. Mary le Bow—Paternoster Row—General Post Office—Christ's Hospital.

the colossal figures called Gog and Magog, said to represent a Saxon and an ancient Briton. The opposite street on your left, Queen street, will take you across Southwark Bridge.

That fine steeple of stone on your left, over two hundred feet high, with a vane in the shape of a dragon, and a clock-face projecting out over the street, is **ST. MARY LE BOW**. Here the bishops of London are consecrated, and the "Boyle Lectures" delivered. The next corner on your left is Bread street, where **MILTON** was born. Milk street (opposite) was the birth-place of **LORD CHANCELLOR MORE**. **BLACKSTONE** was born in Cheapside.

At the end of Cheapside, **ST. PAUL'S** comes up on the left; but instead of taking the omnibus route which passes it, or going straight on through **PATERNOSTER ROW**, so called from the manufacturers of beads and other Romish emblems of devotion, now noted as the residence of booksellers, let us now turn to our right into **St. Martin's le Grand**, and take a view of the **GENERAL POST OFFICE**. It is a fine building of Portland stone, of the Grecian Ionic order, presenting a front of four hundred feet, with a central portico of six columns, and a portico of four columns at the extremity of each wing. Early in the morning you will see a string of vehicles, of all sizes, from one-horse boxes to four-horse omnibuses, all bright red, with red-liveried riders, the letter-carriers, and the potential initials, "V. R.," surmounted by a crown, displayed on every side, issuing at full speed from the spacious yard on the north, and scattering in all directions.

Continuing on in a westerly direction up Newgate-street, we pass **CHRIST'S HOSPITAL** on our right, a magnificent pile of buildings in the Gothic and Tudor style, the seat of the famous "*Blue-coat school*," established by Edward VI., where from

"Blue Coat School"—Bartholomew's Hospital—Smithfield.

1000 to 1200 boys and girls are supported in a course of education, at an annual expenditure of from \$150,000 to \$200,000. The dress of the boys consists of a dark-blue coat or gown fitted close to the body, but with loose open skirts, a girdle round the waist, an under coat, a petticoat of yellow flannel in cold weather, yellow worsted stockings and shoes, and a neck band. You may sometimes see them in their play-ground, which adjoins the street, in full chase after the foot-ball, with their troublesome skirts pinned back, or holding them up with their hands. They wear no hat or cap in any weather. Wherever you meet them, in the streets of London, on the railways, or in the country on a visit to their friends, you always see them in this singular costume, and bare-headed. Charles Lamb and Coleridge were "Blue-coat boys."

The next corner at your right is Giltspur-street. A few steps will bring you to BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL (on the right side), which dates back to 1102 in connection with the Priory of Smithfield, but was incorporated by Henry VIII. in the last year of his reign. It is a benevolent Institution for the reception of patients, supported by its estates, which yield an annual income of more than \$150,000. The open space west of it is West-Smithfield, the largest cattle-market in England, and the seat of Bartholomew Fair, which is held in September of every year. It has been the scene of tournaments, theatrical performances, bloody conflicts, and martyrdoms. Here Wat Tyler was killed with a dagger by Lord Mayor Walworth. Here were burnt at the stake the noble Anne Askew, ROGERS, of "New England Primer" memory; Bradford, Philpot, and a host of other worthies, under the bloodthirsty Bonner, mainly for denying the corporal presence of Christ in the sacrament. The lamp-post in the centre of the pens marks the spot. Close

Cock-Lane—Temple-Bar—Inner and Middle Temple.

by is Cock-lane, famous for its ghost-story, which created such a sensation in London in the year 1762, and furnished Churchill with a subject for a satirical poem.

Retracing our steps we cross Newgate-street, and proceeding south enter "the Old Bailey." On our left the massive granite walls of NEWGATE PRISON frown gloomily upon us. Near by is Green-arbor Court, in a house of which GOLDSMITH wrote his "Vicar of Wakefield," under duress of his landlady, from which he was released by the benevolent interposition of Dr. Johnson. Turning the next corner at our right, we enter Ludgate Hill and resume a westerly course, passing at the next corner on our right Farringdon-street, within a few steps of Fleet Prison and Bridge-street opposite, which leads to Blackfriars Bridge, and now we are in Fleet-street. The poet COWLEY was born in this street. Dr. JOHNSON lived in Bolt Court, which opens into it. At the corner of Chancery-lane was IZAAC WALTON's house. No. 17 was the residence of Prince Charles Stewart, son of James I. TEMPLE-BAR, a stone arch which crosses the street, supporting a story above it, adorned with niches and statues, is the only remaining gate of the ancient city boundaries. Till within one hundred years, the heads of those executed for rebellion or high treason were fixed on iron spikes upon the top of it. Just before you reach it, on your left is the entrance to the INNER and MIDDLE TEMPLE, the residence of benchers, barristers, and students at law, with spacious courts and beautiful gardens and walks upon the banks of the Thames. Here LAMB was born and brought up. Here COWPER once lived. Chancery-lane on the right will take you to LINCOLN'S INN, a similar institution, with a fine library and an extensive square and garden.

Riding under Temple-Bar, we enter the STRAND, and pass

Somerset House—Exeter Hall—Charing Cross—Trafalgar Square.

the SOMERSET HOUSE on our left, a magnificent building occupying a space eight hundred feet in width, and five hundred in depth, with a spacious court in the centre, and a beautiful front on the Thames. The present building is used chiefly for public offices. Old Somerset House was built by the protector Somerset, and was at different times the residence of Queen Elizabeth, Anne of Denmark, and Catherine, Queen of Charles II. Wellington-street, on its west side, leads to Waterloo Bridge. On the opposite side of the Strand is EXETER HALL, a large room for public meetings. Farther on is Hungerford Market, on the river side, and near by Hungerford Wire Suspension Bridge. There is a bend in the Thames here, which comes down from the south, and higher up is spanned by Westminster, and beyond that by Vauxhall Bridge. The Strand terminates at CHARING CROSS, so called from one of the crosses which Edward I. erected here to the memory of his Queen Eleanor, and CHARING, the name of the village. This was destroyed in the civil wars, and replaced by a brass equestrian statue of Charles I., which is still standing.

From this spot looking north, you have directly before you the NELSON COLUMN, a fluted pillar, with a colossal statue of the hero on the top, in all one hundred and fifty-six feet in height. Beyond it is the spacious area of TRAFALGAR SQUARE, paved with asphaltum, and adorned with fountains. The long front on the north side is the NATIONAL GALLERY. At the north-west corner of the Square is an equestrian statue of GEORGE IV. Towards the north-east you have a view of the fine portico, tower, and steeple of St. Martin's Church. On the east side is MORLEY'S HOTEL, a favorite resort for Americans.

CHARING CROSS is a central point from which the jurisdic-

tion of the Metropolitan Police radiates in all directions to the distance of twelve miles or more. If we go south we shall enter WHITEHALL, pass on your right the ADMIRALTY, a massive brick building, in which are conducted the maritime affairs of the kingdom, next the HORSE GUARDS, a handsome stone structure, the head quarters of the British army, and next the TREASURY, a portion of which was erected for a palace by Cardinal Wolsey. Here is the Office of the Secretary of State, and in Downing-street, round the corner, the Foreign and Colonial Offices. On the opposite side is NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE, and WHITEHALL, built by Inigo Jones, as a Banqueting-house for James I. His son Charles I. slept here the night before his execution, and passed from one of the windows to the scaffold in front of it. Continuing south through Parliament-street, you will come to the NEW PARLIAMENT HOUSES, in the vicinity of Westminster Abbey.

Passing through an arched way under the "Horse Guards," we come out upon the Parade in the rear, in front of ST. JAMES'S PARK. Here you may witness the daily review of "the Guards," at 11 A.M., which is often attended by the Duke of Wellington. St. James's Park is perhaps half a mile long, with a large sheet of water in the middle, and beautifully laid out in walks, and adorned with the choicest flowers and shrubbery. At the north-east corner is the DUKE OF YORK'S COLUMN. On the west, BUCKINGHAM PALACE, and on the north, ST. JAMES'S PALACE. GREEN PARK, not quite as large, joins it at the north-west corner, and a road between the two Parks, running west, leads to the south-east corner of HYDE PARK, which covers three hundred and ninety-five acres, and presents a beautiful combination of hill and dale, wood and water, where you may lose yourself in the country, and see only glimpses of

the tops of buildings far away in the distance. It is here that the "*World's Fair*" was held. The immense "Crystal Palace," though covering eighteen acres, occupied but a small spot in the vast enclosure. On the right of the principal entrance is **APSLEY HOUSE**, the town residence of the Duke of Wellington.

Returning from Hyde Park, we pursue a north-east course through the fine street Piccadilly, admiring the stately residences of some of the nobility, passing **DEVONSHIRE HOUSE** on our left, then **BURLINGTON HOUSE**, and turning into Regent-street on our left, one of the finest streets in London, through Portland Place, Park Crescent, Park Square, till we come to the south-east corner of **REGENT'S PARK**, which occupies a space of about four hundred and fifty acres. At its northern extremity are the **ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS**, well worth visiting. The abodes of the animals are scattered over the extensive and beautiful grounds, in situation and construction adapted as far as possible to their native habits. Here you may see black bears climbing trees to win buns from the hands of admiring spectators, white bears revelling in huge bathing-tubs, seals, otters, and beavers in their native element, and buffaloes, camels, antelopes, and gazelles enjoying ample range for pasturage and exercise. At every diverging path you are startled by some portentous guide-board, indicating the way, "*To the Boa-constrictor;*" or "*To the Grizzly Bear;*" or "*To the Hippopotamus.*" This last was the public favorite at the time of my visit. His mansion was continually besieged by a throng of anxious expectants, who were admitted by a policeman twenty at a time into a raised gallery, from which they could contemplate his amphibious majesty for five minutes. His keeper, a native Hindoo, was looked upon with as much wonder as the

"New Road"—Bunhill Fields.

animal himself, as "*the man who slept with the Hippopotamus!*" In vain had the man attempted to relieve himself from this disagreeable situation. The animal invariably became so violent and unmanageable, striking his head against the sides of the house, as if determined to make way with that or himself, that his bed-fellow was obliged to resume his place on the straw by his side.

Leaving Regent's Park, which is at the north-west extremity of London, we will return through the NEW ROAD going east, passing on our right TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, where is the chapel bearing the inscription, ERECTED BY THE REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD, 1756, through Euston Square, north of which is the grand and imposing edifice of the Birmingham Railway Depot, pass "St. Pancras' New Church," then through a succession of pleasant residences, set back from the street, with spacious gardens in front, till we come to Gray's Inn Lane on our right, which if we take, turning south, we shall pass VERULAM BUILDINGS, so named from Lord Bacon, GRAY'S INN (of court), with its beautiful grounds, and turning into Holborn, through Skinner-street, enter Newgate, from which we diverged.

Or instead of turning down Gray's Inn Lane, we may keep on east through the City Road, gradually turning to the south till we come to BUNHILL FIELDS, where we must stop long enough to read the inscription upon the tombstone, "Mr. John Bunyan, the author of *Pilgrim's Progress*," and to call to remembrance other eminent Non-conformists buried here, such as Dr. Williams, founder of the Red Cross-street Dissenters' Library, Dr. Isaac Watts, Dr. Stennett, Dr. Gill, Dr. Rees, of the *Encyclopædia*, and the Rev. D. Neale, author of the "*History of the Puritans*." Here too was buried that excellent woman

London Wall.

Mrs. Susannah Wesley, mother of John and Charles Wesley, and in the house on the right of the Wesleyan Chapel opposite, the Rev. John Wesley lived and died.

Continuing south through Artillery Place, Finsbury Place, crossing LONDON WALL, some remains of which are still to be seen in the burying-ground opposite St. Alphage's Church, through Moorgate-street, we finally reach the "Bank," having completed a tour of fifteen or twenty miles, and seen comparatively but a few of the innumerable objects of interest in the "World's Metropolis."

CHAPTER VIII.

LONDON TO PARIS.

FAREWELL to thee, dear old LONDON! dear to me in spite of all thy smoke, and fog, and noise. Thanks for the multitude of pleasant memories connected with thy very stones; the sense of personal safety with which the stranger walks thy streets, conscious that the strong arm of the law is around him to protect his rights of person and property; the countless objects of interest that crowd upon the attention, rich in artistic worth, or in historical associations; the concentrated activity of mind in all the affairs of busy life, that makes thee a world in thyself—a world of evil, and a world of good—a hot-bed of vice and misery, it is true, but no less a nursery of philanthropy. Thy very depravity has served to develope in fairest proportions the angelic features of heaven-descended charity. What an embodiment of *power* thou art! The remotest extremities of the world feel the throbbings of thy mighty pulse! The scientific expedition in Polar Seas, the enterprising whalers in Behring's Straits, the roving trappers of Hudson's Bay, the half-wild colonists of the Cape of Good Hope, the convict tribes of Australia, the princely merchants of the Indies, all await thine orders, all are thy servants!

A few weeks' sojourn has made thee seem like an old acquaintance. And indeed, were not my earliest years greeted

with the sound of thy "Bow bells" ringing a merry peal on the day when "*Whittington and his cat*" entered thy walls, and seeming to say to the youthful adventurer, "*Welcome, Whittington! Lord Mayor of London!*" Were not the most gaily-colored picture books of my childhood from that far-famed depot of juvenile literature, "*opposite St. Paul's Church Yard?*" and has not my bibliomania in subsequent years always found its highest gratification in "London editions" of its favorite authors? Gladly would I prolong my stay at my comfortable quarters in King-street; but the mounting sun warns me that I must be "*en route*" for "the Continent" in season to avoid his sultry heats in southern climes.

So now "to begin"—first at the American Minister's in Piccadilly at the "West end," to obtain the signature of the gentlemanly Secretary of Legation to my passport, and then to King William-street at the "East end," to obtain the "*visé*" of the French Consul, and then to the "London Joint Stock Bank" in Prince's-street, to obtain "letters of credit."

These "letters of credit" are a great convenience to travelers. You make a deposit of money, and are then furnished with two letters, one containing a list of some hundred places in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, with the address of the agents of the Institution in each place. The other letter introduces you to their acquaintance, and contains checks in sums of £5 or £10, equal to the amount deposited, which are cut off as you draw them. Your autograph is required for this letter in London. Whenever you draw on it, your signature is required again, and carefully compared with the one first made. You pay no commission save on that which you draw abroad, which varies in different places according to the rate of exchange. Whatever remains to your credit is handed you on

"Sunday Fares—"Parliamentary Carriages."

your return to London without any deduction. A set of "Murray's Hand Books" is indispensable. They will save you their cost many times over.

Early in the morning of 20th May, I rode to the Railway Terminus, at London Bridge, and took my seat in a first class carriage for Dover. The English never use the terms "rail-road" and "car" as we do. They always say "railway" and "carriage." Their "carriages" are not one long room, as with us, but usually consist of three or four different apartments, like so many coach bodies joined together, each apartment having two seats facing each other, accommodating four on a side. In this instance, the "carriage" I rode in had seats arranged longitudinally, facing outward, in four apartments, opening into each other. It being "Whitsunday week," there was a great crowd of passengers of second, third, and fourth classes. The day previous, "*Whitsunday*," is celebrated by cheap railway excursions into the country around London. Indeed, nearly all the English railways have a separate table of "*Sunday fares*," cheaper than week days, thus furnishing an inducement to the profanation of the Sabbath. I noticed "Parliamentary carriages," as they are called, without any roofs or seats, jammed full of persons of all ages, sizes, and sexes, wedged in like a drove of sheep, in altogether too promiscuous a manner to be pleasing. It really seemed degrading to human nature, for human beings to be thus huddled together like a herd of cattle.

The last signal is given, and off we go over the tops of houses, past rows of statue-like sentinels, with arms extended in the direction we are going, to signify that "all's right," through tunnel after tunnel, some over a mile in length, between high embankments lined with flower-beds in the vicinity of the

station-houses, past telegraph stations, through parks of stately trees, with occasional glimpses of noble mansions and distant villages, with a constant accompaniment of a most disagreeable gas from the locomotive,—through Croydon, Reigate, Tunbridge, Staplehurst, Ashford, &c., having a fine view of Folkestone Harbor and the chalk hills, to DOVER, eighty-eight miles, in 2½ hours, fare 20s. (about \$5.)

Here I had time enough to explore the town and castle before embarking in the steamer, which lay off in the harbor at some distance from the land.

Dover is one of the "*Cinque-ports*" (or "five ports," viz., Dover, Sandwich, Romney, Hastings, and Hythe), to which peculiar privileges were granted by Parliament, and a Lord Warden appointed over them, usually the First Lord of the Treasury. It has a population of 13,800, and returns two members to Parliament.

The natural situation of Dover is such as to arrest the attention of the visitor. The town lies in a deep valley formed by an opening in the chalk hills, which surround it in the form of an amphitheatre. On the heights back of the town are barracks and fortifications, to which there is an ascent by a circular staircase of two hundred steps in a shaft cut in the solid rock. As you emerge from the shaft upon the grassy slope, you have a fine view of the town and harbor. The crescent beach is covered with bathing machines on rollers (for of late years it has become a fashionable watering-place), and fronted with rows of boarding-houses, now silent and tenantless. Further west, long piers run out into the sea to form the harbor, which is entirely artificial, and has been constructed at great expense.

DOVER CASTLE is an object of interest to the antiquarian, as

well as to the lover of the picturesque. It stands on the summit of a chalk cliff to the eastward of the town, three hundred and twenty feet in height, and incloses within its walls a space of thirty-five acres. A broad road from the town winds around the hill to the top. The fortifications are of different epochs, Roman, Saxon, Norman, &c. The watch-tower (an octagonal building), the parapet, and the peculiar form of the ditch, exhibit the Roman architect. There is an ancient church within the fortress which was consecrated to Christian worship by St. Augustine, in the sixth century.

In the centre is the "*Keep*," of Norman origin, a massy square edifice, 123 by 108 feet, with several turrets, one of which is ninety-five feet in height. The view from it in a clear day comprises the North Foreland, Ramsgate pier, the Isle of Thanet, the valley of Dover, and the towns of Calais and Boulogne, on the French coast, which is only twenty-one miles distant.

During the French Revolution, upwards of \$200,000 were expended in repairs and additions. Extensive barracks were excavated in the solid rock, by which accommodations were provided for a garrison of four thousand men. These subterranean rooms and passages are shown to visitors upon an order from the military commandant.

There is an "*armory*" in the keep, where many ancient curiosities are to be seen; among which is "*Queen Elizabeth's Pocket Pistol*," a beautiful brass cannon, presented to Elizabeth by the States of Holland, as a token of respect for the assistance she afforded them against Spain. It is twenty-four feet long, and bears a Dutch inscription, which has been translated thus:

"O'er hill and dale I throw my ball,
Breaker my name, of mound and wall."

"Shakspeare's Cliff"—Surf Boats—Calais.

About half a mile to the south-west is "*Shakspeare's Cliff*," memorable for the description in "*King Lear*:"

"Come on, sir, here's the place:—stand still; how fearful
 And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
 The crows and daws that wing the midway air
 Show scarce so gross as beetles: half-way down
 Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
 Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
 The fishermēn that walk upon the beach
 Appear like mice; and yon tall anch'ring bark
 Diminished to her cock; her cock a buoy
 Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge
 That on th' unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
 Cannot be heard so high; I'll look no more
 Lest my brain turn and the deficient sight
 Topple down headlong."

But our time is up. We must descend to the beach and take our seats in one of the large surf boats high up on the sand! and when we are all stowed away, men, women, children, trunks, valises, baskets, band-boxes, mail-bags, &c., we are pushed down to the water by main strength, launched upon the briny surge, which receives us with a grim yawn, and then tosses us like a cork upon its heaving bosom. A strong pull of brawny arms for twenty minutes, and we are alongside of the steamer "*Fawn*," in which, after having accomplished the difficult feat of getting on board, we are tossed about two hours longer, and then by dint of the agonizing operation of a screw, that seems as if intent on twisting out the vitals of the ship, cabin and all, we run in between the long piers of Calais, lined with strange-looking, cap-crowned, moustached men, bare-headed and bare-legged women, and most unsoldierly-looking soldiers.

Amid the confusion of landing, you are glad to avail yourself of the proffered services of a "*Commissionaire*," who at once assumes the airs of a confidential *attaché* to your "Lordship;" makes way for you through the crowd, tips a wink to the "officials" to let you pass, assists you in crossing the mud-puddles, points out to you the various objects of interest in passing, is indignant at the slightest want of respect for your baggage, carries you triumphant through the custom-house, obtains the necessary "*visés*" for your passport, shows you where to get your railway ticket, introduces you to a "refreshment saloon," and considering himself well paid with two francs, wishes "Monsieur" a pleasant trip to Paris, and with a profusion of bows bids you "*Adieu!*"

Leaving Calais at 6½ P.M., we flitted past a great many persons along the line of the road for some distance, enjoying an evening walk with their families; on through a flat and uninteresting country, intersected by scummy ditches, and traversed by rows of pollard willows,—through St. Omer, famous for its Jesuits' College, and having a Seminary for the education of English and Irish Catholics, where O'Connell was educated,—through Hazebrouck, Lille, Douai, *Amiens*, celebrated for its Cathedral, and for the treaty of peace between France and England in 1802,—Creil, Pontoise, St. Denis, famous for its Abbey Church, the burial-place of the kings of France, since the time of Dagobert, A.D. 580,—to PARIS, where we arrived about 5½ the next morning, a distance of three hundred and seventy-seven kilometres, or two hundred and thirty-four miles, a French kilometre being nearly equal to five English furlongs.

CHAPTER IX.

PARIS.

“So this is the gay and brilliant PARIS!” said I to myself, as I strained my eyes to catch a glimpse of the passing scene through the damp and dirty glass of the omnibus. We had entered the city by the “Chemin de fer du Nord,” literally, the “*Road of iron of the North,*” and were on our way from the “Embarcadère” (as the Depot is called), to our respective places of destination. My first impressions were certainly not very favorable. It was early in the morning, and I had been riding all night. A cold drizzling rain was falling. The streets were reeking with filth, the houses sombre with dirt and gloom, and the men and women dirty and slovenly in their appearance. I was completely disgusted.

We stopped at the Hotel de Paris, in the Rue de Richelieu, where I concluded to take up my abode for the present. Like most of the houses in Paris, it is built around an open court, into which you pass from the street through an arched entrance under the front part of the building. On one side of this passage-way is the porter’s lodge, or office, where the books are kept: on the other side is the principal staircase. In private houses each floor is generally occupied by a separate family. You go up one, or two, or three, or four, or five, or even six flights of stairs, and ring at the door in the hall, as you would

at the front door of our houses. The family with which I afterwards boarded, had all their rooms in the fifth story—kitchen, parlor, bed-rooms, and all; all their wood, and coal, and water, was brought up by hand. What would our American ladies think of housekeeping under such circumstances!

It seemed strange to see a *woman* officiating as clerk of the hotel, attending to our baggage, presenting the book for the inscription of our names, &c., and assigning to us our apartments. Cross the paved court, ascend five flights of slippery stairs—of polished oak, daily waxed and rubbed smooth as glass—through a long passage, and you have reached my quarters—a good-sized room with an antechamber, marble fire-place, old brussels carpet, mahogany bedstead, bureau, table, and chairs, for which I pay three francs a day, and board myself.

Without troubling my reader with the details of successive days of sight-seeing, I will ask him to accompany me in a comprehensive tour of explanation, to some of the principal objects of interest which I visited during my stay in Paris.

Premising that the rain has ceased, and the warm sun is shining, and the streets in their holiday costume, we will take a stroll down the Rue de Richelieu in a southerly direction. This open space on our right, with a fine bronze fountain adorned with statuary, is the "Place Richelieu." That long gloomy-looking building opposite, without any windows, is the ROYAL, OR NATIONAL LIBRARY. Every revolution in Paris involves a change in the names of the public institutions. Before the Revolution of 1789 it was the "*Library of the King*." The "National Convention" changed it to the "*National Library*." In Napoleon's time it was the "*Imperial Library*." Upon the occupation of Paris by the allied armies in 1815, it resumed its

name of the "*Library of the King.*" The last Revolution of 1848 has changed it back again to the "*National Library.*" This may serve as a specimen of the fluctuating nomenclature of the public buildings, bridges, and streets of Paris, which is often very perplexing to the stranger, especially just after a new form of government has been in operation long enough to effect a general change in this respect.

The National Library is the largest in the world. It contains 800,000 volumes, 72,000 manuscripts, 5000 portfolios of engravings, and a most complete collection of coins and medals. It is open to students and authors every day of the week without charge, and on certain days to visitors. You will always find a great many persons there, consulting works and transcribing from them.

Passing further down the street, we turn to our left into the Rue St. Honoré, and enter through a Doric arcade and gateway into the court of the PALAIS ROYAL, or as it is now, PALAIS NATIONAL. Crossing this court, which is surrounded by buildings with colonnades, and passing through the opposite building, you enter another court of much larger dimensions, 700 by 300 feet, which is laid out in spacious walks, shaded with lime-trees, and adorned with statues, and with two flower-gardens in the centre, separated from each other by a circular basin of water, with a fine *jet d'eau*. The houses that surround the court are all uniform, and consist of two stories and an attic, standing upon arcades. Under the arcades a broad gallery extends all round the court, lined with shops of all kinds, dealers in jewelry, and bijouterie, money-changers, tailors, milliners, &c., with a great number of cafes and restaurants. It is a place of great public resort, and has been called "the Capital of Paris." On a fine afternoon or evening, the gardens and walks are full of

visitors, leisurely promenading, or grouped in chairs, which are let for the purpose, and a continual stream is passing through the galleries at all times in the day, and most of the night. Here you may get your meals at any price, from one franc as high as you please.

The "Palais Royal" was originally a palace, begun by Cardinal de Richelieu in 1629, and successively occupied by Louis XIII., Louis XIV., the Duke of Orleans, and in part by Louis Philippe. It is now solely occupied by public offices, shops, and places of amusement.

Resuming our walk, a little distance south we enter the Place du Carrousel, which derives its name from a great tournament held by Louis XIV. in 1662. It is a large open space surrounded by public buildings. The principal object of interest in it is the TRIUMPHAL ARCH, erected by Napoleon in 1806, which is forty-five feet in height, sixty in length, and twenty in breadth. It is a copy of the arch of Septimius Severus in Rome, and consists of a central arch, and two smaller lateral ones, each of which is intersected by a transversal arch. Upon the top is a triumphal car and four bronze horses, modelled from the famous Corinthian horses in front of St. Mark's, Venice. An allegorical female figure, representing Victory, stands in the car, and one on each side leads the horses. Over the smaller archways are marble bas-reliefs, finely executed, representing memorable events of the campaign of 1805. The cost of the monument was nearly \$300,000.

A short distance east of the Place du Carrousel, you enter the Place du Museum, and stand in front of the LOUVRE. This palace was commenced by Francis I. in 1528, and has been beautified and extended by successive occupants. The interior court is four hundred and eight feet square, and surrounded by

Picture Gallery—Palace of the Tuileries—Gardens of Tuileries—Place Vendome.

richly ornamented buildings on all sides. It is now almost wholly devoted to the Fine Arts. The MUSEUM of the Louvre contains a collection of antiquities, a museum of French sculpture, a gallery of paintings of the Italian, Flemish, and French schools, a collection of Spanish paintings, the Standish museum, and a highly interesting collection of models of shipping. The celebrated PICTURE GALLERY is in the long range on the south of the Place du Carrousel, connecting the two Palaces of the Louvre and Tuileries, which was built by Henry IV., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV. It is 1332 feet in length, forty-two in width, and lined with pictures throughout.

The Palace of the TUILERIES is on the east side of the Place du Carrousel. The spacious court is inclosed by an iron railing in front, and buildings on the other sides. Napoleon used to review his troops in this court. This Palace was commenced by Catherine de Medicis in 1564, and enlarged and embellished by her successors. Napoleon built the North Gallery, with the design of connecting it with the Louvre on that side also.

In the rear of this Palace are the GARDENS OF THE TUILERIES, an area of sixty-seven acres, diversified with shady groves of chestnut-trees, elms, and limes, beautiful flower gardens, broad terraces, and walks with rows of orange trees in large boxes, circular basins of water with fountains, and statues of gods and goddesses, and heroes, singly and in groups, innumerable. These Gardens are open to the public, and are a favorite resort of all classes.

A little north of the Tuileries is the PLACE VENDOME, an octagonal space, with the Vendome pillar in the centre. This was erected by Napoleon in commemoration of the German campaign in 1805. It is in imitation of the Pillar of Trajan at Rome, of the Tuscan order, one hundred and thirty-four feet

Place de la Concorde—Palais National.

in height, and twelve in diameter, surmounted with a statue of Napoleon. The pedestal and shaft are of stone, and covered with bas-reliefs in bronze (representing the various victories of the French army), composed of 1200 pieces of cannon taken from the Russian and Austrian armies. The bas-reliefs wind around the shaft in a spiral direction from the base to the capital, divided by a band bearing inscriptions of the scenes represented. On the top is a gallery, approached by a winding staircase of one hundred and seventy-six steps, from which is a fine view of Paris and the environs.

Returning to the Gardens of the Tuileries, and walking on in a westerly direction, we enter the PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, a vast area in the form of an octagon, tastefully ornamented with statues and fountains, and having in the centre the Obelisk of Luxor (or Thebes), a single block of red granite, seventy-two feet three inches in height, and seven feet six inches in width at the base, which formerly stood in front of the great Temple of Thebes, erected by Sesostris, king of Egypt, 1550 B.C. It is covered with hieroglyphics from the base to the summit. The entire cost of transferring it to its present position was 2,000,000 francs.

In this place Louis XVI. was guillotined, and his consort, Marie Antoinette; Charlotte Corday, Brissot, Danton, Robespierre, St. Just, Couthon, and a host of others. Between January 1793 and May 1795, more than 2800 victims of the Revolution were executed here. From the southern side of the Place de la Concorde, a broad avenue leads across the Bridge "de la Concorde" to the PALAIS NATIONAL, on the opposite bank of the river Seine, which, until very recently, was the seat of the Legislative Assembly.

Continuing in a westerly direction, we enter the CHAMPS

Champs Elysées—The Barriers—Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile.

ELYSIÉES, or "Elysian Fields," an extensive tract, laid out in handsome walks, and groves, and gardens. The broad Avenue de Neuilly, adorned with fine shade trees, the whole length a distance of a mile and a quarter, conducts by a gradual ascent to the Barrier de l'Etoile. (The BARRIERS are edifices at the gates of the city walls, for the collectors of the revenues. The same name is also given to the wide road around the walls.)

On the summit of the elevation at the head of this avenue, stands the ARC DE TRIOMPHE DE L'ETOILE, which was commenced by Napoleon in 1806, but not finished till 1832. It is an enormous mass of stone, one hundred and fifty-two feet in height, one hundred and thirty-seven wide, and sixty-eight thick; and consists of a vast central arch ninety feet high, on each side of which piers of unusual solidity rise to support a bold entablature and attic. Each of these piers is pierced by a transverse arch, fifty-seven feet high, and twenty-five wide. The faces of the piers, outside and inside, and the vaults of the arches, are covered with sculpture illustrative of the career of Napoleon; allegorical groups, such as the Genius of War summoning the nations to arms, warriors of different ages hastening to battle, Victory crowning Napoleon, &c., &c.; representations of his victories, such as Abukir, Alexandria, Austerlitz, Jemappes, &c.; names of the victories, and of the principal generals. Within the monument, staircases in each pier conduct to vaulted rooms over the principal arch, in three series, one above another. The platform on top commands one of the finest views of the city and its environs. Eastward you look down the magnificent Avenue de Neuilly through the Champs Elysées, and Gardens of the Tuileries, to the Palace beyond and the dense mass of buildings in the distance, among which you can easily distinguish on the right the beautiful domes of the Hotel des Inva-

lides and the Pantheon, the Palace of Luxembourg, in front the towers of Notre Dame, and on the left the Church of the Madeleine, and the height of Montmartre and the Batignolles. Westward the eye ranges over a wide extent of country diversified with forests, villages, cultivated fields, and distant hills.

CHAPTER X.

PARIS AND VERSAILLES.

LET us continue our exploration of Paris by taking a walk beside the river Seine. The banks are skirted with spacious quays, in many places planted with trees, and affording agreeable promenades. Moored in the stream are floating laundries, full of washerwomen hard at work; large bathing-houses, with inscriptions in large letters, "*Ecoles de Natation aux Hommes*," *i. e.* "Swimming-schools for the men," and "*Ecoles de Natation aux Femmes*," *i. e.* "Swimming-schools for the women;" dredging machines scraping up the mud, and clumsy-looking flat-bottomed barges. Wide bridges of stone and iron span the river at frequent intervals, many of them thronged with passengers. One of these, PONT NEUF, rests on twelve arches, and is 1020 feet long. It is supported in the centre on a point of an island called the "*Isle de la Cité*," or "City Island," the ancient seat of Paris, densely covered with buildings. Let us thread its narrow and crooked passages till we come out into the area "*Parvis de Notre Dame*," in front of the Cathedral.

CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME.

Much of the effect of Notre Dame is lost by reason of its low situation, several feet below the level of the street, and its

Tower and Belfry.

close proximity to the surrounding buildings. Still it is a noble pile, and has a venerable air of antiquity, that impresses the beholder. Its dimensions are, length, three hundred and ninety feet; width at the transepts, one hundred and forty-four feet; height of the vaulting, one hundred and two feet; height of the western towers, two hundred and four feet; and width of the western front, one hundred and twenty-eight feet. Three ample portals lead into the body of the nave and the aisles, in the most exquisitely wrought pointed style, each composed of three systems of arches, retiring one within the other, richly sculptured with angels, scriptural figures, saints, &c.

The north tower has a colossal bell, called "*Le Bourdon*," *i. e.* "the drone" (from its low, deep sound), which weighs 32,200 pounds, and requires sixteen men to ring it. It is only rung on state occasions. I ascended this tower by the dark stone staircase of three hundred and eighty steps to the belfry, where two men were ringing the ordinary bells by pushing the yoke from above with their feet. It seemed to be very hard work. The sides of the belfry are open arches, and the rest of the ascent was by a series of crazy steps and ladders, that shook with every swing of the bells, and gave a fearful interest to the view of the roof and pavement through the open arches. On reaching the top, however, I felt myself rewarded for my pains by the commanding prospect of the city, which gave me a clear idea of the relative situation of all its parts. You can also see to fine advantage the flying buttresses which rise from the outer walls of the chapels to support the lofty clerestory. These chapels are external additions to the main building on the two sides, opening into the interior, and having the appearance of recesses. Much of the stone carving in the interior has been fretted out by the weather, and is now in a process of

Devils' Heads—Interior—Historical Associations—Revolutionary Desecration.

restoration. I was struck with the great number of *devils' heads* upon the towers, some very grotesque, and others very malignant in expression.

Let us descend and take a view of the interior. The air seems gray and heavy with the gloom of ages. Cast your eye along the massive pillars, alternately circular and clustered, that support the nave and choir; and notice the curious little galleries with stone balustrades on the sides of the walls, one above another, almost to the roof, leading one wonders where; explore the forty-five chapels with their beautiful rosaces of stained glass of the thirteenth century, and their countless shrines and decorations; stand before the marble group over the altar, representing the Descent from the Cross; examine the curiously-sculptured compartments of the wall inclosing the choir, representing the mysteries in the life of Christ, executed in 1352; and then let the mind go back into the past, and call up some of the eventful scenes which have been witnessed by these walls.

The first ecclesiastic who officiated here was Heraclius, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, in 1185, who came to Paris to preach the third crusade. Since then what multitudes have thronged these spacious aisles, and kneeled upon this marble floor! What ages of superstition have lavished their ill-gotten wealth upon these costly shrines! Here, in the Revolution of the last century, the Parisian mob entered like a pack of wolves, and vented their insensate fury upon these walls, stripping them of their ornaments, gorging their avarice with the spoils, and disinterring the buried Archbishops of Paris, for the sake of their lead coffins! Here was performed the imposing ceremony of Napoleon's coronation, which the Pope was compelled to grace with his presence. Here the mob again rioted in 1831, cutting

up the coronation robes, and the splendid dresses of the Bishops and Chapter, for the sake of the gold embroidery, and destroying everything within their reach. An infidel sarcasm from my companion broke in upon my reflections, and provoked a reply that led to further conversation, till at length we sat down and added another scene to the history of Notre Dame, viz.—that of two young Americans discussing the evidence of Christianity upon the steps of its high altar.

Emerging from the gloom and walking westward, we pass on our left the immense hospital HOTEL DIEU, the most ancient in Paris, founded in the seventh century, and crossing the *Petit Pont*, i. e. "little bridge," pass up Rue St. Jacques. We are now in "the students'" quarters, as indicated by the great number of book stalls filled with classical and scientific works, notices of "Lodgings to let," and innumerable small beer-shops.

In this vicinity are the "College of France," the "College of the Sorbonne," the "College of Henry IV.," the "Normal School," the "Polytechnic School," the "School of Medicine," the "School of Law," &c., &c. My friend and I stopped at the College of France long enough to hear a lecture from Professor Ampère on French Literature. A number of young ladies were in attendance, and the occasional glances of the students in that direction forcibly reminded us of our college days. It seems strange, however, to see a *mustachioed* Professor in the chair. Our next visit was to the

PANTHEON.

This is one of the finest buildings in Paris. It was originally the Church of St. Genevieve, and was built by Louis XV., in 1764. Of late years, however, it has not been used for religious

Portico—Plan of the Building—French Mythology—Fine View.

service, but solely as a temple for the monuments and remains of the illustrious dead. It is said that Louis Napoleon designs to give it back into the hands of the priests.

The portico is composed of twenty-two fluted Corinthian columns, sixty feet in height, and six feet in diameter, supporting a triangular pediment one hundred and twenty feet in breadth, by twenty-four in height, which contains a large composition in sculpture by David, representing France dispensing honors to her great men. A notice at the door conveys a delicate hint to the visitor, assuring him in the most positive terms, that the guide in attendance to conduct strangers through the building *has no public compensation whatever.*

The plan of the building is a Greek or equilateral cross. Each arm of the cross is ninety-nine feet in length, and has a richly sculptured vaulted roof of eighty feet above the marble pavement. From the intersection of these arms rises a great dome, springing from a circular gallery surrounded by thirty-two Corinthian columns, sixty-two feet in diameter at the base, and two hundred and eighty-two feet in height. The inside of the dome is covered with a fine painting, representing, upon the lower part, the four monarchs of France, Clovis, Charlemagne, St. Louis, and Louis XVIII., with figures of angels, and other emblems of glory. Above is St. Genevieve, descending towards them upon a cloud, while higher up in the heavenly regions are seen Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, Louis XVII., and Madame Elizabeth! A gleam of light at the loftiest point indicates the abode of the Deity.

The construction of the dome is worthy of particular attention. It consists of three stone vaultings, one over the other, and each independent of the rest. The ascent by which you go up is between these vaultings. From the highest gallery on

the outside you have a very fine view of Paris and the surrounding country.

Underneath the pavement is an immense series of vaults for the remains of the dead. Here are the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau, whose apotheoses were celebrated in the church above, and of many other distinguished persons.

A short distance west of the Pantheon, fronting the Rue de Vaugirard, stands the

PALACE OF LUXEMBOURG.

It derives its name from the Duke of Luxembourg, who had a mansion on this spot in 1583, which was purchased by Marie de Medicis in 1612, who built the present palace upon the model of the Pitti Palace in Florence, the residence of the Grand Dukes of Tuscany.

It has witnessed a great many changes. It was occupied successively by its founder, her son, Duke of Orleans, the Duchess de Montpensier, the Duchess of Guise, Louis XIV., the Duchess of Brunswick, Madame d'Orleans, and Louis XVIII, who occupied it till 1791, when he quitted France. During the first years of the Revolution it was converted into a prison; in 1795 it became the place of the sittings of "the Directory," and was called the "Palace of the Directory;" when Bonaparte came into power, it was devoted to the sittings of the Consuls, and received the name of the "Palace of the Consulate," and shortly after "Palace of the Senate Conservator;" in 1814 it became the "Palace of the Chamber of the Peers."

The original palace is on four sides of a court, 360 by 300 feet. At the four corners are four large square three-storied buildings, or pavilions, with pyramidal roofs. These corner

Description of the Building—Napoleon's Rooms—Jardin des Plantes.

pavilions are connected on the sides and in the rear of the court by a two-storied range. The front consists of an elegant rotunda in the centre, surmounted by a handsome cupola, and connected with the corner pavilions on each side by a one-storied range, decorated with pilasters, and having upon the top an open gallery with balustrades.

I was shown through the rooms once occupied by Napoleon, and sat in the chair in which he was crowned; visited the Senate Chamber and Chamber of Peers, a small chapel richly adorned with paintings and sculpture, the bed-chamber of Marie de Medicis, decorated with paintings and gilding on the sides and ceiling, in the most sumptuous style, and passed many hours in the fine gallery of paintings and sculpture. The grounds in the rear are very extensive, and comprise a flower-garden with a piece of water in the centre, encircled by terraces, ornamented with vases and balustrades, and groups of statuary, broad walks with rows of stately trees, an immense nursery ground on the right, and a botanical garden on the left. When I was there 8000 soldiers were on parade in the central avenue.

Some distance to the east, on the banks of the Seine, near the Bridge of Austerlitz, is the

JARDIN DES PLANTES,

or "Garden of the Plants," a vast inclosure, which contains the natural productions of every country on the globe. Much of its prosperity is owing to the genius of the great naturalist Buffon, who devoted himself to its improvement with indefatigable zeal. Huge conservatories of glass and iron have been erected to shelter the tall plants of tropical climes. Every species of

animal has its appropriate habitation in some part of the establishment. Large buildings, constructed for the purpose, contain unrivalled collections in Zoology, Mineralogy, Geology, Botany, Comparative Anatomy, &c., which are open to the public on certain days without charge. There is also an amphitheatre for public lectures, and a fine library of works on Natural History. In short it is a complete museum of Natural History.

The HALLE AUX VINS, or "Wine Market," near by, is worthy a passing notice. It is a large tract of ground, inclosed with walls on three sides, and an iron railing on the side towards the quay, and occupied by piles of buildings for the storage of wines and spirits. The ranges of buildings are separated by streets called after the different kinds of wine, *e. g.* Rue de Champagne, Rue de Bordeaux, Rue de Languedoc, &c. Some idea of its extent may be obtained from the length of the iron railing on the side next to the river, which is about 2,600 feet, or more than half a mile.

There is also the HALLE AUX BLÉ, or "Grain Market," a vast circular building, LA BOURSE, or "the Exchange," which has a beautiful peristyle of sixty-six Corinthian columns, the HOTEL DE VILLE, or "Town Hall," the residence of the Mayor of Paris, the HOTEL DES INVALIDES, beneath whose beautiful dome lie the remains of Napoleon, the PALACE OF JUSTICE, the magnificent church of the MADELEINE, with its noble peristyle of fifty-two Corinthian columns, sixty feet in height, and six in diameter, and its profusion of statuary, the churches of "Notre Dame de Lorette," of St. Eustache, of St. Sulpice, the cemetery of PERE LA CHAISE, "the city of the dead," crowded with monuments of every size and shape, and exhibiting much of the same heartless sentiment and foppish vanity which characterize

Palace of Versailles—Lavish Expenditure.

the city of the living; and a multitude of other objects of interest, which my limits will not allow me to enumerate. I will conclude this imperfect sketch with a brief account of my visit to the

PALACE OF VERSAILLES.

VERSAILLES is a large town of 30,000 inhabitants, southwest of Paris, distant about 10½ miles by railroad. The palace is the chief object of interest. The day on which I visited it will ever be one of the most memorable in my life. It gave me an idea of princely splendor and magnificence of which I had no previous conception. I shall not attempt to describe it in detail. That would require months of exploration, and volumes of description. I shall simply give a few particulars, with the general impression left upon my mind by the survey.

The Palace was commenced by Louis XIV., in 1664. His father had a small chateau upon the spot, which was left standing, but is almost lost amid the magnificent piles that were built around it. It is estimated that the sum expended upon the buildings and grounds during his reign, amounted to \$200,000,000! and millions more have been lavished upon it by succeeding monarchs.

The late Louis Philippe expended an immense sum in restoring it to its ancient splendor, and filling it with an endless series of paintings, sculpture, and works of art, illustrative of everything that has reflected honor on the annals of France, from the cradle of the monarchy down to the present day. One of the last additions is a noble painting by Horace Vernet, 50 by 16 feet, representing the "*Capture of Abdel Kader by the Duc D'Aumale.*"

Place d'Armes—Statues of the Marshals, &c.—Extent of the Buildings, &c.

You approach it from the town through the broad Avenue de Paris rising towards the Place d'Armes, a fine open space, eight hundred feet broad, on the eastern side of which is a handsome range of buildings, with semicircular fronts, with courts inclosed by iron railings, and lofty gateways ornamented with trophies and sculptured pediments. There are the Royal Stables, with accommodations for 1000 horses. The Place d'Armes is separated from the court of the Palace by stone parapets, flanking an iron railing richly charged with gilded ornaments, and having a central gateway, surmounted by the ancient shield of France, with the three *fleurs de lis*. At the extremities of this railing are colossal groups in stone, of France victorious over Austria and Spain.

As you enter the spacious court, the majestic forms of the Marshals and other dignitaries of France, such as Richelieu, Bayard, Turenne, Sully, Condé, &c., sixteen in all, look down upon you from their marble pedestals, like shades of the mighty dead, and as you advance you are confronted by a colossal equestrian statue in bronze of the Grand Monarch himself.

To describe the various buildings would be impossible. They constitute a town of themselves, with squares, and courts, and streets innumerable. It may serve to convey some idea of their extent to mention, that the western front of the principal building of the Palace, consisting of a projecting centre with two immense wings, is 1840 feet in length! From the magnificent terrace you look away over its gardens, and fountains, and lakes, and rivers, and forests, and lawns, and parks, and avenues, adorned with statues, and temples, and grottoes, and summer-houses, as far as the eye can reach. It covers the site of many villages.

To describe the interior would require volumes. You may walk *seven miles* through its galleries without retracing your steps. Language fails to convey any idea of its magnificence. I can only speak of interminable suites of apartments, with tessellated floors of polished oak, sides of variegated marble, gilded cornices, walls and ceilings covered with the most beautiful paintings, representing angels and cherubs, kings and princes, nymphs and graces, warriors and battle-scenes—no mere daubs, but most elaborate productions, a single picture sometimes occupying the whole side of a room sixty feet long, and painted at a cost of twenty or thirty thousand dollars—room after room, on the same floor, in the same range, each seeming to exceed all the rest in splendor—one, the *Grand Galerie des Glaces*, two hundred and forty-two feet long, on one side continuous mirrors the whole length, and on the other, seventeen arched windows, and sixty pilasters of red marble in the spaces between—the vaulted ceiling painted its whole length with the principal events in the life of Louis XIV. I wonder not that the haughty monarch, as he held his court in this gallery, when everything he saw reminded him of his surpassing glory, should have felt himself to be more than human, and claimed the honors of an apotheosis!

CHAPTER XI.

PARIS TO LYONS.

THE traveller on "the continent" soon finds that he cannot leave the place of his sojourn on the instant. In England or in the United States, if we wish to go anywhere, we may take the first conveyance within our reach, and start the next moment if we please. But in Europe your movements are under the control of the public authorities. You must consult them in order to obtain permission both to enter a place and leave it. Your *passport*, as well as yourself, must be in travelling order. This will often subject you to a detention of several hours, and oblige you to postpone your departure to the morrow. First, you must have the "*visa*" of the American Consul or Secretary of Legation; next that of the civil functionaries; and then of the Consuls of those countries which you expect to enter. As a general rule, it is best not to obtain any more "*visas*" than necessary for your next principal stopping place; otherwise you may be obliged to obtain them all over again before reaching the country for which they are given. I was told in Paris that I must get the "*visa*" of the Papal Nuncio there, as I was going to Rome, and the "*visa*" of the Sardinian Minister, as I was going to Sardinia, &c., &c. Had I done so, I should have had to get them all over again. Instead of that, I simply obtained what was requisite for my

Route to Lyons—Choisy—Savigny—Etampes—Guinette—"Battle of Herrings."

journey to Lyons and Marseilles, viz. the "visa" of the American Secretary of Legation, of the Minister of the Interior, and of the Prefect of the Police.

There are several different routes from Paris to Lyons. The one which I took was by *rail* to Orleans and Nerondes, and thence by *diligence*. We left Paris at 7 45 A.M., passing on our right the walls of the Hospice de la Salpetrière, an immense poor-house (formerly a saltpetre manufactory), through a pleasant country bordering the left bank of the Seine, with occasional views of the river, past many handsome villas and country-seats, through Choisy—a thriving manufacturing town—sometimes called Choisy-le-Roi, from a chateau which Louis XV. built here for himself and Madame de Pompadour—now demolished, except a fragment which has been turned into a china manufactory; Juvisy—whose bridge over the Orge was anciently the boundary between the kingdoms of Paris and Orleans; Savigny with its handsome castle; Epiny; St. Michel,—where you see one tower remaining of an ancient castle built by a forester of King Robert in 1012, which was the terror of the kings of France in feudal times; Etainpes—where you have a fine view of a ruined tower on your right called *Guinette*, the only remains of the royal castle and palace built in the eleventh century, by King Robert, and dismantled by Henri IV.; Artenay—where an English detachment of 2000 men under Sir John Falstaff, escorting a convoy of provisions to the army besieging Orleans, defeated a force, 4000 strong, of French and Scotch under Dunois and the Count of Clermont, who endeavored to intercept them—called "the Battle of Herrings," from the salt fish for Lent which formed the bulk of the provisions intended for the English; Chevilly—where fossil remains of gigantic quadrupeds have been discovered—to Orleans,

seventy-five miles south-west of Paris, where we arrived at 11 45.

ORLEANS (the Roman Genabum, mentioned by Cæsar in his Commentaries) is a city of about 50,000 inhabitants, and the capital of the Department of the Loire. Among the prominent objects of interest are the Cathedral of St. Croix, one of the finest Gothic edifices in France, having two elegant towers, each two hundred and eighty feet high; a bronze statue of Joan of Arc, "the Maid of Orleans," and various memorials of her exploits.

From Orleans we travelled by rail through a barren, flat, uninteresting country to Vierzon; thence through Mehun, where you see a fragment of the castle in which Charles VII. spent much of the early part of his reign in indolence, and where he at last allowed himself to die of starvation through fear of being poisoned by his son, afterwards Louis XI.; through Bourges, a city of 20,000 inhabitants, with a fine Cathedral, and some historical monuments, the birth-place of Louis XI. and of the famous preacher Bourdaloue—to Nerondes—an insignificant village where the railway terminated, and we were obliged to take the diligence.

The French diligence, or stage-coach, is altogether a novel affair to an American. Imagine a common coach body with two seats, facing each other, wide enough for three on a seat; this is called the *intérieur*; in front of this another apartment with one seat, facing the horses, and having glass windows in front, and at the sides; this is called the *coupé*, and is considered the best seat; and back of the *intérieur* a third apartment, with seats arranged lengthwise, facing each other, and a door behind; this is called the *rotonde* (from its semicircular shape), and is the worst part of the whole. The fare varies according

to the seat. On the roof of the *coupé* is another seat, called the *banquette*, with a top like a gig, and in front of this is the driver's box. The *coupé* will usually contain three persons; the *intérieur* six, the *rotonde* six, and the *banquette* three, including the conductor, a sort of guard, who attends to the passengers, the luggage, the way-bill, and the brake upon the wheels, which is regulated by a crank at his side. The seats in the diligence are all numbered, and the passengers are not allowed to take their seats until the conductor calls the roll, and assigns each one his proper place.

On looking around in search of the diligence, as we left the railway, I was surprised to see the cumbrous machine swinging in the air from the end of an iron crane, in process of removal from a truck in the railway train! Yes! sure enough! we had brought it along with us all the way from Paris! For, in France, when stage-coaches connect with railways, instead of the passengers changing carriages at the points of connexion, the carriages change their mode of travelling. The diligence is loaded at the office in Paris, passengers, baggage, and all, driven to the railway, where it is lifted off its wheels and deposited on a rail-truck, and, on arriving at the end of the railway, lifted off and set a-going upon its wheels again!

Not being aware of this arrangement, I had not secured a seat in the diligence at Paris, and was therefore obliged to take the only place left, viz.—upon the roof back of the *banquette*, where the luggage is stowed under a huge leather cover. This cover came down so low as not to admit of a sitting posture; behind me was a great pile of trunks and boxes; and in front of me the three occupants of the *banquette*, between whose shoulders I could catch occasional glimpses of the outside, and a breath of fresh air, when they were not smoking.

I shall never forget that night's ride. We started an hour before sunset. My elevated and cramped position gave me a lively interest in every motion of the lumbering vehicle. I could not help thinking, if we *should* upset, how utterly impossible it would be for me to extricate myself from the wreck.

The occupants of the seat in front of me were profuse in their expressions of commiseration for my unfortunate situation, and consoled me with the probability of a vacancy in the course of the journey. One of them, who wore the ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his button-hole, was very polite and sociable, especially on learning that I was an *American*. All sorts of inquiries respecting our political institutions were directed towards me, which I endeavored to satisfy as well as my imperfect knowledge of the language would admit. The chevalier seemed to prefer *English* as the medium of communication; but I thought that I could talk *French* better than he could *English*; at any rate, I was determined to practise it. He gave me one piece of advice about the best way of acquiring the language, which I found of service. "Throw away your *phrase-book*," said he, "and stick to the *grammar and dictionary*."

We rumbled along through fields inclosed with hedgerows, over slight elevations crowned with trees, down in the valley again, and every few miles clattering, and thundering, and jolting over the rough pavement of some dirty little village, almost scraping the walls of the houses as we passed, and making the narrow street ring with the sharp crackling of the driver's lash. Wherever we stopped, the whole population generally turned out to receive us—men, women, children, babies, dogs, and all. The conductor was evidently a great

personage in their estimation. The favored individual whom he greeted with a word or nod of recognition, tilted his cap a notch higher in consequence, and seemed to think more of himself and less of his neighbors ever afterwards. I must do him the justice to say that he took very good care of us. He seemed to consider himself responsible for our safe delivery at the end of our journey, and all our grumblings and complaints met with a serious and respectful attention.

But such miserable villages and villagers I never saw before. How people can be satisfied to live in such dark, damp, filthy abodes, of timber, stone, and mortar, black with age, and clotted with dirt, looking out on gutters and pigsties, when the bright, clean, wide country is around them on every side, I cannot conceive. I would rather pitch a tent on a grassy slope under a tree for the summer, and dig a hole in the bank for the winter.

We enter Nevers, (mentioned by Cæsar in his Commentaries by the name of "*Noviodunum*,") situated at the confluence of the Nièvre and Loire, an ancient looking city, black with the smoke of its potteries and iron foundries. We leave it, and crossing the Loire by a heavy bridge of twenty stone arches, proceed up the valley of the Allier, its tributary. Darkness has spread over the landscape. My companions in front have made a requisition on the conductor for his match-box, and their pipes and cigars are in full blast. The conversation has changed to politics, and the strife of words waxes fiercer and fiercer. In the mean time a storm has arisen without, and the leathern apron in front is let down to keep out the driving wind and rain. Higher and higher rises the shrill nasal din of controversy, thicker and thicker grows the tobacco smoke; I can stand it no longer; I spread out a heap of overcoats under

Abed and Asleep—Midnight Glimpses—Moulins—Tarare and its fine muslins.

me, my head sinks upon my carpet bag, and I am away in far distant regions across the sea, travelling the airy round of dreams.

A sudden jolt awakens me. All is still around me. The angry disputants are fast asleep. No sound is heard but the rumbling of the diligence, the steady jog of the horses, and the pattering of the rain. Now we begin to ascend a hill, through a tract of forest, for I can see the gleam of our lamps upon the tall trees. All is wild and desolate. It seems a strange place for me to be in. Where am I? What has brought me here? It seems but yesterday since I was at home! Far ahead I see two bright lights, like the eyes of some wild animal. They grow brighter and brighter, and now the twanging horn is heard, and the roll of wheels, and the *Malle poste* dashes past us, and then all is dark and desolate as before. Another pair of lights, and a heavy English carriage rolls by, with a glimpse of a portly old gentleman in night-cap and muffler, well wrapped up against the damp and chilly air.

We rattle through Moulins, a city of about 15,000 inhabitants, and a number of small villages, and the cold gray air of morning begins to dawn. We pass through Rounne, a town of 12,000 inhabitants, at the head of navigation on the Loire, cross the river by a fine stone bridge, and commence the ascent of the Montagne de Tarare. The road is wide and smooth, carried up in a series of zigzag terraces, sweeping around the shoulders of the hills, and crossing the gorges on handsome bridges of masonry, protected at the sides by stone studs, till we reach the summit of the Pass, 3000 feet above the sea, and then descend. At the foot of the descent we enter Tarare, a town of 8000 inhabitants, one long winding street in a narrow valley, famous for its fine *muslins*. It is said that in the

town and surrounding country, 52,000 persons are employed in this manufacture. The weavers ply their trade in damp cellars, which are neither floored nor warmed by fire, in order to keep up the moisture necessary for weaving fine webs, and to prevent the breaking of the thread.

We soon leave this narrow valley; the country opens out before us, and about noon we have a fine view of the city of Lyons in the distance, extending along the banks of two large rivers, the Rhone and the Saone, at their confluence, and surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills. Handsome villas, and country seats, and gardens scattered over the landscape, betoken the approach to some great seat of wealth and active industry. We enter by the quay of the Saone, are struck with the number of fine stone bridges spanning the river, and the great height of the houses along its rocky, precipitous sides, and finally succeeding, after a series of frantic attempts, in turning a very sharp corner into a very narrow street, by making the leaders almost turn into one of the houses opposite, we are drawn up at the Messagerie, *i. e.* stage-office—and discharged into a long, narrow room, where we are at liberty to pick out our baggage, and disperse to our respective hotels.

CHAPTER XII.

LYONS.

MURRAY advises the traveller to scale the heights of *Fourvières* the first thing after his arrival at Lyons, on account of the fine view it commands of the city and adjacent country. Accordingly, as soon as I had established myself at the Hotel du Parc, and sufficiently recovered from the fatigue of my journey, I sallied forth on the excursion. If the reader will accompany me, I will endeavor to give him a clear idea of the situation of the city of Lyons.

We cross one of the many bridges which span the Saone, pass between the Palais de Justice (a handsome building faced with a colonnade of twenty-four pillars) and the Cathedral of St. Jean Baptiste, with its four massive towers, and commence the ascent of the heights, which rise from the banks of the river. The streets are steep, and narrow, and filthy, reeking with the most offensive odors. We pass behind the *Hospital of Antiquailles*, a clump of buildings assigned to the reception of six hundred patients of the worst description, such as are afflicted with madness, and incurable and loathsome diseases. It occupies the site of the *Roman Palace*, in which the Emperors Claudius and Caligula were born. Still up through narrow and zigzag lanes, steep as stairs in some places, past rows of shops displaying rosaries, and pictures, and medals, and

"Our Lady of Fourvières"—Roman Aqueduct—Observatory—View of Lyons.

candles, till we reach the church of *Nôtre Dame de Fourvières*, "our Lady of Fourvières" upon the summit.

This church is a small, gloomy building of stone, but a favorite resort of devout Romanists, on account of the wondrous miracle-working power supposed to reside in the figure of "our Lady" over the altar. The walls are covered with little pictures in frames, and medals, and crucifixes, and wax models of different parts of the body, hung up as votive offerings by those who have experienced her miraculous aid. Over the entrance is an inscription stating that Lyons was preserved from the cholera during its last visitation by her intercession.

The name *Fourvières* is said to be a corruption of "*Forum vetus*," i. e., "the ancient Forum," which was built by Trajan upon this spot. On these heights was the ancient Lyons, the Roman *Lugdunum*, founded B.C. 40. Here resided the Roman Emperors Augustus and Severus. Here still exist the traces of the vast aqueduct constructed by the soldiers of Mark Antony, when his legions were quartered here, to supply the town with water from the distant mountains of La Forez. It may still be traced for miles, crossing the valleys on arches.

Near this church is a wooden tower, built for an observatory, the top of which is six hundred and thirty feet above the Saone. We shall find a very civil attendant there with a large spy-glass to assist our vision.

We look eastward. The city is spread out like a map before us. At our feet the suburbs of *Fourvières*, through which we have just passed; at our left, farther up the river, the suburbs of *Vaise*, through which you enter Lyons from Paris; at our right, farther down the river, the suburbs of *St. George*, and behind us the suburbs of *St. Irénée*. Across the Saone is the dense mass of buildings which constitutes the main part of the

city, and beyond that the river Rhone, coming in from the north-east, and uniting with the Saone a short distance below. The greater part of the city is on the tongue of land between these two rivers, extending from the populous suburbs of *La Croix Rousse* on the north, the residence of the silk-weavers, to the quarter of *Perrache*, near the confluence. The names of the streets which run parallel with the two rivers are on *black* plates, those at right angles on *yellow* plates. On the farther side of the Rhone are the suburbs of *Les Brotteaux* and of *Guillotière*. Still farther east stretch fields, and plains, and hills, dotted over with country-seats, and in clear weather the snowy peak of Mont Blanc may be seen at a distance of one hundred miles. More to the south are the Alps of Dauphiné, the mountains of the Grande Chartreuse, and the Mont Pilas.

Lyons abounds in Roman and Christian antiquities. It was the central point from which radiated Agrippa's four great roads, viz. to the Pyrenees, to the Rhine, to the Ocean, and to Marseilles. Remains of an amphitheatre have been brought to light on the hill of Fourvières, and the Museum contains a "*Taurobole*," or square altar, on which bulls were sacrificed in honor of Cybele; the "*Bronze Tables*," on which is engraved the speech made by Claudius in the Roman Senate, on moving that the communities of this part of Gaul should be admitted to the privileges of Roman citizenship; several fine mosaic pavements, one representing the *games of the circus*, and many other interesting relics.

The *Church of the Abbey of Ainay* is a very remarkable monument both of Pagan and Christian antiquity. It is in the form of a cross, the centre of which is supported by four granite columns. These columns are supposed to have belonged to the altar erected at the confluence of the Rhone and Saone

(originally close to the church), by the sixty nations of Gaul, in honor of the Emperor Augustus, who resided three years in Lyons. The representations of this altar on ancient medals have only two pillars, one on each side of the altar, and each supporting a statue of Victory; but they were cut in two to form these four, as is shown by the measurement of the sections. •

Beneath the sacristy of this church are the dungeons in which *Pothinus*, bishop of Lyons, and *Blandina*, a converted slave, were immured during the persecution of Marcus Antoninus, A.D. 177. Pothinus, who was ninety years of age, expired after two days' confinement. Blandina was scourged and exposed to the fire in an iron chair, and then delivered over to the beasts in the amphitheatre. These dungeons are most gloomy cells, without light or air, below the bed of the adjoining river. You must creep upon hands and knees in order to enter them.

Mosheim remarks in a note to his "History of Christianity in the first three centuries:" "Respecting this persecution of the Lyonese, without question the most celebrated and in all probability the most bloody and cruel that took place in any part of the Roman empire during the reign of Marcus, there is extant an excellent epistle from the church of Lyons to the brethren in Asia and Phrygia, which I should not conceive it possible for any one to read without emotion."

The name of this church, *Ainay*, is supposed to be the same with the Latin *Athenæum*, and so called because built upon the site of the Athenæum founded by Caligula, a school of debate and composition, in which pleaders competed for the prize.

The Church of *St. Irenée* (in the suburb of that name, back of *Fourvières*) is also an interesting spot. It is said to have

Massacre of Early Christians—"Reign of Terror"—The Guillotine.

been erected on the grave of the martyr *Irenæus*, who succeeded Pothinus in the episcopate. In the subterranean vaults beneath, *Polycarp* preached at the age of eighty-six. Here too the early Christians met for prayer, and were afterwards massacred by order of Septimius Severus, A.D. 202. In the midst of this crypt is a sort of well, down which the bodies of the Christians were thrown until it was overflowed with the blood of 9000 martyrs.

In modern times also Lyons has been the scene of many acts of barbarous violence and bloodshed. No city in France suffered so severely under the "Reign of Terror" in 1793-4. The people of Lyons, roused to desperation by the tyranny and bloodthirsty cruelty of the club of Terrorists, had risen in arms against them, and tried and executed their President, the infamous Châllier. The National Convention resolved to make them an example of its vengeance. Sixty thousand troops laid siege to the devoted city, and a shower of red-hot balls and shells was poured down upon it from the surrounding heights, till 30,000 persons had been destroyed, and the greater part of the buildings reduced to ruins. The stately houses of the *Place Bellacour* (one of the largest squares in Europe), which had escaped, were afterwards wantonly demolished under the direction of *Couthon*, who, borne in a litter from house to house, on account of illness, gave the signal for destruction by striking on the door with a little hammer, and repeating the words, "I condemn you to be demolished in the name of the law." The expense of merely *pulling down* houses amounted to £700,000 (\$3,500,000.)

The guillotine was erected in the *Place des Terreaux*, and kept at work until the square became so flooded with human blood, that the Terrorist chiefs, fearing an outbreak of the

people, resolved on a more wholesale massacre. The prisoners were therefore conducted, sixty at a time, under the escort of soldiers, to a field in the suburb of Brotteaux, on the other side of the Rhone. With their hands tied behind their backs, they were fastened by ropes to a cable attached to a row of willows, and at the end of the line two cannons loaded with grape-shot were placed so as to enfilade the whole. At the first discharge few fell dead. A second and third directed against the poor wretches, mutilated and wounded a great number, but left the greater part still alive, rending the air with their agonizing shrieks; so that the soldiers were obliged to finish their work with their swords, or the butt-end of their muskets. Some were found breathing twelve hours after, when their bodies were covered with quick-lime and thrown into a hole for burial. These heart-sickening massacres were repeated by the aid of grape-shot or musketry, fired by platoons of soldiers, until the number of victims amounted to 2100. *Collot d'Herbois* and *Fouché* looked on while these deeds were done; and the former, when informed on one occasion that the band about to be led forth to death exceeded by two the number condemned, replied, "What matters it? if they pass to-day, they will not pass to-morrow."

Such outrages were perpetrated in the name of *liberty!* The Montagne decreed that "Lyons should no longer exist;" that "even its name should be effaced," and that of "Commune Affranchie" substituted; and that a column should be erected on its ruins, to bear these words:

"Lyons made war against Liberty;
Lyons is no more!"

We can hardly wonder that with such memories to look

back upon, the populace of Lyons should be easily roused to acts of insurrection and violence. More than a thousand lives were destroyed in the riots of 1831 and 1834, and often since that time have its streets been wet with the blood of its citizens.

Lyons has, however, outlived the malice of its enemies, and risen to more than its former prosperity. It is the second city in France, having, with its suburbs, a population of 200,000. Silk is the staple manufacture. It was first established here in 1450 by the Italian refugees, and was nearly ruined by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, which dispersed many of its best workmen. There are no huge factories. The master buys the raw material, and gives it out to be manufactured by the weavers, dyers, &c., at their own houses, by themselves and families. There are over 30,000 silk looms in and about Lyons. The silk weavers are bodily and physically an inferior race. Half the young men of age for military service are exempted on account of weakness or deformity. There are also other manufactures of cotton, woollen, shawls, crape, gold and silver lace, hardware, &c.

Lyons contains one of the finest libraries in France, amounting to nearly 100,000 volumes. It suffered greatly from the bombardment during the siege. The roof was beaten down; large heaps of books covered with rubbish; some carried to Paris, and others stolen. But, worst of all, the library was turned into a barrack; the National Guard lighted their fires and boiled their coffee with the volumes, and one of the justices of the peace had a cart-load brought him every ten days for the same purpose.

CHAPTER XIII.

LYONS TO AVIGNON AND NISMES.

THE porter aroused me from my sleep at two o'clock in the morning, and as soon as I was ready, put my luggage on a hand-cart and led the way to the steamer for Avignon. It was bright moonlight, and the shadows of the lofty buildings fell in heavy masses across our path, till we emerged from the narrow streets and came out upon the broad quays on the left bank of the Saone. Here it seemed almost as light as day, yet not a sound broke the universal stillness save our own footsteps clattering over the stones. There is something to me very impressive in the aspect of a great city at the dead of night under the light of the full moon. When all is wrapped in darkness, the general silence and repose seem in harmony with the scene. But when broad light rests upon the houses, and the streets, and squares, and not a sign of human life appears, one is startled by the strange contrast. It seems as if some mighty spell of an enchanter's wand had fallen upon the city, as in fairy tale, and stricken every living thing into stone!

The steamer *L'Ocean* is lying at the quay d'Occident. Here are some faint indications of returning life. The smoke begins to curl lazily from the pipe, and forms of men are occasionally visible on deck. After a while the stragglers on their way to

the boat increase in number and activity. Piles of freight and baggage come pouring in; and after the usual amount of lifting, and dumping, and shoving, and hauling, and running to and fro, and jabbering and swearing, and ringing of bells, we are fairly adrift, and on our way down the river at four o'clock.

The steamer is not exactly like what we love to call "the floating palaces" of our American lakes and rivers. It is long and narrow, dirty and disagreeable, a good freight boat, but with very little provision for the accommodation of passengers. The cabin is very small, and the deck covered with rusty sheet iron, and unprovided with awnings, so that the reflection of the sun in a hot day is almost intolerable.

"Are you English?" inquired a gentleman standing by me, who with his companion had been scrutinizing me for some time. "*Non, Monsieur; je suis un Americain,*" I involuntarily replied, not considering that an answer in the same language with the inquiry would probably be intelligible; so strong was the habit of a few days during which I had not met with a person who could talk English. They were not a little amused at my replying in French. We soon were on the footing of old acquaintances, making our observations on the company and scenery, and comparing our ideas on innumerable points in literature, politics, and religion. I found them very agreeable companions. They were young Englishmen, fresh from the Medical School, on their way to Switzerland for a pedestrian tour.

We pass on our left the junction of the Rhone, and glide rapidly down the broad stream, past many little villages with long avenues of willows and poplars, Givors on our right, distinguished by the smoke of its glass-houses, and touch a few moments at Vienne on our left.

VIENNE is a town of 17,000 inhabitants, at the mouth of the Gere, a tributary of the Rhone. It is one of the most ancient towns in France, having been a flourishing place before Lyons is known to have existed. It is mentioned by Cæsar, by Ansonius, and by Martial. Many remains of its Roman possessors are still to be seen; such as a temple, an amphitheatre, an obelisk seventy-six feet high, outside the walls, water-conduits, fragments of sculpture, &c. It is also interesting as connected with the earliest introduction of Christianity into the West of Europe. There is an authentic epistle of the second century from the churches of Vienne and Lyons to their brethren in Asia and Phrygia. In the fifth century it was the capital of the first kingdom of Burgundy, and afterwards the capital and residence of the Dauphins. Here was held in 1307 the celebrated Ecclesiastical Council which condemned the order of the Templars.

Several times in the course of my travels I have been struck with the forcible impression made by the history of Pontius Pilate upon the popular mind in various countries, as shown in local superstitions. Here, for instance, is a ruined castle upon the top of Mount Salomon, back of Vienne, which passes with the common people for the prison of Pilate, who, according to Eusebius, was banished to this place after his return from Judea to Rome. On the opposite side of the river is an old square tower, sometimes called "Tour de Mauconseil," *i. e.* "The Tower of Evil Counsel," from a tradition that Pilate ended his days by throwing himself off the rock. On the same side is a lofty ridge which bears the name "Mount Pilate," and several miles below is the "Chateau de Ponsas," or "Castle of Pontius," situated upon a high rock which is commonly supposed to have been the scene of the same tragedy. Mount

Pilate, near Lake Lucerne, in Switzerland, also derives its name from a similar tradition, that Pilate, after he was banished by Tiberius, wandered about among the mountains, stricken by conscience, until he ended his miserable existence by throwing himself into a lake on the top of the mountain. The storms which gather around its summit are attributed to the unquiet spirit still hovering around the sunken body.

We pass a great many vineyards, often planted on terraces carried to the tops of the hills. Where the soil is favorable, and there is a southern exposure, the vintage is of a superior quality. The vineyard of L'Hermitage is celebrated all over the world. Such is its body that it is sent to Bordeaux to be mixed with clarets to fit them for exportation. That of St. Peray is also famous.

We pass Tournon on our right, with its picturesque towers, the valley of the Isère opens on our left, affording a fine view of the Alps of Dauphiné, beyond which may be seen in a clear day the snowy peaks of Mount Blanc, seventy or eighty miles distant; we shoot by the town and citadel of Valence, and come to our moorings below the wire Suspension Bridge, one of the handsomest on the Rhone, where we stop half an hour.

Some of the scenery below Valence is very fine. The limestone cliffs rise precipitously from the water's edge, in some places pierced with hollow caverns at the base, in others assuming an endless variety of fantastic forms as viewed from different points, and often crowned with the ruins of some romantic old castle. Indeed the whole scenery of the Rhone is much finer than I had anticipated. It will not suffer in comparison with its more celebrated rival, the Rhine.

Below Viviers the river expands, and its current is divided by numerous willowy islands. We are obliged frequently to

Longest Stone Bridge in the world—Avignon—Palace of the Popes.

stop and proceed with great caution lest we run aground. At Pont St. Esprit is the longest stone bridge in the world. It is 2717 feet in length, resting on twenty-six arches, and was built by a brotherhood of monks in 1310. The lofty spires and towers, and the machicolated battlements of the ancient city of the Popes, now rise to view on our left, and at about half-past three in the afternoon, having sailed one hundred and thirty-five miles from Lyons, we are moored at

AVIGNON.

The seat of the Popedom was transferred from Rome to Avignon in 1305 by Clement V., a Frenchman, chosen Pope through the influence of Philip the Fair, king of France, who wished to have the Pontifical court more under his control. Here it continued seventy years, a period which the Italians call "*the Babylonian captivity.*" Seven successive Popes held their luxurious and profligate court within this palace. Here Petrarch was a guest. Giotto and his scholars adorned its walls with frescoes. In its dungeons Rienzi was a prisoner. During this time its population increased to 80,000, and it was greatly embellished with buildings. So completely ecclesiastical did it become, that it contained eight chapters, thirty-five convents, ten hospitals, seven fraternities, three seminaries, a university, and sixty churches; one-third of its population were dedicated to the church, and it had between two hundred and three hundred towers and spires!

As soon as we had extricated ourselves from the hands of the porters, and reached the hotel upon the heights through clouds of dust, I took a guide and hurried off to the ancient PALACE OF THE POPES. It is now used for a barrack and

prison. But although it has undergone some alterations to adapt it to its present uses, it still retains enough of its ancient grandeur to impress the beholder. Its walls are of solid masonry one hundred feet high, and some of its towers one hundred and fifty. Over the entrance to the court-yard, originally defended by drawbridges, portcullis, and iron gates, is the *balcony* from which the Popes bestowed their benediction upon the people.

I passed up the wide stone staircase on the right to what was once the Grand Salle, or Great Hall of the Palace, where the Papal court was held, and public entertainments were given. It is now divided into three stories for soldiers' dormitories. The vaulted ceiling and the capitals of the lofty pillars are not visible until you reach the third story. Strangely do the soldiers' cribs and accoutrements contrast with the associations of the place! In 1441 this hall was blown up with the assembled guests, consisting of the nobles of Avignon, by order of Pierre de Lude, the Papal legate, in revenge for the murder of his nephew. Ever since it has borne the name of *Salle Brulée*, i. e. "the Burnt Hall."

Next I visited the chamber occupied by the Inquisition, which was established here in the thirteenth century. It is on the opposite side of the building. Near by is the *Chapel of the Holy Office*, vaulted and groined, with some traces of the frescoes with which its walls were decorated by Giotto in 1324-27. Here the Jews in Avignon were assembled at stated times to hear a sermon designed to promote their conversion to Christianity.

Adjoining is the Salle de la Question, or *Chamber of Torture*, with funnel-shaped walls contracting upwards, in order to stifle the cries of the miserable victims. In the thickness of

the wall in one corner are the remains of a furnace for heating torturing irons; and near it the holes to which was attached the instrument called *La Veille*, i. e. "The Vigil,"—a pointed stake upon which the condemned was seated, and suspended by cords from above, so as only to prevent his falling, but allowing his whole weight to bear upon the point.

Close to the Tower of the Inquisition is the tower called the *Glaciere* (from an ice-house in a garden near by). You look through a door in the side of the wall into a deep abyss, near the bottom of which are several long black stains, said to be streaks of human blood. Here was perpetrated one of the most horrible atrocities of the French Revolution. In 1791, sixty unfortunate persons, male and female, imprisoned for their political sentiments, were dragged from their cells by a savage band of Democrats, and stabbed one by one at this door, and then hurled down dead and alive into the depths below; and then, to finish the work, quick-lime in large quantities was thrown down over them upon the mangled heap of dead and dying.

In the narrow passage which leads to this part of the castle, the marks of the shot still indent the walls where some of the bloody Jourdan's prisoners were ranged in line, and despatched by grape-shot from a cannon at the gate.

Opposite the Papal palace is a large building ornamented in front with garlands carved in stone, which was formerly the *Papal Mint*.

The CATHEDRAL, upon the summit of the rock, approached by a long flight of steps, retains some vestiges of its ancient magnificence—the monumental tombs of Pope John XXII. and Benedict XII., and the Papal throne, with the winged bull of St. Luke and the lion of St. Mark. Here Petrarch first

saw Laura kneeling at mass, and fell in love with her foot peeping out from under her dress before he had seen her face.

Vaucluse, which has been made classic ground by the muse of Petrarch, is a wild valley completely shut in by the mountains (whence its name "*vallis clausa*"), through which rolls the Jorgues over its stony bed, about eighteen miles east of Avignon.

From Avignon by rail to *Tarascon*, with its massive castle built by Henri II. in 1400, crossing the Rhone on a wire bridge 1446 feet long, to *Beaucaire*, a town of about 10,000 inhabitants, at the mouth of the Canal de Beaucaire, which connects with the Canal du Midi that joins the Garonne at Toulouse, and thus unites with the Mediterranean and the Atlantic. The town lies at the base of cliffs of bare rocks, one of which is surmounted by the ruins of a castle, once the stronghold of the Counts of Toulouse. On the wide space between the castle rock and the Rhone, an annual Fair is held from July 1st to the 28th, which is attended by 100,000 persons, and attracts merchants from all parts of France, Spain, Portugal, and even Barbary.

From Beaucaire by omnibus and rail to *Nismes*, where I arrived at 9 P.M., much fatigued with my day's journey from Lyons.

CHAPTER XIV.

NISMES AND ARLES TO MARSEILLES.

ON my arrival at Nismes, I had hardly set foot within the Hotel du Luxembourg, before I was accosted by a guide, who proffered his services to show me "the antiquities." I engaged him to attend me at six the next morning. After supper, as it was a beautiful moonlight evening, I strolled about the town to gain some general idea of its appearance.

Nismes is a thriving manufacturing town of 45,000 inhabitants, capital of the Department du Gard. The *old* town consists of narrow, intricate streets and houses, but this is encircled by a fine broad street, or *boulevard*, planted with trees and lined with handsome buildings, which separates it from the more modern part. A large part of the population, perhaps one-third (I was told one-half), is Protestant, and so complete is the separation between the two parties, that they frequent different cafés. Although Nismes has received comparatively little notice from travellers, it is richer in well-preserved antiquities than any town in France, or Northern Europe.

At six o'clock the next morning I commenced the tour of "the antiquities." The first object of interest is the AMPHITHEATRE. This made a great impression on my mind. I wondered that more had not been said about it. It is a colossal pile, and far better preserved externally than the Coliseum

at Rome. In form it is a perfect oval, and has two stories of sixty arcades each, the arches of the first story serving as so many doors. The walls are seventy feet high, the length four hundred and thirty-seven feet, width three hundred and thirty-two. It had originally thirty-two rows of seats, and furnished room for more than 20,000 spectators. Each story has a corridor or portico encircling the whole building, which served for a lobby to the interior. Into this lead numerous passages, radiating from the centre, and widening outwards to facilitate the egress of the crowd. The rows of seats were divided into four tiers by spaces wider than the seats, for the different ranks of spectators, the patricians on the lower more central seats, and the plebeians above. In some places you can see the lines marked upon the seats to indicate the space allotted to each individual. Upon the outer rim of the wall at the top, are projecting stones with round holes cut in them, corresponding with hollows in the exterior cornice below, into which the poles were put to fasten the awnings stretched over the spectators. A very narrow stair in the thickness of the wall to the top was evidently intended for the men who had charge of the awning. Some of the stones in this large structure are eighteen feet long, put together without any cement, yet so perfectly fitted, that when they have been slightly separated by some mighty convulsion, you can see clear through the seam.

During the middle ages it was converted into a fortress by the Visigoths. The Saracens occupied it in the eighth century, until Charles Martel expelled them and endeavored to destroy the structure by filling its vaults and passages with wood and setting fire to it. It still bears the marks of the fire. Some of the stones were cracked by it.

From the top you have a fine view of the town and sur-

rounding country. There is a striking contrast between the busy aspect of the streets below on the one hand, and the silent, grass-grown seats of the amphitheatre on the other. It was my first introduction to the monuments of Roman power. Long I stood and gazed upon that empty arena, till it seemed again filled with the struggling forms of gladiators and wild beasts, and those streets thronged with a multitude of admiring spectators. Nearly two thousand years have passed away, yet notwithstanding all the ravages of time, and the violence of more worthless barbarians, the amphitheatre still rears its massive walls, as if in proud contempt of the puny edifices of modern time. It will yet outlive whole generations of them.

The MAISON CARRÉE, as it is commonly called, is another of the most interesting antiquities of Nîmes. This is a beautiful Corinthian temple of admirable proportions and exquisite workmanship. It has been put to a variety of uses. Originally a Roman temple, consecrated in the reign of Augustus or Antoninus, afterwards a Christian church, in the eleventh century a town-hall, later still occupied as a stable, when its owner built walls between the pillars of the portico to make more room, and pared away the flutings of the central columns to allow his carts to pass in; after that attached to the Augustine convent, and used as a tomb-house for burial; next for a revolutionary tribunal, and finally converted into a *Museum*.

It is surrounded by thirty Corinthian columns, ten of which are detached and form the portico. The Museum contains a collection of antiquities and a number of very ordinary pictures. One of them, however, by Paul Delaroche, is a very fine one—viz., *Cromwell opening the coffin of Charles I.* The face of the dead man, calm and passionless, is in striking contrast with the countenance of the living, thoughtful and sorrowful, not with-

Fountain of the Nymphs—La Tourmagne—Roman Gates.

out compunctious visitings as he gazes upon the victim of his stern policy.

The public garden contains many other interesting relics of antiquity. Here is the Fountain of the Nymphs, a copious spring of water which bursts out of the foot of a hill, and is received into a large stone reservoir, originally a Roman bath for women. It is surrounded by a colonnade below the level of the ground, and the water is conducted thence through a canal bordered with a stone balustrade. On one side of it is a ruined Roman building, supposed to have been a fane dedicated to the Nymphs, and connected with the neighboring baths. Some inscriptions prove this and the baths to have been built by Augustus. The ancient aqueduct of the Pont du Gard terminated near this fountain.

The hill which rises behind the fountain is planted with trees, and laid out in zigzag walks conducting to the summit. Here is another ancient monument called *La Tourmagne*, a dismantled tomb of rough stone, of a conical shape, and hollow within. A staircase conducts to the top, which commands a fine view of the surrounding country.

Two of the original Roman gates still exist, the "Gate of Augustus," founded B.C. 16, consisting of a double arch with two side doors for foot-passengers, flanked by two towers; and the "Gate of France."

Nismes is the birth-place of *Nicot*, a physician who first introduced from Portugal to France *tobacco*, called after him *Nicotiana*; also of M. Guizot, ex-Minister of France.

Returning to the hotel and breakfasting, I proceeded to Arles by rail, retracing the route of the preceding day as far as Tarascon, and then taking the Avignon and Marseilles railway to

ARLES,

where I arrived about noon, and stopped at the Hotel du Forum. Took a guide and began the tour of "the antiquities."

Arles, on the left bank of the Rhone, near the apex of its delta, about twenty-eight miles from the sea, was once the most important city in France, "*the Rome of Gaul*," as Ausonius calls it. It is said to have been a Grecian colony, and has always been celebrated for the beauty of its women. The Grecian profile is certainly very noticeable even in the women you meet in the streets. The population of the town is now less than 20,000, and its richest treasures are the remains of its ancient greatness.

The AMPHITHEATRE is larger than that of Nismes, though not in as good a state of preservation. Its dimensions are four hundred and fifty-nine feet in length, three hundred and thirty-eight in width, with five corridors, and forty-three rows of seats, capable of holding 25,000 spectators. There are sixty arches in each story, the lower Doric, and the upper Corinthian, of massive construction, formed of enormous blocks of stone very exactly fitted together. On the top are two square towers remaining of four originally built by the Saracens, in the eighth century. A range of vaulted chambers opening into the arena is supposed to have contained the dens of the wild beasts, from which they rushed forth to engage in the gladiatorial contests. In order to explain the use of this part of the structure in as graphic a manner as possible, my guide retreated into these dark caverns through the low arched orifice, and then issued forth on all-fours, growling and shaking his head in a very spirited style. The parapet inclosing the arena is more perfect than that of Nismes. It

is faced with marble slabs, without any cement, yet so nicely fitted together as to hold water, with which the arena was flooded for representations of nautical combats.

The ROMAN THEATRE, in another part of the town, is only a fragment of the original building, but the costly marbles, columns, sculptured friezes, and statues found in it, attest its ancient magnificence. One of the statues found here now adorns the Gallery of the Louvre in Paris, called "the Venus of Arles."

Two Corinthian columns, surmounted by part of their entablature, alone remain. They formed part of a row of pillars in front of the stage. Opposite is the semicircular space for the audience, scooped out of the rock, and still retaining some of its stone seats rising one above the other. Near the theatre is a very beautiful Doric gateway, or Arch, richly sculptured.

In the middle of an open square called the Place Royale, is a curious-looking OBELISK, of a single shaft of granite, forty-seven feet high, which was found in the Rhone, and raised to its present position in 1676. It is supported on four lions, and surmounted by a gilt sun, with eyes, cheeks, and mouth.

The MUSEUM, in the suppressed church of St. Anne, is filled with an interesting collection of ancient remains, such as marble friezes and statues, an altar to Apollo, having representations of the Delphic Tripod, and Marsyas flayed alive, a leaden pipe stamped with the name of the Roman plumber, &c., &c.

On the same square is the CATHEDRAL OF ST. TROPHIMUS, who is said to have been a disciple of Paul, and to have first planted the cross here. It has a curious projecting porch, adorned with statues of apostles and saints, and representations of scriptural subjects. Over the door is the Saviour as

judge of the world, beneath him the twelve apostles, on the right side the good, and on the left the bad, bound by a rope, and dragged by devils. There are also some curious cloisters on the south side.

Opposite the Hotel du Forum are two granite pillars, and part of a Corinthian pediment, the fragments of some ancient building now built in within the wall of the Hotel du Nord.

Beyond the walls, to the east of the town, is the ancient cemetery of Arles, still called ALISCAMPS, a slight variation of the original name, "Elisii Campi" ("Elysian Fields"), by which it was known eighteen centuries ago. It was of vast extent, and the dead were brought hither from other cities as far distant as Lyons. One portion was used for burials in Pagan times; and another, marked off with crosses, was afterwards designated for the interment of Christians. The ground teems with gravestones, sepulchral memorials, and sarcophagi; but the most interesting specimens have been removed to the Museums of Arles, Toulouse, Marseilles, &c. In the neighboring farms the cattle drink out of stone troughs, which are nothing but *empty coffins*, and with their lids the ditches are bridged!

From Arles I proceeded by rail to Marseilles. The road traverses the *Crau*, a singular stony plain, extending south to the Mediterranean, covered all over with rolled boulders and pebbles, which must have been deposited here by the Rhone and its tributaries at some time when the face of the country was different from what it now is. This stony plain was well known to the ancients. It is described by Strabo, Pliny, Mela; and Æschylus makes it the scene of the combat between Hercules and the Ligurians, when the son of Jove, having exhausted his arrows, was supplied with artillery from heaven

by a discharge of stones from the sky, sent by Jupiter. An ancient writer wittily remarks, that the assistance of Jupiter would have been more effectual had he showered down the stones at once on the heads of the Ligurians. The soil is thin, and the vegetation scanty, but it affords good pasturage to sheep, which are driven here from the French Alps to spend the summer. A few miles before we reach the end of our journey the blue waters of the MEDITERRANEAN open to view, awakening a host of classic associations in the mind of one who sees them for the first time. At 7½ we arrived at the railway terminus in Marseilles, and in the midst of a thunder-shower were rattled away in the omnibus to the "Hotel des Empereurs," in the Rue Cannabiere.

CHAPTER XV.

MARSEILLES TO NICE.

MARSEILLES, the ancient "*Massilia*," is a city of great antiquity. It was founded B.C. 578 by a colony of Phocæans, who left their native country in Asia Minor to avoid submission to Cyrus, and settled on the barbarous shores of Gaul. The intelligence and enterprise of the colonists, aided by the local advantages of their situation, soon made Marseilles a place of great commercial importance, and eminent also in the arts and literature. Cicero says, that Greece alone could compete with Marseilles as a seat of learning. Tacitus calls her "mistress of studies." In the civil wars between Cæsar and Pompey, Marseilles was besieged and taken by Cæsar's fleet of galleys under the command of D. Brutus. Cæsar writes that he preserved it "more for its name and antiquity than for its merit." In the middle ages also Marseilles was a place of great importance. She furnished all the galleys required by St. Louis to transport his army on the crusade.

Marseilles is still a flourishing city, being the chief port of France on the Mediterranean, and the steam-packet station for Italy, the Peninsula, and the East. Its population is about 180,000. At the present time, however, it contains few remains of its antiquity or any other objects of much interest to strangers. The entrance on the north is by an Arch of

Triumph, originally intended to commemorate the campaign of the French in Spain, but now dedicated "To all the glories of France." From this arch a fine broad street called the "Cours" stretches entirely across the town to the "Gate of Rome." Near the centre of it another wide street, Rue de la Cannabiere, strikes off from it at right angles down to the harbor, a natural oblong basin extending into the heart of the town, and capable of holding near 2,000 vessels. When I visited it, a new harbor was in the course of construction to furnish additional accommodations. The connection of France with Algiers has given a great impetus to its commercial prosperity. The mouth of the harbor is narrow, and defended by two forts; the old Castle and Tower of St. Jean on the north, and Fort St. Nicholas on the south.

The quays present a lively appearance, crowded with vessels and merchandise, and sailors of all nations, in their various costumes, Moorish, Greek, Turkish, Neapolitan, &c.; but they are disgustingly filthy, and abound in scenes of disturbance and profligacy. I shall never forget the appearance of two women in a passion, the centre of a ring of spectators. The combatants stood each with one arm a-kimbo, and the other thrust derisively into her antagonist's face, inflicting no blows, but making the most wrathful gestures, and pouring forth in screams and yells torrents of abusive language, that seemed fairly to boil over red hot from the fiery caldron within.

At Marseilles it becomes necessary for one travelling to Italy to obtain the "visas" of those consuls whose countries he shall enter. The customary fees are—for the American, twelve and a half francs; Sardinian, five; Papal, four; Neapolitan, five; Tuscan, two; Prefect, two; in all twenty-nine and a half francs,—no small item in one's travelling expenses. I intended

to go by the steamer; but, on inquiry, I found that there was a quarantine of four to six days at Genoa, and therefore changed my plans, and took place in the diligence for Nice.

We left Marseilles at 6 A.M., immediately commencing a long and toilsome ascent, up which we trudged on foot for the most part, to relieve the horses of their heavy load. From the heights we had a fine view of the city and surrounding country, sprinkled with countless "*Bastides*," as the country houses of the citizens are called, and the blue waters of the Mediterranean beyond. After a dull and dusty ride of two or three hours, we arrived at Aix, where we stopped half an hour for breakfast.

Aix, the "*Aquæ Sextiæ*" of the Romans, was founded by a Roman colony sent hither to defend the Phocæan colonists of Marseilles. Its warm *mineral waters* led to the selection of this spot, and gave the colony its name.

In the days of chivalry, Aix was the capital of Provence, the resort of the Troubadours, the theatre of the courts of love and of gay fêtes and tournaments, the seat of art and literature. The *old town* still retains in part its feudal walls and gates. The modern part consists mainly of a broad street by which you enter, lined with handsome buildings, including several hotels, and ornamented with three fountains, one of which bears a statue of "the Good King" René, holding a bunch of Muscat grapes, which he introduced into France. The Hotel de Ville contains a public library of 100,000 volumes. The present number of inhabitants is about 22,000. The vicinity abounds in almond groves and plantations of olives, and the *sweet oil* of Aix is said to be the best produced in France.

From Aix we ride along under the precipitous heights of the Mont St. Victoire, near the spot where Marius is supposed to

have defeated the Cimbri, B.C. 125, and taken or slain 100,000 of the barbarians. The battle-field on the banks of the Arc was long known as the "Campi Putridi," or the "Putrid Fields." We pass through St. Maximin, Tourves, Brignolles, famous for its *prunes*, and stop at Le Luc, a dirty little village, for dinner.

We continued our journey through Vidauban, Frejus, the once celebrated "Forum Julii," founded by Cæsar, and crossing the Estrelle mountains in the night, early in the morning arrived at Cannes, a small town beautifully situated on a bay of the sea. Here we stopped long enough to stroll along the shore, and take a look at the *Isle St. Marguerite*, about two and a half miles distant, where was the prison of the mysterious "Man in the Iron *Mask*." About half a mile east of Cannes is the place where Napoleon landed from Elba, in March, 1815. Half a mile distant is the Villa Louise Éleanore, built by Lord Brougham. Several other English visitors have houses here.

The ride from Cannes to Nice is through a delightful country, so sheltered by the mountains on the north, and open to the warm breezes of the south, as to bear the productions of tropical climes. You see the aloe, and cactus, and palm flourishing in the open air, and the beautiful foliage of the cork-tree, the arbutus, the evergreen oak, and the graceful umbrella pine. The river Var, a wild, turbulent stream, rolling furiously over its stony bed, separates France from the Sardinian States. We were detained awhile at the French custom-house on one side, some time longer at the Sardinian on the other side, and after a short ride farther, arrived at Nice about 10 A.M.

NICE (Ital. Nizza) is a town of about 30,000 inhabitants, beautifully situated on a crescent-shaped beach opening on the

Ruins of an old Castle—Beautiful Country—Resort of Invalids.

Mediterranean, with long points of land running out at each horn of the crescent, and the Piedmontese Alps in the background. The torrent Paglione runs through the western part, and is crossed by several bridges, although the bed of the stream is almost dry in the summer time. East of the town is a rocky eminence, on which are the picturesque ruins of an old castle, which held out against the combined attack of the French and Turks in 1543. It is said that the Turks were repulsed by the prowess of a female warrior. The Janissaries had planted the crescent upon the ramparts, when a woman, the wife of a poor citizen, one Catherine Segurana, rallied the flying garrison, and cutting down the standard-bearer with a hatchet, she waved the standard. The Nizzards regained their courage, and drove back the Janissaries in the greatest confusion. The inhabitants afterwards raised a bust to her honor, with an inscription commemorating her exploit. In 1706 the castle was blown up by the Duke of Berwick, under the direction of Louis XIV. The site is now laid out in walks, and planted with trees and shrubbery for a public resort. A winding path leads to the summit, from which there is a fine view of the buildings of the town, the valley of the river, the Alps beyond, and in front the wide expanse of the Mediterranean, across which the mountains of Corsica may be seen with the naked eye.

The country about Nice is exceedingly beautiful. It is celebrated for the variety and beauty of its flowers. The gardens are skirted by hedges of geraniums and verbenas, as large as our lilac bushes, and full of fig, and orange, and lemon trees. The air is laden with the rich perfume of the orange blossoms. On account of the salubrity of its air and its other attractions, Nice has long been a favorite resort of invalids,

especially the English, who come here to spend the winter season. It has, therefore, the usual concomitants of a large watering-place. The modern part is laid out in wide streets, and squares, and terraces by the sea-side, and has several immense hotels for visitors. As I was there in June, which was "out of season," I found the hotels almost deserted, and it was easy to obtain good accommodations at a moderate price.

The churches are generally among the principal objects of interest to the traveller upon the Continent. They are open to visitors at all times, and serve as repositories of the taste, and skill, and wealth of the inhabitants for many generations. In those of Nice, however, I found nothing particularly worthy of notice. They contain the usual quantity of paintings, marble figures, silver hearts and images, the offerings of the devout. Some of the pictures were glowing representations of persons in the flames of purgatory, writhing in agony, and with labels from their mouths, beseeching their relatives and friends to have pity on them, and without delay contribute the necessary sum for their deliverance!

One of the churches, which I visited early Sunday morning, was filled with a regiment of Sardinian Infantry in full uniform, attending high mass. The band played a very sweet accompaniment to the service, and the soldiers went through with the customary formalities, such as lowering their arms, crossing themselves, kneeling, &c., with great apparent devotion, but the officers, who stood in a group by themselves, were chatting and laughing all the time, as if the performance was a mere farce.

In the afternoon a long procession of priests, and monks and nuns, and boys and girls, some in black, and some in white, and some in red, and some in all sorts of colors, tricked

out with ribbons and streamers, and carrying banners, and canopies, and images, chanting and singing, and firing crackers, and ringing bells, roamed through the principal streets of the city, which were lined with admiring spectators. To a superficial observer it was a gay and animating scene. But when viewed in its religious bearings, it was like the sight of roses upon a sepulchre, or of the garlands which deck the unconscious victim on its way to the altar of sacrifice. Here, alas! there is no Sabbath. Religion has no life, no power. The face of nature is beautiful, the sky is fair, and the external appearance of everything is bright and joyous. But the moral aspect is dark and desolate. All seem to be living "without God in the world." To enjoy life for the present, and keep death out of mind, seems to be the highest aim of most of the inhabitants.

CHAPTER XVI.

NICE TO GENOA.

THIS is said to be the most beautiful ride in Italy. It comprises all that is lovely and sublime in natural scenery, and all that is romantic and venerable in historical associations. It passes through what is called the "Riviera di ponente," *i. e.*, "the shore of the west"—or more briefly, "the Riviera," a district of six or seven miles in width between the mountains and the sea, or running up the mountain slope, so completely sheltered from the cold winds of the north and open to the genial influences of the south, as to enjoy a temperature capable of bearing many of the productions of tropical climes. Here flourishes the American aloe, which has now become naturalized so as to grow by the road side, sometimes to the height of twenty feet; the prickly pear, the pomegranate, the palm of the East. The palm was introduced and cultivated for the purpose of supplying branches to be used in the ceremonies of the Romish festival, *Palm Sunday*. Groves of olives clothe the sides of the mountains. The gardens abound in orange, and lemon, and fig trees, and the road is often lined with rhododendrons and oleanders. The road now winds up the sides of the mountains, affording magnificent views of the country and sea, and now descends and runs along the strips of plain at their feet, and sometimes on the very margin of the sea.

It is on the line of the Roman *Aurelian Way*, some remains of which may occasionally be seen.

On a fine morning about the middle of June we took our seats in the diligence, to enjoy the beautiful ride—a company of five, besides the conductor and postilion—viz. two young Englishmen, travelling for health and pleasure, just from a visit to Madeira, two young Americans, one fresh from a year's tour in Spain and Morocco, and a grave but polite Austrian student. We were in fine spirits, disposed to enjoy everything, and determined to let nothing escape us that was worth seeing.

Immediately after leaving Nice, we commenced the ascent of the mountain, which presented us with a constant succession of the finest views in every direction. We look back upon Nice with its clustered buildings, its bridges, its gardens, saluting us with their distant fragrance borne on the southern breezes, its crescent beach and the sea beyond. We follow the valley in which Nice lies, along its well-cultivated sides, trace the Turin road nearly parallel with our own, until the eye rests upon the blue mountains terminating the vista, with here and there a snowy peak glittering in the sun. Around us are hills, and knolls, and rocks, and mountains, of every shape and size. The view from the top of the ascent, where the road passes under the fortress of Montalbano, is very fine. To the west, the great bay of the Mediterranean as far as Antibes and the coast of France far beyond; to the east, Villafranca, the Riviera, headlands, bays, towns, and towers, in endless perspective.

Here properly begins the district of the Riviera. We pass *Esa*, boldly situated upon a rock a little off the high road, which was built as a city of refuge from the corsairs. A huge mass of solid ruin, towering above all surrounding objects, attracts our attention at a distance, long before we have

Trophæa Augusti—Prince of Monaco.

reached it. It stands in the midst of the little village of Turbia, and has served for a quarry out of which the church and many of the houses have been built. This ruin is the nucleus of the celebrated TROPHÆA AUGUSTI, built to commemorate the victories of Augustus over the tribes of the Ligurian Alps. The Ligurian tribes were among the last of the inhabitants of Italy incorporated in the Roman empire. They were the allies of the Carthaginians in their wars with Rome, and for more than a hundred years defied all the military power of the Roman empire. When they were conquered by Augustus, he erected this remarkable trophy in commemoration of the event. It bore an inscription which contained the names of these tribes; and a small fragment which still remains, with part of one word and portions of the letters of the line above, can be *exactly fitted* on to the inscription as recorded by the historian Pliny. This solid mass of stone was probably covered by sculptures of trophies of arms, and surrounded by a statue of Augustus. Many fragments of columns, and friezes, and other architectural ornaments, have been incorporated in the walls of the church and other buildings in the village. An ancient Roman road-guide, called the "Itinerary of Antoninus," assigns this rock of Turbia as the boundary of Italy and Gaul.

Soon after leaving Turbia we enter the domain of the *Prince of Monaco*, the smallest monarchy in the world. It contains two towns and one village, and about 6000 inhabitants. The Prince, Onorato IV., is descended from the Grimaldi family, to whom this domain has belonged for more than eight centuries. He has his capital, the ancient city of MONACO, which stands out of the main road close to the seashore, covering the table surface of the rock, with its little quiet port, its walls and towers, its grand square, its palace,

where are guard-room, ante-chamber, throne, and all the attributes of sovereignty. The entrance into his dominions is signified by a dogana, or custom-house, bearing the lozenge shield of the Grimaldi family, surmounted by a crown, where your baggage must pass under inspection. The Prince lives at Paris the greater part of the year. The inhabitants are said to be very proud of their independence, and the dignity of their Prince.

We next pass *Roccabruna*, curiously situated upon a rock of *breccia*. It is said that the whole has sunk down several hundreds of feet without damaging or even disturbing the castle and edifices comprising the village. The road here attains to a great elevation. It is frightful to look over the side, unprotected by any rampart, and see the rapid slope of the mountain many hundred feet down to the edge of the sea. The country bears marks of careful cultivation. Every inch of soil is improved, the hill-sides are terraced, and everything grows with great luxuriance. We descend through a noble wood of ancient olives, and a long avenue of rhododendrons, oleanders, and palm trees, into *Mentone*, the other town belonging to the Prince of Monaco. About half a mile beyond we come to another custom-house, where our baggage undergoes another examination, while we regale ourselves with some excellent cream cheese, which the peasant girls bring us. We re-enter the Sardinian territory.

The next place is *Ventimiglia*, the ancient "Albium Intemelium," and capital of the Intemelian Ligurian tribes. It is an Episcopal see, and claims to have had the apostle Barnabas for its first bishop. The road through the town is very rough, narrow, and steep. We had occasion to remember it; for we came very near upsetting just before passing the long wooden bridge over the Roja. A peasant had left his cart standing

right in the way, and as our postilion endeavored to display his skill in turning the sharp corner to bring us on to the bridge, notwithstanding the obstruction, the front wheels began to sink down the steep bank on the left, and would speedily have been followed by the whole vehicle, had not the conductor jumped out, and with several others pushed it back by main force, till the horses could be righted.

The road now passes through a more level country. We notice the two stone towers of Roman origin upon the Monte Appio, and a little off the road the ancient castle of *Dolce Acqua*, by the side of the river Nervia. We stop at *Bordighiera* to dine. Above this village is the *Montenegro*, which is said to have once sent forth flames. There are many mineral and warm springs in this neighborhood. The palm trees become more and more numerous, giving quite an oriental aspect to the scenery. Many of them are swathed around nearly all the way to the top, in order to improve the growth of the branches used in ecclesiastical purposes.

San Remo is the next place, a city of 11,000 inhabitants, beautifully situated upon the sea-shore, and extending up the side of a lofty hill. This is considered the culminating point of the tropical vegetation of the Riviera. The palms grow in the greatest luxuriance, and the dates attain full maturity. The city contains many beautiful gardens, generally on terraces, which are adorned with palms and orange groves, and perfume the air with their sweet odors.

After leaving the next place, *San Lorenzo*, the road for some distance was along a steep bank close by the sea. Here you see, at frequent intervals along the coast, picturesque towers of stone, that excite your curiosity. They were built by the inhabitants three or four hundred years ago, as places of refuge

Andrea Doria—Valley of the Albenga.

from the Barbary pirates, who were the terror of this whole region. These towers are very thick, with narrow apertures and doors high in the walls, requiring a ladder to reach them. When the alarm was given, the people fled to their stronghold, drew up the ladder after them, and were safe from their enemies. While looking at these towers, I was forcibly reminded of Prov. xviii. 10—

“The name of the Lord is a strong tower;
The righteous runneth into it and is safe.”

We ride through the steep streets of *Porto Maurizio*, which stands upon a hill projecting into the sea—cross a fine suspension bridge, with piers of polished white marble, and enter *Oreglia*, the birth-place of Andrea Doria, the Genoese Admiral, descend into the valley of Diano, celebrated for its growth of olives and wines, cross the sluggish stream of the Andora, and about dusk pass the ruins of the haunted castle where a Papal nunzio was murdered, which deed brought down a curse upon the adjoining country, which is thought to be the cause of its decay.

Night is upon us as we pass through *Alassio*, and ride through the beautiful valley of the Albenga, where the vines are allowed to hang in festoons from the trees—through the city of *Albenga* with its three lofty towers—coming down to the sea-shore again, and passing through a tunnel in the rock, for some distance—through *Finale*, *Varigotta*, another tunnel in the rock, from which, as you emerge about the break of day, you have a lively prospect, and as the light increases, can see the lofty Pharos and fortifications of Genoa in the distance—through *Noli*, *Savona*, a flourishing city close upon the sea, once having an ample sea-port, where Mago, the Carthaginian,

Distant View of Genoa.

deposited his spoils after the capture of Genoa—*Varazze, Cogoleto*, which disputes with Genoa the claim to the birth-place of Christopher Columbus. The wall as you enter bears an inscription to that effect, and one of the houses is pointed out as the house where he was born. In opposition to this claim, the house of his father Domenico can be proved, by title deeds, to have been in the suburbs of Genoa, and Columbus himself states that he was born there.

By this time we have become so exhausted with the fatigue of riding, the heat and the dust, as to be insensible to the charms of the landscape, or indeed to any object of interest, save the speedy termination of our journey. We ride through a succession of villages, *Aranzana, Voltri, Ora, Pegli, Sestro, San Pietro, d'Arena*, close under the lofty light-house, three hundred feet high, through the massive gates and fortifications bristling with cannon, and bearing many marks of the late siege by the Austrians—and we are in the city of GENOA, at 11 A.M., after a continuous ride of one hundred and forty-two and a half miles from Nice, protracted through a period of twenty-nine hours.

CHAPTER XVII.

GENOVA LA SUPERBA.

WE stopped at the "Grand Hotel de la Ville." Here the grumbling propensities of our English companions proved very serviceable. At first we were shown very inferior rooms, but the freedom of our observations, and the peremptory style of our address at length succeeded in unlocking a suite of fine apartments at about the same price, consisting of four separate bed-rooms, opening into one common drawing-room. The drawing-room may serve as a specimen of the better sort of rooms in the hotels and private mansions of this country. The ceiling was about twenty feet high, and the other dimensions in proportion. The floor is laid in cement of different colors, perfectly smooth, and polished so as to imitate various kinds of marble. It has no carpet. In Italy carpets are not desirable, as they always shelter vermin. The walls are covered with rich damask paper in imitation of tapestry, and the ceiling is domed and painted in fresco with nymphs and goddesses, and garlands of flowers. The room is furnished with fine oil-paintings, splendid mirrors, marble tables, and bureau, sofas, easy chairs, and piano. All the windows here (as indeed everywhere on the Continent) open like folding doors in the middle, and are secured by iron bolts extending the whole length, and contrived to fasten both at the top and bottom by

one turn of the knob in the centre. The charge for such a room, with bed-rooms attached, in the same style, though smaller, where there is a company of four or five, is two or three francs apiece. The meals are extra, dinner three francs, and breakfast and supper, from one to two francs each. As a specimen of the fruits of the country, we had for dessert lemons, oranges, dates, figs, cherries, strawberries, and almonds, all the growth of this vicinity.

We had just taken possession of our rooms, when the conductor of the diligence which had brought us hither came to us in great trepidation, imploring our interposition in his behalf. He was several hours behind the time in arriving at Genoa, and in consequence was threatened with a heavy fine or imprisonment, unless he could obtain a certificate from us that the delay was not owing to any misconduct on his part. This we readily granted, and sent the poor fellow away rejoicing.

After dinner we strolled out to look at the "City of Palaces." Many of the streets are very narrow, impassable for carriages, and the houses on each side are very lofty, from six to eight stories high. But on this account they are more comfortable during the hot season, as the sun is effectually excluded, and the air has the delicious coolness of a deep well. Some of the streets, which are occupied as markets, present a very lively and pleasing appearance. A great variety of fruit and vegetables is exposed for sale, and a perpetual stream of customers, and passengers, and mules, with their gay trappings and tinkling bells, is passing through. The costume of the Genoese women is singularly graceful. They wear a loose robe of muslin or lace, a kind of mantilla, which goes over their heads like a veil, and covers their shoulders and arms, while in front

"The City of Palaces"—Duomo, or Cathedral—Relics of John the Baptist.

it falls over the forehead as low as the eye-brows, and is then twisted under the chin, where it is generally confined by the fingers. Sometimes the veil is thrown back, and a head of hair displayed, even on the common peasant girls, that might excite the envy of a duchess—of a rich glossy black, elegantly braided and twisted, and fastened with a long silver pin.

Genoa well deserves her appellation, "The City of Palaces." As you walk along the principal streets, such as the *Strada Balbi*, the *Strada Nuovissima*, and the *Strada Nuova*, which are continuous, you see a succession of magnificent buildings in the richest style of architecture, with marble balconies in every story, adorned with sculpture and paintings, and through the open hall you catch a glimpse of courts, and gardens, and orange groves, and halls, and arches, and flights of steps in long perspective beyond. Many days may be spent in examining the internal arrangements and decorations of those palaces, and the fine collections of paintings which they contain.

We visited the *Duomo*, or *Cathedral of St. Lorenzo*, which was built in the eleventh century. The interior has a singular appearance, from the courses of masonry being alternately of white and black marble. Some of the stalls and partitions in the choir are beautifully inlaid in woods of various colors. The ancient manuscript choir-books are yet in use, and are a great curiosity.

Of the many side-chapels, the richest is that of *St. John the Baptist*. No female is permitted to enter it except in one day of the year,—an exclusion imposed by Pope Innocent VIII., as it is said, in revenge for the agency of the daughter of Herodias in having John beheaded! The relics of the saint are contained in an iron-bound chest, which is seen through the apertures of the marble sarcophagus enclosing it.

In the treasury of this church is preserved a relic called the *Sacro Catino*, i. e. "sacred basin," long supposed to be composed of a *single emerald*, though since discovered to be *glass*. It was part of the spoils won by the Crusaders at the taking of Cæsarea, in 1101, which the Genoese selected as their portion. Various traditions were connected with it, such as that it was a gift from the Queen of Sheba to Solomon, that it was the dish which held the Pascal Lamb at the Last Supper, and that it was the vessel in which Joseph of Arimathea received the blood flowing from the side of the Redeemer, in search of which the Knights of King Arthur made their quest. A set of keepers was appointed over it, and no stranger was allowed to touch it under heavy penalties. Three times a year it was brought forth and exhibited to the multitude by a prelate of high rank.

We also visited the church of *San' Siro*, the most ancient Christian foundation in Genoa, and associated with important events in its history. In this church the assemblies of the people were held, which revolutionized the character of the government, transferring it from the nobles to the people. Here Boccanegra was created the first Doge of Genoa, amidst cries of "*Viva il popolo!*" The interior is rich in various marbles.

Also the church of *San' Matteo*, built in alternate courses of black and white marble, which gives it a singular appearance; the church of *San' Ambrogio*, the interior of which is completely covered with rich marbles, and paintings, and gilding, from the vault to the pavements, containing, among others, a fine painting of the Assumption by *Guido*, the Circumcision, and St. Ignatius healing a Demoniac, by *Rubens*; and the splendid church of *L'Annunciata*.

Marble Terrace—Bank of St. George—Commemorative Statues.

At evening we took a walk upon the marble terrace, which extends along the quay of the port for half a mile upon the top of a range of shops. It is wide enough for six carriages abreast, and is bordered on each side by a massive balustrade, which, with the pavement, is of solid white marble. Being on a level with the roofs of the houses opposite, it commands a fine view of the city on one side and the harbor on the other.

The next morning we paid a visit to the building formerly called the *Banco di Giorgio*, *i. e.* Bank of St. George. It was the most ancient establishment of the kind in Europe, arising out of the exigencies of the republic in 1346, and was managed with great ability and integrity. It is now used as the Custom-house, and we had some difficulty in finding the way to the great hall, which contains some remains of the ancient pride and glory of the Genoese. We found it occupied with writing desks, and Custom-house inspectors and officers, but many of the statues still remain. These statues are in two ranges around the sides of the hall, the uppermost standing, and the lower sitting, all as large as life. They were designed to commemorate the munificence and charities of the nobles and citizens of Genoa, the Spinolas, the Dorias, Grimaldis, and others whose names are so familiar in the annals of the republic. Beneath each statue is a tablet or inscription, recounting the actions of those whom they commemorate;—one had founded a hospital; another had bought off a tax upon provisions, which pressed heavily upon the poor; another had left revenues for endowing poor maidens. Here too is a group in marble of a griffin holding in his claws an eagle and a fox (the latter two being allegorical representations of the Emperor Frederic II. and the city of Pisa), with the inscription—

Manufactures—Sardinian Courtesy.

“Gryphus ut has angit,
Sic hostes Genna frangit.”

Genoa is still a flourishing commercial city. Its population is about 144,000. Manufactures of silks, damasks, and velvets, are carried on to a considerable extent. The goldsmiths excel in a beautiful kind of filigree work of gold and silver, which they work into branches of flowers, butterflies, and a great variety of other ornaments.

We concluded to take our departure in the steamer “Capri,” which was to sail that evening for Leghorn, and Civita Vecchia and Naples. Accordingly, after our passports had been put in travelling order at an expense of three or four dollars apiece, I set out to find the way to the office to secure our passage. Meeting a Sardinian officer, who had the air of a gentleman, I asked him if he would have the kindness to direct me. He at once offered to accompany me, saying in answer to my remonstrances, that he was perfectly at leisure, and happy to do me a favor. He walked nearly half a mile through a series of narrow and intricate streets, before we reached the office, where he introduced me, and wishing me a pleasant voyage, bade me adieu. I have often since thought of the politeness of this officer to me, who was a perfect stranger, and resolved to imitate it whenever I might have a similar opportunity here. Surely those who profess to be governed by the spirit of Christian benevolence, their conduct ought not to be outdone in this respect by those who act merely from a natural impulse, or in obedience to the laws of conventional propriety.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GENOA TO LEGHORN, PISA, CIVITA VECCHIA, AND NAPLES.

AT six o'clock P.M., a small boat took us aboard the steamer "Capri," which lay off in the bay, and by eight o'clock we were under way for Leghorn. The view of Genoa from the sea is very fine. It lies around a beautiful bay, in the form of a crescent, with a mountain in the background, the sloping sides of which are gay with villas and gardens, and colonnades of trellis work, covered with flowers. Near the end of the western pier the *Fauale*, or lighthouse, rises to the height of three hundred feet east of the rock. Close by is the quarantine establishment, and farther north the *Darsena* (docks and arsenal), and the *Bayne*, a prison for convicts. Then the portico, surmounted by the marble terrace, extends the whole front of the quay to the *Dogana* (custom-house), and next to that, on the east side of the harbor, the *Porto Frances* (free port), a collection of warehouses, three hundred and thirty-five in number, surrounded by a high wall, with only two gates—one towards the sea, the other towards the city, where goods may be warehoused and re-exported free of duty. The surrounding heights are crowned with fortifications on a very extensive scale, the outer circuit being seven miles in circumference.

The next morning we awoke at LEGHORN, where the steamer

was to lie by all day, and start again at evening. After some delay, we succeeded in getting ashore, and repaired to the Hotel "L'Aigle Noir" ("the Black Eagle") for breakfast. A young German, whose acquaintance we made on board the steamer, accompanied us, and entertained us very much by his lively and amusing conversation. He was travelling on business in connection with a mercantile house in London, whose relations extended all over Europe, and into "the East," and spoke English, French, and Italian, with great fluency. We were much amused by a description he gave us of an Englishman with whom he once travelled in the diligence. The Englishman was very reserved and distant, repelled all his advances, and wrapped himself up in his own dignity. He condescended, however, to ask the German for several words which he had occasion to use in the course of the journey. At the inn where they passed the night, the Englishman got into some difficulty about his passport, and as he could not make himself understood at all, he summoned the young German to his relief. He found him in his night dress, in a towering rage at the officer, who was not satisfied with his papers, and wished him to spell his name. So the Englishman began in *English* style, "H-e-a-t-h, Heath." But it was utterly unintelligible to the Italian (whose language has no "h" in use), who thought the Englishman was mocking him, and began to threaten him with arrest and imprisonment. The German offered his services to spell the name after the *Italian* fashion; but the Englishman, indignant at the implication, drew himself up with a great deal of dignity, and responded, "Sir, do you think I don't know how to spell my own name?"

After breakfast we rode to the railway, and were soon transported over the intervening distance between Leghorn and

Pisa, about twelve miles, in half an hour. The principal objects of interest to visitors at Pisa are—the Cathedral, with its Baptistry, and Campanile, or bell-tower, commonly called the "Leaning Tower," and the Campo Santo.

The Cathedral owes its origin to the following events. In 1063, the Pisans, having engaged to assist the Normans in freeing Sicily from the Saracens, attacked Palermo with their fleet, broke the chain which protected the harbor, and returned home with six of the enemy's largest vessels laden with rich merchandise. Elated by their success, they resolved to commemorate it by the erection of a new Cathedral. The first stone was laid in 1064, and the building consecrated by Pope Gelasius II., in 1118. The plan is a Latin cross; length of the nave, three hundred and eleven feet; width, one hundred and six feet six inches; length of the transepts, two hundred and thirty-seven feet four inches, and width, fifty-eight feet. From the centre rises an elliptical cupola. The bases, capitals, cornices, and other parts, are fragments of antiquity, collected from different places. The western front is one hundred and sixteen feet wide, and one hundred and twelve feet three inches high. It has five stories of arches, supported by Corinthian columns. The walls are composed of alternate layers of red and white marble. The bronze doors are covered with the history of the Virgin and her Son, in bas-relief, and the interior is full of monuments, and altars, and paintings, and costly marbles, which have been accumulating for centuries. The most interesting object to me was the *bronze lamp* suspended in the nave, the vibration of which suggested to Galileo the application of the pendulum to the measurement of the time.

The BAPTISTRY (a building devoted to the administration of

baptism) stands a few rods west of the Cathedral. It is in the form of a dome, with a diameter of one hundred feet inside, and walls eight feet six inches thick, and the height from the pavement to the top of the cupola is one hundred and seventy-nine feet. In the centre of the building is the font, about fourteen feet in diameter, formerly used for baptism by immersion. From the centre of the font rises a pillar supporting a figure of John the Baptist. All around is a space raised three steps above the general pavement, for the accommodation of persons assembled to view the ceremony.

The great ornament, however, is the *pulpit*, or reading-desk. It is a hexagon, resting upon nine pillars; seven for the pulpit—one at each angle, and one in the centre; and two for the staircase. There are two marble desks, one for the gospel, projecting from the side of the pulpit, in the shape of a book, and supported by an eagle, the other for the epistle, rising from the staircase and resting upon a bracket column. The columns stand alternately upon male figures crouching, and a griffin, a lion, and a tiger. The sides of the pulpit are covered with bas-reliefs in marble, wondrously executed, representing the Nativity, the Adoration of the Magi, the Presentation in the Temple, the Crucifixion, and the Last Judgment.

The CAMPO SANTO near by is a cemetery composed of earth brought from Mount Calvary, in Palestine. This earth was said to reduce to dust, dead bodies buried in it within twenty-four hours. It was brought here by Archbishop Ubaldo, in his fifty-three vessels, when he was compelled by Saladin to retreat from the Holy Land (1188–1200). Around this sacred ground, which is of an oblong shape, a building was constructed, enclosing it like a court in the centre, and having a wide colonnade or cloister on the inside for sepulchral monu-

ments. The pavement of this cloister is composed of slab tombs of the Pisan families, who had the right of interment here, said to be six hundred in number. The figures upon them are in the costume of different classes of citizens, doctors, knights, merchants, bishops, abbots, &c., though these distinctions are well nigh effaced by the feet of generations who have walked over them. The cloister contains an interesting collection of sepulchral monuments, brought hither from the Duomo and other churches, many of them of Roman and Grecian origin, which were appropriated by the Pisans for the interment of their own relatives. The walls are covered with a series of paintings in fresco, of subjects taken from the Scriptures, and the lives of the saints. Many of them have been obliterated by dampness and the scaling off of the plaster, but enough still remains to excite the wonder and admiration of the beholder at the vast expenditure of time and labor which they must have required. One series, by *Giotto*, represents the principal scenes in the life of Job; another, scenes in the life of St. Ranieri; another, a succession of biblical histories; another, the Last Judgment, and the Infernal Regions. Some of these are extremely grotesque and ridiculous, while others are horribly expressive.

The LEANING TOWER is the campanile or "bell-tower" of the Cathedral, and stands but a few steps from it. It is celebrated from its overhanging its base upwards of thirteen feet! This was owing to the settling of the foundation before the tower had been carried up one half of its height. The builders endeavored to bring back the upper part to as vertical a direction as practicable, by making the columns on one side higher than on the other. The walls have also been strengthened by iron bars. The tower is cylindrical, fifty feet in diameter, one

View from the Top—Jewish Synagogues—Civita Vecchia.

hundred and seventy-eight feet high, and consists of eight stories of columns, with an open gallery round each story. The ascent is by two hundred and ninety steps. On the summit are seven bells, so arranged that the heavier metal is on the side where its weight may counteract the inclination of the building. The largest weighs upwards of 1200 pounds. The best toned one was only tolled for criminals on their way to execution. From the top there is a fine view of the city of Pisa, and the surrounding plain, the Mediterranean, Leghorn, and the island of Gorgena in the distance, and in other directions a diversified country, bounded by hills and distant mountains.

On our return from Pisa we had a few hours to spend in exploring the streets of Leghorn. It is a good place for "shopping." Almost everything in the line of clothing, ornament, and even books, English as well as French and Italian, may be obtained here, and at a cheap rate, as it is a free port, if you will beat the shop-keepers down about one half, for which they make allowance at the outset. We also paid a visit to the JEWISH SYNAGOGUE, which ranks next to that of Amsterdam. It is in a very narrow, dirty street, and has a very unpromising exterior. But the interior is a very handsome room, richly ornamented with marbles, and having a beautiful gallery and balustrade of white marble, which is appropriated exclusively for females.

At four P.M. we returned to the steamer. The sea was quite rough, in consequence of a strong south-west wind, which is the worst of all upon the Mediterranean. Many of our company were very sick. By abstaining from dinner, and keeping on my back, I managed to escape with impunity.

The next morning we ran into CIVITA VECCHIA, the port of

Rome, which has two narrow entrances strongly guarded. Its massive fortifications give it a striking appearance. It was a long time before we could obtain admission to land. First the captain had to go ashore and exhibit his papers, then the passengers were all mustered on deck and the roll was called, to see if they were all there. If any one had been missing, the presumption would have been, that there had been a death on board, and the vessel would have been put in quarantine. Finally, those of us whose passports were fixed for Rome, were allowed to go ashore, where we breakfasted at the hotel, and rambled about the streets, but saw nothing worthy of note. The city was full of French soldiers, and a French war steamer lay in the harbor.

We engaged the "steward" to call us in time to see the famous "Bay of Naples," and long before sunrise we were on deck, straining our eyes to distinguish the land-marks of the coast. We soon made the islands of Ischia and Procida, with their rocky sides mantled with verdure, and dotted with villas, the promontory of Baiæ, Mount Vesuvius, with a faint wreath of smoke curling up from its summit, the island of Capri in the distance, and now the city of Naples spreads before us in a long curve around the sea-shore, with a background of hills covered with vineyards, and gardens, and crowned with castles and monasteries. All is life and animation. The harbor is full of vessels, of all sizes and nations. We shoot by five French war-vessels, one of them a mammoth four-decker—and with a thrill of joy I perceive the "stars and stripes" floating from the yard-arm of a gallant frigate, the "Independence." Our steamer is immediately surrounded by a fleet of small boats with gaily-colored awnings, containing the runners of the several hotels, on the look-out for customers.

"La Crocelle."

A genteel looking Mulatto attracts our attention by his cool, American air; we inquire the name of his hotel; it is "*La Crocelle*," which we have heard highly commended; we put ourselves at his disposal; we are landed with our baggage at the custom-house, where a few francs judiciously applied relieve the officers from all necessary trouble on our account; we jump into the carriage which stands waiting for us, beset by a throng of beggars, and are soon comfortably established in our new quarters.

CHAPTER XIX.

NAPLES.

WE found pleasant accommodations at the "Crocelle." The hotel is on the street which runs alongside of the water, so that from our parlor windows in the third story, we had a fine view of the bay in front, and Mount Vesuvius at the extreme left. Our meals were served in our drawing-room by a very attentive and accomplished waiter, so that we enjoyed something like domestic quiet and comfort during the ten days we passed in Naples. We experienced much annoyance, however, from one source, which the traveller must expect as a matter of course in Italy, even at the best regulated hotels. None of them are free from vermin of all sorts and sizes.

After breakfast we took a promenade in the VILLA REAL, a public ground extending along the sea-shore for half a mile, laid out in walks and gardens, and adorned with summer-houses and statuary. The wide street called the *Corso* runs on one side of it, leading out to the Grotto of Posilipo, a favorite drive for the citizens. Visited several shops, where we saw fine assortments of cameos, mosaics, bracelets, and all kinds of ornaments, made of coral and lava. The principal streets, such as the "*Chiaja*" and "*Toledo*," are tolerably clean, though narrow in most parts, and without walks, so that it requires no little dexterity to steer through the crowd of foot-

passengers and carriages. But the streets generally are extremely dirty, and abound in noisome smells. The doors and windows are all open, so that the passer-by can see all that is going on within. Half the inhabitants are in the streets, and many of the trades are carried on there, such as weaving, rope-making, embroidery, and tinkering of all kinds. One street is full of iron bedstead makers, another is a favorite resort of scribes, or letter-writers, who sit at little tables, with ink-horns, ready to wield their pens in the service of the people; another is occupied as a market. It is common to see boys and girls ten years old running about stark naked, and in the vicinity of the docks full-grown men in the same condition, almost black with tan and dirt.

Public carriages are very numerous, and can be obtained at a cheap rate. The drivers have a curious fashion of tricking out their horses with brass gewgaws, often in the shape of little vanes, upon the neck, and back, and tail, that whirl around with the motion of the animal. The display of private equipages upon the "Corso" just before evening, is one of the finest I have ever witnessed. Many of them belong to the English residents or visitors.

Among the public edifices in Naples, one of the most conspicuous is the Temple, which fronts a large square opposite the Palace. It has a large dome built after the Pantheon at Paris, which is supported by beautiful pillars of variegated marble. Marble statues of St. Chrysostom, St. Matthew, St. Luke, St. Mark, St. John, St. Augustine, and St. Athanasius, stand between the pillars, and the walls are adorned with many fine paintings.

The Cathedral has some beautiful marbles, several statues of Popes, and some fine paintings. Many of the other churches

are richly ornamented. They seemed to be well attended. We always saw persons at the confessionals, and at mass quite a large congregation. Over one church was the inscription, "*Plena indulgentia quotidiana et perpetua, mortuis et vivis,*" i. e. "full indulgence daily and perpetually for the dead and the living." Another had the same with the addition, "*toties quoties,*" i. e. "as many times as you please." The purport of which was, that within those churches one might obtain full indulgence for any crime or crimes which he either had committed, or might desire to commit, for one day, or any number of days, or as often as he might please, and this indulgence might be obtained not only for the *living* for themselves, but also for *their deceased relatives or friends*.

We spent several days in exploring the Museum, "*Museo Borbonico,*" as it is called. It is on a grand scale. The entrance hall is of imposing dimensions, and adorned with colossal statuary. The first floor is devoted to the more massive antiquities, such as statues, monuments, fragments of architecture, &c. The rooms above contain the lighter antiquities, a fine collection of paintings, and the library.

Different rooms are assigned to the paintings of different schools; one room for the Bolognese; another for the Venetian; another for the Neapolitan; another for the Roman, &c. Here are some of the first originals by Domenichino, the two Caracci, Correggio, Titian, Rubens, Raphael, Guido, and a host of others. Of those which made the strongest impression upon me at the time, I have noted a series illustrating the history of the Prodigal Son, one of Moses smiting the rock, St. Agatha, St. Jerome in a library taking a thorn out of a lion's foot, the contest between a lion and a tiger over a deer; a fine large painting of the Crucifixion, in which I was struck with the

despairing expression of one thief, and the penitent hopeful air of the other; the fine expression of reverence on the face of the centurion; and the consternation of many of the spectators at the unnatural phenomena of the scene. But I can convey no idea of the extent, variety, and magnificence of this collection of paintings of all kinds, portraits, historical, architectural, landscape, &c., on all subjects, domestic, public, sacred, and profane. One might spend weeks in the study of a single one of the innumerable master-pieces that are to be found here. The rooms were full of artists at their easels, diligently engaged in copying, often with a cluster of admiring friends around them watching their progress.

The collection of the *lighter antiquities* is one of great interest. I was struck with the great number and variety of domestic utensils from *Pompeii*, many of them, such as the kettles, pots, chafing-dishes, vases, cups, &c., very much like modern ones, of beautiful proportions, and exquisite workmanship. In one room, the operations of unrolling the charred manuscripts of papyrus from *Herculaneum* by an ingenious machine contrived for that purpose, was going on, slowly unfolding the fragile material, and glueing it to a more substantial fabric of parchment underneath. Many of these manuscripts have been deciphered and published. I could easily make out the letters, Roman capitals, with no intervening space, but only points to separate the words.

The *Egyptian* antiquities, in one of the rooms below, are very numerous and interesting. The apartment of *mummies* is said to be the richest in the world.

The choicest treasures of *Pompeii* have been transferred to this Museum. There are some very fine Mosaic pavements, whole sides of rooms covered with fresco paintings, many of

which, taken from the walls of their sleeping apartments, are of the lowest grade of obscenity. But I was much interested in the statuary—heathen gods and goddesses—one colossal statue of Jupiter, with an air of indescribable majesty. Bacchuses and Venuses without number, the favorite subjects of ancient sculptors. One room is wholly devoted to Venuses. There is the “Venus of Capua,” the “Venus Kallipuge,” and so on *ad infinitum*, each one having some peculiarity of drapery or posture by which it is distinguished. There are some fine statues of the “Seasons,” the “Muses,” one of Atlas, Flora, Pudicitia veiled, Psyche, a wounded Amazon on horseback, Aristides, Socrates, Plato, Seneca, Demosthenes, Cicero, Homer, Terence, &c.,—the statues of the Balbi family from Pompeii, father, mother, son, and daughter. The hall of the Emperors carries one back to the days of Roman power and magnificence. As you walk between the majestic forms of the Cæsars, the heart swells with great thoughts of the manly vigor and massive strength of the Roman character, that stamped its impress on the language and literature of all coming time. And yet it is enough to make angels weep, to think of the lamentable prostitution of such mighty energies to selfish ends. Oh, if all the exquisite talk and unrivalled skill of Grecian and Roman art, if all the heaven-descended inspiration of ancient genius had been consecrated to the cause of human advancement, to the cause of God, what mighty changes might have been wrought for the welfare of mankind! The genius of men would have found an ample field for its noblest exercise, instead of beating its restless wings against the bars of its cage, or exerting its energies in the production of works of art, which, however admirable in themselves, are a poor account of a lifetime!

Castle of St. Elmo—San Carlos Theatre—The King and Queen—Tomb of Virgil.

One afternoon we visited the CASTLE OF ST. ELMO. This establishment comprises a fort, a monastery, and a church, upon a commanding eminence in the rear of the city. There is a good carriage road all the way to the top. One of the monks conducted us all over the monastery, permitted us to enter several of the cells, and was very communicative. In the centre of the building is an open court, surrounded by a cloister with marble pillars. In the middle of the court is a well, and around it a cemetery inclosed by an iron railing surmounted by death's heads. From the principal hall of the monastery there is a magnificent view of the city and bay of Naples, and the surrounding country. We rode home by a circuitous route, abounding in fine views, through the Grotto of Posilipo, a singular tunnel through the rock half a mile long—and the "Corso." The "Corso" was thronged with elegant carriages and fine horses.

One forenoon we paid a visit to the *San Carlos Theatre*, said to be the largest in the world. As it was not lighted up, and is without windows, save a few apertures through which light can be admitted, we had but a dim view of it. It has six rows of boxes, ornamented with gilding and painting in the usual theatrical style, and will seat 5,000 persons. Opposite the stage, is the King's box, surmounted by a crown. He rarely attends, however, or goes anywhere in public, being very unpopular, and afraid of his people. He spends most of his time at his palace in the country, at *Giusetta*. He was described to me as a gross-looking man, with large double chin, pleasant, but not remarkable for intellect, sensual in his tastes and habits. The Queen is an Austrian, and is even more unpopular than her husband.

Another time we visited the TOMB OF VIRGIL, which is on the summit of the Grotto of Posilipo.

Many delightful excursions may be made in the vicinity of Naples. One day we took the railway to CASTELLAMARE, on the east side of the bay, passing through *Portici*, where the Pope resided during part of his exile, under the protection of the King of the Two Sicilies—through *Torre di Greci* and *Annunciata*, which lies at the foot of Mount Vesuvius. At Castellamare we took a carriage and proceeded to *Sorrento*, twelve miles further, one of the finest rides I ever enjoyed. The road winds around the eastern coast of the bay of Naples, following its numerous indentations, now close to the sea, now upon the top of a high wall two or three hundred feet high, and now crossing a deep ravine upon a double row of arches, bordered with vineyards, trained in festoons from tree to tree, orange groves laden with fruit, oleanders, myrtles, acacias, and presenting a constant succession of the most enchanting scenery. Sorrento was the birth-place of the poet Tasso. We drove into the garden of "*Il Sirene*," a house of entertainment, beautifully situated in the midst of an orange grove upon a crag overhanging the sea. From the windows of our rooms, we could see the city of Naples opposite, and the whole of the bay with its groups of villages and noble back-ground of mountains.

The next morning we returned to Castellamare, and thence to the ruins of the buried city of POMPEII. It is a vast mound of ashes deposited by the volcano, and at a distance appears not unlike a railway embankment. It has been excavated only in part. The walls of the houses without roofs, and the pavements of the streets have been disclosed in some places, while in others you walk through cultivated fields upon the top of the mound. We saw the soldiers' barracks, the theatre and amphitheatre, a little out of the city, the Temple of Isis—the street of merchants, where you may still see in some of the apartments the

Herculaneum.

earthen jars used for oil and wine—the house of Sallust, with its walls painted in fresco—the quarter of the money-changers, where you see the sign of money pouring out of a purse still upon the walls—the Forum, the Basilica, the Court of Justice, the Temple of Jupiter, the Baths, the house of the Faun, with its beautiful mosaic pavements, &c., &c. Most of the choicest works of art have been deposited in the Museum at Naples. A strange spell comes over the mind as one looks upon the round-stone pavement of the streets, and sees the marks of wheels which rolled over it nearly eighteen hundred years ago as fresh as yesterday, and the stone fountain with the tubes from which the water then gushed forth; and enters the various apartments of the houses, and notes the domestic arrangements. It seems as if you must come across some of the inhabitants at the next turn. But when you think of the awful destruction of the ancient city in the noon-tide of its wealth, and gaiety, and vice, and of the scenes of terror which must there have occurred, in every street and house, a voice of warning comes booming over the surges of the past, presaging that great and notable day of the Lord, when the sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, and all faces shall gather blackness! Are we not taught in the Scriptures to regard all such events, though produced by natural causes, as set forth for an example like the destruction of the old world by water, and of Sodom and Gomorrah by fire, unto them that after should live ungodly, forboding and illustrating the vengeance of eternal fire?

From Pompeii we went by rail to Portici, and thence walked to HERCULANEUM. These two cities were destroyed at the same time, A. D. 80, Pompeii by a shower of ashes, Herculaneum by a flood of lava. The lava is black and very hard, so that the excavation here is a work of great difficulty, like digging into

Herculaneum.

a quarry of hard stone. We first visited some of the ruins which are open to the air, and then the excavation of the amphitheatre. You enter one of the houses in the modern village, where a guide furnishes you with a candle, and opening a door in the side of the wall bids you follow. It is just like going down a deep cellar through a stairway cut in solid black lava. The air is cold and clammy, and strikes a chill to the very heart. It is not safe to remain here long. We descend seventy-nine feet, and come to a larger excavation, which discloses the seats of the amphitheatre, and looking up to a round aperture through which the light comes glimmering, we see the *well* in which the discovery of the buried city was made. The guide goes to one end of the stage with his light, and bids us go to the other to see the extent of it. It is of immense size. We see the pedestals from which were taken the equestrian statues of the Balbi, which are now in the Museum at Naples, and read the inscription. We pass into the green-room and see the impression of a mask in the lava, supposed to have been in the hand of an actor, whose skeleton was found here in the attitude of flight. From Herculaneum we returned to Naples, well tired out with our day's work.

CHAPTER XX.

NAPLES TO ROME—THE COLISEUM BY MOONLIGHT.

THE time came for our pleasant little party at the "Crocelle" to be broken up. No more should we meet at our pleasant breakfast-table in the morning to recount the adventures of the previous night, our comparative success in wooing the coquettish goddess of sleep, and to talk over our plans for the day before us. No more should we stroll arm in arm along the "Chiaja" and "Toledo," making our "free and easy" observations on the passing scene, turning into every shop or church whither our fancy led us, or penetrating the labyrinth of dark and crooked passages on either side, and amusing ourselves with the strange sights which then met our eyes. No more should we hang over the balcony of our parlor at the close of day, to see the interminable line of carriages rolling along the "Corso," to throw *carlini* to some street serenader, or to witness the shadows of evening spread over the magnificent bay.

Our English companions took the French steamer to Malta, there to take the Oriental steamer to Southampton, while we took the "Castore" for Civita Vecchia, on our way to Rome. It was a chilly, drizzly afternoon, but we found some old acquaintances on board with whom we had travelled in the "Capri" from Genoa—viz. our German friends, whose embracing and kissing at parting, great stout men as they were, appeared to

us in a very ludicrous light :—our Spanish friend of Gibraltar, now engaged in the iron business at Madeira, a pleasant, sociable man—another from Buenos Ayres—and the interesting Countess P., with her two beautiful daughters, from Naples.

In the evening the moon broke out from a heavy mass of black clouds, and we paced the deck till midnight admiring the scene, taking, as we supposed, our last looks at the classic waters of the Mediterranean.

We awoke the next morning in the port of Civita Vecchia. After being subjected to the usual delay, we were permitted to land, and we hurried off to the diligence office to secure seats, as there was a great crowd of passengers on their way to Rome, to be present at the Festival of St. Peter and Paul, on the 29th June.

We started at eleven and a quarter A. M., and had a very hot and dusty ride through a desolate looking country, interesting only on account of its historical associations. The road pursues the route of the ancient *Via Aurelia*, most of the way. We saw a great many fine large mouse-coloured oxen, with mild expressive eyes, and huge branching horns, grazing in the fields, or harnessed to carts by ropes tied to the ends of their horns. We stopped a short time at *Paolo*, which is on the coast, the site of ancient *Alsium*, near which Pompey had a villa. The inhabitants are a ruffian-looking set. One of our company told a story of a gentleman hunting near by, who was accosted by a fellow just after he had discharged one barrel, and ordered to give up his gun, as he was trespassing on forbidden ground. The gentleman, supposing him to be a gamekeeper or official of some kind clothed with authority, surrendered his gun accordingly; whereupon the fellow shot him through the heart with the remaining barrel, and then robbed him.

About five and a half P. M., from a hill ten miles distant, we caught our first glimpse of the dome of St. Peter's, and then commenced that high intellectual excitement which lasted during our whole stay in Rome. As we approached nearer, we met straggling companies of French soldiers, and passed many long trains of cars laden with military supplies for the French army. We entered by the *Porta Cavalleggieri*, stopped close under the walls of the "Inquisition," while our passports and baggage were under examination, crossed the great square of St. Peter's, and caught a glimpse of the Vatican, rode by the castle of St. Angelo, across the Bridge of St. Angelo (the ancient Pons Ælius, constructed by Hadrian), looked down upon the "yellow Tiber," crossed the "Corso," the principal street of Rome, and were set down at the "Hotel d'Angleterre," about eight o'clock in the evening.

After supper we ordered a carriage, and set out on a moonlight visit to the

COLISEUM.

As we rode through the streets, and various objects of interest were pointed out to me in passing, such as the *Forum of Trajan*, where is Trajan's column, the open space anciently occupied by the *Roman Forum*, the *Arch of Titus*, erected to commemorate the conquest of Jerusalem, &c., I could hardly believe that I was really in Rome. It seemed like the illusion of a dream from which I must awake. But as I became convinced of the reality of what I saw, there sank down into my mind an impression of the truth and grandeur of Roman history, such as I never felt before.

We alighted at the Coliseum, walked around it, and then explored the interior. A sentinel was stationed at the entrance.

Size of the Coliseum—Greatness of the Romans—Byron's Lines.

We clambered up the staircase to the top of the parapet, and then descended to the arena. The building is elliptical in form; 620 by 513 feet, covering an area of six acres. The height of the outer wall is one hundred and fifty-seven feet. It was capable of seating 87,000 spectators. It was founded by Vespasian A. D. 72, and completed by Titus, A. D. 80. In the middle ages it was converted into a fortress. For nearly two hundred years it supplied the Roman princes with materials for their palaces. It is calculated that two thirds of the original building have entirely disappeared. Yet still its stupendous size awes the beholder like some mighty formation of nature that transcends the reach of human art. It impresses one with a profound sense of the greatness of the Romans. They seem to loom up before us through the mist of antiquity as a race of giants, and we feel that we are but grasshoppers in comparison. Nothing harmonized so perfectly with my emotions as the lines of Byron in *Manfred* :

“I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering—upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome ;
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber; and
More near from out the Cæsars' palace came
The owl's long cry, and interruptedly
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach,
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bowshot where the Cæsars dwelt.

Byron's Lines.

* * * * *

And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light
Which softened down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and filled up
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries ;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old !—
*The dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns."*

CHAPTER XXI.

THE BASILICA OF ST. PETER'S.

THE BASILICA of ST. PETER'S is designated by Gibbon as "the most glorious structure that ever has been applied to the use of religion." Byron has well described the emotions which it is fitted to awaken in the breast of the visitor.

"But thou, of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—
Worthiest of God, the Holy and the True,
Since Zion's desolation, when that He
Forsook His former city, what could be
Of earthly structures, in His honor piled,
Of a sublimer aspect! Majesty,
Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty—all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

"Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not!
And why? it is not lessened; but thy mind
Expanded by the genius of the spot
Has grown colossal, and can only find
A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality: and thou
Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by His brow."

The approach to St. Peter's is through the Piazza (or Square

Plan of the Building.

of St. Peter's), an open space of vast dimensions, having a semi-circular colonnade on each side, inclosing an area of seven hundred and seventy-seven feet in diameter, and beyond that, covered galleries three hundred and sixty feet long, which join the vestibule of the Portico. In the middle of the Piazza stands the OBELISK OF THE VATICAN, a solid mass of red granite, eighty-three feet two inches in length, and eight feet ten inches in breadth at the base. It formerly stood in the circus of Nero, and was brought to Rome from Heliopolis, in Egypt, by the Emperor Caligula. It was removed to its present site by Pope Sixtus V. in 1586, and together with the pedestal and bronze cross on the top, is one hundred and thirty-two feet two inches in height. Two beautiful fountains, one on each side, throw their jets to a height of sixty-four feet, and pouring over the edges of their stone basins, sparkle and glitter in the morning sun with all the hues of the rainbow.

The plan of St. Peter's is a Latin cross, with a gigantic Dome rising from the intersection. The front is a Grecian Façade, consisting of three stories and an attic, with eight Corinthian columns, and four pilasters. Each story has nine windows, and heavy balconies, from which the Pope bestows his benedictions on the people, at Easter. The columns are eight and a quarter feet in diameter, and ninety-one feet high. On the attic are thirteen colossal statues, seventeen feet high, representing the Saviour and the twelve Apostles. The Façade is three hundred and sixty-eight feet long, and one hundred and forty-five high. Five open entrances lead into the magnificent *Vestibule*, which is four hundred and thirty-nine feet long, sixty-five high, and forty-seven broad—and has an equestrian statue at each end, CONSTANTINE on the right, and CHARLEMAGNE on the left. Over the central entrance on the inside, is a celebrated mosaic

called the NAVICELLA, representing St. Peter walking on the sea, sustained by the Saviour, which was executed by Giotto, in 1298. There are five doors leading into the Basilica. The central one is only opened on great festivals.

Lifting the heavy curtain which closes the doorway, we enter the interior. It consists of the *Nave*, six hundred and twelve feet in length, one hundred and thirty-one in width, including the side aisles, one hundred and fifty in height, and the *Transepts*, whose length from wall to wall is four hundred and forty-five feet. The ceiling of the Nave is vaulted and ornamented with sunk coffers, richly decorated. Eight massive piers, supporting four arches, separate the Nave from each side aisle. The walls and piers are faced with plates of marble, richly varied with medallions, and other sculptures. The Dome rests on four pillars, each two hundred and thirty-two feet in circumference. Each of these piers has two niches, one above the other, containing statues of saints, and above them, balconies, in which their relics are preserved. Above these niches, on the spandrels of the arches, are four medallions in mosaic, representing the four Evangelists, with their emblems. On the frieze above, running round the whole circumference, in letters six feet long, is the inscription in mosaic of Matt. xvi. 18, in Latin, beginning, "*Tu es Petrus,*" &c. The *Drum* of the cupola is filled with thirty-two coupled Corinthian pilasters, and sixteen windows. The concave above is divided into sixteen compartments, ornamented with gilded stuccoes and mosaics, representing the Saviour, the Virgin, and various saints. On the ceiling of the *lantern* at the top is a mosaic of the Almighty Father—in the form of a majestic old man, with a venerable beard, floating upon the clouds, and with extended arms in the act of blessing all below. The height of the Dome from the pavement to the

The Baldacchino—High Altar—Famous Statue of St. Peter.

base of the lantern, is four hundred feet—to the top of the cross outside, four hundred and thirty feet. Its diameter is one hundred and ninety-three feet.

Immediately under the Dome stands the **BALDACCHINO**, or grand canopy, covering the High Altar. It is of solid bronze, supported by four spiral columns, richly ornamented with gilding. It was cast by *Bernini* out of the bronze stripped from the Pantheon. Its height to the summit of the globe and cross is ninety-three feet.

Under this is the High Altar, which stands immediately over what is claimed to be the grave of St. Peter. Around it is a circular balustrade of marble, from which are suspended one hundred and twelve lamps, which are constantly burning night and day. A double flight of steps leads down to the shrine beneath.

Near by on the right side, against the last pier, is the famous bronze *Statue of St. Peter*, sitting in a chair, with the right foot extended, the great toe of which is worn down by repeated kissing.

At the extreme end of the church is the *Tribune*—a lofty throne and canopy of bronze, supported by four colossal figures, representing St. Augustine and St. Ambrose, of the Latin, and St. Chrysostom and St. Athanasius, of the Greek church. Here is the famous chair of bronze, called the *Chair of St. Peter*, which incloses another chair, said to be that in which St. Peter and many of his successors officiated. We have the testimony, however, of some who have seen the chair, that it bears the Arabic inscription, "There is but one God, and *Mahomet* is his prophet!" It was probably brought from Palestine by some of the early Crusaders.

It is not easy at first to appreciate the magnitude of St. Pe-

ter's. The visitor is always disappointed. It does not appear to him so vast as it has been represented. The guide tells him that the piers which support the Dome are just the size of the church of San Carlino, in Rome. He cannot believe it. But let him pace it, and he will find that it is even so. He is told that the cornice which runs along the edge of the ceiling, is broad enough for a carriage and two horses to travel on. He smiles at the extravagance of the statement. But when he mounts to the gallery and looks down upon the cornice, he sees it to be eight feet wide. The cherubs which support the vases of holy water near the doors, appear to him like infants. But when he stands by them he finds that they are six feet high! The statues of the saints in the niches, which at first appeared to be of ordinary size, are found on nearer inspection to be sixteen feet high! It is only by thus walking from one part of the building to another, and examining and measuring objects in detail, that he begins to climb up to the conception of its magnitude. Each successive visit heightens the effect, till he soon ceases to wonder that three centuries and a half were required for its completion—and that it is impossible to estimate the enormous amount of money that it has cost. The excessive sale of indulgences, which was resorted to for this purpose, is said to have excited that re-action which ended in the Reformation.

It is impossible to describe or even enumerate the statues, and pictures, and monuments, with which the church is filled. I was lost in amazement at the inconceivable perfection of some of the *mosaics*. You see before you at a little distance, exquisite copies of some of the finest paintings in the world, such as Raphael's "Transfiguration," Domenichino's "Communion of St. Jerome," Guido's "Crucifixion of St. Peter," &c., &c., every line and

shade as perfect as in the originals. In the "Baptism of Christ," from Carlo Maratta, you see the ripples upon the surface, and *the bare feet upon the sand through the pellucid stream*. You cannot believe that it is in *mosaic*. It must be an oil painting. But on close inspection you discover that it is all composed of innumerable little pieces of stone and glass. Nearly all the oil paintings have been removed from St. Peter's, and mosaics substituted in their stead, on account of their greater durability. For while canvas is perishable, and colors in oil liable to fade, these beautiful mosaics will retain their brilliancy, unaffected by the lapse of a thousand years.

THE BASILICA OF ST. PETER'S.

But, in order to form a correct idea of the immense size of St. Peter's, you must make the ascent of the Dome upon the outside. We improved the early morning for this purpose, so as to avoid the intense heat of the sun. Our guide had previously obtained for us the necessary permission from the Cardinal Secretary of State, which one of our party was required to sign, and thus hold himself responsible for the conduct of all the rest, and for any accident which might befall them. We enter a door in the left aisle and commence the ascent of a spiral inclined plane, winding around a hollow cylindrical tower in the centre, so broad and easy that horses traverse it with their loads! Marble tablets inlaid in the walls meet the eye at frequent intervals, commemorating the various great personages who have made the ascent. The roof is of marble, and with its rows of houses for the workmen, its streets and gutters, its multitude of statues, and domes, and turrets, seemed like a village of itself upon the solid ground. Upwards of \$30,000

View from the outside Gallery.

are expended annually upon the necessary repairs. From this height the pavement of the Piazza in front appears like a fine mosaic, the steps are not distinguishable. Above this roof some of the domes rise to the height of one hundred and fifty-three feet.

We resume the staircase, which pursues its winding way between the double walls of the Dome, and step out into the first gallery on the inside at the bottom of the drum of the cupola. The mosaics of the Evangelists, which appeared so perfect from below, are now seen to be composed of pieces of stone as large as one's thumb-nail, and the pen in the hand of St. Mark is six feet long! Still higher up, and we come out into the second gallery and look down upon the pavement of the interior, two hundred and eighty feet below. Then follows a series of zig-zag steps within the thickness of the dome, between its inner and outer shell, where we are obliged to bend our bodies to conform to the curvature as we ascend, till we reach the outside gallery at the foot of the lantern, three hundred and sixty-four feet above the pavement. From this point we can see the vast size of the Dome. Its ribs and corners are full of projecting iron points, upon which to stick the candles upon the great illuminations. On one side the whole city of Rome is spread out like a map at our feet. Away in the distance stretches the desolate Campagna, bounded by the sea. Civita Vecchia is pointed out to us, the Pontine Marshes, and the mountain Soracte, to which Horace alludes in one of his odes—

“ Vides ut altâ stet nive candidum
Soracte ”——

Mariana, our guide, pointed out to us where the French had

The late Siege—The Ball and Cross—Festival of St. Peter and St. Paul.

their batteries, where they effected a breach in the walls, and entered. And to give life to the description, while we were looking, a long column of French cavalry made their appearance, winding along the road outside of the walls. With grim exultation he showed us the place where Garibaldi and Mazzini had their masked batteries, silently awaiting the approach of the enemy. The French thought to enter the Gardens of the Vatican, and thence through the covered passage which communicates with the Castle of St. Angelo. But a volume of flame burst forth in their very teeth, six hundred were killed at one discharge, and they were obliged to retreat in dismay. Had their ammunition lasted, Mariano assured us that the French never would have entered Rome. In his broken English he described to us the scene in council when it was proposed to make terms with the French, as they could hold out no longer. All favored it but *Mazzini*. He rose, and looking around him with his glance of fire, exclaimed, "*What! the French enter Rome? Never! Never! Stone upon stone!*"

From this gallery we ascended by another staircase, which wound around the lantern to the foot of the stem which supports the ball and the cross. Then up a perpendicular iron ladder inside this stem, and squeezing through a narrow aperture, we are seated inside the copper ball upon the summit, which was already becoming quite hot by the rays of the sun. It is said that at noon-day in summer, it is hot enough to roast eggs.

We were so fortunate as to be at Rome during the greatest festival of the year, viz. that of ST. PETER and ST. PAUL, on the 29th June. We attended vespers in the eve preceding to see the Pope, who always is present on this occasion. The great Piazza was full of soldiers, and carriages, and people. A

line of French infantry and the Pope's Guards were drawn up on each side of the passage-way, from the central door to the High Altar. The Swiss Guards, in their picturesque costume, striped with yellow, red, and blue, plaited ruffs of muslin around their necks, with breastplates, and helmets, and halberds, were scattered here and there about the church. The procession entered. First a company of the Pope's Guards, then the Pope's attendants in red gowns, then a string of priests, and doctors, and cardinals, in white mitres, and, finally, the POPE himself, borne in a magnificent chair of crimson and gold upon the shoulders of four men, with an immense fan of white ostrich plumes carried by a bearer on each side of him. The Pope had on a splendid gown of crimson embroidered with gold, a gilded mitre, and on his finger the *Papal ring*, sparkling with jewels of priceless value. As he drew near, a choir of singers struck up, the soldiers presented arms and knelt, and the crowd bowed themselves, some to the floor. I maintained an erect posture, without molestation, save angry looks, and kept my eye on the Pope when not more than an arm's length, that I might read his countenance. His eyes were closed as if in prayer, but it seemed to me as if he dared not look upon such idolatrous homage paid to a mortal. He is a fine-looking man, with a pleasant expression, very much like his portraits, and as he passed he waved the first two fingers of his right hand on each side, bestowing the benediction upon the people with much grace and dignity.

Upon this occasion we visited the *Grotte Vaticane*, or subterranean chapel, which retains the original floor of the old Basilica, and stands over the tombs of the early martyrs. It contains the tombs of Popes, Emperors, and Kings. It is affecting to see persons of high rank prostrating themselves

The Silver and Golden Illumination—High Mass by the Pope.

before the statue of St. Paul, in one of the chapels, and kissing the feet with reverence. The bronze statue of St. Peter, in the church above, was also the object of great veneration. In honor of the occasion, it was dressed in the same way as the Pope. Crowds of people came up and kneeled before it, then pressed their foreheads to the well-worn toe, and then kissed it most devoutly.

As the shadows of evening began to fall, we took our seats upon the pedestal of the Obelisk in the Piazza, to watch the process of the *Illumination*. Eighty men are employed in lighting the lamps. In consideration of the hazardous nature of their task, they receive the *sacrament* before they ascend, so that in case one loses his footing and falls, he may be sure of a prompt admission into heaven. There are two illuminations. The first, called the *silver* illumination, consisting of 4,400 lanterns, begins at eight o'clock, and traces the outlines of every column, and cornice, and frieze, the bands of the Dome, and the cross on top. The second, called the *golden* illumination, begins at nine o'clock, when, at the first stroke, 1475 large lamps are lighted instantaneously, and the whole building stands revealed in a blaze of light.

The next morning we visited St. Peter's again, to see High Mass performed by the Pope in person. The number of persons in the church was much greater than the evening before. It was curious to note the great variety of costumes, French, English, Italian; military officers of different grades; the various dresses of the monks, friars, and priests; the different orders of the Pope's household; and the country people in holiday array, the peasant girls with their noble forms and stately gait, their dark brown yet clear and rich complexion, their jet-black hair beautifully braided, and their profusion of

ornaments. On each side of the High Altar rows of benches had been arranged, rising as they receded, for the accommodation of ladies of high rank and station. My companions were thrown into rapture by the discovery of the beautiful Misses Paghliano, of Naples, and their mother the Countess, upon the seats near the altar.

We saw the Pope enter in the same manner as yesterday, heard him intone the gospel in a good clear voice, very distinct; then followed the concert of trumpets, interesting chiefly from the peculiar character of the music; the Pope elevated the Host and the cross, turning around to all; the cardinals kneeled before him, offering up incense in golden censers, the smoke rose upward in graceful wreaths, seeming to blend with the music, and ascend to the great Dome overhead, at the highest point of which could be discerned the Great Father in mosaic, as if contemplating the scene below, and gratefully accepting the offering. Even so! thought I, this is all *picture-worship!* a magnificent temple, choice sculpture, exquisite paintings, sweet music, gorgeous vestments, a splendid ceremonial—all appealing to the senses—and, to make the system complete, the *object* of their worship exalted over all, a GOD IN MOSAIC.

In passing out, the Pope stopped near the door to hear an address delivered to him, and then read a formal protest against all the enemies of the church, invoking the support and aid of all Catholic powers, and complimenting his *dear brother the King of Naples* for the countenance and protection extended to him in his late exile.

We stand awhile upon the steps to witness the crowds of people and carriages that thronged the Piazza, saw the cardinals escorted to their splendid coaches of crimson and gold, and then followed the departing multitude.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE POPE'S PALACE OF THE VATICAN.

THE Pope's Palace of the VATICAN is an immense collection of buildings, with courts and gardens interspersed, which has been accumulating for more than a thousand years. Some idea of its extent may be gathered from the common saying, that the Palace with its grounds covers a space as large as that within the walls of the city of Turin. It has eight grand staircases, two hundred smaller staircases, twenty courts, and 4,422 apartments. One part of the Palace is appropriated to the residence of the Popes, but the greater part is occupied with chapels, and halls, and galleries, and saloons, and porticoes, and cabinets, which are filled with the choicest antiquities, and adorned with the finest paintings and statues in the world.

The entrance is on the right of the Piazza of St. Peter's by the "*Scala Regia*," or Royal Staircase. This consists of two flights of broad marble steps, with columns and pilasters at the sides, so arranged as to deceive the eye by its perspective and appear much longer than it is. Groups of the Swiss Guards, in their picturesque costume, which reminded me of the parti-colored foliage of autumn, were ranged along at intervals. At the head of the stair case is the "*Sala Regia*," or Royal Hall, which was built as a hall of audience for ambassadors. It is decorated with stucco ornaments, and carved with frescoes,

Sistine Chapel—Michel Angelo's Last Judgment.

illustrating various events in the history of the Popes, such as the Absolution of the Emperor Henry IV. by Gregory VII., the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Removal of the Holy See from Avignon by Gregory XI., &c.

The next room we entered was the "*Capella Sistina*," or Sistine Chapel, so called from Pope Sixtus IV., who built it in 1473. It is a lofty apartment, 150 feet by 50, with a gallery on three sides. The sides and roof are covered with paintings in fresco, representing scriptural scenes. The most remarkable are *Michel Angelo's*, comprising those upon the roof, representing scripture history, and the one upon the end wall opposite the entrance, the LAST JUDGMENT. The painting of the Last Judgment is sixty feet high and thirty broad. It was not designed by the great artist till his sixtieth year, and not completed till after a labor of nearly eight years. The Saviour is seated at the head of the picture, with the Virgin at his right hand. Groups of angels fill the angles above. On the right of the Saviour is the host of saints and patriarchs; on the left, the martyrs, with the symbols of their sufferings. Below is a group of angels, sounding the last trump, and bearing the books of life and death. On their left is represented the fall of the damned; the demons are seen coming up out of the pit to seize them as they struggle to escape. Their features express the utmost despair, together with the wildest rage, anguish, and defiance. Charon is ferrying another group across the Styx, and is striking down the rebellious with his oar. On the opposite side, the blessed are rising slowly and in uncertainty from their graves. Some are ascending to heaven, while saints and angels are assisting them to rise into the region of the blessed. It is a wonderful production of genius, though much of the original effect of the painting has been destroyed by the damp of three

centuries, and the smoke of the candles and incense, upon all occasions of public service.

The PAULINE CHAPEL (“*Capella Paulina*,”) which likewise opens on the “*Sala Regia*,” is also remarkable for two frescoes by Michel Angelo, viz. the Conversion of St. Paul, and the Crucifixion of St. Peter.

Next we passed through the “*Sala Ducale*,” or Ducal Hall, in which the Popes in former times gave audience to princesses. It is now used during the holy week for the ceremony of washing the feet of the pilgrims, and for the consecration of new cardinals.

Next came the LOGGIE. The word “*loggia*” means an *open gallery*. These “loggie” are three porticoes, one above another, on the sides of the building, richly adorned with stuccoes, and arabesques, and frescoes. The second story contains the celebrated frescoes which have given it the name of the “Loggia of Raphael.” It has thirteen arcades, richly ornamented with stuccoes, and painted arabesques of figures, flowers, animals, mythological subjects, &c., and the roof is divided by the arches into different epochs of scripture history, and painted with corresponding subjects.

From this we passed into the “*Stanze of Raphael*,” four chambers, covered with magnificent paintings in fresco illustrating the establishment and triumphs of the church. The first chamber contains subjects illustrative of Theology, Philosophy, Poetry, and Jurisprudence,—the second, the Expulsion of Heliodorus from the Temple, the Miracle of Bolsena, the Attila, the Deliverance of St. Peter, all executed with amazing effect, and regarded as the very finest productions in the whole range of art. The third chamber contains the Conflagration of the Borgo (a suburb of Rome), and several scenes in the time of Leo III. and IV. The fourth, several events in the history of

Constantine, viz. his Battle with Maxentius, the Cross appearing to him on the field of battle, his Baptism, and his Gift of Rome to the Pope.

An adjoining gallery, though not visited in this connection, contains the famous "*Tapestries of Raphael*," in two series; one, representing the history of St. Peter and St. Paul, and the other various scenes in the life of Christ.

The pictures in the Vatican Gallery are few in number (less than fifty), but the choicest works of art. They are arranged in four rooms. The TRANSFIGURATION, by Raphael, is generally regarded as the finest oil painting in the world. The *Communion of St. Jerome*, the master-piece of Domenichino, ranks as the second. There are several others by Raphael, some of Guido's best, others by Titian, N. Poussin, Perugino, Paul Veronese, &c.

"*Galeria Lapidaria*" is a long gallery, one thousand feet in length, occupied almost exclusively with ancient sepulchral inscriptions and monuments, arranged in classes. It is like a walk through an ancient cemetery. On the right hand are the *Pagan* inscriptions, classified according to ranks and professions, from divinities to slaves. On the left are the early *Christian* inscriptions, found in the catacombs. Some of them are very touching. The constant reference to a life beyond the grave is in striking contrast with the hopeless grief expressed in the Roman monuments. Many of the inscriptions are accompanied by symbolical representations; such as the well known monogram of Christ, formed by the Greek letters X and P; the Fish, or the "ΙΧΘΥΣ," composed of the initial letters of the Greek epigraph, "Jesus Christ the Son of God, the Saviour;" the Vine, the Dove with the olive-branch, the Anchor, the Palm, and the Sheep.

Next follows the "*Museo Chiaramonti*," which contains upwards of seven hundred pieces of ancient sculpture, arranged in thirty compartments. It is impossible in these limits even to mention the most celebrated. They consist of bas-reliefs, statues, and fragments, allegorical, mythological, and historical, some of them exquisitely wrought in the finest marble.

The "*Nuovo Braccio*," *i. e.* "New Arm," is a noble hall nearly two hundred and thirty feet in length, lighted from the roof, which is supported by twelve fine columns with Corinthian capitals. The floor is paved with beautiful marbles and ancient mosaics. It contains forty-three statues and seventy-two busts, the statues in niches, and the busts on columns of red oriental granite. The *statue of Demosthenes* is one of the most celebrated.

Next came the "*Hemicycle of the Belvedere*," consisting of five rooms filled with busts, a semi-circular gallery containing the *Egyptian Museum*, and three chambers containing plaster casts of the Elgin marbles, the recumbent Ilysus, and other statues in the British Museum.

Then follows the "*Museo Pio Clementino*," without exception the most magnificent museum in the world. The entrance is a square vestibule, which contains the *Torso Belvedere*, a noble fragment by Apollonius of Athens, and the *Sarcophagus of Scipio*, in which you may read distinctly the name of Lucius Cornelius Scipio Barbatus, great-grandfather of Scipio Africanus, who was Consul B.C. 297. When it was first opened, in 1781, more than 2000 years after Scipio's death, the skeleton was found entire, with a ring upon one of its fingers. Then comes a round vestibule, with fragments of statues: then the Chamber of Meleager, so called from a statue of Meleager, with the boar's head and the dog; and then the famous "*Cortile di*

Laocoon—The Apollo Belvedere.

Belvedere," i. e. "Court-yard of the Belvedere." This court is an octagonal space with a fountain in the centre, surrounded by an open portico with four small cabinets, which contain some of the most celebrated examples of ancient art. The first cabinet contains the *Perseus* and the *Two Boxes*, by Canova. The second, the *Belvedere Antinous*, the statue of a beautiful youth. In the third is the LAOCOON, a group representing the father and his two sons in the folds of two huge serpents, which is mentioned by Pliny as standing in the Palace of the Emperor Titus. It is thus described by the author of Childe Harold :

"Or, turning to the Vatican, go see
Laocoon's torture dignifying pain—
A father's love and mortal's agony
With an immortal's patience blending:—vain
The struggle; vain, against the coiling strain
And gripe and deepening of the dragon's grasp,
The old man's clench: the long envenom'd chain
Rivets the living links,—the enormous asp
Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp."

The fourth cabinet has the "APOLLO BELVEDERE," which, by universal acknowledgment, stands at the head of the sculptor's art, as the beau ideal of the human form. The attitude and expression have given rise to the supposition that it represents *Apollo just after having shot the arrow with which he slew the serpent Python*.

I sat for a long time before this statue, trying to account for its celebrity, endeavoring to catch the spirit of Byron's fine description,

"Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,
The God of Life, and Poesy, and Light—
The Sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight :

Hall of Animals—Gallery of Statues—Hall of the Muses.

The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright
 With an Immortal's vengeance; in his eye
 And nostril beautiful disdain, and might
 And majesty flash their full lightnings by,
 Developing in that one glance the Deity."

Yes! it is not a mere representation of the human form. There is life, soul, immortality, in the very attitude, in every feature. It is MAN, "*in the image of God, after his likeness.*"

The adjoining "*Hall of Animals*" derives its name from the sculptures of animals which it contains, mostly by Grecian artists, in which department they attained a high degree of excellence. The hall is divided by the vestibule into two parts, and paved chiefly with mosaics from Palestrina. Among the most remarkable objects in this collection I have noted Hercules leading away Cerberus; a Camel's head; a Crocodile; a Sphynx in flowered alabaster; a Sow and Pigs; the head of an Ass crowned with Ivy; Hercules slaying two Greyhounds making love; Mithras stabbing the Bull; a Stag in flowered alabaster; a Lion in yellow breccia, with the teeth and tongue of different marble; a large Lion in grey marble; another with a ball under his paw; Europa and the Bull; Hercules and the Nemean Lion; Diomed and his horses slain by Hercules, &c.

Then succeeds the "*Gallery of Statues*," the most celebrated ornament of which is the "*Sleeping Ariadne*," the "*Hall of Busts*," consisting of three chambers; "*the Cabinet of the Masks*," with its fine mosaic pavement, found in Hadrian's Villa, and its beautiful statues of Paris, Minerva, Ganymede, Adonis, and the "*Crouching Venus*" just from the bath.

We next enter the "*Hall of the Muses*," adorned with sixteen Corinthian columns, found in Hadrian's Villa. Nearly

all the statues and busts in this hall were found together in the villa of Cassius at Tivoli. Here you are admitted into the society of Apollo and the Nine Muses, the "Seven Wise Men of Greece," and her most celebrated sages, orators, and poets.

Next is the "*Circular Hall*," in the centre of which stands the great porphyry vase, forty-two and a half feet in circumference, which was found in the "Baths of Titus." Here also is a very fine head of Hadrian.

Then comes the "*Hall of the Greek Cross*," a noble room, with a fine doorway, ornamented by two colossal statues in the Egyptian style, in red granite, found in Hadrian's Villa. The pavement is composed of ancient mosaics. The most conspicuous objects in this hall are two immense sarcophagi of porphyry, one the "*Sarcophagus of St. Constantia*," the daughter of Constantine, the other, the "*Sarcophagus of the Empress Helena*."

Next comes the "*Hall of the Biga*," a circular chamber, so called from the white marble chariot of two wheels with two horses yoked to it, which is preserved there. Its completeness is due to modern restorations.

The "*Museo Gregoriana*" is a suite of rooms filled with a most extensive collection of Etruscan antiquities, such as funeral urns, votive offerings, small busts and profiles, sarcophagi, bronzes, household utensils, gold ornaments and vases, &c. One of the rooms has been fitted up as a fac-simile of an Etruscan tomb, with a low door, two vaulted chambers within, hung with vases, cups, and other sepulchral accompaniments, and the sarcophagus in its usual position on one side.

The "*Gallery of the Candelabra*" is an imposing hall, upwards of 1000 feet in length, filled with a miscellaneous collec-

tion of antique candelabra, columns, statues, &c., arranged in six compartments.

The "*Gallery of the Maps*" is a fine hall, four hundred and twenty feet in length, celebrated for its series of geographical maps painted on the walls in fresco in 1581, by Padre Ignazio Danti.

At another time we visited the "*Library.*" Passing through the "*Entrance Hall,*" where we saw a fine Egyptian Papyrus in a glass case, we enter the "*Chamber of the Scribes,*" adorned with a series of portraits of the cardinal Librarians, and thence into the "*Great Hall,*" divided by pilasters into two portions, and decorated with frescoes, representing the history of the library, the General Councils of the Church, and the buildings erected by Sixtus V. From this we enter the immense "*Double Gallery,*" consisting of eighteen rooms in long perspective. The books are in painted cabinets, or presses, at the sides, with closed doors, so that you might walk through the library without seeing a book.

At the end of the *left* gallery is the "*Museum of Christian Antiquities,*" a collection of lamps, paintings, glass vessels, gems, personal ornaments, and other relics of the early Christians, found in the catacombs. The second press contains a collection of various instruments of torture, by which the Christians suffered martyrdom. Among the ancient vessels, we were shown *cups used in the communion for the laity!*

The Vatican library is famous for its choice collection of *manuscripts.* Among the most celebrated are the Greek Bible of the sixth century; the Acts written in gold, and presented to Pope Innocent VIII. by the Queen of Cyprus; a large Hebrew Bible richly illuminated, for which the Jews in Venice offered its weight in gold; the parchment scroll of a Greek

manuscript of the seventh century, thirty-two feet long ; commentaries on the New Testament of the fourteenth century ; the letters of Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn ; Tasso's autographs ; Petrarch's autographs ; several manuscripts of Luther, &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE PALACES OF ROME.

THE Pope has also another palace for his summer residence on Monte Cavallo, the highest part of the Quirinal hill. It is called the "Palace of the Quirinal," or the "Palace of Monte Cavallo." "*Cavallo*" is the Italian for *horse*, and the name is given to the eminence on account of the colossal equestrian group, commonly called "Castor and Pollux," which stands by the side of the obelisk upon the summit.

A fine broad staircase leads from the court-yard to the apartments of the palace. Over the door of the large chapel is a bas-relief of the Saviour, washing the feet of the apostles. This chapel is fitted up in the style of the Sistine chapel. High mass is performed in it on great festivals, when the Pope resides here. Here also the Cardinals meet in conclave to elect a new Pope. When there is no choice, the votes are put through a hole in the wall into a small furnace contrived for that purpose. The square below is full of the Cardinals' carriages, with their several friends anxiously awaiting the result. When the clock strikes twelve, all eyes are directed to the top of the funnel. If they see smoke coming out of it, then they know there is no Pope for that day, and they all go home. But if no smoke appears, all are in a flutter to know who the new Pope is. We stood in the balcony where the new Pope is

first shown to the people by one of the Cardinals, after knocking down the temporary brick wall in front of the window.

The French eagle appears on the walls in many places, having been put there when the walls were decorated for Napoleon. Among the pictures were *Saul and David*, by Guercino, an *Ecce Homo*, by Domenichino, a *Madonna and Child*, by Guido, *St. Jerome*, by Spagnoletto, and the *Ascension*, by Vandyke. The gardens in the rear of the palace are a mile in circuit, laid out in a very stiff and formal style.

We also visited many of the private palaces for which Rome is celebrated. The plan is generally a quadrangle, with a large staircase opening into the court. The rooms of the first story are usually occupied as shops, or coach houses, or stables. The upper floors form suites running around the whole quadrangle, and often communicating with each other. Here are the apartments, and picture galleries, and audience rooms, and banquetting halls, wearing an air of faded magnificence, adorned with marbles, and frescoes, and gilding, but without much appearance of domestic comfort. Indeed, the greater part of the establishment seems designed for public exhibition, rather than family use, and some princely houses derive no inconsiderable part of their revenues from the fees paid by visitors.

The Palace of the COLONNA family has a fine saloon, upwards of one hundred and fifty feet in length, adorned with painting and sculpture, and having a raised throne at one end, with a gorgeous canopy overhead. Here we were shown a cannon ball thrown from the French batteries in Janiculum, in the revolution of 1849. The ball entered the windows, struck the marble steps of the throne at the opposite end of the saloon, shattered them somewhat, and then rolled about on the floor. The grey-

headed old custode described the noise which it made, and the alarm of the family. It was two hours after midnight.

As we entered the large yard in front of the BARBERINI Palace, a company of French dragoons were crossing it. Six hundred of them are quartered here. It is celebrated for its winding marble staircase. The saloon of the first floor is remarkable for the frescoes on its ceiling, consisting of allegorical representations of the glory of the Barberini family. Through an iron door in the side of the stairway, we were admitted into the private apartments, where among the paintings we saw three female portraits of exquisite beauty; the "*Fornarina*," by Raphael; "*L'Esclave*," by Titian; and "*Beatrice Cenci*," by Guido Reni. Here were also some fine portraits by Holbein, and landscapes by Albano.

The BORGHESE Palace is an immense building, and has the finest collection of paintings in Rome. They are arranged in nine apartments, adorned with gilding and marbles, and sparkling fountains, and finished with lounges, and chairs, and catalogues, for the accommodation of visitors. Here are some of the choicest works of Raphael, Correggio, Domenichino, Rubens, Paul Veronese, Andrea del Sarto, Giulio, Romano &c. One of the most interesting is the *Entombment of Christ*, by Raphael. Two men are bearing the Saviour to the sepulchre. Around the corpse are Peter, John, and Mary Magdalene, with varied and characteristic expressions of intense grief. On the other side, the Virgin Mary has fainted in the arms of her attendants.

The Palace SCIARRA has the most select gallery in Rome. One of the most beautiful pictures is "*Vanity and Modesty*," by Leonardo da Vinci. Another that generally fixes the attention is "*The Cheating Gamblers*," by Caravaggio.

The Palace DORIA DI PAMFILI is an immense building,

entered from the "Corso," the principal street of Rome, and has a very extensive collection of paintings.

The Palace CORSINI, in the Transtevere, is one of the handsomest in Rome. It looks out upon Janiculum. Here we saw where Garibaldi's house was destroyed, but afterwards re-built. Among the paintings, I have noted a fine "*Ecce Homo*," by Guido; another by Carlo Dolci, and still another by Domenichino.

The Palace SPADA contains the celebrated "*Statue of Pompey*," a colossal figure holding the globe. It is supposed to be the statue which originally stood in the Curia of Pompey, at whose base "great Cæsar fell," thus apostrophized by Lord Byron :

"And thou, dread statue! yet existent in
The austerest form of naked majesty,
Thou who beheldest 'mid the assassin's din,
At thy bathed base the bloody Cæsar lie,
Folding his robe in dying dignity,
An offering to thine altar from the queen
Of gods and men, great Nemesis!"

The adjoining walls were pierced by the balls from the French batteries in the late siege.

The Palace ROSPIGLOSI is famous for the "*Aurora of Guido*," a painting in fresco upon the ceiling of the casino, or garden-house. It was painted three hundred years ago, but is still bright and beautiful. In the adjoining room are "*The Expulsion from Paradise*," by Domenichino; the "*Triumphs of David*," by the same artist; the "*Death of Samson*," by Lodovico Caracci; the "*Head of Guido*," by himself, and many others.

These may serve as specimens of the Roman palaces, of which no less than seventy-five are enumerated by Vasi.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BASILICAS AND CHURCHES OF ROME.

THE term "*Basilica*," which literally signifies "a royal residence," was applied by the Romans to those public buildings which were used for the administration of justice and the transaction of business. On the establishment of the Christian faith, the first churches appear to have been built on the same plan, and were therefore called by the same name. Of these primitive foundations, which have peculiar privileges attached to them, there are seven in Rome; four within the walls—St. Peter's, St. John Lateran, Santa Maria Maggiore, and Santa Croce in Gerusalemme; and three beyond the walls—San Paolo, San Lorenzo, and San Sebastiano.

Early on the morning of the 29th of June, we set out on an excursion to the Basilica of SAN PAOLO, without the walls. The way is lined with objects of interest. We passed the ancient THEATRE OF MARCELLUS, built by Augustus, and dedicated to the young Marcellus, now mostly in ruins, and occupied by the Palace of Francesco Orsini, Senator of Rome. The house of RIENZI, Tribune of Rome, was pointed out to us, now converted into a stable! From the banks of the Tiber we saw the ruins of the first *Ponte Rotto*, the stone bridge built in Rome (B.C. 142), three arches and part of another remaining. It was on the site of Pons Palatinus. Near by is the only island of the

Temple of Fortuna Virilis—Pyramid of Caius Cestius—Grave of Keats.

Tiber, with the church of San Bartolommeo upon it, built on the ruins of the celebrated Temple of Æsculapius.

Near the Ponte Rotto is the TEMPLE OF FORTUNA VIRILIS, originally built by Servius Tullius, an oblong building of travertine and tufa, with a portico of four Ionic columns, now walled in, and seven columns on the side. Adjoining is the TEMPLE OF VESTA, a beautiful circular building, in the purest Greek style, surrounded by a peristyle of twenty Corinthian columns, of which one only has been lost. One pillar was shattered by a ball from the French batteries in 1849.

We passed out through the *Porta San Paolo*, anciently the *Porta Ostiensis*. Near by is the *Pyramid of Caius Cestius*, now included in the walls, the only pyramid in Rome. It is one hundred and twenty-five feet in height, and one hundred in breadth at the base, and composed of brick and tufa, covered externally with slabs of white marble, now black with age. In the centre is a small chamber, twenty by fifteen feet, and sixteen feet high, with a stucco ceiling covered with arabesques, representing four female figures surrounding a Victory, with vases and candelabra. There are two ancient inscriptions on the monument, one recording the name and titles of Caius Cestius, the other recording the completion of the pyramid in three hundred and thirty days.

Close at hand is the *Protestant Burial Ground*, where are the graves of the celebrated anatomist, John Bell, and the poets Shelley and Keats. Over the grave of Keats is the following inscription: "This grave contains all that was mortal of a young English poet, who, on his dying bed, in the bitterness of his heart at the malicious power of his enemies, desired these words to be engraven on his tomb-stone, 'Here lies one, whose name was writ in water.' February 24, 1821."

After a ride of four miles on the ancient road to Ostia, we reached the Basilica of San Paolo. The first basilica upon this spot, which is supposed to have been the burial-place of the apostle Paul, was founded by Constantine. Another was built by the emperor Theodosius, in 386, and restored in the eighth century by Leo III. This was one of the most interesting objects at Rome to every traveller, a perfect museum of Christian antiquities. But in 1824 the roof took fire during some repairs, and fell into the aisles, where the heat became so great as to split and calcine the columns, until the whole was a heap of ruins. Since then, large sums of money have been contributed by the Catholic sovereigns and princes, and by each successive Pope, for the restoration of the building, and the work is now in progress. We were shown seven beautiful columns of alabaster from Egypt,—four in one piece each, and three each in three pieces—a present from the Grand Sultan. The nave is supported by forty columns of Simplon granite. The gallery is to be adorned with portraits of all the Popes upon the front in mosaic.

While I was innocently making a note in my "hand book" with a long pencil, I heard a great jabbering at the other end of the building, and looking up saw the sergeant on guard who escorted us, apparently in a great passion, talking furiously to Mariano, our guide, and gesticulating violently in the direction where I was standing. He thought I was taking a sketch of the building, which is strictly prohibited, and in answer to all Mariano's explanations, that I was simply marking passages in a printed book, he kept reiterating the ground of suspicion, "But don't you see the pencil!" The sight of my book, however, pacified him, and the douceur of a paul (about ten cents) transformed the wolf into a lamb. Mariano says, now that the

priests have come into power again, the Pope's soldiers like to show their authority. The transept and high altar are nearly finished, and nothing can exceed the richness and magnificence of this part of the edifice—all paved and lined with the choicest marbles and alabaster, and the ceiling resplendent with gilding. The guards in attendance looked at us as if they thought we would bite pieces out of everything we saw. The adjoining cloisters of the Benedictine monastery are very curious, as an example of the monastic architecture of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. It is said that on account of the malaria the monks are compelled to leave this spot during some of the hot weather; but Mariano says, "they would be well enough if they would not eat so much meat."

At another time we visited the *Basilica of St. John Lateran*, so called from the name of a Roman Senator, Plautius Lateranus, on the site of whose house it was built by Constantine, in the fourth century. It was long regarded as the first of Christian churches, and still bears the inscription over the door, "*Omnium urbis et orbis Ecclesiarum Mater et caput*," *i. e.* "The mother and head of all the churches of the city and of the world." The chapter, or ecclesiastical society of the Lateran, takes precedence of St Peter's. The ceremony of the "*posse*," or taking possession of the Lateran palace, is one of the first forms observed in the election of a new Pope, whose coronation invariably takes place in this basilica. It is one of the four basilicas which have a "*Porta Santa*," *i. e.* "holy door," which is walled up and opened once in twenty-five years. It is also famous for the five General Councils held here, *viz.* 1123, 1139, 1179, 1215, and 1512.

The front of the building has four large columns, and six pilasters, of the composite order, sustaining a massive entabla-

Virgin Mary and the dead Christ—"Holy Staircase."

ture and balustrade, on which are placed colossal statues of our Saviour, and ten saints. Between the columns and pilasters are five balconies; from the central one the Pope pronounces the benediction on Ascension Day. In the vestibule is a marble statue of Constantine, found in his baths on the Quirinal.

The interior has five naves, divided by four rows of piers. The roof and walls are covered with medallions and stucco ornaments. Niches in the piers contain colossal statues of the twelve apostles. The chief ornament of the nave is the *Chapel of the Corsini*, which is adorned with the richest marbles, the most elaborate ornaments, and gilding, and bas-reliefs, and gems, with a lavish profusion unequalled by any other chapel in Rome. The vault underneath contains a fine group in statuary, by Bernini, of the *Virgin Mary and the dead Christ*.

On the opposite side, is the new chapel of the *Torlonia* family, upon which half a million of dollars has been expended. The silver candlesticks alone cost \$18,000.

Under a portico on the north side of the building is the celebrated "SCALA SANTA," *i. e.* "Holy Staircase." It consists of twenty-eight marble steps, said to have belonged to Pilate's house, and to be the identical stairs which the Saviour descended when he left the judgment-seat. None but penitents on their knees are allowed to ascend them, and so great is the multitude of visitors, that it has been found necessary to protect the steps by planks of wood, which have been renewed three times. On each side are two parallel staircases, by which the penitents descend. In the chapel at the summit, called the "*Sancta Sanctorum*," *i. e.* "Holy of Holies," is a painting of the Saviour, attributed to St. Luke, and said to be an exact likeness of him at the age of twelve years. The chapel also contains a large collection of relics. It was while climbing these steps, in order

to obtain an indulgence, that Luther thought he heard a voice like thunder, speaking from the depths of his heart, "*The just shall live by faith.*"

The *Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore* is the third in rank, and one of the four which have a *Porta Santa*. It was founded on the highest summit of the Esquiline, A.D. 352, by Pope Liberius and John, a patrician of Rome, in fulfilment of a vision representing a fall of snow, which covered the precise space to be occupied by the basilica. This legend is represented in a bas-relief in the Borghese chapel.

The *interior* is said to be the finest of its class in existence. It consists of an immense nave divided from two side aisles by a single row of thirty-six Ionic columns of white marble, supporting a continued entablature. The roof is flat, and divided into five rows of panels, elaborately carved, and gilt with the first gold brought to Spain from Peru, a present to Alexander VI. from Ferdinand and Isabella. On the festival of the Assumption, August 15th, high mass is always performed in the basilica by the Pope in person, who afterwards pronounces from the balcony his benediction on the people.

In addition to the seven basilicas there are fifty-four parish churches in Rome, and a great many others, making nearly 400 churches in all, for a population of about 150,000. Some of the most interesting which we visited, are the church of *San Carlo*, in the Corso, which has at the high altar a large picture of S. Carlo Borromeo, presented by the Virgin to the Saviour, one of the best works of *Carlo Maratta*, also a mosaic copy of the Conception, by the same painter;—*Gesui*, the church of the Jesuits, one of the richest in Rome, decorated in the most gorgeous style, which contains a picture of the death of St. Francis Xavier, by Carlo Maratta; a marble group of the Tri-

nity, by Bernardino Ludovisi; an altar-piece of St. Ignatius, behind which is the silver statue of the saint, and beneath the altar lies his body in an urn of bronze gilt, adorned with precious stones. Two allegorical groups at the sides of the altar, represent Christianity embraced by the barbarous nations, and the Triumphs of Religion over Heresy. By the side of the high altar is the tomb of Cardinal Bellarmin, the celebrated controversialist of the Roman Church.

Then there is the magnificent church of *S. Maria degli Angeli*, which occupies the Pinacothek, or great hall of the Baths of Diocletian, which was altered by Michel Angelo, for the purpose of Christian worship. It is in the form of a Greek cross. At the entrance is a noble statue of St. Bruno, by the French sculptor *Houdon*, of which Clement XIV. used to say, "It would speak if the rule of its order did not prescribe silence." Among the paintings are the fine fresco of St. Sebastian, by *Domenichino*; the Baptism of the Saviour, by *Carlo Maratta*; the Death of Ananias and Sapphira, by *Cristofano Boncalli*; the Fall of Simon Magus, by *Pompeo Battoni*. Most of the altar-pieces were painted for St. Peter's, and were superseded by mosaic copies.

S. Andrea al Noviziato, on the Monte Cavallo, is a curious little church, built from the designs of *Bernini*. It has a Corinthian façade, and a semi-circular portico with Ionic columns. In the chapel of St. Francis Xavier are three paintings by *Baiocco*, the Genoese painter, representing Xavier baptizing the Queen of India, and the death of the saint in the desert island of Sancian, in China. The chapel of St. Stanislaus Kostka has some paintings by *David*, the celebrated French painter, while a student at Rome. Under the altar is the body of St. Stanislaus, in an urn of lapis lazuli.

Descent from the Cross—Statue of Michael Angelo.

Trinita de Monte, on the Pincian hill, is approached from the Piazza di Spagna by a magnificent staircase, one hundred and fifty feet wide, and composed of one hundred and fifty-three steps. It contains several fine paintings by *Daniele da Volterra*. The *Descent from the Cross* is his master-piece. It was executed with the assistance of Michel Angelo, and was considered by Poussin the third greatest picture in the world, next after Raphael's Transfiguration, and the St. Jerome of Domenichino.

S. Maria sopra Minerva, so called from being built on the site of a temple of Minerva, is the only Gothic church in Rome. It contains a full-length statue of Christ, by *Michel Angelo*. The library attached to it is richer in printed books than any other in Rome.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE PANTHEON.

"Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—
Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods,
From Jove to Jesus—spared and blessed by Time,
Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods
Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and man plods
His way through thorns to ashes—glorious dome!
Shalt thou not last? Time's scythe and tyrants' rods
Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home
Of art and piety—PANTHEON! pride of Rome!

A STRANGE spell comes over the soul, as one looks upon this noble temple, which rears its unbroken front of faultless symmetry, in the midst of the filth and bustle of modern Rome, and reads the inscription upon the frieze, which shows that it was erected by M. Agrippa in his third consulate, B.C. 26. More than eighteen hundred years have passed away, yet there it stands, erect, entire, beautiful, sublime, as if invested with the attribute of immortality!

The portico is one hundred and ten feet long, forty-four deep, and is composed of sixteen Corinthian columns of oriental granite, with capitals and bases of Greek marble. Eight of these are in front, and the others in four lines behind them, so as to divide the portico into four porticoes. Each column is a single block, forty-six and a half feet in height, and five feet in diameter. On the frieze of the entablature is the inscription,

"M. AGRIPPA, L. F. COS. TERTIUM. FECIT." The whole is surmounted by a pediment, which still retains the marks by which its bas-reliefs were attached. In the vestibule on the left of the doorway, is a Latin inscription, recording that Urban VIII. moulded the remains of the bronze roof into columns to serve as ornaments of the apostle's tomb in the Vatican, and into cañons for the Castle of St. Angelo. No less than 450,250 pounds weight of metal were removed on this occasion. A great part of the roof had been previously stripped by the Emperor Constans II. in 657. The bronze doors still remain.

The *interior* is a rotunda supporting a dome. The rotunda is one hundred and forty-three feet in diameter, exclusive of the walls, which are twenty feet thick. The height from the pavement to the summit is one hundred and forty-three feet, and the dome occupies one half of this height. In the upright wall are seven large niches with columns. Between the niches are modern altars. Above the niches and altars runs a marble cornice, covered with rich sculpture, supporting an attic with fourteen niches, and a second cornice, from which rises the majestic dome, divided with square panels, originally covered with bronze. All the light comes through the circular opening in the centre, twenty-eight feet in diameter. The pavement is composed of porphyry, pavonazzetto, and giallo antico, alternately in round and square slabs.

The third chapel on the left contains the tomb of *Raphael*. In the same chapel is the tomb of *Annibale Caracci*. Other eminent painters are buried in different parts of the building.

One of the altars has a wooden chest, which professes to hold the "*sacred napkin*" with which the Saviour wiped the "bloody sweat" from his face—bearing the following inscrip-

tion: "Arca in qua sacrum sudarium olim a diva Veronica delatum Romam ex Palestina, hac in basilica annos centum enituit."

THE CAPITOL.

The Capitoline Hill rises at the eastern extremity of the "Corso," and is ascended by a noble flight of steps. At the foot of the central steps are two Egyptian lionesses, in basalt. On the summit, at the angles of the balustrades, are two colossal statues in marble, of Castor and Pollux, standing by the side of their horses. On the right of the ascent, at the extremity of the balustrade, is the celebrated *Columna Milliararia*, the milestone of Vespasian and Nerva, which marked the first mile of the Appian way. The corresponding column on the left balustrade sustains an antique ball, said to be that which contained the ashes of Trajan, and was formerly held by the colossal statue on the summit of his historical column.

The summit of the hill is an open square, with palaces on three sides. In the centre of the piazza is the bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius. It is related that Michel Angelo once said to the horse, "*Cammina!*" *i. e.* "go on," so life-like did it appear. When it stood in front of the Lateran, in 1347, upon the occasion of Rienzi's elevation to the tribuneship, wine was made to run out of one nostril, and water out of the other.

On the three sides of the piazza, are the three separate buildings designed by Michel Angelo. The central one is the Palace of the Senator; that on the right, is the Palace of the Conservatori; that on the left, is the Museum of the Capitol. (The *Senator* was one of the chief magistrates of Rome in later times, a sort of Mayor, and the *Conservatori* were his

three judges. These palaces were built for their accommodation.

The PALACE OF THE SENATOR has a double row of steps in front, at the base of which is a fountain, ornamented with three statues, Minerva in the centre, and the others colossal representations of river gods in Parian marble, the Nile and the Tiber. The principal apartment in the palace is the hall in which the Senator holds his court. The tower contains the great bell of the Capitol, captured from Viterbo in the middle ages, which is rung only to announce the death of the Pope, and the beginning of the carnival. It commands one of the finest views of Rome and its vicinity.

The PALACE OF THE CONSERVATORI contains many interesting works of art. Under the arcade on the right, is a colossal statue of Julius Cæsar; on the left, a statue of Augustus in a military dress, with the rostrum of a galley on the pedestal, in allusion probably to the battle of Actium. In the court are several interesting fragments; a colossal marble head of Domitian, a fine group of a lion attacking a horse, a hand and head of a colossal bronze statue, Rome triumphant, two captive kings in grey marble, and the Egyptian statues of Ptolemy Philadelphus and Arsinoe, with hieroglyphics on their backs, &c., &c.

The *Protomeca* is a suite of eight rooms, containing a series of busts of illustrious men, presented to the Arcadian Academy by Leo XII. One room has the busts of eminent foreigners; another, celebrated artists; another, eminent authors and discoverers; another, musicians and composers. One chamber has the monument of Canova, three female figures representing the fine arts, mourning his death.

The *Hall of the Conservatori* consists of eight rooms, of

which the first is adorned with paintings in fresco, from the history of the Roman kings, beginning with the finding of Romulus and Remus; the second with subjects from the republican history; the third from the Cimbric wars. This last contains the famous *Bronze Wolf of the Capitol*, supposed to date back to the earliest antiquity of Rome. The fourth room contains the celebrated *Fasti Consulares*, found in the Roman Forum, having a list of all the consuls and public officers of Rome, from Romulus to the time of Augustus.

There are also two additional halls of pictures, and the *Secret Cabinet*, opened only on application to the director.

The *Museum of the Capitol*, on the opposite side of the piazza, contains an interesting collection of antiquities. There are many fragments in the vestibule. One room is called the *Chamber of Canopus*, from the statues in the Egyptian style found in the hall dedicated to Canopus in Hadrian's Villa. Another is the *Hall of Inscriptions*, containing a collection of imperial and consular inscriptions, from Tiberius to Theodosius. Here is a square altar of Pentelic marble, with bas-reliefs in the oldest style of Greek sculpture, representing the labors of Hercules; also the funeral altar of T. Statilius Aper, measurer of the public buildings, with bas-reliefs of the trowel, compasses, plummet, the foot, and various instruments of his business.

The *Hall of the Sarcophagus* is so called from a fine sarcophagus of marble, representing the history of Achilles.

On the wall of the staircase are the celebrated fragments of the plan of Rome in white marble, found in the temple of Remus, invaluable to the Roman topographer.

The *Gallery* contains a great number of busts, and statues, and inscriptions.

The *Hall of the Vase* is so called from a noble vase of white marble in the middle of the room, found near the tomb of Cæcilia Metella. Here also is the celebrated *Iliac table*, containing the history of the Iliad and the Fall of Troy; the famous mosaic of *Pliny's doves*.

The *Hall of the Emperors* contains seventy-six busts of the emperors and empresses, arranged in two shelves around the room in chronological order. In the centré of the room is the celebrated sitting statue of *Agrippina*, mother of Germanicus.

Then there is the *Hall of the Philosophers*, containing seventy-nine busts of philosophers, poets, and historians; the *Saloon*, with numerous busts and statues; the *Hall of the Faun*, so called from the celebrated Faun in roseo antico found in Hadrian's Villa; and the *Hall of the Dying Gladiator*, so called from the celebrated figure of the Dying Gladiator. It is supposed to be one of a series illustrating the incursion of the Gauls into Greece. Whether it was owing to my own excited feelings or to the intrinsic merit of the statue, or to the powerful description of the poet, I cannot tell; but nothing of all I had seen in Rome affected me so deeply. The tears dropped like rain as I stood before it.

"I see before me the Gladiator lie.

He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,
 And his drooped head sinks gradually low—
 And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
 Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
 The arena swims around him—he is gone
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.
 He heard it—but he heeded not—his eyes

The Dying Gladiator.

Were with his heart, and that was far away :
He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother :—he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday.
All this rushed with his blood—shall he expire,
And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ROMAN FORUM.

BETWEEN the Capitoline and the Palatine there is a small irregular space, which has been raised by the accumulation of soil from fifteen to twenty feet above the ancient level. Its modern name is the Campo Vaccino, or "cattle-field," from the use that has been made of it for several centuries past. Somewhere within this hollow lay the Roman Forum, but its precise locality and true boundaries have been the subject of much controversy for the last three hundred years. Recent discoveries, however, have satisfactorily determined its principal landmarks.

It was between the Capitol on the west and the Arch of Titus on the east—about 630 feet in length, and from 100 to 110 in breadth. At the eastern and narrowest extremity, about a third of the space was separated from the rest by a branch of the Via Sacra. This small portion constituted the *Comitium*, a place of public assemblies. The Lacus Curtius—the gulf which suddenly opened in the Forum, into which the heroic youth Marcus Curtius leaped, in order that it might be closed,—is supposed to have occupied the centre of the hollow.

On the slope of the Capitoline hill is a massive wall of peperino (a kind of volcanic rock), a fragment of ancient Roman masonry, which now forms the substruction of the modern

prisons. Upon it are the remains of Doric columns, and an architrave belonging to the ancient *Tabularium*, or Record Office.

At the base of the hill are fragments of three temples; the three fluted columns in the Corinthian style belonging to the *Temple of Saturn*. This point was settled by the recent discovery of the *Milliarium Aureum*, or golden mile-stone of Augustus, at its base, which, as we know from numerous classical authorities, stood immediately below the *Temple of Saturn*.

On the left is a portico, with eight granite columns, which is supposed to have been the *Temple of Vespasian*. On the right, behind the three columns, partly covered by the modern ascent and by fragments of marble, is a massive basement proved by inscriptions to have belonged to the *Temple of Concord*, erected in the time of Augustus.

In front of this ruin stands the *Arch of Septimius Severus*, which makes the north-west angle of the Forum. This was erected A. D. 205, by the Senate and people, in honor of the Emperor and his sons Caracalla and Geta, to commemorate their conquests of the Parthians and Persians. On the summit there formerly stood a car drawn by six horses abreast, and containing the figures of the Emperor and his sons. Each front has a series of bas-reliefs, representing different events of the Oriental wars. In one of the piers is a staircase of fifty steps leading to the top. The soil in which the Arch was half buried, has been excavated so as to lay bare the ancient pavement of the *Elibus Asyli*, by which the triumphal processions passed from the Forum to the Capitol.

Along the left side of the Forum the line of the modern road is supposed to mark the position of the "*novæ tabernæ*," the porticoes and shops of the traders. At the eastern end is the

Temple of Antoninus and Faustina—Column of Phocas—Curia Julia—Via Sacra.

Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, now the church of St. Lorenzo in Miranda. The inscriptions show it to have been the temple dedicated by the Senate to Faustina, the wife of Antoninus Pius, and afterwards also to Antoninus himself. It consists of a portico of ten Corinthian columns, six in front and two returned on the flanks. The columns are beautifully proportioned, and the frieze and cornice are exquisitely sculptured with griffins, vases, and candelabra.

On the other side of the Forum, beginning from the Portico of Vespasian, we notice first the single column, called by Lord Byron

“The nameless column with a buried base.”

It is no longer nameless; for in 1813 it was excavated to the base, and an inscription found proving it to be the *Column of Phocas*, and recording that a gilt statue of that Emperor was placed upon it by the Exarch Smaragdus, A. D. 608.

Farther east are three fluted columns of Greek marble, which have been long regarded as models of the Corinthian style, supposed to be the remains of the *Temple of Minerva Chalcidica*, built by Augustus. The mass of brick-work behind the church of St. Maria Liberatrice is supposed to be the remains of the magnificent *Curia Julia*, or new Senate-house, erected by Augustus. Farther back, the church of San Teodois is supposed to mark the site of the *Temple of Romulus*. Along the line from the Portico of Vespasian to this spot, were the “*veteres tabernæ*,” or shops which Tarquinius Priscus allowed to be erected in the Forum, and where Virginius bought the knife that saved the honor of his daughter.

Entering on the Via Sacra, we notice a small circular building on the left, now used as a vestibule to a church, which is

Arch of Titus—Palace of the Cæsars—Seven Hills.

supposed to have been the *Ædes Penatium*. Next is the immense ruin of the *Basilica of Constantine*. Close by is the *Arch of Titus*, erected in commemoration of the conquest of Jerusalem, the most beautiful of all the Roman arches. The *Via Sacra* is supposed to have passed under the Arch of Titus to the *Meta Sudans*, in front of the Coliseum.

PALACE OF THE CÆSARS.

One fine evening just before sunset, we paid a visit to the ruins of the Cæsars' Palace on the Palatine hill. Through a private house we obtained admission to a vineyard on the hillside, at the further end of which appeared huge masses of brick-work in the form of arches, and corridors, and vaults, clothed with ivy and creeping plants, and diversified by laurels and ilex. Rude steps conduct to the summit, from which we had a fine view, and made out the *seven hills* of Rome. We were standing on the PALATINE, the seat of the earliest settlement in Rome, covered with the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars, in the midst of gardens and vineyards, the soil of which is composed of crumbled fragments of masonry, in many parts to a depth of twenty feet above the original surface. Here were the houses of Cicero, Hortensius, and Clodius. Here Augustus erected his palace; Tiberius enlarged it; Caligula and Nero still farther; and it was repeatedly re-built and altered by succeeding Emperors.

The CAPITOLINE hill is north of us. There was the great Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, and the Citadel, and the Tarpeian Rock.

On the east are the QUIRINAL and the VIMINAL. The ESQUILINE and CÆLIAN on the south, and the AVENTINE on the west.

*Circus Maximus—Baths of Caracalla—Favorite haunt of Shelley.

Below us on the west is the **CIRCUS MAXIMUS**, the scene of the Sabine rape. It was founded by Tarquinius Priscus, and rebuilt with unusual splendor by Julius Cæsar. The number of seats was not less than 200,000.

Towards the south-west are the **BATHS OF CARACALLA**, and blue mountains and the sea in the distance.

We left the Palatine, and proceeded on our way to the Baths of Caracalla, under the eastern slope of the Aventine. These are the most perfect of all the Roman baths, and except the Coliseum, are the most extensive ruins in Rome. They occupy an area not less than a mile in circuit. The external wall incloses a quadrilateral open area, of which the baths occupied nearly the centre. The mass of central ruins is six hundred and ninety feet long and four hundred and fifty broad. It comprises a multitude of passages, chambers, halls, porticoes, with vaulted ceilings, fragments of mosaic pavements, remains of aqueducts, and reservoirs, and conduits. Most of the walls have been stripped of their marble coating, and reduced to masses of brick-work. These baths have furnished some of the finest specimens of ancient sculpture which now adorn the repositories of art—such as the Farnese Hercules, the colossal Flora, and the Toro Farnese, in the museum at Naples; and the Torso Belvidere, the Atreus and Thyestes, the two Gladiators, and the Venus Callipyge, of the Vatican, with numerous bas-reliefs, cameos, bronzes, medals, and other treasures.

These ruins were the favorite haunt of the poet Shelley. In the preface to the "Prometheus Unbound" he says: "This poem was chiefly written upon the mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, among the flowery glades and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees, which are extended in ever-wind-

ing labyrinths upon its immense platforms and dizzy arches suspended in the air.”

Thence we proceeded to the *Tomb of Scipio*, the most ancient and interesting of all the tombs yet discovered. In 1780 the tomb and its sarcophagi were brought to light, after having been undisturbed for upwards of twenty-one centuries. Several recesses or chambers were discovered, irregularly excavated in the tufa, with six sarcophagi and numerous inscriptions. In one of the recesses was found the celebrated sarcophagus bearing the name of L. Scipio Barbatus, now in the Vatican, and well known by models all over the world. We explored the recesses by the light of a candle, but found nothing save the inscriptions. All other memorials have been removed.

“The Scipio’s tomb contains no ashes now ;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers.”

In the same vineyard, a little farther on, is the *Columbarium of Cneius Pomponius Hylas and of Pomponia Vitalina*. These *Columbaria* are a kind of sepulchres, so called from the rows of little niches, resembling the holes of a pigeon-house. These niches contained the *ollæ* or urns, in which the ashes of the dead were deposited. In some cases the names are found on the urns, but more generally in inscriptions over the niches. These *Columbaria* were set apart for the slaves and freedmen, and were usually near the tombs of their masters.

And here we will take our leave of the memorials of ancient Rome. Without describing everything I saw, I have endeavored to give the most interesting species of the various classes of objects. I have generally left the reader to his own reflections. But I cannot close without saying, that the prevailing

Sad Memorials.

sentiment of my soul while viewing and recalling these scenes, has been that of sadness. I mourn over Roman grandeur, not because it has departed, but because it was unsanctified. It was "without God," and therefore without a fitting aim, or guide, or end. All its splendor and glory cannot blind me to the truth, that it was also "without hope." No bright visions of immortality inspired its life, cheered its course, and irradiated its pathway to the tomb. Cold, dark, dreary, and desolate was the grave into which Rome sank.

"The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe:
An empty urn within her withered hands
Where holy dust was scattered long ago."

CHAPTER XXVII.

ROME TO FLORENCE.

TUESDAY, the 2d of July, at about 6 P.M., we took our place in the Malle Poste for Florence, which was standing in the carriage-house in the rear of the Post-Office. The baggage and mail had been previously deposited; the horses were then attached, we were dragged out and commenced our journey. The Malle Poste is a stout-built carriage with only one apartment for passengers, which resembles the coupé of a diligence, having but one seat facing the horses, and with glass windows in front and at the sides. Outside in front is a seat for the conductor. The team of four horses with bells attached is managed by a postilion in uniform, mounted on the rear leader, who improves every opportunity to magnify his office. The whole establishment, when in motion, presents quite an animating spectacle—the horses dashing off at full speed, bells jingling merrily, the postilion in his gay costume with a feather in his hat, bobbing up and down, flourishing his whip, and vociferating at the horses. As there is room for only three passengers inside, an early application is necessary to secure a seat. We had secured ours a week beforehand by registering our names and paying half the fare.

We stopped at the "Porta del Popolo," to have our papers examined by the officer of the guard, and an additional im-

 Pons Milvius—Constantine and Maxentius—Roman Girl's Song.

pression of the *mitre and keys* stamped upon them, and after travelling some distance upon a straight and dusty road, shut in by the high walls of villas and gardens on each side, we at length came out into the more open country. We cross the Tiber (which separated Etruria from Latium) by the *Ponte Molle*, a modern bridge, built on the foundation of the *Pons Milvius*. Here it was that Cicero arrested the ambassadors of the Allobroges at the dead of night, on their way to Catiline, with letters concerning the conspiracy. Here was fought the celebrated battle between Constantine and Maxentius, which Raphael has represented on the walls of the Vatican. Here, while addressing his troops before the battle, Constantine saw the cross in the heavens, with the inspiring motto, "*In hoc signo vinces.*" From the parapet of this bridge the body of Maxentius was precipitated into the Tiber. Then the air resounded with the shrill clangor of trumpets, the clashing of steel, the shouts and yells of combatants, the frequent splash of horse and rider falling heavily into the stream below, till the "yellow Tiber" was red with blood. Now, how calm and peaceful the scene!

The shades of evening gather around us, as we wind over the undulating surface of the Campagna, from one elevation after another, taking our farewell view of the towers and cupolas of Rome. A feeling of unutterable sadness spreads over my soul as I think of the departed glory of the "Eternal City," the "mistress of the world;" and in-voluntarily I repeat the plaintive strains of the "Roman girl's song."

"Rome! Rome! thou art no more
 As thou hast been!
 On thy seven hills of yore
 Thou sat'st a queen.

Roman Girl's Song—Volcanic District.

“Thou hadst thy triumphs then,
Purpling the street;
Leaders and sceptred men
Bowed at thy feet.

“They that thy mantle wore
As gods were seen—
Rome! Rome! thou art no more
As thou hast been!

“Rome! thine imperial brow
Never more shall rise,
What hast thou left thee now?
Thou hast thy skies!

“Blue, deeply blue, they are,
Gloriously bright!
Veiling thy wastes afar,
With colored light.

“Thou hast the sunset's glow,
Rome, for thy dower,
Flushing tall cypress bough,
Temple and tower.

“Yet wears thy Tiber's shore
A mournful mien:—
Rome! Rome! thou art no more
As thou hast been.”

We pass through *La Storta*, and enter upon a country which bears marks of volcanic action. An extinct crater in the vicinity of *Baccano* contains a sulphurous pool, which sends forth exhalations that impregnate the whole atmosphere. The night air is heavy with pestilential vapors. We close the

windows and muse in silence upon the dire *malaria* that infests this region.

At *Moriterosi* we leave the Camarca (or province) of Rome, and enter upon the Delegation of *Viterbo*. From the next post, *Ronciglione*, we begin to ascend the steep volcanic hill of Monte Cimino, the classical Ciminus, whose dense forests served as a barrier to Etruria against Rome for so many ages. The road skirts the eastern margin of the Lago di Vico, or Lacus Cimini, of which Virgil speaks,

“Et Cimini cum monte lacum”—

The lake is about three miles in circumference, and has all the appearance of a crater. Ancient writers say that it was caused by a sudden sinking, during which a city called Succinium was swallowed up, and that when the water was clear, the ruins of this city might be seen at the bottom of the lake. We reach the summit of the mountain at *L' Imposta* and then descend to *Viterbo*, which we enter about daylight. We read in our hand-books that “it is called by the old Italian writers the city of handsome fountains and beautiful women.” So we strain our eyes, as we pass within the frowning battlements and roll through the narrow and dirty streets, to see if we can discover anything to justify the appellation. At some of the corners groups of sleepy-looking dolphins or dragons appear, lazily spouting streams of water, but the “beautiful women” are nowhere to be seen. We take a cup of coffee with our conductor at the Post-Office, and fall back upon the historical associations of the place for our interest.

VITERBO is the capital of one of the most extensive delegations of the Papal states, the seat of a bishopric and the resi-

dence of the delegate. Its population is about 13,000. It is surrounded by walls and towers built chiefly by the Lombard kings. It is supposed to occupy the site of the ancient *Farnum Voltumnæ*, where the Etruscan cities held their general assemblies. In the 13th century it was the residence of several Popes and the scene of numerous conclaves of the Sacred College. Six popes were elected here.

The CATHEDRAL dedicated to San Lorenzo is a Gothic edifice, built, as supposed, on the site of a temple of Hercules. It was at the high altar of this Cathedral that Prince Henry of England was murdered by Guy de Montfort in revenge for the death of his father Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, who was killed in 1265 at the battle of Evesham fighting against Henry III. At Evesham the body of the Earl was dragged in the dust by the royalists. His son Guy de Montfort was present, and vowed vengeance against the king and his family for this outrage. No opportunity occurred for several years; but at length an accidental visit to this city threw one of the young Princes of England in his way, on his return from the crusades. While the young Prince was kneeling at the altar during the celebration of mass, Guy de Montfort rushed upon him and ran him through with his sword. The prince instantly expired, and the murderer walked out of the church unmolested. He said to his attendants at the door, "I have been avenged." "How?" said one of them, "was not your father dragged in the dust?" At these words he returned to the altar, seized the body of the Prince by the hair, and dragged it into the public square. He then fled and took refuge in the Maremma.

The Cathedral is also memorable for another historical incident. It was in its piazza (or square) that Adrian IV., the only Englishman that ever wore the tiara, compelled Frederick

Montefiascone—Epitaph of Bishop Johann Fugger—Lake Bolsena.

Barbarossa, Emperor of Germany, to humble himself in the presence of the papal and imperial courts, by holding his stirrup while he dismounted from his mule.

Another post through a dreary and uninteresting country brings us to *Montefiascone*,—situated on an isolated hill, crowned by an old castle of the middle ages,—an episcopal town of 4,800 inhabitants, on the site of an ancient Etruscan city. The Cathedral, with its octagonal cupola, has an imposing air. The church of *San Flaviano* near the gate has a singular monument in its subterranean chapel, in memory of Bishop Johann Fugger of Augsburg. The bishop is represented lying on his tomb with two goblets on each side of his mitre and under his arms. The following is his epitaph written by his valet: "*Est, est, est. Propter nimium est, Joannes de Foucris, Dominus meus, mortuus est.*" It seems the bishop, while travelling, was accustomed to send on his valet in advance, to ascertain whether the wines of the place were good, in which case he wrote on the walls the word "*est*" (*it is*, i. e. it is good.) At Montefiascone he was so well pleased with its sweet wines, that he wrote the word *est* three times—*Est, est, est*. The luxurious prelate drank so freely of the wine as to occasion his death. The best wine still bears the name of the fatal treble *est*.

Leaving Montefiascone, we descended the hills of *Bolsena* through a wood, abounding in majestic oaks, formerly notorious for banditti. At frequent intervals we have exquisite views of the *Lake of Bolsena*, a beautiful expanse of water about twenty-six miles in circumference. The surrounding country slopes gradually to the water, and is in a high state of cultivation. But not a single human habitation meets the eye of the traveller. Not a single sail ruffles the placid surface of the lake. He wonders at the universal solitude that reigns, until

he learns that the treacherous beauty of the lake conceals *malaria* in its most fatal forms. The laborers dare not sleep for a single night in the plains where they work by day.

Two small islands in the lake are visible from the road, the largest called *Bisentina*, and the smallest *Martana*. The latter is memorable as the scene of the imprisonment and murder of Amalasontha, Queen of the Goths, the only daughter of Theodoric, and the niece of Clovis. She was strangled in her bath A. D. 535, by the order of her cousin Theodatus, whom she had raised to a share in the kingdom. Some steps in the rock are shown as the stairs which led to her prison. Pliny gives a description of this lake under the name of the Tarquinian lake, and an account of two floating islands on it.

Bolsena is a small town on the margin of the lake, occupying the site of the Etruscan city of Volsinium. It is celebrated in the history of the Roman church, as the scene of the miracle of the wafer, which Raphael has immortalized by his representation on the walls of the Vatican. It is said to have taken place in the church of *Santa Cristina* in the year 1263. A Bohemian priest who doubted the doctrine of transubstantiation, was convinced by blood flowing from the Host he was consecrating.

Soon after leaving Bolsena we pass the ruined town of *San Lorenzo Rovinato*, i. e. San Lorenzo ruined, surmounted by an old tower covered with ivy, a most romantic looking ruin. The old town was abandoned on account of the *malaria*, and a new town, *San Lorenzo Nuovo*, i. e. San Lorenzo New, built on the brow of the hill by Pope Pius VI. at his own cost. This hill commands a fine view of the Lake of Bolsena, with its picturesque shores.

Acquapendente, i. e. *hanging water*, so called from the num-

ber of cascades that dash over the precipitous mass of rock on which the town is situated, into the ravine below, is the last town in the Papal States. Our passports are again examined and sealed. We change carriages and couriers, and feel constrained to keep a vigilant watch over our baggage during the operation, such a ruffian-looking set are standing around. The inn can furnish nothing better than coffee and eggs, on which we make a late breakfast. Our new courier entertains us with stories of robberies recently committed in this neighborhood. Our Swedish companion examines his pistols, and is very much surprised to find that we have no arms with us. A long and winding descent amidst fine old oaks and terraces covered with vegetation, brings us to the river Paglia, which we cross by the Ponte Gregoriano, and next arrive at *Ponte Centino*, the Papal frontier station and custom-house, where our passports and baggage are again examined. We cross the Elvella, which separates the Papal States from Tuscany, and commence the long and tedious ascent of the mountain of Radicofani. We have now seven horses attached to our carriage, with two postilions to guide them. The sides of the mountain are covered with enormous fragments of volcanic matter, and the whole aspect of the surrounding region is wild and dreary in the extreme. Far up the mountain is the village surrounded by strong walls, and higher still upon the very summit of the cone, which is said to be 2,470 feet above the sea, is the ruined castle of Ghino di Tacco, the robber-knight.

At the Dogana by the road-side our baggage is again examined, our passports receive the endorsement "*Visto buono per Firenze*," i. e. "seen good for Florence," and the stamp *Radicofani*, and over the whole to our admiring eyes the inscription "*Gratis*," showing most unmistakably that we are

in a new country, and impressing us most deeply with a sense of the extraordinary clemency and boundless generosity of his Excellency the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

From Radicofani, a wild and dreary ride down the mountain to *Ricorsi*. Thence over bare and desolate clay hills to *Poderrina* on the river Orcia. Next *San Quirico* with its Gothic church, the Chigi palace, and an old square tower of Roman origin. Thence over the hills, crossing the Asso and the Tuoma, to *Torrinieri*. Thence a continuous descent, crossing the Pereta and the Serlate to *Buonconvento* situated near the junction of the Arbia and the Ombrone. The ancient castle here is infamous in Italian history as the scene of the death of the Emperor Henry VII. The Emperor was on his march towards Rome in order to give battle to the Guelph party under Robert of Naples, when he stopped here to celebrate the feast of St. Bartholomew, August 24, 1313. He received the communion from the hands of a Dominican monk, and expired in a few hours, as is supposed from the effects of poison mixed in the consecrated cup. Night overtakes us still among these wild and dreary hills, till we enter the gate of *Siena*, and after threading its steep, narrow, and irregular streets, find entertainment at the *Aquila Nera*, *i. e.* Black Eagle, at 10 o'clock.

SIENA is the ancient *Sena Julia*. In its republican days it was the great rival of Florence, and could send an hundred thousand armed men out of its thirty-nine gates. Its commerce was extensive, the arts were encouraged, and it became the seat of a school of painting characterized by deep religious feeling, and a peculiar beauty and tenderness of expression. It is still the chief city of one of the five Compartimenti of Tuscany, the seat of an Archbishop, a military governor, of a criminal tribunal, and a civil *Ruota*. But only eight of its thirty-nine gates

are now open. Its population has been reduced to 18,000, and in some quarters of the city grass is growing on the pavements.

From Siena through *Castiglioncello*, down the valley of the Staggia, through *Poggibonsi*, a manufacturing town with a palace belonging to the Grand Duke, through *Tavernelle*, *San Casciano* (in the neighborhood of which is the villa of *Machiavelli*), through a more pleasing country, the olive grounds, and vineyards, and gardens becoming more numerous as we proceed, till the Arno greets our eyes, and after riding along its banks for a short distance we arrive at Florence, "*Firenze la bella*," at 6 o'clock in the morning of the 4th of July.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FLORENCE—ITS PALACES, GALLERIES, AND CHURCHES.

"But Arno wins us to the fair white walls
 Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps
 A softer feeling for her fairy halls.
 Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps
 Her corn, and wine, and oil, and Plenty leaps
 To laughing life with her redundant horn.
 Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps
 Was modern Luxury of Commerce born,
 And buried Learning rose, redeemed to a new morn."

FLORENCE (*Italian*, FIRENZE), the capital of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, has a population of about 100,000, and is situated upon the river Arno, about fifty miles from the sea. Its shape is an irregular pentagon, about six miles in circuit, enclosed by walls having eight gates. Three "*quartieri*" (*i. e.* "quarters") are on the north and one on the south side of the Arno. The bed of the river is from three hundred to four hundred feet wide, and in the dry season contains very little water. It is very variable, however. Heavy rains, or the sudden melting of the snows upon the Apennines, will sometimes raise the stream to a great height in a few hours; so as to inundate the country and carry all before it. On the north and north-west, at the distance of a few miles across the fertile plain, rise the naked and barren ridges of the Apennines to the height of three thousand feet. On the north-east is the hill of *Fiesole*, covered with gardens and country-houses. On the

south the prospect is bounded by the gardens of *Boboli*, extending along the declivity of a steep hill, crowned by the Fort of *Belvidere* upon the summit.

Within the city, the Arno is crossed by four stone bridges : the *Ponte delle Grazie*, built in 1235, which has several dwelling-houses upon it ; the *Ponte Vecchio*, a century later, which is a street of shops, principally jewellers, goldsmiths, and workers in metals, and over which runs a covered gallery connecting two of the Grand Duke's palaces on opposite sides of the river ; the *Ponte de Sta Trinita* (*i. e.* Bridge of the Holy Trinity), built in 1569, adorned with four marble statues representing the four Seasons ; and the *Ponte alla Carraja*, the most westerly.

We entered Florence by the *Porta Romana*, and crossing the *Ponte de Sta Trinita*, put up at the Hotel du Nord. After seeing to our rooms, we sallied forth into the streets, and had hardly stepped upon the pavement before we were saluted by a young and pretty flower-girl, in the becoming costume of the country, with a broad trimmed Tuscan hat tied under her chin, and set back upon her head, who insisted upon furnishing us all with bouquets. She would take no refusal, but actually forced them upon us, arranging them with her own hands in our button-holes, and would receive no compensation ; at which we greatly wondered, till we learned the customs of the place. There are several of these flower-girls, who make it their business to keep visitors supplied with flowers during their continuance here, and with the expectation of a remembrancer at the time of departure. As you are about to get into the diligence, your favorite greets you with her sweetest smile, and hands you her parting bouquet, the choicest of all, and you hand her perhaps a *scudo* (about a dollar) in return.

After breakfasting at *Doney's* famous *café*, where one can get a cup of excellent coffee, the nicest bread and butter, and a boiled egg for a *paul* (about ten cents), we commenced our tour of exploration. We were struck by the massive character of the buildings, crowned with heavy cornices, the smooth flagging of the streets, and the general air of leisure and courtesy which seemed to pervade the city. Our first visit was to the

PALAZZO PITTI.

This is the chief residence of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. It stands upon high ground, with an open square before it, and presents a vast extended front of solid massive architecture. At the time of our visit the Grand Duke was absent in the country, and through the kindness of one of our company, we obtained admission into the private apartments. Some of the rooms are magnificently furnished. One was lined with white satin, embroidered by the former Duchess.

But the chief attraction of the Palace is the *collection of pictures*, which is considered on the whole as the finest in the world. They are contained in a series of splendid apartments (fifteen or sixteen in number), which are generally named after the subjects painted in fresco upon the ceilings. Five of them were painted by *Pietro da Cortona*, the nephew of Michel Angelo Buonarrotti, about the year 1640, and each of these is denominated from the planet which denoted one of the virtues of Cosmo I., the founder of the Grand-ducal dynasty of Tuscany. The first of these rooms is the *Hall of Venus*, representing the triumph of Reason over Pleasure. Minerva rescues a youth (who stands for Cosmo I.) and conducts him to Hercules. Among the pictures are a fine allegorical painting

Salvator Rosa—Michel Angelo—Leonardo da Vinci.

by *Salvator Rosa*, representing Falsehood by a man holding a mask; two very large and magnificent Coast views, by the same artist; two fine landscapes, by *Rubens*; and the portrait of a lady in a rich dress, by *Titian*.

Next is the *Hall of Apollo*, the ceiling of which represents the tutelary deity of Poetry and the Fine Arts, receiving Cosmo, guided to him by Virtue and Glory. Some of the pictures are, the Supper at Emmaus, by *Palma Vecchio*; a Virgin and Child, by *Murillo*; the Deposition from the Cross, by *Andrea del Sarto*; a portrait of himself, by *Rembrandt*; two fine portraits, by *Raphael*; and a noble picture by the same artist, of Leo X. with two cardinals.

Next is the *Hall of Mars*, the ceiling of which illustrates Cosmo's success in war. Here is *Raphael's* celebrated Madonna della Seggiola (*i. e.* "the Madonna of the Chair"), so often copied and engraved; a noble portrait of Cardinal Bentivoglio, by *Vandyke*; *Raphael's* Holy Family ("del' impannata,") and a fine picture by *Rubens*, of his own portrait, with that of his brother, and the two philosophers, Lipsius and Grotius, and the Consequences of War, a large and impressive picture by *Rubens*.

The *Hall of Jupiter* comes next. The ceiling depicts Hercules and Fortune introducing Cosmo to Jove, from whom he receives a crown of Immortality. Here is the Catiline Conspiracy, by *Salvator Rosa*, a company of fierce and dissolute men with a great variety of expression; a grand picture of the Three Fates, by *Michel Angelo*, one of the three painted in oil by this great master; a lovely portrait of a female, by *Leonardo da Vinci*, &c., &c.

The *Hall of Saturn* represents Cosmo, now in mature age, conducted by Mars and Prudence to receive the crown offered

Vandyke—Raphael—Domenichino, &c.—Canova's Venus.

by Glory and Eternity. Here is a fine portrait of Charles I. (of England), and Henrietta his Queen, by *Vandyke*; Pope Julius II. by *Raphael*; the Death of Abel, by *Schiavone*; Mary Magdalene, by *Domenichino*; the Descent from the Cross, by *Perugino*; the Madonna del Baldacchino, by *Raphael*; the head of an old man, by *Annibale Caracci*; Raphael's Vision of Ezekiel, and many others.

Next is the *Hall of the Iliad*, representing on the ceiling many of the scenes of the Homeric poem, and containing pictures by *Salvator Rosa*, *Titian*, &c., and two fine Assumptions, by *Andrea del Sarto*.

Adjoining this is an elegant cabinet, the walls of which are painted with allegories of the four ages of man, and the four ages of the world, and the vaulting with the Virtues and Fame.

Next comes the *Hall of the Education of Jupiter*, containing some of *Raphael's*, a *Carlo Dolce*, and others; next the *Hall of Ulysses*, which has a very fine portrait of Oliver Cromwell, by *Sir Peter Lely*, painted expressly as a present to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and sent by the Protector in his lifetime; next the *Hall of Justice*; next the *Hall of Flora*, which contains *Canova's Venus*; next the *Hall "dei Putti,"* which has a fine picture by *Salvator Rosa*, representing the story of Diogenes throwing away his cup on seeing a boy drink out of his hand; next the *Gallery of Pocetti*, then the Music-room, the Pavilion, and the Gallery of Hercules.

This visit to the Palazzo Pitti seemed more like an enchanting dream than an actual reality. There was nothing to break the spell. No grim sentinel withstood our progress. Every door opened at our bidding. No troublesome *custode* hurried us from one apartment to another, or extended his hand for the

Palazzo Pitti—Boboli Gardens—Museum of Natural History—Galileo's Temple.

customary fees. Luxurious seats invited to repose, when tired of standing, and strains of delicious music came floating through the open windows from the Austrian band in the court below. I carried away with me from that gallery of pictures images of beauty and majesty, which have been my cherished companions ever since, and for which I owe a debt of lasting gratitude to those masters of the olden time.

PALACES, GALLERIES, AND CHURCHES.

In the rear of the Palace are the *Boboli Gardens*. The ground rises in a succession of terraces, adorned with statues and vases, and clothed with the richest foliage. Some of the walls are extended arbors, for a long distance perfectly embowered in shade. These gardens are open to the public twice a week, viz. on Sundays and Thursdays. At such times it is pleasant to see the various groups of well dressed persons strolling in every direction, clustered around some fountain or statue, or occupying the rustic seats. I sat a long time one beautiful evening watching a merry troop of children in their cool summer dresses and broad-brimmed Tuscan hats, romping over the grass, and filling the air with their shouts and laughter.

Adjoining the Pitti Palace on the west is the *Museo di Storia Naturale*, or "Museum of Natural History," open daily to the public. Here are fine collections in Mineralogy, Geology, Zoology, Botany, and Anatomy. Some of the anatomical models in wax of different parts of the body in a diseased state are horribly natural. One series represents corpses in various stages of decomposition.

Attached to the Museum is the TRIBUNE, or Temple, erected by the present Grand Duke to *Galileo*. In the centre is a

statue of the Tuscan philosopher, surrounded by niches, containing busts of his principal pupils. The walls are beautifully inlaid with marble and jasper; the ceiling is richly painted in compartments, representing the principal events of the life of Galileo; and many of the instruments with which he made his discoveries are here deposited.

The present Grand Duke, Leopold II., who succeeded to the throne in 1824, did much for the improvement of Tuscany, during the early part of his reign. The pestilential marshes of the *Maremma Senese* were drained, the lakes and rivers embanked, a fine road opened the whole length of the province, handsome bridges thrown across the rivers, and the Artesian wells made to provide the inhabitants with wholesome water. Educational institutions were established, infant schools, normal schools, schools for the deaf and dumb; the most liberal patronage was extended to the arts and sciences; law reforms and railway enterprises were commenced. The unvarying policy of Tuscan diplomacy for more than a hundred years had been to maintain its independence of Austrian dominion and of Papal control. But ever since the revolution of 1848, the weak and superstitious old Duke has taken counsel only of his fears. The agents of the Papal Camerilla are made his confidential advisers, or he looks for his protection to the Austrian bayonets.

PALAZZO VECCHIO.

This is a monument of the Democracy of Florence. The Ghibeline nobles in whom the government was vested, imposed heavier taxes than the citizens chose to pay. The insolent pride of the aristocracy had also become intolerable. The people therefore assembled in one of the public squares, the *Piazza di Santa Croce*, in the year 1250, and took the power

Palazzo Vecchio—Fountain of Neptune.

into their own hands, without meeting the slightest resistance. They elected Uberto di Lucca as *Capitano del Popolo*, and a council of twelve elders, or *Anziani del Popolo*, two for each district of the town, who were civil magistrates, and a *Podesta* (or Governor), to administer justice. Sixteen years later, a new organization of the government took place. There was a Council of twelve *Buonomini*, who were to give their opinion first on every new measure, after which, if approved, it came before the Council of *Credenza* (or "Trust"), a sort of Senate who deliberated in secret, and from them the motion came before the Council of *Three Hundred*, consisting of deputies from all classes of the citizens, presided over by the *Podesta*, which gave its final sanction. In 1282, a law was passed by which the citizens chose six *Priori*, one for each district, who constituted the executive, and were renewed every six months. In 1293, the popular party elected a new officer, called *Gonfaloniere di Giustizia* (*i. e.* "Standard-bearer of Justice"), who was to enforce order and justice, and had a guard of one thousand soldiers.

The Palazzo Vecchio was built in 1298, as a residence for the *Gonfaloniere* and the *Priori*, the elective magistracy of the Republic. It stands on the east side of the *Piazza del Gran' Duca*, the central spot of Florence for business and for interest. It is an imposing mass of dark stone, with enormous battlements, deep machicolations projecting over the walls, and a bold and lofty campanile, or bell-tower. Beneath the machicolations of the battlements are large triangular escutcheons painted with the bearings of the ancient Republic, and of the *Sestieri*, or wards, into which the city was divided.

In front of the Palace is the celebrated *Fountain of Neptune*, by *Ammanato*. It consists of a colossal figure of Neptune in his

Michel Angelo's "David"—Loggia di Lanzi—Imperial Gallery—Vestibule.

car drawn by horses, in the centre, while tritons, nymphs, and satyrs, are congregated round the margin of the basin. On this site stood the *Ringhiera*, or tribune, from which the orators of the Republic were accustomed to harangue the multitude.

On the left hand side of the door is a colossal statue of "David," by *Michel Angelo*. On the other side is a colossal figure of Hercules subduing Cacus, by *Bandinelli*.

The *Loggia di Lanzi* is an "open gallery" (as the word "loggia" signifies) on the south side of the square, consisting of three circular arches, supported by angular pillars, with a Gothic balustrade above. It contains a number of celebrated statues, such as the Perseus, by *Benvenuto Cellini*; the Rape of the Sabines, by *Giovanni di Bologna*; Judith slaying Holofernes, in bronze, by Donatello; six ancient colossal statues of females, two lions, and some others.

A few steps towards the south-east stands the fine building, the *Uffizii* (*i. e.* "offices"), erected by Cosmo I. for public offices. It consists of three sides of a parallelogram, and has a "loggia," or open gallery, all around the first story, which is occupied by shop-keepers. The upper story contains the celebrated collection of pictures and statuary called the "Imperial Gallery."

GALERIA IMPERIALE.

From the western end a corridor of communication is carried from this gallery across the river to the Palazzo Pitti, more than half a mile distant, so as to enable the sovereign to pass from one to the other without descending into the streets of his metropolis.

In the *First Vestibule* are the busts of the Medici family, three of which are in porphyry. The *Second Vestibule* con-

tains the *Florentine Boar*, and two noble wolf-dogs seated, and several fine statues larger than life.

The Eastern Gallery is filled with paintings and sculpture. Among the statues is a series of Roman Emperors, from Cæsar to Constantine, with the various expressions which marked their characters; the Bacchus and Faun of *Michel Angelo*, a bronze of David, as the Conqueror of Goliath, by *Donatello*.

A door on the left, about half way to the end, opens into the TRIBUNE, an octagonal room with a vaulted ceiling, ornamented in the most costly style, and containing the choicest works of painting and sculpture in the world. It was originally built by Francesco I. as a cabinet of miscellaneous curiosities. The cupola is beautifully inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and the pavement is of the richest marble.

Here stands the famous VENUS DE MEDICIS, an ancient statue more than two thousand years old, universally acknowledged to be the most perfect model of female symmetry and beauty. The highest ambition of modern sculptors is to come as near to it as possible, none dream of equalling it.

Here too is the famous group of the Wrestlers, the Arrotino, the Dancing Faun, and the Apollino. The paintings are the choicest productions of *Raphael*, *Corregio*, *Guido*, *Titian*, *Vandyke*, *Guercino*, *Andrea del Sarto*, and *Daniel da Volterra*.

Then follow two rooms of *Tuscan* paintings, two rooms of the *Venetian school*, three rooms filled with *autograph portraits of painters*, and several rooms of the *Dutch and French schools*.

On the western side of the Gallery is a magnificent table of Florentine mosaic, which employed twenty-two workmen constantly for twenty-five years, and cost 80,000 crowns.

Hall of Niobe—The Duomo—Largest Dome in the World.

Then there are several other rooms of sculpture, one called the *Hall of Niobe and her Children*—containing Niobe in the centre, with her youngest daughter pressed to her, and arranged around the sides of the room, her numerous sons and daughters in various attitudes and with various expressions of fear and agony, dying, or about to die by the avenging shafts of Apollo and Diana. Then there is the *Cabinet of Modern Bronzes*, the *Cabinet of Ancient Bronzes*, a collection of sculptures of the *Modern Tuscan school*, Egyptian Antiquities, Vases and Terra Cottas, a valuable collection of Medals, a beautiful *Cabinet of Gems*, collected by Lorenzo de' Medici, and a fine collection of Drawings and Engravings.

THE DUOMO, OR CATHEDRAL.

The foundations of this noble structure were laid by *Arnolfo di Lapo*, in 1298. After his death the work was intrusted to *Giotto* in 1331, who erected the Campanile, or Bell-tower, and part of the façade, which was subsequently torn down, and has never yet been completed. In 1420, *Brunelleschi* was employed to complete the cupola. His success was a new era in architecture. He erected the first dome that was ever exalted upon what is technically called a *drum* (*i. e.* the base), and the first *double* dome that was ever built. This dome is also the *largest* in the world; for though the summit of the cross of St. Peter's is at a greater distance from the ground than the summit of the cross of the Cathedral of Florence, yet dome separately compared with dome, that of Brunelleschi is the highest, and has the larger circumference. It served as a model to Michel Angelo for St. Peter's. He admired it so much that he used to say, "*Como te non voglio, meglio te non posso,*" *i. e.* "*Like you, I do not wish, better than you, I can-*

not." In the Piazza on the south side of the Cathedral are two statues in honor of the architects *Arnolfo* and *Brunelleschi*. Brunelleschi has upon his knee the plan of the Duomo, and he is looking up to see it realized. Near by is a flag-stone inscribed *Sasso di Dante, i. e.* "Dante's seat," where formerly stood a stone seat on which Dante used to sit and contemplate the Cathedral.

The whole building is cased on the outside with black and white marble in alternate horizontal stripes. Its dimensions are length, four hundred and fifty-four feet; breadth, *i. e.* length of the transept, three hundred and thirty-four feet; height from the pavement to the summit of the cross, three hundred and eighty-seven feet; height of the nave, one hundred and fifty-three feet; and that of the side aisles, ninety-six and a half feet. The cupola is octagonal, and is one hundred and thirty-eight and a half feet in diameter, and from the cornice of the drum to the eye of the dome, one hundred and thirty-three and a quarter in height.

The interior is paved with red, blue, and white marble. The stained glass of the windows is uncommonly rich, and is said to be the finest in the world. The cupola is covered with paintings in fresco, representing Paradise, Prophets, Angels, Saints, the Gift of the Holy Ghost, the Punishment of the Condemned, &c. Many of the figures are grotesque and absurd.

Among the sculptures are a David by *Donatello*, and a group of Joseph of Arimathea entombing the body of our Lord, by *Michel Angelo*. There are also three monumental paintings of some interest; one, the portrait of Dante, in a long red robe, with a grave and beautiful countenance, and head crowned with laurel; another in honor of the celebrated knight, Sir John Hawkwood, who enlisted in the service of Florence; and a third, of Nicolo Tolentino, another hired general.

The Campanile, or Bell-tower, is a parallelopiped, two hundred and fifty feet in height, and of the same size to the summit. On the top are four great piers, from which, according to the original design, was to have risen a spire of one hundred and ninety feet in height. This is also cased with black and white marble, elaborately ornamented with panels, and tablets, and statues. The average cost of each square, *braccia* (*i. e.* a space not quite two feet square), was 1000 florins—about \$250.

On the other side of the Piazza, opposite the Duomo, is the

BAPTISTRY OF ST. JOHN.

This building is an exact octagon, supporting a cupola and lantern. The external coating is black and white marble, constructed by *Arnolfo* in 1288–93. But the building within is of much greater antiquity. There is evidence that it was a finished building in A. D. 725, and it was supposed by the early Florentines to have been a Temple of Mars. It was used as the Cathedral before the Duomo was built.

The chief ornaments of the Baptistry are the *three bronze doors*, one by *Andrea Pisano*, and the two others by *Ghiberti*, which Michel Angelo declared “worthy to be the gates of Paradise.” The gate executed by Andrea Pisano is the one towards the south, covered with allegorical figures in the lower compartments, and above with the principal events in the life of St. John. When this gate was fixed and exhibited, the event was celebrated throughout all Tuscany as a festival. The north gate displays the principal events of the ministry of our Lord. The eastern gate represents the leading events of the Old Testament, whilst the framework is filled with statues and busts

of patriarchs, saints, and prophets of the Jewish dispensation in basso-relievo.

The interior of the cupola is covered with huge mosaics of great antiquity, and paintings in fresco;—a gigantic figure of our Lord in the centre, the Rewards of the Just and the Punishments of the Wicked, the Orders and Powers of the Celestial Hierarchy, Prophets, Patriarchs, and the Bishops of Florence. Among these frescoes is the Lucifer of Dante, with the lost soul, whose punishment is greatest, half in his mouth.

All the baptisms of the city are performed in this church, and you rarely enter it without witnessing the ceremony. While we were there, a coach rolled up to the door, and a gentleman descended, followed by a great fat nurse with a very young child in her arms; the priest made his appearance, with book in hand, rattled off the service, took the infant, crossed it, anointed it, put salt in its mouth, poured water on its head, and handed it back to the nurse with evident satisfaction. The average number of baptisms is about three thousand five hundred per annum. It is said that, taking the average of months, births are always scarcest in June, and most plentiful in January, February, and March.

CHURCH OF SANTA CROCE.

“In *Santa Croce's* holy precincts lie
 Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
 Even in itself an immortality,
 Though there were nothing save the past and this
 The particle of those sublimities
 Which have relapsed to Chaos.—Here repose
 ANGELO's, ALFIERI's bones, and his,
 The starry GALILEO, with his woes;
 Here MACCHIAVELLI's earth returned to whence it rose.”

This was the principal church of the Black or Observatine Friars in ancient Florence. St. Francis sent his first colony to this city in 1212, and in 1294 the first stone of this magnificent building was laid with great pomp. *Arnolfo* was the architect.

Santa Croce has always been a favorite place for interment, and hence has been called the "Westminster Abbey" and the "Pantheon" of Florence. The pavement is thickly strewn with sepulchral slabs and tablets. In the centre of the church is the pavement tomb of *John Ketterich*, or *Kerrich*, successively Bishop of St. David's, Litchfield, and Exeter (England), who was sent upon an embassy by Henry V. to Pope Martin V., and died shortly after his arrival in Florence in 1419. Another is that of *Giovanni Magalotti*, one of the board of eight members appointed by the Florentines, when they declared war against Pope Gregory XI. and allied themselves with the "Roman republic" in defence of liberty in 1375. The people called them "*Otto Santi*," i. e. "the Eight Saints." The Pope styled them "*Otto Diavoli*," i. e. "the Eight Devils."

One of the most interesting tombs is that of *Michel Angelo Buonarroti*. The three sister arts, Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, appear as mourners around the urn of the great master. His bust by *Lorenzi* was considered a most faithful likeness.

Another is the magnificent tomb of *Marsuppini*, who died in 1453, Chancellor of the Republic of Florence, and one of the protégés of Cosmo de' Medici—a sarcophagus with a recumbent figure. Another is that of *Leonardo Bruni*, who died in 1644 (surnamed L'Aretino, from the place of his birth, Arezzo), author of a "History of the Goths," "History of Florence," and many other works. He lies extended on the tomb, with a volume of

Monuments to Macchiavelli, Dante, Alfieri, Galileo.

his "History of Florence" on his breast, and a crown of laurel around his head.

There are also the monument to *Macchiavelli*, the cenotaph of *Dante*, Canova's monument of *Alfieri*, and the tomb of *Galileo*. A modern tomb of the Polish Countess Sophia, by *Bartolini*, is a fine work of art. She is represented as on her dying bed, partly raised up and supported by pillows, having just given her parting advice to her family, her eyes closed, her hands clasped, and her expression that of a dying Christian.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FLORENCE TO BOLOGNA.

FAREWELL to thee, FLORENCE! "city of flowers!" graceful, beautiful, illustrious Florence! birth-place of Genius! home of Poetry, Philosophy, and the Fine Arts! where *Freedom* once had a voice that awed the insolence of aristocratic pride, and drowned the thunders of the Vatican. Thou hast many attractions for the visitor from distant lands. Thou receivest him with a smile of welcome, thou strewest flowers in his pathway, and openest wide to him thy choicest galleries of art, "without money and without price." Thanks for thy courtesy and hospitality! "Pleasant memories of thee" we carry with us on our way.

It was about half-past eight in the evening, when we took our places in the diligence for Bologna. The two Bostonian "Medici" occupied the "Interior;" the "Cambridge graduate" chose "the Banquette;" while "the Swede," "the attaché," and myself, congratulated ourselves on having secured the "Coupé." The baggage was at length stowed away to the satisfaction of all hands, the flower-girls waved their "*addios*," and we rattled off in fine style, making our exit by the Porta San Gallo, and crossing the stream Mugnone. The country in the neighborhood of Florence is studded with villas, and rich in vineyards and olive groves, but the gathering shades of night soon limited

our prospect. We passed through *Fontebuono*, *Vaglia Tagliaferro*, *Caffaggiolo*, where we changed horses about midnight, and then commenced a much steeper ascent, up which we toiled through *Monte Carelli*, till we reached the summit of the pass about daybreak. We got out of the carriage and walked along for some distance, to have a better view of the Apennines. The prospect was magnificent. Immediately around us all was barrenness and desolation—a sea of mountains on all sides, with lovely vales between, dotted with castles and villages—the clouds beneath us roseate with the beams of the rising sun. Thence our descent was rapid, though with occasional variations. At one hill we were obliged to have a yoke of oxen attached to the diligence in front of the horses to pull us up. The horses seemed to understand it perfectly; for they at once relaxed their own exertions and left the oxen to do all the work.

From Covigliaio close under the *Monte Bene*, covered with scattered rocks of serpentine, and the *Sasso di Castro*, another fine mountain, through the village of *Pietra Mala*, famous for its spontaneous fires, constantly issuing from a small spot, ten or twelve feet across of stony ground, which always burn brightest in stormy weather, to *Filigare*, the last station of the Tuscan frontier. Here is the *Dogana*, or custom-house, a fine stone building, where our passports were examined.

Then we crossed the boundary line and entered the Papal States, and were obliged to have our passports and baggage examined again at *La Ca*, where is the Papal custom-house.

We stopped at *Lojano* to breakfast, and thence had a succession of fine views of the basin of the Po, from Turin to the Adriatic. From the next station, *Pianoro*, through the rich

plains of Bologna, till we entered the gates of the city, and after "a scene" with the police, who were very rigorous in their examinations, and "a scene" with one of our horses, who kicked up and broke his harness, we finally arrived at the *Grand Hotel Brun*.

BOLOGNA.

Bologna is the second city of the Papal States, next to Rome in population and importance. It is the capital of the Province of Bologna, a district of about fifty miles in length and thirty in breadth, having a population of 324,000. The city is two miles long, by about one broad, surrounded by a high brick wall with twelve gates. It lies between the rivers Savena and Reno, and the Reno canal, which passes through it, connects it with Ferrara, whence by means of the Po, the Adige, and the intermediate canals, it has water communication with Venice. Its population is about 67,000.

The ancient escutcheon of Bologna bore the word "*Libertas*." For many centuries it enjoyed municipal independence. The citizens assembled in general comitia, and appointed the magistrates, at the head of whom were the consuls. It was not indeed until the sixteenth century that it became subject to the Papal see.

The inhabitants still retain something of their ancient bearing. During the late revolution, they made a most desperate resistance to the Austrians, and the walls still bear the marks of the artillery. The city was full of Austrian troops while we were there, and sentinels with rifles guarded the entrance of every hotel and public building.

One of the first things noticed by the stranger, is the number of *covered porticoes* on the sides of the streets. These extend

Churches.

all over the city, and afford a pleasant shelter from the sun and rain. In some parts, however, they give a dark and gloomy aspect to the houses.

As usual we set out to explore some of the principal churches. The Cathedral dedicated to St. Peter, contains among its relics the skull of *St. Anna*, presented by Henry VI. of England, in 1435. Among the works of art is the celebrated painting of the Annunciation, by *Lodovico Caracci*.

The church of *San Petronio* is the largest, and said to be one of the finest specimens of the Italian Gothic of the fourteenth century. It is a perfect museum of sculpture. Windows and doorways are covered with mouldings, bas-reliefs, and statues, in lavish profusion. The beholder stands amazed at the incredible amount of labor and skill which must have been expended on them. On the pavement is the celebrated meridian line, traced by the astronomer *Cassini*.

The church of *San Domenico* contains the tombs of *St. Domenic*, the founder of the Inquisition, of King *Enzius*, son of Frederick II. Emperor of Germany, of *Taddeo Pepoli*, the celebrated republican ruler of Bologna, in the fourteenth century, and of *Guido*, the painter, and his favorite pupil, *Elizabetta Sirani*. It is also extremely rich in works of art. Guido painted the fresco on the roof, representing the glory of Paradise, with the Saviour and the Virgin receiving the soul of *St. Domenic*, amidst the music of the seraphim. Here is also an original and authentic likeness of St. Thomas Aquinas, by *Simone da Bologna*.

These may serve as specimens of the *hundred* churches of Bologna, most of which are adorned with the choicest productions of painting and sculpture, which have been accumulating for centuries.

Academy of Fine Arts—Guido's "Massacre of the Innocents."

The next day we visited the Academy of the Fine Arts, one of the finest collections in Italy. It contains the choicest works of the *Caracci*, *Domenichino*, *Guido*, and their pupils. One of the finest of *Ludovico Caracci* is the Madonna and child, standing on the half-moon, in a glory of angels, with St. Jerome and St. Francis in adoration. The Martyrdom of St. Agnes, by *Domenichino*, is a noble painting. The scene and beautiful countenance of the saint, irradiated by an expression of rapt holiness and heavenly resignation, are finely contrasted with the terror and amazement of the surrounding multitude, and the savage ferocity of the murderer, plunging the dagger into her bosom. In one corner of the foreground are two women hiding the face and stilling the screams of a terrified child.

But the picture which made the most powerful impression upon my mind was the Massacre of the Innocents, by *Guido*. I shall never forget the terror and dismay, and wild frenzy of despair, upon the faces of those mothers as they see the ruffians in pursuit, and seek to shield their infants within their tightening grasp; it seems as if you could hear the piercing shriek of one dragged by her hair and scarf, as the soldier reaches after her child, while another sits wringing her hands over her slaughtered babes, and on the countenance of another, uplifted with an indescribable expression of the utmost agony, is the wild gleam of incipient madness.

The Crucifixion, the Victory of Samson over the Philistines, and a sketch of St. Sebastian, are also paintings of great celebrity by the same artist.

An illustration of the sacrilegious extent to which the Roman Catholic painters sometimes go, is seen in one of *Guercino's* paintings here—GOD THE FATHER! described as "a grand

Raphael's "Santa Cecilia"—University of Bologna—Female Professors.

impromptu painting, done in a single night and put up in the morning!"

The great treasure of this gallery is thought to be the Santa Cecilia, by *Raphael*. The saint is represented with a lyre held by both hands carelessly dropped, the head turned up towards heaven with a beautiful, pensive countenance. The other figures are St. Paul, St. John, St. Augustine, and Mary Magdalene.

We also paid a visit to the *University of Bologna*, which occupies part of a noble palace in the Strada San Donato. This University is the oldest in Italy, and the first in which academic degrees were conferred. It was founded in 1119, by Wernerus, a learned civilian, who acquired the title of "Lucerna Juris." During the twelfth century students flocked hither from all parts of Europe. No less than ten thousand are said to have been here in 1262. At first the civil and canon laws were the principal study; but the faculties of Medicine and Arts were added before the fourteenth century, and Innocent VI. instituted a Theological faculty. In the fourteenth century it became distinguished as the first school which practised the dissection of the human body; and in more recent times it became renowned for the discovery of Galvanism, by Lewis Galvani, one of the lecturers on Medicine. It has also been remarkable for the large number of its learned *female professors*. In the fourteenth century *Novella d'Andrea*, daughter of the celebrated canonist, frequently occupied her father's chair: and it is related that her beauty was so striking that a curtain was drawn before her in order not to distract the attention of the students. Of later date is the name of *Laura Bassi*, who was Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; another is that of *Madonna Manzolina*, who graduated in surgery, and

Two Leaning Towers.

was Professor of Anatomy ; and within the present century the Greek chair has been filled by the learned *Matilda Tambroni*, the friend and predecessor of Cardinal Mezzofanti.

In our walk we passed the two celebrated *leaning towers*, which are so conspicuous as you approach the city, one called the *Asinelli*, and the other the *Garisenda*. The *Asinelli* is a square massive brick tower, surmounted by a cupola, two hundred and fifty-six feet seven inches in height, and having an inclination of three feet two inches. The *Garisenda* is one hundred and thirty feet high, and has an inclination of more than eight feet to the south, and three feet to the east. They were built, one in 1109, the other in 1110.

CHAPTER XXX.

BOLOGNA, FERRARA, AND PADUA, TO VENICE.

WE hired a *vetturino* (*i. e.*, hack-driver), to take us to Padua, about seventy-five miles, for a Napoleon (about four dollars) apiece. In accordance with the suggestion of an old traveller, the contract was drawn up in writing, signed by the respective parties, and attested by witnesses; and it was expressly stipulated that no other person besides our party, numbering six, should be taken into the carriage. We soon found the wisdom of this precaution; for, as we were on the point of starting, the driver attempted to smuggle another individual into the carriage, already overladen, to judge from the miserable appearance of the three poor beasts attached to it. It was really amusing to hear the *vetturino* expatiate upon the peculiar qualifications of those animals for the duties assigned to them; such horses were not often to be obtained; all bone and muscle, no waste flesh—in prime condition for travelling. But it was "no go." We were not to be "done." The intruder was obliged to descend, the driver mounted his box, and announced our departure by a succession of cracks with the whip lash, which rang through the court-yard like a volley of pistol shots.

We went through the customay passport examinations at the gate, and had but just fairly entered upon the high road, when the leader of our team suddenly shied from some imagi-

Il Tedo—Ferrara.

nary cause, and brought up against the side of the carriage in reverse order. By dint of waiting and coaxing we finally succeeded in righting him, and inducing him to proceed. All this was very provoking, as we had thirty miles to go that afternoon to reach Ferrara, and there was every prospect of an approaching thunder-storm. We had hardly reached the inn *Il Tedo*, when the storm burst upon us with great fury—thunder and lightning and sheets of rain with immense hailstones. While waiting for dinner in the spacious hall, we amused ourselves with attempting to decipher the inscriptions of travellers upon the walls in various languages, and still more various moods.

At six P. M. we started again, passed through *Malalbergo*, crossed the Reno in a ferry-boat, at *Gallo* crossed the boundary between the two Legations, and arrived at *Ferrara* about ten o'clock in the evening, where we found excellent accommodations at the Hotel de l'Europe. It was formerly a palace, and the walls of the dining saloon are covered with landscape-painting in fresco.

FERRARA.

FERRARA is the capital of the Legation of Ferrara, the most northern province of the Papal States. During the sixteenth century, under the princely house of D'Este, the Court of Ferrara was distinguished throughout Europe for its refinement and intelligence; its University was a favorite resort of students from all Christendom, and its walls, seven miles in circuit, inclosed nearly 100,000 souls. But its glory has departed; its broad streets are deserted; its magnificent palaces are untenanted and falling into decay. Its population is now about 31,000.

Early the next morning we visited the *Castle*, formerly the

 Castle of "Parisina"—Tasso's Prison.

Ducal Palace, now the residence of the Cardinal Legate. It is a large square building, with four large towers at the angles, surrounded by a very wide moat, crossed by drawbridges. Here is laid the scene of Byron's poem "*Parisina*." In the dungeons of this castle Parisina and her guilty lover suffered execution. Dr. Frizzi, in his "*History of Ferrara*," thus describes the closing catastrophe:—"It was then in the prisons of the castle, and exactly in those frightful dungeons which are seen at this day beneath the chamber called the Aurora, at the foot of the Lion's tower at the top of the street Giovecca, that on the night of the 21st of May were beheaded, first Ugo, and afterwards Parisina."

We saw also the *prison of Tasso*, a cell in the hospital of St. Anna, where the poet was confined by order of the Duke Alfonso, his capricious and tyrannical sovereign.

"Ferrara! in thy wide and grass-grown streets,
 Whose symmetry was not for solitude,
 There seems as 'twere a curse upon the seats
 Of former sovereigns, and the antique brood
 Of Este, which for many an age made good
 Its strength within thy walls, and was of yore
 Patron or tyrant,—as the changing mood
 Of petty power impell'd,—of those who wore
 The wreath which Dante's brow had worn before.

"And Tasso in their glory and their shame:
 Hark to his strain! and then, survey his cell!
 And see how dearly earn'd Torquato's fame,
 And where Alfonso bade his poet dwell;
 The miserable despot could not quell
 The insulted mind he sought to quench and blend
 With the surrounding maniacs, in the hell
 Where he had plunged it. Glory without end
 Scatter'd the clouds away—and on that name attend

The "Italian Homer"—Crossing the Po.

"The tears and praises of all time; while thine
 Would rot in its oblivion—in the sink
 Of worthless dust, which from thy boasted line
 Is shaken into nothing: but the link
 Thou formest in his fortunes, bids us think
 Of thy poor malice, naming thee with scorn;—
 Alfonso! how thy ducal pageants shrink
 From thee! if in another station born,
 Scarce fit to be the slave of him thou mad'st to mourn."

A statue of *Ariosto*, the "Italian Homer," who made Ferrara his principal residence, adorns one of the public squares called the *Piazza d'Ariosto*. The house he lived in is also shown, and the Public Library contains his tomb, transferred from the church of San Benedetto by the French in 1801. About the middle of the last century the bust which surmounted it was struck by lightning, and the crown of iron laurels melted away. Lord Byron has happily improved this incident in one of his stanzas:

"The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust,
 The iron crown of laurel's mimic'd leaves:
 Nor was the ominous element unjust;
 For the true laurel wreath which Glory weaves
 Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves,
 And the false resemblance but disgraced his brow,
 Yet still, if fondly Superstition grieves,
 Know, that the lightning sanctifies below
 Whate'er it strikes;—yon head is doubly sacred now."

We left Ferrara at half past six in the morning, near the gates met a company of Austrian recruits from the Tyrol, and after a few miles through a flat uninteresting country, arrived at the banks of the Po, which is here about half a mile wide, and flows with a majestic yet rapid course. We crossed in a ferry-

boat attached to a wire extended across the river, so arranged that the boat is carried over by the force of the current. Moored in the stream were several floating grist-mills, which are worked by the same power. We entered the Austrian province of Lombardy on the opposite side, and were obliged to undergo a long and minute examination at the Dogana, or custom-house. Even the private papers in our portfolios were scrutinized, and a small sealed package in possession of one of our party, which had been intrusted to his care by a lady in Naples to be forwarded to her friend in England, having been opened and found to contain prohibited articles (jewelry), the bearer was fined 100 francs, and we were all regarded with more or less suspicion.

After a delay of nearly two hours, we were permitted to continue our journey. The road for some distance runs along the top of a high embankment, which has been raised to guard against the inundations of the Po, which is higher than the surrounding country. Here our leader again manifested his shying propensity, and several times put us in imminent jeopardy of a somerset into the river.

We dined at *Rovigo*, a town of about 7000 inhabitants, with a canal running through it, two leaning towers, and a curious old altar. At 3 P.M. we resumed our journey, and had a delightful ride along a level road, perfectly straight for six or eight miles, shaded by fine poplars, through a region of exuberant fertility. Some of the peasant boys and girls ran after our carriage a long way, attracted by the promise of a few coppers; one bright looking girl followed us two miles to obtain a few cigars which were occasionally thrown out to her. As we approached *Montselice*, we had a fine view of the castle which stands upon a lofty rock above the town. Here we found some fine fruit, plums and pears, and excellent ices. We entered the

gates of Padua about eight o'clock in the evening, and put up at the Hotel *Croce d' Oro*, *i. e.* "Cross of Gold."

PADUA.

PADUA, the ancient *Patavium*, is the oldest city of northern Italy. The Romans attributed its foundation to the Trojan Prince Antenor, soon after the ruin of Troy. It was the birth-place of the historian Livy. The University of Padua, founded by the Emperor Frederick II., in the first part of the thirteenth century, had at one time 6000 students, and still retains some reputation, especially in medicine. It now has about 1500 students. Here *Forcellini* compiled and published his great Latin Lexicon, upon which he spent forty years of his life. Padua is fortified with walls, ditches, and bastions, and is more than six miles in circumference, but the present number of inhabitants does not exceed 47,000. Most of the streets are narrow, and lined with arcades for side-walks.

The next morning we breakfasted at the famous *Café Pedrochi*, a fine building, cased with marble outside and in. One of the maps painted on the walls of the eating saloon was in what we should call inverted order; *i. e.* the top of the map was south, and the bottom north.

Our first visit was to the *Palazzo della Ragione* (*i. e.* Palace of Reason), or Town-hall, a large building, extending along the market-place, and resting entirely on open arches. A vast roof towers above the walls, which is said to be the largest unsupported by pillars in the world. It was modelled after the roof of a great palace in India, which the architect had seen in 1306. The hall is about two hundred and forty feet long, and eighty wide, and the whole interior wall is covered with mystical paintings, designed by *Giotto*, after the instructions of the great

Bankrupt's Seat—Church of San Antonio—Votive Offerings.

astrologer, alchemist, and magician, *Pietro d'Abano*. At the top of the hall is the monument of Livy. In front of it is an enormous wooden model of a horse, made by *Donatello*, which reminds one of Virgil's description of the Trojan horse. Here is also a bust of the celebrated traveller *Belzoni*, with two Egyptian statues which he presented to his native city. At the other end is the "*lapis vituperarii*," mentioned by Addison,—a seat of black granite, upon which insolvent debtors were obliged to sit bare, as in other towns of Italy in the middle ages. A meridian line crosses the hall; the ray of the sun passes through a hole in the roof decorated with a golden face.

We next visited the church of *San Antonio*, the patron saint of Padua. It was built by Nicholas of Pisa, in the thirteenth century, and is in the shape of a cross, two hundred and eighty feet in length, one hundred and thirty-eight in breadth, crowned with no less than eight cupolas, which give it an oriental aspect. It is remarkable for the splendor and beauty of its internal decorations. In the north transept is the chapel of the saint, which is illuminated day and night by the golden lamps and silver candlesticks and candelabra borne by angels, which burn before the shrine. The walls are covered with sculptures, and in the centre is the shrine, as splendid as gold and marble can make it. The presbytery and choir are separated from the rest of the church by elaborately wrought marble screens and balustrades. The high altar is decorated with bronzes by *Donatello*, and near it is an immense candelabrum of bronze executed by *Andrea Riccio*, the result of ten years' labor, and considered the finest work of art in the church.

I have never been in a church which exhibited such a multitude and variety of *votive offerings*, from individuals who professed to have experienced the miraculous interposition of the

Giotto's Chapel—Allegorical Paintings.

saint in times of peril. These offerings consisted sometimes of gold and silver ornaments, hearts, crucifixes, candlesticks, &c., and sometimes models in wood or wax of diseased parts of the body which had been cured, and at other times of pictorial representations of the events commemorated, framed and suspended on the wall. One picture represented a carriage on the verge of upsetting, but prevented just in time by St. Anthony, who has let down a rope from heaven and grappled the vehicle. Another represents the saint pulling out of the water a man who has fallen from a bridge. Other instances of assistance extended to females at the most critical seasons, are depicted with great fidelity.

In the square before the church is a fine bronze statue of "Gutta Melata" (Erasmus di Narni), the Venetian General, one of *Donatello's* finest works.

Another most interesting object is *Giotto's chapel*, a small building, which stands at the end of a green court-yard, all by itself, the monastic buildings formerly attached to it having been entirely destroyed. The walls of the interior are covered with frescoes by that great master. Over the entrance is the *Last Judgment*—Christ on his throne in the centre at the top, and groups of "the blessed" on the right, and "the cursed" on the left. It is surprising to see the prominence he has given to the vices of the Romish clergy. Many a priest and bishop is seen in the hands of the devils, dragged down to hell together with the partner of his guilty pleasures.

On the side walls, in the lowest range of paintings, is a series of allegorical figures. Opposite to each Virtue is the antagonist Vice. Thus on one side, *Hope*, winged, scarcely touching the earth, and eagerly stretching after the celestial crown. Opposite is *Despair*, portrayed as a female, who, at the insti-

Lucifer and his Crew—Rail to Venice.

gation of the Fiend, is in the act of hanging herself. *Charity*, her countenance beaming with joy, holding up her right hand to receive gifts from heaven, and in her left, the vase from which she dispenses them. *Envy*, standing in flames; a serpent issues from her mouth, and recoils upon herself; she has the ears and claws of a wolf. *Faith*, holding the creed, and trampling on a horoscope; in the other hand she grasps the cross. *Unbelief*; a Roman helmet on her head; in her hand an ancient heathen idol, to which she is noosed, and by which she is dragged to the pit. *Temperance*; a female figure, fully draped, holding a sword bound in the scabbard, and a bit is placed in her mouth, emblem of restraint. *Anger*; a hideous crone tearing her own bosom, and many others in similar style.

Our last visit was to the *Palazzo Pappafava*, in part to see the paintings, but mainly to see a strange group in sculpture of Lucifer and his companions cast down from heaven, by *Agostino Fasolata*. It contains sixty figures carved out of one solid block of marble. The figures are so twisted together, it is difficult to understand how the artist could have managed his tools. The group is five feet high, and employed the artist twelve years!

We took a farewell ice at Pedrocchi's, got into an omnibus, and were conveyed to the railway station, to take the train for Venice, twenty-two miles distant. It was delightful to come in sight of a railway again. The carriages, too, were not like the English and French, divided into separate apartments, but like our American "cars," one long, open room each. The name of the locomotive was "*Il Virgilio*."

We left Padua at 1 30 P.M., had a running view of the Tyrolese Alps in the distance on our left, crossed the great stone bridge over the Lagoon, two and a half miles long, with the

domes and towers of Venice floating on the water before us, entered the railway terminus, and were soon in a gondola in the Grand Canal (the "Broadway" of Venice), on our way to the Hotel Royal Danielis.

CHAPTER XXXI.

VENICE.

"There is a glorious city in the sea,
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of man, no footsteps to and fro
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea
Invincible; and from the land we went,
As to a floating city—steering in,
And gliding up her streets, as in a dream
So smoothly, silently—by many a dome
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
The statues ranged along an azure sky;
By many a pile in more than Eastern pride
Of old the residence of merchant kings;
The fronts of some, though Time had shatter'd them,
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
As though the wealth within them had run e'er."

I COULD hardly believe my own eyes that I was in VENICE—that "city of the sea," which had always seemed to me more like some dream of fairy-land than an actual locality. But there was no doubting it. Here we were in a veritable *gondola*, with our baggage all labelled "*Venezia*," gliding by rows of stately palaces, where the water rippled upon the marble steps; we pass an open square and shout with delight as we recognise the *two granite pillars*, so completely identified with Venice, surmounted one by the "winged lion" of St. Mark, the other by St. Theodore, the patron saint of the Republic in early times.

View from our Window—The Mole—The Piazzetta.

We pass the Doge's Palace, the Prison, and turning into a little canal on our left, shoot under a bridge, and are landed from the gondola at a side entrance of the hotel.

Signor I. and myself are fortunate in obtaining a front sitting-room in the fourth story, which commands a fine view of the Bay and Lagoon. Directly opposite is the island of St. George, covered with buildings, among which is the church of San Giorgio Maggiore. To the right of that, upon another island, is the Dogana, or custom-house, and a little further in the same direction rise the beautiful domes and turrets of the church of San Maria della Salute, which seems to float upon the surface of the water like a swan.

In front of the hotel is a wide stone quarry, called *Il Molo*, *i. e.* "The Mole." We walk along this quarry, pass the Doge's Palace, and find ourselves in the square which contains the two granite pillars. Three pillars were brought from Constantinople in the twelfth century. One sank into the mud as they were landing it, the others were safely landed, but no one could raise them and place them on their pedestals. A certain Lombard, nicknamed Nicolo Barattiero, *i. e.* "Nick the Blackleg," offered his services and succeeded in raising them, claiming as his reward that games of chance, prohibited elsewhere by the law, might be played with impunity between the columns. The concession could not be revoked, but as an offset to it, the legislature enacted that the public executions should be held upon the privileged gambling spot, by which means it became so ill-omened as to be universally shunned. During the republican rule of the French, the winged Lion of St. Mark, which surmounts one of the pillars, was carried to Paris, but afterwards restored.

This square is called the *Piazzetta*. On its west side, stands

Piazza of St. Mark—"St. Mark's Pigeons"—The Three Bronze Pedestals.

the *Biblioteca Antica*, formerly containing the Public Library, but was a part of the Palazzo Reale. On its east side is the Doge's Palace. At the north end, it abuts upon the Basilica of St. Mark. Here are some curious relics of ancient times—the *Stone of Shame*, upon which bankrupts were placed,—the *square piers of St. John of Acre*, originally forming part of a gateway in that city, and brought to Venice in the thirteenth century.

As you reach the north end of the *Piazzetta*, on facing to the left, you have before you the *Piazza of St. Mark*, one of the finest squares in the world. It is five hundred and seventy-six feet in length, and two hundred and sixty-nine in width (at the east end), paved with smooth flagging, having the splendid front of the Basilica on its east side, and on the other sides a continuous range of palaces with arcades. These arcades are occupied by cafés and shops of every description, and form a fine promenade. On a pleasant morning, the Piazza is a scene of great animation and gaiety, especially when enlivened by a fine Austrian band of music stationed in the centre, as was the case when we were there. The little tables of the cafés with their occupants, extend across the arcades into the Piazza, and visitors of all nations are standing in groups or strolling about in every direction.

"*The pigeons of St. Mark*" are privileged occupants of the Piazza and the adjacent buildings. No one dares molest them. From time immemorial they have been regarded with superstitious veneration by the people, and fed at the expense of the government. They are very tame. I have often gathered a flock of them around my table, while breakfasting in the Piazza, by throwing out a few crumbs of bread.

In front of the Basilica are the three bronze pedestals, in

The Four Bronze Horses—St. Mark's Cathedral.

which are inserted the masts from which once proudly streamed the three *gonfalons* of silk and gold, supposed to signify the three dominions of the Republic, Venice, Cyprus, and the Morea. In place of these are now the Austrian standards.

Over the central portal of the Basilica are the *four celebrated bronze horses*, formerly gilt, brought from the Hippodrome at Constantinople, as part of the Venetians' share of the plunder, when that city was taken by the Crusaders in the fourth crusade. They are supposed to be of Greek origin, and to have been carried from Alexandria by Augustus, after his conquest of Antony, and placed on a triumphal arch in Rome, successfully transferred by Nero, Domitian, Trajan, and Constantine, to arches of their own, and finally by Constantine to his new capital.

The foundations of St. Mark's were laid in A.D. 977, upon the site of a former edifice destroyed by fire. Its plan is that of a Greek cross, with the addition of spacious porticoes. The centre is covered with a dome, and over the centre of each of the arms of the cross rises a smaller cupola. The vestibule presents a front of five arched entrances, and two smaller archways, ornamented with two rows of columns of red antique, porphyry, serpentine, and other marbles. Five large mosaics fill the recesses over the doorways. A marble balustrade runs along the top of the vestibule, and above this is a semi-circular window in the centre, with a statue of St. Mark upon its apex, and on each side two semi-circular gables, filled with mosaics. Turrets, and statues, and ornaments, of the richest kind, on every part of the exterior, give it a brilliant and splendid appearance.

The interior is equally rich, the walls and columns of the most precious marbles, the vaulting covered with mosaics with

gold grounds, and the pavement of tessellated marble, remarkable for the beauty and richness of the patterns, and the allegorical character of the devices. For instance, one is that of a round, well-fed, sleek Lion on the sea, and a lean, meagre Lion on the land, to signify what would be the fate of Venice, if she deserted the profits of the maritime commerce for the vain glories of territorial conquest. The pavement has become very uneven, in some places thrown into undulations, by the settling of the foundations, and many of the pillars and even the sides of the building are deflected from the perpendicular. It seems to indicate the decrepitude of Venetian power and glory. In the pavement of the vestibule is a lozenge of reddish marble, marking the spot where Pope Alexander III. and the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa were reconciled on the 23d July, 1177, through the intervention of the Venetian republic. The Pope placed his foot upon the head of the prostrate Emperor, repeating the words of the Psalm, "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder."

To the right, on coming out of St. Mark, is the *Torre dell'Orologio*, or "Tower of the Clock." The bell is outside upon the top of the tower, and by the side of it are two figures of bronze called "the Moors," who strike the hours. The hours are struck twice, the second time at an interval of five minutes after the first.

To the left is the great *Campanile* tower of St. Mark, a huge square building, surmounted by a lofty pyramid. It is three hundred and twenty-three feet high, and forty-two feet square at the base. The ascent is by a continuous inclined plane, which winds around an inner tower. The prospect from the belfry is very fine. The city lies spread out like a map at your feet, with its domes and towers, its canals and bridges, the Lagoon

and its islands, and the waters of the Adriatic in one direction, while in another the view is terminated by the distant Alps. While tracing out the various localities in sight, by the aid of a map, I was accosted by a foreigner, who seemed very desirous of making my acquaintance. He inquired what this place was, and that place, &c., and seemed to be taking notes in his memorandum book; asked me if I was from Paris, repeated the motto, "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité;" said he was a Hungarian, compelled to serve in the Austrian army against his will, and when I told him I was an American, he seemed delighted, called it a happy land, said he wanted to go there, and entreated me to give him my name, and when I refused, he followed me down the tower, reiterating the request in a corrupt mixture of Italian and Latin, "Signor, nomine preco," *i. e.* "Your name, I pray." The next morning, while breakfasting in the Piazza, I saw this same person in close conference with an Austrian officer, evidently directing his attention to the table where I sat. I have no doubt that he was a spy.

THE DOGE'S PALACE.

This has two fronts, the southern on the Molo, towards the sea, and the eastern on the Piazzetta. The lower story is an open gallery originally clear through to the interior court, but now closed up on that side, and that part of it on the Piazzetta was formerly called the Broglio, and was the resort of the Venetian nobles, when they wished to see each other on business. At the time of our visit it was occupied by the Austrian guard, and several pieces of artillery were planted in front of it, commanding the Piazzetta, so as to quell any popular rising which might take place there.

We passed through the *Porta della Carta*, into the *cortile*, or

 The Lion's Mouth—Hall of the Greater Council.

interior court, and crossing it ascended the "Giants' Staircase," so called from two colossal statues by *Sansovino*, of Mars and Jupiter, which stand one on each side at the head of the staircase. The ceremony of the coronation of the Doge was anciently performed at the head of the staircase. Turning to the right, we passed along the loggia or open gallery of the second story, and see on the wall the openings of the terrible *lions' mouths*, the receptacle of all secret communications in state affairs. Near the end of this side is the great staircase, the *Scala d'Oro*, i. e. "Staircase of gold." Ascending two flights, we gain admission to the suite of rooms which occupy the two fronts of the Palace. The first room is an ante-chamber, filled with books, from which we pass into the *Salla dell' Maggior Consiglio*, i. e. the "Hall of the Greater Council," a magnificent room, one hundred and seventy-five and a half feet long, eighty-four and one third broad, and fifty-one and one third high, adorned with the most splendid paintings by *Tintoretto*, *Bassano*, *Paul Veronese*, and others, illustrating the glories of Venice. "Paradise" by *Tintoretto*, on the east end of the hall, is said to be the largest picture ever painted upon canvas, being eighty-four and one third feet in width, and thirty-four in height. The Public Library is now kept in this room. The ceiling is rich with painting and gilding, and just below the cornice there is a series of portraits of the Doges, with the black veil covering the space, which should have been occupied by *Marino Falieri* and the well known inscription, "Hic est locus, Marini Faletro, decapitati pro criminibus" — "This is the place of *Marino Falieri*, who was beheaded for his crimes."

A corridor connects this hall with the *Sala della Scrutinio*, i. e. "Hall of the Inquisition," which is also adorned

with historical pictures, and a continuation of the Doges' portraits.

The upper story contains another suite of apartments, adorned with many fine paintings, and rich in historical associations; the "Senate Hall," with the same furniture as in the days of the Republic; the room where the "Council of Three" held their sittings; the Audience Chamber in which the Doge and his Privy Council received foreign ambassadors. I sat in the Doge's chair, and to aid my imagination, thundered out an imperative mandate, sentencing the prisoner at the bar to the lowest dungeons of the Palace; whereat our guide manifested great consternation, and begged us to desist, lest we should be arrested on suspicion of revolutionary designs. From some of these rooms there were secret communications with the dungeons below.

Descending to the second story, we entered another apartment, from which we were conducted to the *Pozzi*, *i. e.* "Wells"—two ranges of state dungeons one below the other. As we went down the narrow passage between the solid stone walls into the dark, close, heavy air below, where our lantern gave but a feeble light, it seemed as if we were bidding farewell to freedom, happiness, and hope, and a cold shudder passed over me as I thought how many had gone down these steps, never to return. The cells are about five paces in length, two and a half in width, and perhaps seven feet high. They are closed by double doors, and the only opening was a small round hole in the wall over the door. At the end of the narrow passage into which the cells open, is a small grated window. I went into one of the cells and closed the door, while the guides stood without, and I tried to conceive the feelings of one immured there. It seemed as if it would be impossible to sustain life there many days.

At the end of another passage is a door opening into a small room, with a grated window and a door in the outside wall. This was the *place of execution*. The condemned was seated upon a stone step, and an iron collar fastened around his neck, and gradually tightened by a screw. The body was then taken out through the outside door, which is about on a level with the water, and carried off in a boat and sunk in the Adriatic.

We afterwards crossed the covered bridge which connects the Palace with the prison, called the *Bridge of Sighs*.

CHURCHES OF VENICE.

These are numerous and splendid, filled with paintings and sculpture. The church of *Sta. Maria Gloriosa de' Frari* contains many fine tombs. A plain slab in the pavement marks the spot where *Titian* was buried, who died in 1575, at the age of ninety-nine. In the body of the church are two large and splendid monuments; on the right that of the unfortunate *Doge Foscarei*, who died 1457; opposite is that of the *Doge Nicoli Tron*, who died 1472, an immense structure, fifty feet in width, and seventy in height, composed of six distinct stories, and adorned by nineteen whole length figures larger than life, besides a profusion of bas-reliefs and other ornaments.

The monument of the *Doge Giovanni Pesaro* (who died 1658) is also a stupendous fabric, in singular taste. It is supported by Moors or Negroes, of black marble, dressed in white marble, their black elbows and knees protruding through the rents of their white jackets and trowsers. The bronze skeletons bear sepulchral scrolls; and dragons sustain a funeral urn. In the centre sits the *Doge*.

By the side of this is the monument erected to the memory of *CANOVA* the sculptor. It is a repetition of his own design

for the Archduchess Christina at Vienna—a vast pyramid of white marble, with open doors of bronze, into which various mourners, Art, Genius, &c., are seen walking in funeral procession.

The door of the sacristy is a triumphal arch erected in honor of the Venetian general *Benedetto Pesaro*. Over the Pesaro altar is a beautiful votive picture by Titian.

The church of *San Giovanni e Paolo* contains many fine sculptures. Here are the monuments of the Doge *Michele Morosini* (died 1382), the Doge *Leonardo Loredano* (died 1521), and the Doge *Andrea Vendramin* (died 1478), and many other Doges and Generals. The chapel of the Rosary is adorned with the finest alti-rilievi I have ever seen. They represent various scenes in the history of our Lord, and the figures, of the purest white marble, stand out with a boldness and beauty of workmanship I have never seen equalled. Here is the celebrated Peter Martyr by *Titian*, one of his finest paintings.

In the open space in front of this church stands the celebrated statue of *Bartolomeo Colleoni da Bergamo*, the second equestrian statue erected in Italy after the revival of the arts.

We also visited the Academy of the Fine Arts, an extensive collection of paintings and sculpture, containing the finest specimens of the Venetian school, by Titian, Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, Bassano, &c., and several of the palaces similarly enriched. We applied to the Austrian commandant for permission to visit the *Arsenal*, but failing to obtain it were obliged to content ourselves with sailing up to the entrance, and admiring the four colossal marble lions which were brought from the *Peloponnesus* in 1685. One of them formerly stood at the entrance of the *Piræus* at Athens.

The Arsenal—Street Music—House where Canova died.

This arsenal is said to be nearly three miles in circuit, surrounded by walls and towers built between 1307 and 1320. It has four basins, nearly surrounded by dry docks and slips for the building of vessels and workshops. The armories contain many curious specimens of ancient armor and weapons, and instruments of torture—and the model-room has some interesting illustrations of naval architecture in former times. One is deeply impressed with the greatness of Venice in her palmyest days.

Venice has always been famous for *street music*. Some of it is very good. One day, while dining at the Restaurant San Gallo, in the open square before the building, we were entertained with music by an old man of sixty-seven years, who played a violin and accompanied it with his voice. He was succeeded by a lady and two men with a violin and two guitars, who made very sweet music. The passers by stopped to listen, heads were put out from the neighboring windows,—at one window was a nurse with a beautiful child—the whole scene was very picturesque. I copied the following inscription upon the house opposite: "Has aedes Francesconiorum, quas ob diuturnæ amicitiae candorem lautioribus hospitiiis praetulerat, Antonius Canova sculpturae princeps, extremo halitu consecravit. 3 Ides Oct. 1822." "This house of the Francescans, which, on account of the sincerity of long continued friendship, he had preferred to more splendid hospitality, Antony Canova, the prince of sculpture, consecrated by his last breath."

We threaded the narrow passages of the city, we crossed the Rialto, and sought for counterparts of the Jew Shylock; we explored the canals and bridges in our gondola, we floated down the Grand Canal in the golden glow of sunset, singing "Virginia melodies," and taking a lingering farewell of those stately

The spell dispelled.

palaces, stately even in their decay, many of them evidently settling down into the water, with great cracks in their walls, broken cornices, and grass growing upon their roofs,—we did our shopping in the arcades of the Piazza, we took our last ice at “Florian’s,” and thus ended the fairy spell of Venice. The next morning as we were rowed from the hotel to the railway station about daybreak, a cold grey mist rested upon everything; everything was damp, dreary, and uncomfortable; all the romance was gone, and we were glad to take our departure.

CHAPTER XXXII.

VERONA AND MILAN.

WE arrived at Verona at half past 8 A.M. after a ride of forty-three miles, about three hours by rail to Venice. An omnibus conveyed us from the station to the city and set us down at the "*Hotel di due Torri*," *i. e.* "Hotel of the Two Towers," an ancient feudal-looking building, formerly the Palazzo dell' Aquilla, and once belonging to the Scaligeri.

After breakfast we visited the *Amphitheatre*, the most perfect of all the Roman amphitheatres now extant. It is built of Verona marble, and is 513 by 410 feet in diameter, and is supposed to be contemporary with the Coliseum—*i. e.* from 81–117, A.D.

The arena was occupied in part by a temporary theatre, in which a company of actors were going through with a rehearsal. Through a chink in the tent we had a glimpse of their proceedings. A young girl in a short frock, with bare neck and shoulders, was standing before the dancing-master rehearsing her part in the ballet. The teacher sat astride a chair, facing the back, and had a small cane in one hand with which he occasionally switched the poor girl's legs, instructing her to raise them higher and keep them extended longer. By her side sat an elderly lady with a bonnet on, who seemed to be her mother, and two or three of the "Verona dandies" were

Romeo and Juliet—Milan.

walking about smoking and quizzing the performance. The poor girl, who seemed not to have lost all her modesty, looked ashamed and fatigued; and the perspiration streamed down her face and neck. I pitied her with all my heart.

While standing in a court-yard waiting for the diligence, we were much amused with a coarse representation of "Romeo and Juliet" at the "Tomb of the Capulets," painted in fresco upon the wall of an upper story. The inn is called the *Casa de Cappalletti*, and is supposed to have been the dwelling of that family. The tomb of Juliet is shown in another place, but it cannot be the genuine one, as there is evidence to prove that it was long since destroyed.

We left Verona at half past 5 P.M.; passed *Peschiera*, a strongly fortified town with double walls and moat, and bearing marks of its late siege by the Austrians, alongside of the *Lago di Garda*, through *Brescia*, a flourishing city of 35,000 inhabitants, where we waited some time, at the dead of night, in the silent streets, to *Treviglio*, about eighty miles, where we arrived at 10 A.M. the next day, after a long, dusty, wearisome ride. We had been obliged to occupy the *rotonde*, the worst part of the diligence, which catches all the dust. We took the railway at eleven and a quarter, and arrived at Milan, eighteen miles distant, about twelve.

MILAN.

We found excellent accommodations at the Grand Hotel de la Ville. It is a fine house, and well kept. After dinner, we walked out to take a survey of the city.

Milan was anciently a town of the Cisalpine Gauls, and is mentioned by Livy and Polybius under the name of *Mediolanum*. It was taken by the Romans B. C. 221. In the fourth

The Cathedral—View from the top.

and fifth centuries, it was occasionally the residence of the Emperors. At the fall of the Western empire, it was twice devastated, once by Attila, and afterwards by the Goths. It is now the capital of Lombardy, and the third city of Italy, having a population of 175,000. It stands in the midst of a vast plain between the rivers Olona and Lambro, with which it communicates by a canal called Naviglio Grande, which flows all around the old town. The suburbs are inclosed by a line of ramparts, planted with trees, which serves as a promenade. The external circuit of the town is nearly ten miles.

The first building that attracts the eye of the stranger is the *Duomo* or *Cathedral*. We visited it more leisurely the next morning. It is a magnificent edifice, all of white marble in the florid Gothic style. The view of the exterior from the top is truly wonderful. With its hundred spires, so tall and slender and delicately chiselled, it seems as if the wind would blow them over, and its three thousand statues crowning every pinnacle, it looks like a forest of marble. I could think of nothing so much like it as a forest of fir-trees mantled in snow.

The prospect of the surrounding country is very fine. You can see the whole Lombard plain and the chain of Alps which border it on the north side. The guide bid us wait a moment, while he went to get his *horse*. Whereupon he brought out of an adjoining room a good sized *telescope* to assist our eyes, and by means of a map, pointed out to us many of the peaks and passes of the Alps. We also ascended to the gallery which runs round the principal spire. On the top is a statue of the Virgin Mary. The guide told us with an air of great sincerity, that the gilt stars of the lightning-rods had often been much bent and battered by the hail-stones, but the figure of the Virgin was never in the least injured!

The interior is vast and imposing, adorned with a multitude of statues and monuments. The principal dimensions are: extreme length, four hundred and eighty-five feet; breadth, two hundred and eighty-seven feet; height of the ceiling in the nave, one hundred and fifty-three feet; from the pavement to the top of the statue of the Madonna which crowns the spire, three hundred and fifty-five feet. The pavement is laid in a mosaic pattern of red, blue, and white marble. Just beyond the entrance it is crossed by a meridian line laid down by the academicians of the Brera in 1786. The sun's rays, coming through a small hole in the roof, crosses it at noon-day. As the hour of twelve approached, a crowd of persons collected near the meridian line, with watches in hand to set their time by it.

Toward evening we took a carriage and rode out to see the ARCH OF PEACE, which stands at the termination of the Simplon road. It was originally intended to have been called the Arch of the Simplon, and to have been embellished with a statue of Victory in commemoration of the battle of Jena, and with bas-reliefs representing the events of Napoleon's wars. When it fell into the hands of the Austrians, its name was changed to the Arch of Peace, whose figure is placed in the car, and the sculptures underwent a transformation to make them represent the events which succeeded the general peace. On the top of the Arch is a bronze figure of Peace in a car drawn by six horses. Four figures of Fame, one at each angle, announce her arrival. Innumerable sculptures adorn the various sides. A stair-case in the interior leads to the summit. The total cost of it is estimated at over 714,000 dollars! Its general dimensions are seventy-two and a half, by forty-two and a half feet in depth, and the extreme height ninety-eight feet. It

appears to fine advantage at the head of the spacious Piazza d'Armi.

Near by is the *Arena*, or modern amphitheatre, built for the exhibition of chariot and horse races, bull fights and other games. It is of an oval form, seven hundred and eighty by three hundred and ninety feet in diameter, surrounded by ten rows of seats, capable of containing 30,000 spectators. We were somewhat disappointed, however, to find the seats made of *turf* instead of stone. The arena can be filled with water for naval exhibitions.

La Scala is the name of the principal Theatre in Milan, said to be the largest in Italy, capable of seating 3600 spectators.

Milan is the literary metropolis of Italy. It is a favorite place of residence for Italian writers, and more books are published here than in all the rest of Italy. Booksellers' shops abound, and it is an excellent place to obtain prints, and maps, and guides, for all the adjoining countries.

The BRERA (or "*Palazzo della Scienze e delle Arti*," i. e. "Palace of the Sciences and Arts") is a great establishment, containing an extensive gallery of Paintings called the *Pinacoteca*, a Museum of sculpture, a Public Library, an Observatory, and a Botanical Garden. The Library contains 100,000 volumes, and is open to the public. The *Ambrosian* Library is celebrated for its numerous and valuable manuscripts, and especially for its *palimpsests*—manuscripts from which the original writing has been erased or washed out and which have then been written on again. This was done to economize the parchment. In many cases the original writing has been restored. Thus, a manuscript, containing a commentary of St. Augustine upon the Psalms, was found to have underneath Cicero's trea-

"Last Supper."

tise "De Republica." In this way many ancient productions have been brought to light.

Another object of interest to visitors is the celebrated "Last Supper" of *Leonardo da Vinci*, begun in 1493, the original of nearly all the engravings of that scene. It was painted in fresco upon the wall of the refectory of the Dominican Convent, which is attached to the church Santa Maria delle Grazie. It has been so much injured by the ravages of time and violence as to afford little satisfaction to the beholder.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MILAN TO LAKE COMO, LAKE MAGGIORE, AND DOMO D'OSSOLA.

WE left Milan at a quarter past five in the morning, went by rail through *Monza* as far as *Camerlata*, and thence by omnibus to *Como*, about thirty miles in all, where we arrived at half-past seven. The country became more mountainous as we advanced. A very conspicuous object in the landscape just before you reach *Como* is the ancient tower of the *Baradello*, situated upon a lofty sandstone rock, with its castellated walls running down the abrupt sides of the steep. It served as a *beacon tower*, to give notice by fires blazing on its summit of the approach of the enemy. Here Napoleone della Torre, the popular chief and lord of Milan, having been defeated by his rival Ottone Visconti, in 1277, was shut up in an iron cage. After lingering for nineteen months, devoured by vermin and suffering the most extreme misery, he ended his captivity by dashing his head against the bars of his prison.

Como, the capital of the Province of Como, is a city of about 15,000 inhabitants, delightfully situated at the extremity of the south-western branch of Lake Como. It is a favorite summer retreat of the Milanese. There are many beautiful villas in the vicinity upon the banks of the lake. "Ugo Foscolo used to say, that it was impossible to study in the neighborhood of Como; for the beauty of the landscape always tempting you to

the window to look out, quite prevented you from giving proper attention to your book.”

It is a place of great antiquity. The Romans took it from the Gauls 196 B.C. C. Pompeius Strabo afterwards peopled it with a Grecian colony, and its name was changed from Comum to Novum Comum. It was the birthplace and favorite residence of the two Plinys. The site of “Pliny’s villa” is pointed out to the visitor, and the front of the Cathedral is adorned with two statues, erected by the *Comaschi* (as the inhabitants are styled) to their “fellow citizens.” After the fall of the empire, Como passed under the Goths, Longobards, and Franks, and became at last an independent municipal community. It was one of the chief towns of the Ghibelinas in Lombardy, and as such quarrelled repeatedly with the Milanese, who took it after a long siege and burnt it in 1127. It was rebuilt by Frederic Barbarossa, and remained a republic for two centuries, until it fell under the dominion of the Visconti, the lords of Milan.

After breakfast we took the steamer to *Bellagio*, about twenty miles north of Como, situated upon a promontory at the *crotch* of the two branches of the lake—one stretching in a south-western direction to Como, and the other south-easterly to Lecco. The view from this point is very fine, extending up the main lake and down the two branches. The water is as smooth and pellucid as glass, the mountains, some of them nine thousand feet high, slope down to its very edge, and their sides are clothed with the most luxuriant vegetation, and dotted with the most picturesque villas. I lingered a long time in the gardens and upon the terraces of the *Villa Serbelloni* on the height, enchanted with the scenes.

Here my friend Signor I., who had been my travelling com-

panion since I left Rome, took his leave of me and proceeded farther up the lake to *Colico*, there to take the road which leads to the Splugen pass of the Alps.

I visited several of the villas in the neighborhood—the *Villa Melzi*, once the residence of the Vice-president of the republic in the first years of Bonaparte's dominion. The chapel has a beautiful statue of Christ bearing his cross, and many bas-reliefs and frescoes. The drawing-rooms are also adorned with many fine statues and paintings, and one hall contains a series of the marble busts of the family, father, mother, sons, and daughters, all in a row. The sleeping apartments are small, and though neat, very plain in their furniture. Also visited a villa belonging to a Prussian princess—*Carlotti*.

I then took a boat and crossed to *Cadenabbia*, where I dined under the shade, with the beautiful lake and the mountains in full view. I was surprised at the distinctness with which voices on the opposite side, two miles distant, could be heard. About noon there was very little air stirring, and the heat became very oppressive. I strolled along the bank, prying into some of the neighboring houses and gardens, much amused with the appearance of the peasant girls, in great wooden shoes, and with a profusion of pewter pins, headed with large balls, in their hair—till I was glad to see the steamer at hand at half-past three o'clock, in which I returned to Como. At dinner I formed a pleasant acquaintance with the American Ambassador to the court of Austria, who was on his way home from Vienna with his family. "Allow me to ask you, sir," said he, "if you are not an *American*?" "Certainly, sir," I replied, "I am." "I thought so," said he—"but my daughter insisted that you were an *Englishman*." After dinner I walked about the city, visited the Cathedral and the *Broletto*, or Town-hall, built in 1215,

interesting as a memorial of the ancient days of the independence of the Italian republics. It is of marble, alternate courses of black and white, and one course of red. The lower story is a *Loggia* upon open arches. Above is a floor with large windows, where the chiefs of the municipality assembled; and from the middle window projects the "*ringhiera*," or *tribune*, from which they addressed the crowd of citizens convened in *parliament* below—for in ancient Italy the *parliament* was the primary assembly of the democracy, whence the government originated, and to whom the ultimate appeal was made.

At 6 the next morning I took the diligence for *Varese*, about seventeen miles west of *Como*. My fellow occupant of the coupe was a Swede, a very intelligent and agreeable gentleman, with whose company I was favored all the day. There was a delicious coolness in the morning air, the carriage was very comfortable, the scenery fine, and we had a delightful ride. *Verese* is a town of considerable activity, famous for the excellent quality of its silk. Here we took a private carriage to *Laveno*, twelve miles to the north-west, on *Lake Maggiore*. This was one of the most beautiful rides I ever took. Just after leaving *Varese*, we passed the celebrated "Sanctuary of the Virgin," called *Madonna del Monte*, situated upon a lofty hill. By the side of the road which leads to the church on the summit there are fourteen chapels, representing the fourteen mysteries of the Rosary. The sanctuary is said to have been founded in 397, by *St. Ambrose*, to commemorate a great victory—not in argument, but in arms—gained by him on this spot, over the *Arians*. All along the way we had a succession of the most exquisite views of beautiful lakes lying "in the sheltered lap of hills," and distant mountains with snow-clad summits.

Lake Maggiore—Borromean Islands—Isola Bella.

At Laveno, which is on the shore of Lake Maggiore, we hired a boat (for twelve francs), to take us to the Borromean islands. The lake seemed to me far more beautiful than Lake Como. It seemed hardly two miles across, the air was so clear and the water so tranquil, yet the distance was eight. We could see Mount Simplon, the Splugen, St. Gothard, and many other of the Alpine peaks. Before us were the islands, and on the shores of the lake, in every direction, numerous villages. The whole scene was bathed in a rich mellow light, which, without in the least impairing the distinctness of vision, invested every object seen through its medium with a celestial glow of beauty.

The *Borromean Islands* belong to a noble Milanese family of the same name. They are four in number, Isola Madre, Isola Bella, Isola die Piscatori, and the Isolino, the smallest of all. The Isola Madre, which is the largest, is principally covered with a magnificent grove of trees of every variety—laurel, pine, cypress, fir, oak, chestnut, maple, specimens from all countries—many peculiar to our own country. Avenues radiate from the centre, affording beautiful views of the lake and its shores. You can see eight different villages through eight of these avenues, from one central position. Here are specimens of the camphor tree, the cork tree, the sago, aloes, groves of orange and lemon trees, and magnificent oleanders, rhododendrons, and camillas. The terraces on the sides are so made, that they can be covered in the winter season and converted into a conservatory.

Isola Bella is more artificial. It was originally a mass of bare and barren slate-rock, which, by incredible pains and expense, has been converted into a beautiful garden. Every handful of mould was brought from a distance, and has to be constantly renewed. There are ten terraces, the lowest on piers

The Palace.

built out into the lake, rising in a pyramidal form, one above another, and lined with vases, obelisks, and black cypresses. Upon these terraces flourish the orange, citron, myrtle, and pomegranate, aloes, cactuses, sugar-cane, and coffee, in the open air, within a day's journey of the frigid climate of the Simplon, and in sight of Alpine snows. Upon one end of the island is the Palace, a vast unfinished building, in which the Count Borromeo resides part of the year. It is rich in marble, gilding, and mirrors, and the lower apartments are shaped like grottoes, and embellished with statues and fountains.

I left my companion on Isola Bella, and crossed to *Baveno*, on the western side, just in time to take the diligence from Milan on the Simplon road. We passed through Fariolo, Gravellona, Ornavasca, near which are seen the white marble quarries, which supplied the stone for Milan Cathedral, Vogogna, the country becoming more and more mountainous as we proceeded, till at 9 o'clock we arrived at *Domo d'Ossola*, where I was glad to enjoy the Sabbath rest.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

DOMO D'OSSOLA, THE SIMPLON, THE TETE NOIRE TO CHAMOUNI.

THE next morning, while taking my breakfast at a neighboring cafe, I made the acquaintance of a pleasant young gentleman whom I found to be an Italian from Turin, recently settled in the place as a practising physician. He said the population was about twenty-five hundred, and that he was not very well satisfied with his situation—thought he should not remain here long. Turin was his beau ideal of a residence. He expatiated upon its fine buildings, and streets, and many advantages, and earnestly advised me not to go home without visiting it. After breakfast he politely offered his services to show me the place. I accepted his courtesy, and we traversed some of the principal streets on our way to the church, a very inferior building in external appearance, but somewhat richly decorated within. There were a few persons in attendance upon the service, and I tried to imagine that they might be sincere worshippers, though in forms so different from those to which I had been accustomed; but there was little appearance of devotion, and with a sigh I returned to the hotel and passed the rest of the day in my room. During part of the time a company of Sardinian infantry was on parade in the streets under my windows.

In the night there was a violent storm of wind and rain. It passed off very quickly, however, and at 3 o'clock the next

Pass of the Simplon—Fine Road—Gorge of Gondo—Inscriptions of Travellers.

morning, when I took my seat in the diligence, it was bright star light. I had a very comfortable seat in the coupe, there was only one other passenger, we had four fine horses, and my mind was on tip toe with expectation. I was about to cross the Alps, by that very route which had always excited my highest admiration from its association with the indomitable genius of its author—the *pass of the Simplon*. We passed through Crevola, which commands a beautiful view of the valley, crossed the Doveria on a lofty stone bridge of eight arches, nearly ninety feet high, and began to feel the growing chilliness of the air as we ascended. I was surprised to find the road so good—from twenty-five to thirty feet in breadth, and the average slope nowhere exceeds six inches in six and a half feet.

We stopped at *Isella*, the Sardinian frontier, to have our baggage and passports examined, and then entered the *Gorge of Gondo*, one of the grandest and most savage passages in the Alps. In one place, a vast projecting buttress of rocks jutting out from the mountain on the right seemed to block up all further passage. But the engineer pierced the solid granite with a tunnel five hundred and ninety-six feet in length, called the Gallery of Gondo. Just before entering the mouth of this cavern, a roaring water-fall leaps down from the rocks close to the road, which is carried over it on a beautiful bridge. After passing the gallery, the road is hemmed in by perpendicular rocks rising to a great height, and in some places actually overhanging it, while a mountain torrent, dashing furiously over the scattered fragments which have fallen from the cliffs above, runs alongside of it for some distance. We stopped at *Simplon* to dine. The walls of the inn were covered with the inscriptions of travellers. I copied the following in my note

book: "Louis Spleny, de la Hongrie, apres la malheureuse bataille de Novara, pour eviter le General Autrichien, qui demandait son extradition, le 26 Mai, 1849. Vive la Hongrie! Vive Kossuth! Vive l'Independence! Vive la guerre! Mort aux Autrichiens!" "Louis Spleny, of Hungary, after the unfortunate battle of Novara, to escape the Austrian General, who demanded his surrender, 26th May, 1849. Live Hungary! Live Kossuth! Live Independence! Live War! Death to the Austrians!" This may serve as an illustration of the spirit of those times.

Soon after leaving Simplon we reached the summit of the pass, a large open valley, bounded by snow-clad heights with no vegetation but lichens and coarse herbage on the rocks, and an indescribable aspect of barrenness and desolation. Here is the New Hospice, founded by Napoleon for the reception of travellers, a large stone building, occupied by three or four brothers of the Augustine order, members of the same community as those on the great St. Bernard. Several of the celebrated dogs of St. Bernard are kept here. Half a mile farther a simple cross of wood marks the highest point of the road, six thousand five hundred and seventy-eight feet above the level of the sea.

We now enter upon that part of the road which is the most dangerous of all, at the season when avalanches fall. On this account it is provided with six places of shelter, viz. three galleries, two refuges, and a hospice, within a distance of one mile and three quarters. Overhead is the gorge of Schalbet in the sides of Mount Simplon, filled with glaciers which stretch down to the road. Below is a yawning abyss, along the edge of which the road is conducted. To protect this part of it, three galleries, called *Glacier Galleries*, have been constructed, partly excavated, and partly built of masonry, strongly arched.

They serve as bridges and aqueducts at the same time, the torrents being carried over and beneath them, so that you are sometimes riding under a waterfall.

I shall never forget the magnificent view of the *Bernese Alps* (which bound the valley on the opposite side of the Rhone), as we began to descend towards Brieg. Their glittering white peaks, with glaciers stretching down their sides, seemed nearer to us than the valley which intervened, and they whispered to us of a purity and majesty that does not belong to earth.

After a detention of two and a half hours at Brieg, during which I explored the town, which contains about six hundred and fifty inhabitants, visited the Jesuits' College and the Ursuline Convent, I proceeded on my way, through *Visp, Tourtemagne, Sierre, Sion, Riddes*—the last part of the way for a long distance alongside of the Rhone, which shone like molten silver in the bright moonlight, to *Martigny*, where we arrived at 3 o'clock in the morning, at the Hotel du Cygne.

I went to bed and slept till 8 o'clock, then breakfasted and took a guide, *a pied, i. e.* on foot, for the Tete Noire pass to Chamouni. I thought it a singular coincidence that in my regular course of Bible reading, I had this morning the 65th Psalm, in which occurs the following verse: "*Which by his strength setteth fast the MOUNTAINS, being girded with power.*"

My guide was an old man, of fifty-five years, who had been a guide thirty years. He put my carpet bags and overcoat into a hamper, and carried it on his back. The sun came out very hot as we toiled up the path, and I felt sorry for the old man, who seemed too feeble for his burden, although he would not admit it. We soon overtook another guide, a hale young fellow with a stout mule, who had conducted a party from Chamouni to Martigny, and was now on his return. He had previously

called on me at the hotel, and offered his services after I should reach Chamouni. I wished to engage him to Chamouni, but he gave me to understand that it would not do. I must hire a guide at Martigny. Such are the regulations to prevent interference on the part of the guides in one place with those in another. Now that I had hired a guide, however, he was at liberty to assist me. So he put my luggage on his mule and insisted that I should mount. I did so, and found it a great relief. I enjoyed the scenery much more from the mule's back than when toiling up on my own legs. The view of the Rhone valley was very fine.

We passed over the mountain of Forclaz, and down through the forest which clothes its side by a steep path into the little valley of Trient, where we stopped at the little *auberge* for refreshment. The torrent which flows through the valley descends from the glacier of the Trient, and is icy cold even at the distance of miles from the glacier.

Crossing the torrent and ascending the opposite side, the road lies through a dense forest for some distance, and then passes round the brow of a mountain covered with dark forests, called the Tete Noire (*i. e.* "Black Head"), which gives the name to the pass. After coming out of the forest, the road winds along the edge of a deep ravine, passes under an overhanging rock and through a gallery pierced through the rock, presenting successive views of the valley and mountains of great beauty and grandeur.

The summit of the pass, a sterile gorge near the Montets, is a scene of savage wildness and desolation. On each side rise the sharp peaks like needles of granite into the clear air, while the valley between is strewn with huge fragments, and marked with furrows, as if it had been the bowling-

Sight of Mont Blanc.

ground of giants. Here the avalanches have free play during the winter.

I was growing very weary and dispirited when the sight of Mont Blanc in the distance revived me. I picked some flowers as mementoes of the time. The magnificent glaciers which stream down into the valley of Chamouni began to appear, Argentiere, Boisson, &c., the peaks of Montanvert, the Flegere, Breven, the Aiguilles, Rouges, &c., &c.; we passed the village of Argentiere, crossed the Arve, and down its banks to the hamlet of Les Pres, reaching Chamouni at 7 o'clock in the evening, where I found excellent accommodation at the Hotel de la Couronne.

CHAPTER XXXV.

CHAMOUNY—MONTANVERT—THE FLEGERE.

As I awoke in the night I heard the wind howling furiously around the house, and the rain dashing against the windows. So, thought I, there is an end to my projected excursion for the morrow, and I comforted myself, as I turned over, with the prospect of a day of rest. Very much surprised then was I to be awakened out of a sound sleep at half past five in the morning, by my guide, knocking at the door, and telling me it was time to get up and start for Montanvert. I remonstrated and appealed to his sense of propriety whether this was the right sort of weather for a mountain excursion—a wet drizzly morning—when you could hardly see across the street. “O!” said he, “that’s nothing, it will clear up by noon, and be a first-rate time.” “Ah! these guides!” said I to myself, as I proceeded to draw on my clothes—“what mercenary beings they are! All they care for is to get as many ‘excursions’ out of you as they can, till there’s nothing left but a skeleton. When you are perfectly satisfied that you are tired to death, and can’t go a step farther, they persuade you that you’re as fresh and vigorous as ever!”

I hurried through my breakfast, equipped myself in an old over-coat, and mounted upon the trusty mule which my guide had waiting at the door, slowly wended my way through the

Incidents of the Way.

streets, the gazing stock of the guides and stragglers of the various hotels we passed. My guide walked now in advance, sometimes leading the mule by the bridle over difficult places, and now in the rear, shouting at him, or quickening his pace by a stick. We crossed the Arve and the opposite meadows, past several farm-houses, frequently accosted by children with curiosities or refreshments for sale, and occasionally by some poor beggar, afflicted with the *goitre*, till we reached the foot of the mountain, where the path rises above the valley through a forest of pines. At a sudden turn, I noticed a little girl sitting upon a rock with a wooden box by her side, who seemed anxious to attract our attention, and as soon as she caught my eye, applied herself vigorously to a crank in the box, which occasioned a most grotesque combination of discordant sounds, bearing a slight resemblance to the "Hunting chorus" of Der Freyschutz. After playing a little, she left her box and ran after us for the pay. Farther on we met a troop of children with strawberries for sale. The multitude of visitors to the vale of Chamouny for several years past has almost destroyed the simplicity of its inhabitants. Old and young seem determined to make as much as possible out of strangers, and all sorts of contrivances are resorted to for this object. One has some minerals for sale, another a bunch of flowers, another a salver with little cups of milk and rum, another a few wooden toys, another some views of the scenery, &c., &c. Two or three children will start up from behind a rock and sing an Alpine song, and before the last note has ceased, hold out their hands for money. Another stations himself at some place where there is a fine echo, with a tin-horn or a little cannon, and sells you as many echoes as you wish to buy. A few of such applications would not be unreasonable,

but they become so frequent and are prosecuted with such boldness and pertinacity as to annoy and disgust the traveller.

The ascent is very steep in many places; the path is full of rocks and roots of trees, sometimes carried along the edge of the declivity by means of trees cut down and filled in with branches and soil, through which great holes often gape into the valley below, and you tremble lest your mule should put his feet into them and send you over his head down the mountain. But the sagacious and sure-footed animal soon wins your confidence, and you resign yourself to his superior discernment. We crossed several "*creux*," as they are called, *i. e.* hollows or ravines in the mountain side, down which the avalanches come in the winter season and sweep everything before them. Most of the way we were enveloped in a thick mist, but occasionally it would lift up and afford us beautiful glimpses of the valley. We had a fine view of the *Cascade d'Arveiron*. We reached the Pavilion on the summit in about two and a half hours from Chamouni. The sky cleared up, and we had a fine view of the sharp peaks across the adjoining glacier, such as the *Aiguille du Dru*, the *Aiguille Verte*, the loftiest of all rising to the height of thirteen thousand feet, and a thousand nameless pinnacles in different directions.

After resting awhile, we prepared to descend upon the neighboring glacier, called the *Mer de Glace*, *i. e.* "Sea of Ice." This is not so easy as it seems at first sight. For the glaciers, as they work down towards the valley at the rate of a foot a day, throw up huge ridges on each side, composed of earth and stones and fragments of rocks, which are ground off from the mountains by the friction of the glacier. These ridges or *moraines*, as they are called, sometimes sixty or one hundred

feet high, must be surmounted before you can reach the surface of the glacier.

The glacier appears very different when you are upon it from what it did at a distance. Instead of presenting a smooth surface, it is broken up into a great variety of forms; here, huge blocks, and there sharp pinnacles sixty or eighty feet high, with unfathomable crevices between, down which you gaze with a shudder, as you think of the consequences of a slip of the foot upon the narrow edge of ice along which you are walking with the aid of a pointed staff. These crevices exhibit the beautiful *deep blue* color of the ice, which has never been satisfactorily explained. The river Arveiron has its source at the termination of this glacier in the valley below. The water issues from a vault of ice, which is continually changing its form, as great pieces are detached from the roof and tumbled down into the bed of the stream.

A farther excursion of three and a half hours is sometimes made along the glacier to the *Glacier du Talefre*, to visit the *Jardin* (*i. e.* "Garden"), a rock in the ice, which is covered with beautiful herbage, and in the month of August enamelled with flowers. In many places you see the flowers of the *Gentiana Major* along the very edge of the ice. Coleridge has finely described these glaciers in his "Hymn before sun-rise, in the vale of Chamouny."

"Ye Ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adorn enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid the maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the Gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen, full moon? Who bade the Sun

 The Flegere—Ascent of Mont Blanc.

Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living flowers,
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
 God! let the torrents like a shout of nations
 Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, GOD!"

On our way down we met more than fifty persons, some on mules, some on foot, and some carried in a sedan-chair by two men—old and young, ladies and children. After an interval of two hours for rest and dinner, I set out again for the *Flegere*. This is a mountain on the opposite side of the valley, commanding a fine view of the Mer du Glace, the Montanvert, and the whole range of Mont Blanc. A ride of half an hour to the foot of the mountain, then a long and wearisome ascent of two hours more to the Croix de Flegere and the Chalet. Just before reaching the summit we caught a glimpse of the peak of Mont Blanc, but most of the time he was wrapped in clouds. I stopped a little while at the Chalet to rest and obtain some refreshment, and wrote my name in the album, and purchased some prints of the views. I came down in fine spirits, repeating the stanza,

“Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
 They crowned him long ago
 On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
 With a diadem of snow.”

I have often been asked whether I made the ascent of Mont Blanc. The name Mont Blanc is given to the whole chain of mountains of which the Montanvert is one, and those who have visited that, often speak of having been to Mont Blanc. But the peak of Mont Blanc itself is rarely visited. The attempt has been often made without success, for several years. It requires a favorable combination of circumstances which rarely occurs. It is moreover attended with an expense of one or two hundred

Curiosities.

dollars to each individual of the party, as each person must have five or six guides and porters to carry the provisions.

In the evening I visited some of the curiosity shops, which contain a great variety of articles to serve as mementoes of Chamouny—such as crystals from Mont Blanc, miniature Swiss cottages, cows and chamois ingeniously carved out of wood, and cane tops and knife handles, of chamois horn.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CHAMOUNY TO GENEVA, LAUSANNE AND FREYBURG.

AT 7 o'clock the next morning I started for Geneva in a *char-a-banc*, which is the body of a gig placed sideways upon four wheels, at a very little distance from the ground. It is a light strong vehicle, capable of carrying two or three persons, and can be used on roads which will not admit of any other kind of carriage. I sat upon the same seat with the driver, and greatly enjoyed the sublime views of the mountains which were continually presented to us. We passed the hamlet of *Bossons*, near the Glacier of the same name, crossed the steep ridge of the Montrets which separates the vale of Chamouny from the vale of Servoz, crossed the river Arve upon the Pont Pelissier, and after riding some ways close under the foot of the Breven, arrived at *Servoz*, where we stopped a few minutes. Near the inn is a curiosity shop, where we saw a live chamois on exhibition.

From Servoz to *Sallenches*, where we arrived at the Hotel de la Belle Vue, and were transferred from the *char-a-banc* to the diligence. Two Englishmen and a German occupied the banquettes with myself, and we had a very pleasant and sociable time. We passed through *Cluses Bonneville*, crossed the Sardinian frontier, and entered the gates of Geneva at six and a half P.M. I went to the Hotel des Bergues, where, to my great joy, I found a package of letters awaiting my arrival.

Geneva—Isle of Rousseau—Ramble through the Streets—"The Eagles."

Geneva is at the western extremity of the lake, at the point where the Rhone issues out of it. The river divides it into two parts. The Quartier des Bergues, which is of modern origin, is connected with the opposite side by two handsome bridges, which unite with a small island called the *Isle of Rousseau*. This island has a statue of Rousseau, and is planted with trees, and laid out into walks for public resort. There was a concert of instrumental music here on the evening of my arrival, and the grounds were full of promenaders from the different hotels, among whom I was delighted to find several Americans. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and we took a boat and rowed out into the lake, where we lay for some time, listening to the music from the shore.

The next morning we took a long walk in the vicinity, visited the Ramparts, which serve as promenades, commanding fine views of the lake and mountains;—explored the streets of the city, saw the house in which John Calvin lived, the Cathedral, the Museum of Natural History, did some "shopping" in the print shops and watch-makers, admired the extensive assortment of watches, music-boxes, and jewelry, which met our eyes—heard with surprise the favorite "Christie's melodies," which had just come out when we left home, and wound up with visiting the *two live eagles*, which are maintained at the public expense in honor of the armorial bearings of Geneva—two ragged, scrawny, miserable looking birds, that are suggestive of anything rather than civil freedom and prosperity. In the evening, while sitting in the reading-room of the Hotel des Bergues, we were favored for a few minutes with a most lovely view of Mont Blanc in the distance, presenting the appearance of a snow-bank tinged with a rose-colored hue of the setting sun.

Steamer to Lausanne—Lord Byron—Gibbon's Residence.

At nine o'clock the next morning, I took the lake steamer "*Helvetie*," as far as Lausanne. It was a cold, cloudy morning, and the lake grew blacker and blacker till the storm burst upon us and drove all the passengers to the cabin for shelter. In a few minutes the smooth surface of the water was convulsed with waves, and when we arrived at Lausanne, it was so rough we could hardly take the small boat to be landed. Soon after leaving Geneva, we passed the small village of *Coppet*, where we saw the house in which *Madame de Stael* lived, and her father, the French minister Necker.

At the landing *Ouchy*, which is a suburb of Lausanne, a young woman superintended the removal of our baggage to the omnibusses, which conveyed us up the hill to the town. Near by is a small inn where Byron wrote the "*Prisoner of Chillon*" in the short space of two days, during which he was confined here by bad weather.

I stopped at the Hotel du Gibbon, so named after the celebrated historian of the Roman Empire, who spent many years of his life at Lausanne, while receiving his education and prosecuting his literary labors. The dining-room contains a portrait of him, and the wall of the hotel occupies the site of the summer-house in which he wrote the last page of his great work.

"It was," he says, "on the day or rather the night of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last line of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several walks in a berceau or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters,' and all nature was silent. I

Freyburg—The Organ—Curious Bas-relief.

will not," he adds, "dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatever might be the future date of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious."

From Lausanne I took the Poste at half past six in the evening for *Freyburg*, where I arrived two hours after midnight, and was most comfortably entertained at the Hotel de Zahringen.

The principal "lions" of Freyburg are the *Suspension bridges* and the *Organ* in St. Nicholas' church. The organ is said to be the finest in the world. It was built by Aloys Mooser, a native of the town, and has four rows of keys and sixty-eight stops (which do not draw out as in common, but slide to the right and left), and seven thousand eight hundred pipes, some of them thirty-two feet long. The case is of black walnut, richly ornamented with gilt covered work. It has one stop (Bassoon-hautbois) which so faithfully imitates the human voice, that it is often mistaken for a choir of voices. I was deceived by it myself and actually supposed for the time that there was a choir of boys accompanying the instrument. The imitation of a full band was excellent, and also the storm-piece with which the performance terminated, imitating the howling of the wind, the rolling of the thunder, and the general melee of the tempest.

The portal to the church is surmounted by a curious bas-relief in dark stone, representing the Last Judgment. In the centre stands St. Nicholas, and above him is seated the Saviour. On the left, an angel is weighing mankind in a huge pair of

Suspension Bridge—Pensionnat—Ancient Lime-Tree.

scales, not singly, but in lots, and a pair of imps are maliciously endeavoring to pull down one scale, and make the other kick the beam; below is St. Peter, ushering the good into Paradise. On the right hand is a devil with a pig's head, dragging after him by a chain a crowd of the wicked, and also with a basket on his back filled with figures, which he is apparently about to precipitate into a vast caldron suspended over a fire, which several other imps are stirring and blowing with the bellows. In the corner is Hell, represented by the jaws of a monster, filled up to the teeth with lost souls, and above it is Satan on his throne. The effect of the whole is ludicrous in the extreme.

The Suspension Bridge is thrown over the deep gorge of the river *Saane* (a tributary of the Rhine), to connect the opposite sides of the town. At the time of its construction in 1834, it was the longest of a single curve in the world. It is nine hundred and forty-one feet long, twenty-two feet eleven inches wide, and at an elevation of one hundred and eighty feet above the bed of the stream. Below is another wire bridge across the gorge of Gotteron, which is six hundred and forty feet long, and three hundred and seventeen high. The houses of the town are partly in the bottom of the gorge on the banks of the river, partly on the heights above, presenting a singular and romantic appearance. On an elevated site is the *Pensionnat* or Jesuits' School, in which some four hundred children, many of them from wealthy Roman Catholic families in France and Germany, are educated.

Near the ancient *Rathhaus*, *i. e.* "Town-house," is the trunk of a *lime tree*, said to have been planted on the day of the battle of Moriat, in 1476. A young Freyburger, who had fought in the battle, anxious to bring home the good news, ran the whole

Ancient Lime-Tree.

way, and arrived at this spot bleeding, out of breath, and so exhausted that he fell down and had barely time to cry "Victory," when he expired. The branch of lime, which he carried in his hand, was immediately planted, and grew into this tree. The decayed trunk, which is twenty feet in circumference, is surrounded by a railing with seats, and is preserved with great care. Some old men, who were sunning themselves upon the seats, accosted me with great cordiality as I approached, and seemed pleased to enter into conversation with a stranger. The line of separation between the French and German languages passes through Freyburg, so that French is spoken in the upper town, and in the lower town German.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FREYBURG TO BERNE AND INTERLACHEN.

I LEFT Freyburg at 3 o'clock the next morning, in the Poste for Berne, sixteen or seventeen miles distant. Bright moonlight rested upon the quaint old buildings, as we rattled through the silent streets, passed under the lofty portal, and rolled over the great suspension bridge which, though apparently so frail, was not in the least disturbed by the passage of our heavy coach, and four horses. The country seemed fertile and under good cultivation, and the appearance of the Bernese cottages is extremely picturesque. I found an agreeable companion in one of the passengers, a Swiss manufacturer, travelling on business, a gentleman of intelligence, who seemed happy to communicate to strangers any desired information respecting the institutions and resources of his country. He greatly enlarged my ideas of the extent and enterprise of the manufacturing interest in Switzerland. We passed near the battle-ground of *Laupen*, where the Swiss Confederates, under Rudolph of Erlach, defeated the mailed chivalry of Burgundy and Suabia, in 1339, crossed the stream of the Sense, which separates the canton of Freyburg from Berne, and entered the gate of Morat, flanked by two great stone bears in a sitting posture, at about six o'clock.

After breakfast, at the excellent Hotel du Faucon, my Swiss

"The Bears"—Situation of Berne.

friend took me to see "*the bears*." Berne signifies "a bear," in the old German or Suabian dialect, and this has been the favorite device of the city from time immemorial. A bear constitutes the armorial bearings of the canton, a bear is stamped upon the coin; you see bears upon the sign-posts, fountains, and public buildings. One of the principal fountains is surmounted by a bear in armor, with a sword at his side, and a banner in his paw. Another has the figure of a Swiss cross-bowman of former days, attended by a young bear as squire. Bears are the most conspicuous images in the toy-shops.

But "the bears" we went to see were living specimens, which are maintained at the public expense, in the ditch of the wall outside of the Aarburg gate. They have a keeper to take care of them, and a comfortable house for their accommodation. We tried various expedients to excite them to activity, but without success. It was too early in the morning, or the occasion was not of sufficient importance. Bruin obstinately refused to make an exhibition of himself, and maintained a sullen composure. When the French revolutionary army took possession of Berne in 1798, the bears were led away captive, and put into the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris. But when, after a series of years, the ancient order of things was restored, one of the first cares of the citizens was to replace and provide for their ancient pensioners.

Berne is the capital of the largest of the Swiss cantons, the seat of the Diet, and the residence of most of the foreign Ministers. The number of its inhabitants is about twenty-three thousand. It is built upon a lofty sandstone promontory, formed by the winding course of the river Aar, which flows at the bottom of a deep gully with steep and precipitous sides, nearly surrounding the town. It is seventeen hundred feet

above the level of the sea, and commands a fine view of the Bernese Alps. The houses are of massive stone, though not of great height, and in the principal streets rest upon arcades, which furnish covered walks, and are lined with shops and stalls.

The fortifications have been converted into promenades. In the moat outside of the gate of Morat, a number of tame deer are kept at the public expense. They are very pretty animals, and their lively motions, especially the gambols of the young, afford much amusement to the children.

Berne is celebrated for the number and excellence of its charitable institutions. My friend took me to see the Hospital, a fine building, bearing the inscription, "Christo in pauperibus," "To Christ in the poor," *i. e.* as the poor are Christ's representatives on earth. The new Prison and Penitentiary are also grand and imposing edifices.

In the principal street there are three antique watch-towers, which attract the notice of the stranger. The Clock-tower about the centre (originally built in 1191), further on the Cage-tower, now used as a prison, and beyond that Christopher's tower, with the figure of a giant upon it. The clock is a great curiosity. A minute before the hour strikes twelve, a wooden cock makes its appearance, crows twice and flaps his wings, and while a puppet strikes the hour on a bell, a procession of bears issues forth and passes in front of a figure on a throne, who marks the hour by gaping and lowering his sceptre.

We next visited the Minster, a beautiful Gothic building, begun in 1421 and finished in 1457. The chief entrance is adorned with sculptured reliefs of the Last Judgment in the centre, and the wise and foolish Virgins on the sides. The windows are painted with the coats of arms of the aristocratic

The Platform—My Carpet-Bag.

burghers of Berne, in all the pomp of heraldry. Along the walls are tablets, bearing the names of eighteen officers and six hundred and eighty-three soldiers, citizens of Berne, who fell fighting against the French in 1798.

Behind the Minster is the *Platform*, a lofty terrace one hundred and eight feet above the river Aar, planted with noble chestnut trees, and furnished with seats for public accommodation. From this spot the sunny peaks of the Bernese Alps are seen to great advantage.

At half past 10, I took my seat on the top of the diligence for Thun (pronounced *Toon*). We crossed the deep river of the Aar, upon the *new stone bridge*, and turning to the right along the river, had a fine view of this noble structure. It is nine hundred feet long, and the central arch is one hundred and fifty feet wide, and ninety-three high. The weather was fine, and the scenery very pleasing, but alas! I was not in a mood to enjoy it. My mind was ill at ease respecting the sole companion of my European tour, my trusty *carpet-bag*. The conductor had repeatedly assured me it was *there*, but *where* I could not see. At the imminent risk of my neck, I explored the huge pile of luggage upon the roof, but nowhere amid the multitude of carpet-bags of every imaginable size, shape, and hue, could I discover that peculiar combination of red, green, and brown stripes, which alone had any interest in my eyes. I became so unmanageable, that the conductor at length good naturedly undertook the search himself, and after dragging out innumerable articles and subjecting them to my inspection, only to be condemned, finally succeeded in extracting from the remotest corner *the* identical carpet-bag, the sight of which restored me to my usual equanimity. My fellow passenger was a German, a velvet manufacturer at Kraufeld, on the Rhine,

who told me that last year he sent two thousand pieces of velvet to New York.

When we arrived at Thun about half-past 1 P.M. it was raining hard, and the removal of the passengers and their baggage to the small steamer on the lake was a scene of no little confusion. The lake is about fourteen miles long, and three wide, and in some places seven thousand feet deep. The river Aar, coming from the lake of Brienz, enters it at its south end, and issues from it at the opposite extremity. The town is on the Aar, about a mile below its egress from the lake. The most conspicuous objects are the old feudal Castle, the former residence of the Counts of Thun, and the venerable parish church with its lofty tower.

The banks of the lake in the vicinity of Thun are adorned with many picturesque villas and gardens; farther on the shore is more precipitous and barren. The mountains appear finely. The sharp peak of the Stockhorn, and the pyramidal mass of the Niesen, stand sentinels at the entrance of the rivers Kandu and Simmenthal, on the south side of the lake, and farther on towards the east are seen the Jungfrau and Finster Aar-horn.

We were landed at *Neuhaus*, about ten miles from Thun, where we found a long array of carriages, porters, guides, and horses, to carry passengers chiefly to Interlachen, which is two or three miles distant. On our way we passed through the village of *Unterseen*. Unterseen and Interlachen both signify "between the lakes," *i. e.* lake Thun and lake Brienz. Interlachen is a favorite resort of the Germans and English. It contains a number of large hotels and boarding houses. I went to the Hotel Jungfrau, where, through the kind offices of a friend, I was favored with a fine front room, in full view of the snow-clad summit of the Jungfrau. To my great surprise I met three

of my former companions in Italy, who had just arrived from a pedestrian tour, and two other Americans with them, so that we made out a party by ourselves.

The company at the Hotel Jungfrau was mostly German and Swiss, with a sprinkling of English. I could not but observe that the Germans and Swiss were much better informed respecting our country than the English. Swiss gentlemen especially seemed to take a pride in the growing prosperity of our republican institutions, as the natural fruit of seeds first sown in their own soil. They love to speak of the united states of Switzerland as the mother of the United States of America. An English lady who sat next to me at the table d'hôte, expressed great surprise on hearing that I was an American, because, said she, "you speak English so well." I suppose she expected to hear me speak nothing but Indian. She then asked me about California, and when I told her that California was farther from the place of my residence than it was from England, she evidently began to look upon me with suspicion, as one who was endeavoring to impose upon her credulity.

There was some fine music in the drawing-room in the evening. One of the young ladies in particular, a German, had an uncommonly rich, clear voice. She sang several comic German songs with an inimitable grace. There was very little personal beauty, however. And in general, the traveller may expect that the loveliness of the women in Switzerland will be in *inverse* proportion to the loveliness of the country.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LAUTERBRUNNEN—THE WENGERN ALP, AND GRINDELWALD TO MEYRINGEN.

I HIRED a guide with his horse to take me through the valley of Lauterbrunnen over the Wengern Alp to Grindelwald the first day, over the great Scheideck to Meyringen the next day, and by the pass of the Brunig to Lungern the third day, calling it four days, allowing for his return part-way, at the rate of nine francs a day and one and a half franc a day "pour boire" or "trinkgeld," *i. e.* "drink-money"—the customary name for a gratuity—amounting to forty-two francs in all. Accordingly we set out for Lauterbrunnen at 7 o'clock in the morning, in a one-horse carriage. The road passes first through a tract of verdant meadow-land, on which great wrestling-matches are held periodically. The dilapidated old Castle of Unspunnen, the reported residence of Byron's "Manfred," appears on the right, and we plunge into the narrow and savage gorge of the Lutschine, hemmed in by perpendicular rocks of limestone, that almost exclude the light of day. The road passes a projecting rock, called Bose Stein, "the Evil Stone," where a fratricide was committed. The lord of the Castle of Rothenflue, which stood on the opposite side of the valley, here murdered his own brother.

At the hamlet of Zweilutschinen, about two miles from the

Valley of Lauterbrunnen—The Dust-Fall.

entrance of the valley, we came to the fork where it divides into two branches. That on the left is the valley of Grindelwald, terminated by the gigantic mass of the Wetterhorn. That on the right is the Lauterbrunnen, up which we proceeded. "*Lauterbrunnen*" signifies "nothing but fountains," and the valley is so called from the number of streamlets that pour down its precipitous sides.

The village of Lauterbrunnen is 2400 feet above the sea, and so shut in by the mountains that in summer the sun does not appear till seven o'clock, and in winter not before twelve. Here we left the carriage, and I walked on half a mile further to visit *Staubbach* (or Dust-fall), one of the loftiest water-falls in Europe. The stream is not large, but it pours over a precipice nine hundred feet high, and long before it reaches the bottom is shivered into spray-like dust. It has been compared to a beautiful lace veil, suspended from the precipice, and imitating in its centre the folds of drapery. Byron has described it as "curving over the rock like the tail of a white horse streaming in the wind," such as it might be conceived would be that of "the pale horse," on which Death is mounted in the Apocalypse.

"It is not noon—the sunbow's rays still arch
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,
And fling its lines of foaming light along,
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
The giant steed to be bestrode by Death,
As told in the Apocalypse."

When the clouds are low and rest upon the valley, this waterfall literally appears to leap down from the sky.

Returning I met my guide with his horse, which I mounted, and turning off to the left, commenced the ascent of the *Wengern Alp*, or *Lesser Scheideck*—down a hill, across a brook, up the hill opposite, through some meadows, past the scattered houses of a hamlet, toiling up a steep zig-zag path for a long distance, then a succession of dilapidated stone stairways, till it seems as if you must soon be at the top of everything. At last, you emerge upon a more gradual slope of meadow land, when you are amply compensated for all your toil by the magnificent prospect of the valley below. A boy with a long wooden horn had posted himself at one place in the road to sell echoes to travellers. I bought a batz (about two cents) worth, and thought it a good bargain. He blew a few notes on his horn, and when he ceased, the mountains opposite took up the strain and repeated it many times with wonderful distinctness and sweetness.

About noon we reached the inn, which has been built upon the brow of the ravine directly facing the gigantic snow-clad mass of the Jungfrau, which rises in majestic purity on the opposite side. *Jung-frau* means “young woman,” or “virgin,” and this name was given to the mountain either on account of the unsullied purity of the snow which clothes its sides, or because at that time it had never been surmounted by human foot. The air is so clear, and the proportions of surrounding objects so colossal, as to destroy the usual effect of distance. It seems close to you, as if you could throw a stone against the mountain-side, which is five or six miles distant from you.

I waited about two hours in hopes of seeing an avalanche fall. They are usually most numerous a little after noon, when the sun exercises the greatest influence upon the glaciers in loosening masses of snow and ice, and causing them to break

Fall of an Avalanche—Mountain Peaks—The Descent.

off. Just after I had started on my way again, I was favored with the sight of one. A distant roar, like thunder, first arrested my attention. I looked and saw a shower of snow pouring over a precipice on the side of the mountain,—then disappearing for a little while, and then streaming out of a gully below over another precipice. This white powder, which looks so insignificant in the distance, consists of huge blocks of ice and snow, capable of sweeping away whole forests and overwhelming villages in its course.

About two miles beyond the inn we attained the summit of the pass, which is 6,280 feet above the level of the sea. The view of the mountains was very fine. The *Jung-frau* on the extreme right, the *Silberhorns* somewhat nearer, then the *Monch* or *Klein-Eigher* (*i. e.* "Little Giant"), and the *Great-Eigher*, all over 13,000 feet high. The *Eigher-horn* especially appeared truly sublime. Its base was enveloped in clouds, out of which uprose its sharp peak, like the tenant of another sphere. As we approached Grindelwald, the *Schreck-horn* (*i. e.* "Peak of Terror") came in sight, and occasionally the needle-like peak of the *Finster Aarhorn*. The glaciers which cling around these peaks, and fill up the ravines between them, have been computed to occupy an area of one hundred and fifteen square miles.

The descent was very steep and difficult—at first muddy and slippery, and then strewn with fallen rocks. We passed in sight of a forest mown down by the fall of avalanches. It was a picture of complete desolation, the trunks broken off near the ground, stripped of their branches and bark even, black and seared as if a raging fire had swept over them. As we neared the valley, the *Wetterhorn* (or "Peak of Tempests") appeared in front, the *Faulhorn* on the left, and to the right

Grindelwald—Pass of the Great Scheideck—The Upper Glacier.

the white glacier of Grindelwald. We reached Grindelwald at 5 P.M., and put up at the small but comfortable Hotel de l'Ourse, *i. e.* "the Bear."

Grindelwald seemed to me the beau ideal of an Alpine valley, with its gigantic mountains, the Eigher-horn, the Mittenberg, and the Wetterhorn, and its two magnificent glaciers issuing from between these mountains, and descending to the very bottom of the valley, within a stone's throw of human habitations, and skirted by forests of fir along their sides, and green pastures at their base.

The next morning I started at half past seven, on horseback, for *Meyringen*, by the pass of the *Great Scheideck*. The path was very steep, and stony, and slippery, in consequence of recent rains. I wanted to dismount and walk down some of the worst places, but my guide kept saying, "*O nein! O nein!*" ("Oh no! Oh no!") and would take hold of the bridle and lead the horse along; till finally we came to a steep and rocky descent, when I had a strong presentiment the horse would stumble and throw me over his head, and I insisted on getting off, and did, and walked on in advance some distance to the Upper Glacier, where I lingered some time, admiring the beautiful blue color of the ice. Large blocks, detached from the Glacier and fallen down into the stream which flows from it, still retained this deep azure here, thus showing that it was not occasioned simply by the reflection of the light, as might be thought, from its appearance in the crevices.

As I turned aside into a foot-path which led nearer to the Glacier, an old man with a pipe in his mouth came out of a small hut near by, and followed at my heels, gesturing away and pointing out the chief objects of interest, to my great annoyance and disgust. I supposed he was offering his services

as a guide, and therefore shook my head repeatedly, and said, "*Nein! nein!*" as significantly as I could. He paid no attention to it, however, but still kept close to me, jabbering away with great volubility. About all the German I could muster from the evanescent associations of the "German optional," during junior year in college, was the unmistakable direction, "*Geht zum Teufel!*" which I accordingly discharged at him with evident effect. It certainly was not a very civil salutation, but I had no other medium of expressing my decided wish that he should withdraw and leave me to my own meditations. He seemed very much enraged, and kept walking around the rock on which I stood, gesturing and jabbering away more fiercely than ever. Presently my guide came up and explained to the old man my ignorance of the vernacular, whereupon he accosted me in French, giving me to understand that this was a private path, which he had made through his own land for the accommodation of travellers, and that he wanted pay for my use of it. I gave him half-a-batz (about a cent and a half), which changed his tone completely, and brought down a shower of thanks and apologies.

Mounted again, and rode on over a wild, desolate tract of meadow land, wet, muddy, and slippery, along the base of the gigantic Wetterhorn, which lifts its stupendous peak of naked rock to the height of more than 13,000 feet, seeming to overhang the path, and impressing the traveller with sublime awe. We reached the summit of the pass about 10 o'clock. I dismounted and commenced the descent on foot. We met a great many coming up; one gentleman, an invalid, in a "*chaise-à-porteur*" (or sedan-chair) with four bearers, also a lady, carried in the same manner, and a long string of others on horse-back and a-foot. I picked some of the "*Alpine rose*,"

a species of red rhododendron, which grows here in great profusion, and put them in my passport book for preservation, as mementoes of the Alps. Soon it commenced raining. I was far ahead of my guide, and therefore stopped under a shed to wait his coming. After waiting a long time, I walked on again in the rain, now through a forest, where I heard a distant howling, and wondered whether there were any wolves in this region, saw some fine avalanches, loosened by the rain, down the Wetterhorn, was overtaken by my guide, and in the midst of a drenching rain arrived at the *Baths of Rosenlauri*, where there is a small inn.

Here we stopped for shelter and refreshment. I amused myself for some time, watching the successive arrivals of parties overtaken by the storm, as they came stringing in, dripping wet—ladies holding up their skirts, all be-draggled in the mud. "Oh! what a sight!" till the little hotel was full to overflowing. All the resources of the establishment were put into requisition to supply the ladies with change of apparel, and great was the merriment occasioned by the oddity of their new costumes. However, we were all "put to rights" after a while, and sat down to dinner, a motley company of old and young, German, English, and French, and one American. A French lady who sat next me was very sociable, and when she found out my country, inquired after a cousin who had married in Virginia, and another friend who resided in New York. A French gentleman in conversation spoke of the *States* of Philadelphia and Boston.

After dinner we waited and waited for the rain to cease. One party of English, half of them ladies, set off in the rain, on horses and mules, with India-rubber hoods, and cloaks, and umbrellas, a doleful procession. About 5 o'clock, it stopped raining, and I

"Ropefall."

resumed my journey, on horseback. For a short distance the path leads across a beautiful green plain, by the side of the torrent of Reichenbach, but soon the valley contracts into a ravine, and the path becomes so steep and rocky, one is obliged to dismount and proceed on foot. The view of the craggy peaks in the rear is very fine, and all along the ravine numerous streams of water from over its precipitous sides, one called the *Seilbach*, or "Ropefall," had also a fine view of the Falls of Reichenbach, and passed the Hotel called the Baths of Reichenbach, about a mile short of Meyringen. Instead of going around by the road with my guide and horse, I took a short cut path through the field, and crossing the Albach in a ferry-boat carried over by the force of the current, arrived at the Hotel de la Couronne about 6 o'clock.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MEYRINGEN, PASS OF THE BRUNIG, LUCERNE TO BASLE.

THE valley of Meyringen is noted for its beauty. It is encompassed by mountains with precipitous sides, partly clothed with forests, here and there streaked with white cascades, and overtopped by many snow-white peaks. It is not however so grand as Grindelwald. Much of it is a flat plain, half marsh and half gravel, from inundations of the river. The Alpbach, a mountain torrent pouring down from the height behind the village out of a narrow gorge, when swollen by the rains, bears along heaps of black sand and rubbish, which sometimes impede its course till the accumulated waters sweep everything before them, and spread desolation over the valley. An inundation of this sort in 1762 buried a large part of the village in one hour twenty feet deep in rubbish. The marks of this catastrophe still appear on many of the buildings and fields.

In the night I heard it raining hard still, and had dismal forebodings of the morrow. However, I rose early, and took my breakfast, thinking it might clear up. But no, it was rain, rain, rain, as hard as it could pour. About 10 o'clock it abated a little, and I set out for *Lungern*, by the pass of the *Brunig*. The first part of the way I was able to ride on a trot, but soon the ascent became steeper and obliged us to slacken our pace. The rain came down in torrents; I was obliged to carry an um-

brella, which frightened my horse and made him sheer in some very pokerish-looking places. The last part of the way was very steep and rocky. Still I was abundantly repaid by the sublime appearance of the clouds rolling around the mountains, and the occasional glimpses of the valley afforded us. On reaching the summit, I dismounted, and went down the other side on foot. The path was the most rocky and precipitous of any I had travelled. It seemed impossible that horses could travel it. At one place I took a short cut across a meadow, and then down steps cut in the rock, while the guide went around a different way with the horse. I reached *Lungern* about noon, drenched with rain, and much fatigued. Here I paid my guide his forty-two francs, and dismissed him to return.

I sent my overcoat to the kitchen-fire to dry, took dinner, and ordered a carriage to Alpnach. It was a one-horsed vehicle, like a four-wheeled gig, with a leathern apron in front to protect from the weather, and a driver's seat outside of that. It was delightful to exchange the back of a horse for a comfortable seat in a carriage, and I leaned back and smoked my pipe with a sense of perfect satisfaction. The steep ascent of the Kaiserstuhl brought us to the level of the Lake of Lungern. This lake was recently drained by boring a tunnel through the ridge of the Kaiserstuhl, and letting off its waters into the lower valley. The surface of the lake was lowered about one hundred and twenty feet, and its dimensions reduced about one half. The additional land thus gained has not however compensated for the expense of the operation, which was estimated at five thousand pounds, and nineteen thousand days' labor.

The road then skirts the east shore of the Lake of *Sarnen*, and passes through the village of the same name, pleasantly situated at the foot of an eminence called *Landenberg*, memor-

Slide of Alpnach—Lake Alpnach—Boat-Women.

able in Swiss history as the residence of the cruel Austrian bailiff of that name, who put out the eyes of the aged Henry An der Halden. We next came to *Alpnach* with its fine taper spire, a village of about fourteen hundred inhabitants, at the foot of Mount Pilatus. It was in this vicinity that the celebrated *Slide of Alpnach* was constructed, for the purpose of bringing down to the lake the fine timber of the mountains, which could not be obtained by the ordinary means. The slide was a trough of wood extending from a height of twenty-five hundred feet down to the water's edge. A tree one hundred feet long, and four feet in diameter, was discharged in six minutes from the upper end of the trough into the lake, a distance of eight miles! Sometimes a tree would bolt from the trough with such force as to cut large trees at the side short off, and dash itself to pieces. The timber was collected on the lake, formed into a raft, and floated down the Reuss into the Rhine.

About a mile and a half further brought us to *Gestad*, on Lake Alpnach, which is a gulf of Lake Lucerne, where I ordered a boat to *Winkel*, on the opposite side. After waiting awhile somewhat impatiently, as it was after 5 o'clock, and I wished to reach Lucerne that evening, I noticed several women walking down the street, carrying huge oars fifteen feet long on their shoulders, and supposed them to be the wives of the boatmen, making preparations for their husbands' departure. But when I came to the boat, I found it was *manned* by three *women*, an old woman and two young ones. Yes! I am almost ashamed to confess it, I was rowed across the lake to Winkel, a distance of five miles, by three women! If there had been anything particularly feminine and interesting in their appearance, I should have felt constrained to assist them, but they

Lucerne—Bridges adorned with Paintings—The English barrow.

were so coarse and ugly, I thought them fit for nothing better. At Winkel I hired a carriage for Lucerne, where I arrived at 8 o'clock in the evening, at the Schwytzer Hof, a large and splendid hotel, full of company.

LUCERNE is the chief town of the canton, and one of the alternate seats of the Diet. It is situated at the north-west extremity of the Lake of Lucerne, and is divided into two parts by the river Reuss, which here issues out of the lake. Its population is about eight thousand.

I rose early next morning and walked out to visit the *Hofbrücke*—a covered bridge over an arm of the lake, more than one thousand feet long, which is adorned with paintings, occupying the triangular space between each cross-beam and the rafters of the roof. The paintings are illustrations of the Scriptures, some of them very well done, but much injured by the weather. The bridge commands a fine view of the lake, and the mountains Righi, Pilatus, Schwytz, and Engelberg, &c. Another of the bridges, called the Mill-bridge, is hung with paintings of the "Dance of Death."

On going to the Poste to take a place for Basle, I found the diligence full. A *supplement* was provided however for another person and myself—an open one-horse carriage, much pleasanter than the coach. The streets through which we passed were decorated with triumphal arches of green and garlands of flowers, the relics of a recent musical fete. It was a beautiful morning, the late rains had laid the dust, the scenery was fine, and we had a delightful ride.

At *Buttisholz* I saw the mound called the *English barrow*, because it contains the bones of three thousand Englishmen, followers of the celebrated Condottiero leader, Ingelzam de Coucy, who were defeated here in 1376, by the inhabitants of

Arnold of Winkelried—Sursee.

Entlebuch. Had a fine view of the Lake of Sempach, on the east shore of which was fought the *Battle of Sempach*, between the Austrians and the Swiss, the second of those great and surprising victories by which Swiss independence was established. Here *Arnold of Winkelried* signalized himself by his devotion to liberty. Seeing all the attempts of his countrymen to break the Austrian ranks foiled by their long lances, he exclaimed, "Protect my wife and children, and I will open a path to freedom." He then rushed forward, and gathering in his arms as many lances as he could grasp, buried them in his bosom; and before the lancers could extricate their entangled weapons, his countrymen were enabled to take advantage of the gap thus made in the mail-clad ranks of the foe.

"Make way for liberty! he cried,
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp!
'Make way for liberty!' he cried,
Their keen points met from side to side;
He bowed amongst them like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.
Swift to the breach his comrades fly,
'Make way for liberty!' they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart;
While, instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic, scattered all.
Thus Switzerland again was free;
Thus death made way for liberty!"

At *Sursee*, an old walled town, whose gate-towers still bear the double-headed eagle of Austria covered in stone, we changed

Aarburg—Frolicsome Girls.

horses and carriage. On the way to Reiden, saw the ruins of the castle of Reiden, and a solitary tree on a rock beside it. Stopped at *Zoffingen* to dine. Changed carriage again. Rode through a pleasant valley, under good cultivation and distinguished by substantial farm houses. Passed an extensive cotton factory, just before entering the old town of *Aarburg*, conspicuous by its extensive citadel upon the heights.

Crossed the river Aar, and rode along its banks to *Ollen*, where we changed carriages again. Commenced the long winding pass of the *Unter Hauenstein* (*i. e.* "in hewn rock"). Fine view from the summit. Two young girls on the front seat facing me, in high glee, disposed to make sport of everything. A passenger in the driver's seat pressed so hard against the glass behind him as to push out a pane, which fell inside. One of the girls took out her scissors and cut a piece off from her bonnet-ribbon and pinned it on his coat-sleeve, and great was the merriment that ensued. We changed again at *Sissach*, and again at *Liesthal*, for an omnibus, in which the man with the ribbon on his sleeve was informed of his plight by his next neighbor, and seemed very much hurt and offended. We entered the gates of *Basle* about half past 6 in the evening, and I put up at the *Hotel aux Trois Rois* (*i. e.* "the Three Kings"), a fine establishment, fronting on one of the principal streets, and in the rear overlooking the Rhine, which washes its walls.

CHAPTER XL.

BASLE TO STRASBOURG.

BASLE, Bale, or Basel, the site of the ancient Basilea, built by the Roman Emperor Valentinian I., is the capital of the canton of the same name, and contains about fourteen thousand inhabitants. The Rhine, which rushes past in a full broad flood of a clear, light green, divides it into parts, Great Basle and Little Basle, connected by a wooden bridge. Of late years it has been declining in population and business, and an air of stilness and repose pervades its quaint old streets.

While drinking my tea in the Dining Saloon of the "Three Kings," which looks out upon the Rhine, my attention was arrested by the familiar sound of my native tongue, characterized by the peculiar intonations of Yankee-dom. I looked up, and in the serious sensible-looking gentleman who sat opposite, found a brother clergyman, with whom I formed a most agreeable acquaintance. It was delightful to meet some one with whom I could get back to old congenial topics of conversation, from which I had been so long debarred. He had not travelled as far as I had, and moreover could not talk French, so that he was obliged to avail himself of my assistance, and being naturally of an humble and distrustful turn of mind, he readily deferred to my superiority as a "travelled man," and I really began to consider myself of some importance. After tea we

took a stroll through the streets. A saddened feeling came over us as we noticed the American flag suspended from the window of the United States Consulate opposite, shrouded in crape, on account of the recent death of our President. I called at the Bureau and paid my passage through to London, amounting to one hundred and seventeen and a half francs. (First class.) It seemed to bring me so much nearer home.

The next morning was the sabbath—a beautiful day. B—— and I walked to the *Minster*, a curious old building of deep red sandstone, with two square towers surmounted by spires two hundred and five feet high. It was begun by Henry II. in 1010, and consecrated in 1019. The front has two quaint old groups of St. George and the Dragon on one side of the principal entrance, and St. Martin and the Beggar on the other. The cloisters are very extensive, and contain the monuments of the three Reformers, Ecolampadius, Grynæus, and Meyer. In the church above is the tombstone of *Erasmus*, who died here in 1536. The church is now used for Protestant service, but there was no service this morning.

Behind the Minster is a terrace, seventy-five feet above the river, planted with noble chestnut trees, and commanding a beautiful view over the Rhine, the town, and the country, bounded by the Black Forest hills. Near by is the *Public Library*, containing many interesting autographs of Luther, Melancthon, Erasmus, and Zwinglius, and a Gallery of the Paintings and Drawings of *Holbein*. A very polite citizen, of whom we had made some inquiries respecting the Minster, offered to show us some of the principal sights of the town, but we declined the offer, and sat down on one of the benches under the trees, and had a long talk about home matters, contrasting our situation

Service at the Cathedral—Strasbourg—Monument of Marshal Saxe.

with that of our congregations, and wondering how we should feel at resuming our ministerial labors.

In the afternoon we attended service in the Minster. The congregation was small, and apparently not very attentive, but the preacher seemed much engaged in his work, and spoke with a great deal of animation. Two infants were baptized—"Louisa Carlina," and "Sarah Carlina." The clergyman took them in his arms and sprinkled each three times in connection with the names of the persons of the Trinity.

On calling at the Poste the next morning, I was greeted with the sight of my old green umbrella, the faithful companion of all my travels, which I hardly expected ever to see again. I had missed it on arriving at Basle Saturday evening, and gave the conductor a charge to look for it on his return. He found it at Sissach, fourteen miles back, where I had left it, as we stopped to change carriages.

At a quarter to 9 A.M., an omnibus took passengers from the hotel to the railway terminus, and at nine and a quarter we started for Strasbourg, passing through *Mulhausen*, *Colmar*, and *Schlestadt*, and arriving at a little after 2 P.M. The distance is eighty-six miles. I went in an omnibus to the Hotel de la Ville de Paris, and after dinner employed a commissionaire to show me the principal objects of interest, as I had but little time for the purpose. He took me first to St. Thomas's church to see the *Monument of Marshal Saxe*, erected to his memory by Louis XV.—which employed the sculptor Pigalle twenty-five years. It is of white marble, and the different figures are of full size. The principal figure is the Marshal with his baton in his right hand, and his left a-kimbo, calmly descending to the tomb. On his right, cowering at his presence, are an eagle, the emblem of Austria, a leopard overturned, the emblem of Eng-

Statue of Guttemberg.

land, and a lion emblem of Holland, nations over whom he had been victorious. On his left, flags of different nations, trophies of war, a little genius mourning his fate, and France in the person of a beautiful female, with one hand endeavoring to detain the Marshal, and with the other to stay the approach of Death, a skeleton wrapped in a winding-sheet, opening the lid of a coffin. Marshal Saxe was buried here rather than in Paris, because he was a Protestant. The sexton also showed us two embalmed bodies, discovered under the floor in 1802, supposed to be a Count of Nassau, Saarwerden and his daughter, and to have been buried more than four hundred years. They are in full dress—the daughter with finger-rings, necklace, and bracelets, and ruffles, which comport strangely with the dark shrunken features, and the head sunk down between the shoulders.

On our way saw the statues of *Gen. Kleber*, a native of Strasbourg, one of Napoleon's generals, whom he left in command of the army in Egypt—and of *Guttemberg*, the inventor of printing. The statue of Guttemberg is of bronze, and was modelled by the celebrated sculptor *David*. By his side is a printing-press, and in his hands a scroll, with the following inscription, "Let there be light!" On one of the four sides of the pedestal appear in bas-relief the distinguished men of letters and science; on another, the advocates of freedom, among whom it is easy to recognize the marked features of our own Washington, Adams, and Franklin; and on another, the form of Philanthropy, pitying and relieving the oppressed; and on the fourth, Religion and all nations receiving the gospel at her hands. As I stood contemplating it early the following morning, when it was surrounded by groups of market-women with their various wares, the momentous results of the invention here commemorated came thronging upon my mind; I lost

sight of everything around me, and seemed elevated to a height from which I could take in at one view the whole domain of Art, Science, Literature, and Human Improvement—and lo! every dome, and pinnacle, and house-top, was irradiated by the light which streamed from this central point. It was as if the Creator had laid his hand upon that majestic brow and uttered his almighty fiat, "Let there be light!"—and a new sun arose upon the benighted world! We next visited

THE CATHEDRAL.

This is one of the finest Gothic edifices in the world. Its dimensions are three hundred and fifty-five feet in length, one hundred and thirty-two in breadth, and the height of the spire variously estimated at from four hundred and seventy-four to five hundred and thirty feet. It is of solid stone from the foundation to the apex, and most elaborately carved. The whole front is carried up to the height of two hundred and thirty feet, and from the top of this platform rises the spire nearly three hundred feet higher! The oldest part of the building is attributed to the time of Charlemagne, but the principal part was designed and begun by the architect *Erwin of Steinbach*, who died in 1318. The most remarkable things in the interior are the vast and beautiful marigold window over the principal entrance, the rich painted glass of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the carved stone pulpit (of 1487), and the famous *clock*, made in 1571, which stands in the south transept. It is as high as an ordinary dwelling-house, and has a light staircase leading to the top. The various dials show the year, the month, the day, the places of the sun and moon, and many other astronomical phenomena. The quarter-hour is struck by the figure of a boy, the half-hour by a youth, the three-quarters

The Ruprechtsau—Balloon—Ascent of the Spire.

by an old man, and the full hour by old father Time himself. When the clock is about to strike twelve, a large gilt cock on a pinnacle claps his wings, opens his mouth, and crows lustily three times, a procession of the Twelve Apostles issues from one door, passes before the Saviour, each one bowing as he passes, and retires by another door. For fifty years it was out of order and stood still, but it has at length been repaired by a watch-maker of Strasbourg, and set in motion.

Towards evening I walked out to the principal promenade called the *Ruprechtsau*, an extensive space beyond the walls, laid out in walks and gardens. In passing through the fortifications, three draw-bridges are crossed. Indeed Strasbourg is considered one of the strongest fortresses in Europe. The grounds were full of people, who had come to witness a balloon ascension. By paying a small fee I obtained admission to the *Jardin Lip*, within which the inflation of the balloon was conducted, but I was disappointed to find that it was to be raised simply by heated air. The balloon was large and decorated in the gayest style, but the process of inflation occupied a long time. At length everything seemed ready, the aeronaut in fancy costume went around among the spectators with a contribution plate, took an affectionate farewell of his friends, seated himself in the wicker-basket attached to the balloon, heroically resigned to his fate. But the balloon would not go up. It swung this side and that, and came very near catching fire several times, so that the whole affair was a miserable failure.

The next morning, while taking a walk before breakfast, I resolved to ascend the spire of the Cathedral. A commissioner whom I consulted, directed me to the Police officer whose special duty it is to accompany such persons as wish to make

the ascent. This regulation has been prescribed in consequence of several instances of suicide or accidental death, by falling from the steeple. We entered the south door in the unfinished tower and toiled up the dark and wearisome staircase which leads to the Platform two hundred and thirty feet high. Here is a telegraph office and a station for watchmen, who are set to look out for fires, including several rooms with domestic conveniences. Then we ascended two hundred and thirteen feet higher to an iron grating trap-door, which my guide unlocked, and we commenced the more dangerous part of the ascent. The staircases are winding with such narrow steps that but part of the foot can rest on them, and one is obliged to go sideways. There is no railing to hold on by, and the spire is so open, that should the foot slip, the body might fall through the fret-work at the side. Up, up, up, the steps growing narrower and narrower, till at length you are obliged to step upon a small square stone clear on the outside of the spire without any protection, then stoop under an iron bar, up another set of steps like the side of a pyramid, terminating in a flat stone a foot square, upon which you sit down right under the carved rosette which forms the apex of the spire, and shudder at your temerity, as you look down and think of the descent. You have ascended six hundred and sixty steps, and may enjoy the satisfaction of thinking that you are at the top of the highest spire in the world. But as you look again, it seems as if a gust of wind might destroy the equilibrium of the steeple, so slender and delicate is its structure, and your brain reels at the idea of such a catastrophe!

CHAPTER XLI.

STRASBOURG, THE RHINE, COLOGNE BY OSTEND TO LONDON.

AN omnibus took us to the steamer on the Ill, a tributary of the Rhine, from which we soon emerged into the broader stream. The scenery from Strasbourg to Mayence is not particularly interesting. The river flows through a wide plain, bounded by distant mountains. It was a pleasant morning, however, and I enjoyed the sail. I made several agreeable acquaintances on board. One of them was an Englishman, who came to me as I was sitting in the cabin, with a bottle of wine which he had ordered, and after asking me to partake of it, said he would be under great obligations to me if I would ask the waiter for him how much his dinner was. He said he could not speak anything but English, and was troubled to get along. Till within a few days he had been travelling with a company of friends, but now he was all alone, and finding that I was on my return to England, proposed that we should travel in company, saying that he would go whatever route I preferred, and accommodate himself entirely to my convenience. He seemed greatly relieved by my assent to his proposal, and after we had gone on deck and seated ourselves on some boxes to view the scenery, expressed his satisfaction by rubbing his hands together, and uttering a shrill "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" I was not a little amused at this singular mode of expression, espe-

cially on learning afterwards, to my surprise, that he was a clergyman of the Church of England. He proved to be a very pleasant companion, though without any marked interest in theological matters, and in all matters of business he was as helpless as a child. Indeed, I thought at the time that one of our Yankee boys ten years old would be much more competent to take care of himself. From this time forth I took charge of him, settled all his accounts with hotel-keepers, porters, railroads, &c., and delivered him in safety at Dover.

We arrived at *Mayence* at nine o'clock in the evening, and went to the *Rheinischer Hof*, a fine establishment. Mayence is a fortress of the Confederation, strongly garrisoned by the Austrians and Prussians. The population is about thirty-six thousand; the garrison eight thousand. Here is another statue of *Guttemberg*, the inventor of printing, in bronze, modelled by *Thorwaldsen*, and cast at Paris. Mayence was his birth-place and principal residence.

At half past 7, the next morning, we started again in the steamer "*Rubens*," and had fine weather as far as Coblenz, enjoying the "glories of the Rhine" very much—the terraced hill-sides covered with vineyards, the frowning crags, the romantic old castles, the tortuous river, the rocky islands, the massive fortifications of *Ehrenbreitstein*, soon after passing which it began to rain and blow with great violence, so that we were driven below for shelter. We arrived at *Cologne* about 4 P.M., and went to the *Hotel Rheinberg*, close by the river. The rain came down in torrents, and I sat a long time at the window of my room, amusing myself with watching the string of foot-passengers crossing the bridge of boats, which was occasionally interrupted by the passage of a steamer or boat.

At length we sallied out in spite of the rain, and went to

see the CATHEDRAL, a magnificent structure, begun in 1248, but not yet completed. The main body of the building is not finished, and of the two towers, the highest is not above one third of the full height. The dimensions are: length, five hundred and thirty-eight feet; breadth, two hundred and thirty-one feet; and the intended height of the towers, five hundred and thirty feet. If completed according to the original design, it would be by far the noblest specimen of Gothic architecture in the world. But though untold sums have been lavished upon it, it would require an additional expenditure of five millions of dollars. An Association has been formed, with branches in all parts of Europe, for collecting subscriptions for this purpose. You will often see some of the contribution boxes put up in the hotels, soliciting the contributions of visitors.

The choir is the only part finished, and with its clustered pillars, its multitudinous arches, its numerous chapels, its fine stained-glass windows, its colossal statues, and finely carved stalls and seats, is splendid beyond description. Behind the High Altar is the *Shrine of the Three Kings of Cologne*, or the Magi, who came from the East with presents for the infant Saviour. A curiously wrought silver gilt case contains what are supposed to be their bones, said to have been brought from Milan by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, in 1162, and presented to the Archbishop of Cologne. Their skulls, inscribed with their names—*Gasper*, *Melchior*, and *Balthazer*—written in rubies, are exhibited to view through an opening in the shrine, crowded with diadems and studded with jewels. Under a slab in the pavement is buried *the heart of Maria de Medicis*, the exiled Queen of Henri IV. of France, who died in poverty at Cologne, in 1642.

St. Ursula and the eleven thousand Virgins—Relics—Rail to Ostend.

We also visited the *Church of St. Ursula and of the eleven thousand Virgins*. The story is, that St. Ursula and her virgin train, on their return from Rome to Brittany, were all slaughtered at Cologne by the barbarian Huns, because they refused to break their vows of chastity. Their bones are supposed to be deposited here. Bones and skulls meet your eyes wherever you look. They are built into the walls, buried under the pavement, and arrayed in glass cases on all sides. In one apartment, called the *Golden Chamber*, you are shown the skulls of a select few, cased in silver, with busts fitted to them, and wrapped in silk. Your attention is particularly directed to the marks of the cruel swords in the skulls. You are also shown one of the stone vessels which held the water that was turned into wine at the marriage in Cana, a thigh bone of the apostle Peter, and several other interesting relics!

To complete our tour of Cologne, we next sought out the establishment of the veritable *Jean Marie Farina*, opposite the Julichs Platz, to purchase some of the genuine article.

The next morning was pleasant. We took our seat in the railway carriage at 7 o'clock, and commenced our ride to Ostend. My companion was so elated with the idea of being in England the next day, that he uncorked a bottle of Cologne, and sprinkled our railway apartment with its contents. The other occupants were a lady, and a Cologne and London wine-merchant. As we passed through the walls I was struck with the massive fortifications, with their picturesque flanking-towers and gate-houses, said to present one of the most perfect specimens of the style of the middle ages.

At *Verviers*, the Prussian frontier, our luggage was searched. Here we changed carriages, and my friend and myself were the sole occupants of a luxurious apartment, with large glass

windows in front and at the sides, so that we could have a fine view of the country through which we passed. Our route was through *Aix-la-Chapelle*, *Louvain*, *Ghent*, *Bruges*, arriving at Ostend at 7 o'clock in the evening. Here all the passengers for England, with their luggage and the English mails, were put on board a stout boat, perhaps thirty feet long, all open to the weather, and manned by four boatmen, to be conveyed to the steamer which lay somewhere in the offing, though not within sight. It was low tide, we had to go down a dozen steps from the pier to get aboard; the boat was so full that there was not room for all to sit down—about fifty passengers—English, German, Frenchmen, and dogs. It was fast growing dark, and soon began to rain. The tide was running in very strong through the narrow passage between the two long piers, but there was not yet water enough to cross the bar at the mouth of the harbor. So we waited and waited, the scowl of the heavens gathering blacker and blacker, the wind rising higher and higher, and the breakers outside looking “scary” enough. We finally became so impatient of delay, that the men hoisted a large sail and put out! The sea grew worse and worse till we drove bump on the bar, with a shock that knocked down every one that was standing, and drenched us with the salt spray. The tide took us back, and the wind drove us on again bump! bump! bump! the sea dashing over us every time, till the boat was full of water. We all expected to see the water coming in through the bottom every moment, and the boatmen were so frightened they were at their wits' end. Seven or eight times at least we struck with great violence, but finally cleared the bar. The danger was not all over yet, however. For when we came alongside of the steamer, the sea was so high we were obliged

Return to London.

to use great caution in approaching her. One moment the boat would be down by the keel of the steamer, and the next almost on her deck. However, we were all safely taken on board and stowed away, and a most tempestuous night it was. I lay down in my berth and did not quit it; and to my great satisfaction was not sick at all, while all around me were "making night hideous" by their retchings. We reached Dover about 5 o'clock the next morning (the usual passage is four and a half hours), when I took the 8 o'clock express train for London, and about 11 arrived at my old boarding-house in King street, heartily rejoiced to be back in "Old England" again. It seemed almost like getting home,

CHAPTER XLII.

WINDSOR, CAMBRIDGE, AND OXFORD.

WHILE spending a few days in London, after my return from "the Continent," I made several excursions to places in the vicinity, which I had not visited before. One of these was to WINDSOR. The distance by the South-Western Railway is twenty-six miles. "An excursion ticket" to go and return in the second class carriages was 4s. 6d. From Waterloo station we passed through Vauxhall, Putney, Richmond, Twickenham, Feltham, Staines, to Windsor.

A steep flight of steps cut in the rock leads up to the Castle, which, with its numerous buildings and squares, is a town in itself. I first visited ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, a fine Gothic edifice, built by Edward III., and much enlarged and embellished by succeeding monarchs. The Cenotaph of the Princess Charlotte is an affecting monument. It is divided into two compartments; in the lower one, the body is represented lying on a bier immediately after the departure of the immortal spirit; it is covered with drapery, beneath which the outline of the figure is wonderfully apparent, and part of the right hand projects from under the veil with startling effect. At each corner is a female figure weeping. The figures are exquisitely sculptured of the purest marble, and the effect upon my own mind was singularly impressive.

The Round Tower—Queen's Stables.

The choir contains the stalls of the Knights of the Garter. Over each stall, under a canopy of carved work, are the sword, mantle, helmet, and crest of each knight; above these is the banner on which are his armorial bearings, and at the back of the seat an engraved brass plate records his name, style, and titles. Among the names are the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia. The Chapel also contains many royal monuments. The great painted window over the Altar is a fine work of art. It was designed by Benjamin West, and represents the Resurrection of our Saviour.

I next visited the KEEP or ROUND TOWER, which stands on the summit of an artificial mound, and was anciently surrounded by a ditch, which is now filled up in part, and the rest converted into a shrubbery and garden. The view from the top of the battlements is one of great extent and beauty, comprising parts of twelve counties. The Tower is three hundred and two and a half feet in circumference, and from the level of the Little Park to the top of the flagstaff is an elevation of two hundred and ninety-five and a half feet.

The principal apartments of the Palace were closed against visitors on account of the extensive repairs and alterations in progress, but we were promised admission to the QUEEN'S STABLES at one o'clock P.M.—an arrangement with which I was perfectly satisfied, as I had no doubt it would prove the more interesting exhibition of the two, especially to one who was sated with palaces.

So after waiting an hour or two, the gate was opened by one of the grooms, and we made the tour of the stables under his guidance. The establishment was characterized by great order and neatness. All the floors were scrubbed to the last degree of cleanliness. You might have rubbed a white cambric hand-

Carriages—Virginia Water.

kerchief over them without soiling it. We saw the "Ponies' harness," the "Pony carriages," the Prince of Wales' "goat carriage," Prince Albert's and the Queen's Pony carriages, and then the Ponies themselves—one cross little specimen from Java, only twenty seven inches high—several beautiful Arabian mares, each with her name over her stall, such as "*Leda*," &c., and many fine horses: different sets of harnesses, some splendidly ornamented; and carriages without number, of all descriptions—one, a present from Louis Philippe, two *droskies* from the Emperor of Russia, such as he uses, and a sledge; night carriages with conveniences for sleeping, carriages for servants, and carriages for riding *incog*. The wheels of some of the carriages had very large tires for riding on the turf, and others were covered with an elastic substance to deaden the noise, and called "noiseless wheels."

Another visitor and myself hired an open carriage to take us to "*Virginia Water*," a beautiful ride through the Great Park. One avenue through which we rode, called the "Long Walk," is three and a half miles long, lined with magnificent elm trees the whole distance. At its upper extremity, on an elevation called Snowhill, is a bronze equestrian statue of George III., by Westmacott. The views of the lake from different points are very beautiful. An elegant little fishing temple hangs over the water, where we were told the Queen sometimes went a-fishing. On the lake is a beautiful miniature frigate, full rigged, with batteries and everything complete. On great occasions it is manned by a crew of boys, who go through a variety of naval evolutions for the entertainment of her Majesty. We got out and walked across the meadows, along the shore of the lake, while the carriage went around by the road. At the mouth of the lake there is a small cascade, such as one may see in almost

"Hearne's Oak."—Runnymede—Cambridge—King's College.

every brook in New England, but in the eyes of my cockney friend it appeared an exceeding great "water-fall." It was amusing to see the awe-struck wonder with which he contemplated it, as if it were a second "Niagara."

We stopped at a little inn called the "Wheat Sheaf," for dinner, and then rode back by a different way, passed the Ranger's house, the Duchess of Kent's, saw the Prince's Aviary, where the Queen sometimes comes and feeds the birds, paid a visit to "Hearne's Oak," the scene of Fallstaff's punishment by the fairies, saw the plain of Runnymede, famous for the meeting of the Barons and King John, the 15th June, 1215, and near by the island in the river called Magna Charta Island, where the great Charter was signed—taking the rail again at Windsor and arriving in London at six o'clock in the evening.

CAMBRIDGE.

Another excursion was to Cambridge, fifty-seven and a half miles distant, by the Eastern Counties Railway. Leaving Shoreditch station at two twenty-five p.m., and passing through Tottenham, Waltham, Broxbourne, Harlow, Bishop Stortford, and Chesterford, we arrived at Cambridge at 5 25, where a long string of gay looking omnibuses were in waiting to convey passengers to the different hotels.

After tea I made the tour of the colleges; went first to King's College, visited the Dining Hall, the Chapel, a magnificent pile of Gothic architecture, with twenty-five beautiful stained glass windows. The ceiling is of solid stone. I went up into the garret overhead to see the ingenious construction of the roof. Admired the beautiful grounds in the rear of Clare Hall—the pleasant walks along the river Cam. Coming to the stone bridge my guide interrogated me respecting the number of

stone balls on the parapet at the sides, assuring me that he had never been able to find a visitor who gave a correct answer. I counted seven on each side, making fourteen in all. Whereupon with great exultation he took me across the bridge and showed me one of the balls from which a quarter had been cut out, thus making the number, as he triumphantly asserted, not fourteen, as might appear on a superficial observation, but thirteen and three quarters! He said that the piece was cut out by one of the students to win a bet. Visited Trinity College, saw Newton's rooms and Observatory, St. John's College, the "Old" and the "New;" Trinity church, where Charles Simeon preached; All Saints' church, which has a monument by Chantrey to Henry Kirke White; St. Catherine's Hall, Pembroke College, &c., &c.; the Senate House, the Pitt Press, the Observatory. The buildings are all of stone, of various ages and styles of architecture, generally arranged in quadrangles, on three sides of an open court, the fourth side closed by a wall with gates for entrance, and pleasant walks and grounds in the rear and at the sides. Each College is a distinct Corporation, holding its buildings and libraries, and possessing large funds in money, land, houses, and *advowsons*, *i. e.* the right of presentation to vacant benefices. Each College has its own constitution and regulations, its scholars, fellows, and masters. The University is a corporation by itself, holding the Public Library, the Senate-house (when their public convocations are held and degrees conferred), the printing press, the Observatory, and some other establishments, and also having power to make rules for the government of the whole body, and to choose the several professors.

The University has the privilege of sending two representatives to Parliament. The right of election is vested in the

members of the Senate. All masters of arts or doctors in one of the three faculties, viz. divinity, the civil law, or physic, having their names upon the college boards, holding any University office, or being resident in the town of Cambridge, have votes in this assembly.

OXFORD.

The next morning I left Cambridge, returned to London, hurried across the city, and reached Paddington station just in time to take the 12.30 train of the Great Western Railway; passed through Slough, Reading, Pangbourne, turning off on a branch road at Didcot, and arriving at Oxford about 3 P.M., a distance of sixty-three miles.

I went to the "Angel Hotel." The room assigned to me bore this magniloquent inscription, engraved upon a brass plate on the door: "This room was occupied by Rev. Mr. Wood, Preceptor to his Royal Highness, the Prince of Cambridge, on the 19th, 20th, and 21st July, 1835."

My first visit was to the BODLEIAN LIBRARY, which has 270,000 volumes. A copy of every book published in the Kingdom must be deposited here. The great number of old manuscripts attracted my attention; several Hebrew ones, with notes written in the form of animals, Queen Elizabeth's Latin Exercises, and many other interesting memorials. The Library is adorned with many fine portraits by Sir Godfrey Kneller, Sir Peter Lely, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, as Addison, Swift, South, Butler, Prior, Shirley, Locke, Duns Scotus, the Duke of Wellington, and innumerable others. Among the curiosities were the model of a subterranean Temple in India, ninety feet under ground, made of teak-wood by natives, and a most beautiful alabaster model of the Cathedral in Calcutta.

"Addison's Walk"—The "Martyr's Memorial"—Christ Church Meadows.

After dinner visited University College, Queen's, Magdalene—famous for its square tower of fine proportions, and its chapel with its elaborate carved stone-work and stone organ-case, and its painting of "Christ bearing the Cross," attributed to Guido, and another of the "Last Judgment"—took "*Addison's walk*," about three quarters of a mile long, saw a herd of about sixty deer, scattered over the lawn; visited New College, admired the stained glass in the Chapel, brought from Flanders four hundred years ago, and the great window painted after a design by Reynolds, with the Nativity at the top, and allegorical representations of the Christian virtues at the sides; saw the superb Bishop's Crosier of the founder, William de Wykeham, of silver, gilt, six feet long, and weighing seventeen pounds; visited the Theatre, the place of public convocations, sat in the Chancellor's seat, where all the Kings since Charles I. have sat; the Chapel near by, where Charles I. held his Parliament of Peers, and where Cromwell's troopers afterwards quartered their horses; visited All Souls, Brazen Nose, Exeter, Lincoln Colleges, Radcliffe Library; saw the "Martyr's Memorial," an elaborate Gothic cross of stone, of a triangular form, with niches containing statues of Cranmer on one side, Latimer on another, and Ridley on the third; saw the place marked by a stone in front of Baliol Colleges where the martyrs were burned at the stake, and the prison near by from which Cranmer was compelled to witness the sufferings of some of his fellow martyrs, which his persecutors hoped might induce him to recant.

After breakfast the next morning, I took a walk through Christ Church meadows, a fine broad gravelled walk, bordered by magnificent elms, along the banks of the Isis and Cherwell; visited Christ Church Colleges, Oriol, Corpus Christi, Merton,

and Pembroke. Oxford has twenty Colleges, and five Halls. The difference between a *College* and a *Hall* is only nominal at present. The Colleges grew out of schools, some of which were claustral, *i. e.* appendages of convents or other religious bodies, and others were of a more secular character. Where many of these secular scholars resided in one house, it was called a *Hall* or *Hostel*, *i. e.* Inn, and the name was afterwards retained though the institution was not materially different from a College.

CHAPTER XLIII.

OXFORD TO BIRMINGHAM, THE "LAKE COUNTRY," STIRLING.

At Oxford I took a place in the outside of the coach for Birmingham, sixty-two and a half miles distant. We had a fine coach, four noble horses, a very obliging and communicative coachman, and no rain, so that I enjoyed the ride exceedingly. A few miles out we passed on the left *Blenheim*, the magnificent seat erected by vote of Parliament in the reign of Queen Anne, for the celebrated Duke of Marlborough. The park contains 2,700 acres. We rode through a rich and beautiful country, under high cultivation, the ripe grain evidently suffering for want of reapers, which it was very difficult to obtain. One of the company with whom I had some conversation was surprised to learn from me that the Americans talked English. He supposed we used the Spanish language, and were obliged to study English just as they did French, in order to speak it. He asked me if I should not infinitely prefer England to the United States as a place of residence, and seemed very much astonished at my reply.

We passed through *Stratford-on-Avon*, where it was market-day, and the streets were filled with cattle and stupid looking rustics. A staring sign upon a very old and mean looking house in the main street bore the inscription: "*This is the house in which the immortal Shakspeare was born.*" Both he

and his wife were buried in the parish church, where there is a monument to his memory.

BIRMINGHAM.

We arrived at Birmingham about 7 P.M., where I found excellent accommodations at the "Hen and Chickens Family Hotel." The next day I spent the morning in exploring the city, visited a *Papier Mâché* Manufactory, and saw the whole process from the plain slabs of pressed paper down to the most splendid centre-tables, five hundred and one thousand dollars a-piece; went over an electro-plating establishment, and saw some beautiful specimens of the art, visited the great Town Hall, capable of seating four thousand, at 12 45 took the train for *Wolverhampton*. Passed through a wild and desolate region of coal heaps, and factories, and tall chimneys. At *Wolverhampton* I took the Shrewsbury and Chester Railway to Chester, and thence by the Chester and Birkenhead Railway to Birkenhead, and across the Ferry to Liverpool, where I was glad to regain my old quarters in Duke street.

After spending a few days at Liverpool, I set out on an excursion into the north of England, the "Lake district," as it is called, passing through Wigan, Preston, Kendal, Windermere, thence, by the steam-yacht "*Lady of the Lake*," to Ambleside, and thence by coach to Keswick. This last ride was delightful. I had a seat alongside of the coachman, who was very ready to answer all inquiries, and pointed out the various objects of interest by the way. Saw Ulm Crag, Rydal Mount, where Wordsworth lived, Lake Helvellyn, Lake Keswick, and as we descended toward Keswick, Mount Skiddaw.

After what an Englishman would call a *nice* tea at the snug little inn of the "King's Arms," I walked out to the old church

to see *Southey's monument*. It represents the poet the size of life, in a dressing gown, lying on a couch with one hand on his heart. The features are said to be a good likeness, copied from a cast of his face, but the general air of the representation is affected and constrained. My guide said he knew Southey very well; he was reserved in his manners, but very kind, not so stout a man as Wordsworth. The church is six hundred years old, and has some curious old monuments—one of the Earl of Derwentwater, and Alice his wife, 1527, a large slab supported by marble statues underneath, and on the top a brass plate engraved with a full length figure of the deceased as large as life. In the adjoining yard saw where lie the bodies of Southey and of "Edith," his wife. Walked alongside of the river Greta, and passed "Greta Hall," Southey's late residence. Went to see the "new church" at the other end of the village. It is of stone, in the Gothic style, and taking into the account the situation and prospect of the lake and mountains, appeared to me the most beautiful country church I had ever seen.

The next morning I took a seat on the outside of the "Jenny Lind Coach" for Penreith. We started at half past eight in a pouring rain, which however did not continue long. The ride through the vale of St. John was very fine—affording successive views of great beauty and sublimity. The mountains are bare of all trees, except where plantations have been made. Rode for a long distance over a barren common, a most desolate tract, through Troutbeck. Got out at a steep hill and turned off to the right to see "*Aircy Force*," a fine water-fall of about eighty feet. Had a beautiful ride along by Ullswater lake, passed through Watermillock, Pooley's Bridge, and reached Penreith at half past 12 o'clock.

At Penreith I took the rail to Carlisle, and thence to Glas-

gow, through Gretna, Lockerbie, Beattock, Abington, Lanark, Carluke, Motherwell, arriving a little after eight in the evening. For the last twenty miles, the air was full of smoke from the numerous furnaces, and as it grew dark the fires blazing out from the tops of the chimneys cast a lurid light over the whole region. The hotels were all full, and I found some difficulty in obtaining quarters, but finally succeeded at the Queen's Hotel, opposite St. George's Square. The weather had grown cold very fast, and being without an overcoat, I was very uncomfortable, but a good fire blazing in the grate and a cup of tea wrought a great change in my feelings, so that I accepted an invitation on the part of a gentleman in the room and walked out with him to take a look at the city.

It was bright moonlight, and the buildings appeared to fine advantage. Some of the public buildings are noble edifices—such as the Exchange, in front of which is a colossal statue of the Duke of Wellington, the National Bank, Clydesdale Bank, British Linen Co.'s Bank, &c. We walked through Queen street, Argyle street, Buchanan street, alongside of the Clyde, saw the light of the distant furnaces over the tops of the buildings opposite, like a great fire, crossed the great common, and went through the Salt Market.

It rained hard in the night and the next morning, so that I thought I should be obliged to give up my trips to the Lochs; but the sky lighting up somewhat after breakfast, I took my carpet-bag in hand and walked down to the steam-boat on the Clyde. The plank was laid from the dock to the top of the wheel-house, from which steps led down to the deck. The passengers came flocking aboard in great numbers. Just after we had cast off, an elderly gentleman with his family arrived at the dock, and beseechingly entreated the captain to stop and

take him aboard, exclaiming in a most pathetic tone, "*My luggage is all aboard!*" but it was of no avail; he was "*too late.*"

The Clyde was originally a small stream. Twenty years ago vessels of fifty tons only could come up, now it is navigable for vessels of the largest size. This improvement has been effected by dredging machines, at an enormous expense, which has been borne entirely by the citizens of Glasgow. We passed many large steamers and other vessels. Passed Yoker Lodge, further down. Near Bowling Inn, saw the mouth of the Great Junction Canal which unites the east and west coasts of Scotland by means of the Firths of Forth and Clyde. At Bowling took the new railway to Ballock, had a fine view of Dumbarton Rock and Castle by the way. At Ballock took the little steamer *Prince Albert* on Loch Lomond. The scenery on the Lake was beautiful and grand. Ben Lomond with his head capped with snow made a fine appearance. But the rain commencing again, drove us all down into the cabin.

Landed at Inversnaid, and after toiling up a steep hill reached the top just in time to secure a seat in the last wagon for Loch Katrine. What those did who came afterwards, I cannot tell. It was raining hard, and there was no shelter near but a miserable old shanty for cattle, and every one was to pick his own way as he could. There were twelve of us in the wagon crowded together, and such a ride as we had for about five miles, over what is called the "Macgregor country," over hills of every form and size, without a tree in sight, but covered with the purple heather in full bloom. There seemed to be many varieties of the heather—the bells varying in size and color from deep purple to white. I picked a bunch of them for a keepsake.

Still rain, rain,—but our party seemed in no wise depressed

Fortress of Inversnaid—Loch Katrine—Ellen's Isle—The Trosachs.

by the weather, but talked and laughed as it were all sunshine. A melancholy sight were the ruins of the fortress of Inversnaid, which we passed in a wild savage-looking region. This fortress was built in 1715, for a garrison of soldiers stationed here to keep the lawless Macgregors in check. A few trees that had been set out around it were still standing like mourners over the adjoining grave-yards, where nearly all this garrison laid their bones. We passed a beautiful little lake called Loch Arklet, in the lap of the hills, and as we caught a view of Loch Katrine the sun broke out for a few minutes, and more than one of the party involuntarily recurred to the description in Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake:"

"And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled,
In all her length far winding lay
With promontory, creek and bay,
And islands that empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains that like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land."

We went on board a little mite of a steamer—the "*Rob-roy*," with poor accommodations—the sides of the saloon being enclosed with sailcloth, so that we had to choose between the exclusion of the prospect and the admission of the rain. There was a Scotch piper aboard, who went through with a series of most excruciating performances upon the bag-pipe, and then took up a collection. Just before landing at the Trosachs, we passed Ellen's Isle, a most romantic spot.

The term Trosachs signifies "*the rough or bristled territory*,"

"Coilantogle Ford."

and well describes the district to which it is applied. Scott has given a striking description of it :

——— "the dark ravines below
 Where twined the path in shadow hid,
 Round many a rocky pyramid,
 Shooting abruptly from the dell
 Its thunder-shattered pinnacle ;
 Round many an insulated mass
 The native bulwarks of the pass.
 * * * * *
 The rocky summits split and rent
 Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
 Or seemed fantastically set
 With cupola or minaret,
 * * * * *
 Boon nature scattered free and wild,
 Each plant and flower, the mountain's child.
 * * * * *
 Aloft the ash and warrior oak
 Cast anchor in the rifted rock ;
 And higher yet the pine-tree hung
 His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
 When seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
 His bows athwart the narrowed sky.

Two rival coaches were in waiting to take us through the Trosachs. I patronized the "Rob-roy"—the red one. Further on we passed an Inn of recent construction, built of stone, in the style of a castle, with two lofty towers, which make the rooms small and inconvenient. We passed Loch Achray, Loch Venachar, saw "Coilantogle Ford," in the river Teith, marked by two trees, the scene of the contest between King James and Roderick Dhu. Passed through Callender,—a dirty-looking place, where the men, women, and children came running to the

Doune Castle.

doors to see the coach pass—through Doune, crossed the Teith by a fine old bridge, from which we had a view of the ruins of Doune Castle on the right—through a fertile and well cultivated region, till the immense Rock of Stirling Castle loomed up before us, completely hiding the town from our view. We rode round the Rock, and entered the town just at evening.

CHAPTER XLIV.

STIRLING AND EDINBURGH.

It was the eve of "Stirling Races," and all the Hotels were overflowing with company. I found good entertainment at the Royal Hotel, but was lodged out. The next morning dawned bright and the streets were all alive with people. The shop-windows were decked out in their gayest colors, strolling pedlars were crying their wares, tumblers performing their antics in the midst of admiring groups, over-grown boys playing at thimble-rig, and travelling minstrels with hand-organs, and monkies, and dancing bears, drawing crowds and collecting pennies.

I walked about the streets awhile, amusing myself with the various sights, and then made my way to the "CASTLE," up a long irregular street, past the Earl of Mar's magnificent castle, which was confiscated and levelled by order of King James, around several corners between high stone walls, up successive flights of steps, till I came across a guide who showed me the Castle. It is now garrisoned by 400 soldiers.

"Stirling Castle" is of great antiquity. The time of its first foundation is unknown. During the wars which were carried on for the independence of Scotland, it was frequently taken and re-taken by the contending parties. About the time of the accession of the house of Stewart, it became a royal residence,

James' Palace—Douglas' Room—John Knox's Pulpit.

and was long the favorite abode of the Scottish monarchs. It was the birth-place of James II. and James V.; and James VI. and his eldest son Prince Henry were baptized in it. In the south-east part of the fortress is a building in the form of a quadrangle called "James' Palace." It was built by James V., but is now converted into barracks. The open court in the centre is said to have been the place where the lions were kept, and fed through the windows. It has but one high story with long grated windows, and a half story above. Every long window is surmounted by a stone statue—one very indecent. On the south side of the square is the oldest part of the Castle. One of the apartments is called "Douglas' Room," where William Earl of Douglas was assassinated by James II. after he had granted him a safe-conduct. This event is thus commemorated in the "Lady of the Lake :"

"Ye towers! within whose circuit dread
A Douglas by his sovereign bled."

On the west side of the square is a long, low building, which was originally the Chapel, but is now used as a store room and armory. Here are some curious specimens of old armor—a huge leathern hat which Oliver Cromwell used to put on over all as a defence—a quantity of pikes with stout wooden handles, prepared for the militia, the "Sea-fencibles" at the time when fears were entertained of Napoleon's invasion—and some old pikes and guns taken from the rebels in 1820. In one corner is the old pulpit from which *John Knox* used to thunder forth his bold, uncompromising denunciations of iniquity. It has been almost all cut up by the pen-knives of visitors.

The view from the ramparts is very fine. Near by is the mount on which executions commonly took place, called "Execution Hill," which Scott thus characterizes :

“Thou, O sad and fatal mound,
That oft has heard the death-axe sound.”

On another part of the declivity is the crag behind which Wallace's army was encamped. On the west is the vale of Menteith, bounded by the Highland mountains. To the north and east, fertile fields, handsome country-seats, the windings of the Firth, the Ochill and the Grampian hills. To the east, the town, the Abbey Craig, the ruins of Cambuskenneth Abbey, and in a clear day the Castle of Edinburgh and Arthur's Seat may be seen. In the south the Campsie hills bound the view. At one corner of the ramparts, called “Victoria Station,” Queen Victoria stood in 1842 and sketched the scene. Another place is called “Queen Mary's Look-out.” The field of Bannockburn was pointed out to me—also the marks made by the cannon-balls when the Castle was besieged by Gen. Monk, the tower in which Roderick Dhu was confined by King James, and the room in which James was instructed by his tutor Buchanan.

On my way down I visited the old Greyfriar or Franciscan church built by James IV. in 1494. Here John Knox preached the coronation sermon of James VI. in 1597. The old pulpit is still preserved in the vestry-room. Since the Reformation the church has been divided into two separate places of worship, called the East and West churches.

At about 6 o'clock in the afternoon I took the train for Edinburgh, and arrived between seven and eight. The appearance of the city as we approached it was very imposing. We passed a magnificent building on the left in the castellated style, newly erected for a Hospital, then the Castle rock rose up on our right, we entered a deep ravine at its base, and, passing under the “Mound,” reached the terminus, from which we emerged

by a flight of stairs into the street above. Passing Scott's Monument, I walked up Prince-street, and established myself at Archibold's Hotel.

EDINBURGH.

Archibold's Private Hotel, where I staid during my sojourn in Edinburgh, was without exception the most comfortable, quiet and agreeable house of entertainment, I met with in my absence from home. I had a snug little front parlor on the first floor, looking out on Prince-street, commanding a grand view of the Castle directly opposite, where my meals were served up by a most attentive waiter, who was invisible save at the sound of the bell, and the adjoining room was my bedroom. The waiter was the only person I ever saw in the house, except on one occasion, when two gentlemen came into the parlor to read the newspapers. Where the other boarders were, or whether there were any others, was a mystery I could not solve. The accommodations were excellent and at a moderate price.

My first visit was, of course, to the CASTLE. I walked down Prince-street, crossed the "Mound" which connects the New Town with the Old, passed in front of the new Free Church College, an imposing edifice, through Ramsay Place, so called from the home of Allan Ramsay, the author of "The Gentle Shepherd," and by a private path up the hill, came out on the Esplanade of the Castle, where a company of soldiers in the Highland dress were going through their military exercises under the drill sergeant. I passed around the batteries and saw the celebrated "*Mons Meg*," a gigantic piece of artillery which was cast at Mons in Flanders. It burst when firing a salute to the Duke of York in 1682, and has never been repaired.

 Scottish Regalia—Queen Mary's Prayer—Holyrood Palace.

The view from the ramparts is very fine—the Grampian and Pentellean hills, the buildings of the “New Town,” Carlton Hill with its monuments, Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crag, the “Old Town,” spread out before you. The guide took me into a small building called “Queen Margaret's Chapel,” said to be the oldest church in Scotland.

Leaving the Castle, I walked down High-street, past the Parliament Houses, Tron Church, St. Giles' Cathedral, the Royal Exchange, and went to the City Chambers, to obtain an order to see the Scottish Regalia in the Tower-room at the Castle. Coming out I met my old acquaintance of Basle, together with a young friend of his on his way to Dusseldorf to pursue his studies in painting. We went in company to the Castle and saw the Regalia, consisting of the Crown, the Sceptre, Sword of State and the Lórd Treasurer's Rod of Office. We were also admitted to Queen Mary's room, where James VI. was born, and from the windows of which he was let down in a basket by night and conveyed to Stirling Castle. On the wall is the prayer which she is said to have composed on that occasion. The following is a copy verbatim, though the original is in the old English character :

“Lord Jesus Chryst that Crownit was with Thornise
 Preserve the Birth quhais Badgie heir is borne.
 And send Hir Sonee Successione to Reigne still
 Lang in this Realme, if that it be Thy will.
 Als Grant O Lord quhat ever of Hir proseed
 Be to thy Glorie, Honer and Prais sobied.
 “Year 1566—Birth of King James—month 19 Junii.”

From the Castle we walked down High-street to

HOLYROOD PALACE.

The Chapel in the rear of the Palace is a most picturesque

ruin. The roof is all gone, and the wall of one end has a large window of beautiful proportions through which you see the country beyond. In one corner are the remains of David II., James II., James V. and Magdalen his Queen, Henry, Lord Darnley and others. Lord Darnley was the last person buried there, until the re-interment of Queen Mary. It was her dying request *that she might not be buried there, because Lord Darnley was* ; and she was therefore buried in a church in the city. But when this church was taken down to open the rail-way, *her remains were dug up and removed to this very vault.* On one side is the door by which Lord Darnley and his associates, after passing through the church, entered the Palace to murder Rizzio.

An old lady in black with a stately air waited on us through Queen Mary's apartments, which remain in nearly the same state as when she occupied them. There we saw a sofa with cushions for Queen Mary and Lord Darnley, on which they had many a *tete-a-tete*—chairs embroidered by Mary—the first grate and fender used in Scotland, introduced by King James—a coarse clumsy affair. “What a fender for royalty!” said the old lady, lifting up both her hands. The adjoining apartment was her bed-room. The bed with all its furniture has been kept as nearly as possible in the same state as when she occupied it. At the foot was a stand with a basket for baby-linen. We were shown a box containing her miniature, covered with silk embroidered by her when twelve years old living in Paris, with “Jacob’s dream,” and other scriptural scenes. Adjoining is the closet where Darnley surprised Mary and Rizzio, who were at tea with the Countess of Argyle and one or two others. Rizzio, terrified by the vindictive looks of the conspirators, clung to the skirts of the Queen for protection, but Darnley

John Knox's House—Carlton Hill—Dr. Candlish's Preaching.

tore him off, George Douglas gave him the first stab, and he was then dragged into the outer apartment and dispatched with fifty-six wounds. His body was then dragged into the adjoining room, and lay there all night, weltering in its blood. The stains are still to be seen on the floor. A partition was afterwards built up by order of the Queen, to separate this part from the rest of the room. We also went through the Gallery of paintings, which however contains nothing remarkable.

Walking up the Canongate, we entered an old churchyard where we saw the monument erected to the poet Ferguson by Robert Burns. Saw John Knox's house with this inscription :

Θεός

Deus

God

After dinner we rode out upon Victoria road, got out at Arthur's Seat and ascended to the top. The view is magnificent—the Castle, the City, Carlton hill, the Firth, Leith, the German Ocean, Porto-bello, &c. Returned by the way of St. Anthony's Well and Chapel, and went on Calton hill and saw the Monument of Dugald Stewart, Playfair's Observatory, the National Monument, intended to commemorate Waterloo, but left unfinished, Nelson's Monument and Burns' Monument.

The next day was the Sabbath. In the morning I went to hear Dr. Candlish. The church is plain, but comfortable, and was well filled. The Doctor is a stern-looking man and evidently very nervous. His prayers consisted almost entirely of scriptural expressions. The subject of his discourse was 2 Pet. 1: 5-7. He had no notes and spoke with great freedom. His division was as follows: I. The connection of the text with the context. II. The connection of the different parts of the text with each other. Under the first head he remarked that what

precedes the text appertains to the *first* coming of Christ ; what follows, appertains to his *second* coming, so that the text is placed, just as Christians are, *between the two* ; and then dwelt upon the motives to Christian fidelity and zeal thus supplied by the retrospect and the prospect.

Under the second head he remarked that "*faith*" was assumed as an indispensable prerequisite, and of the *seven* things to be added to faith, the first *four*, viz. "*virtue*,"—"knowledge,"—"temperance,"—"patience," were *elements of power*—preparative ; while the remaining *three*, viz., "*godliness*," "*brotherly-kindness*," "*charity*," showed the proper *direction* of these elements, or capabilities. "Virtue" he understood to mean (in the old English sense) *valor*—courage—fortitude—to profess and act out belief. "Knowledge" is *discretion*—"the better part of valor," in a sound Christian sense. "Temperance" is *self-command* in its widest sense. "Patience" is *perseverance*. In conclusion he urged upon Christians with great earnestness the same diligent training, and exercising unto godliness, that ambitious and aspiring men practice for ungodly ends.

In the afternoon I attended the Free Tron Church, where I heard Rev. Alexander Abercrombie, from ——— Abbey. The sermon was a plain and sensible one from Jer. 6 : 16. Many of the soldiers of the garrison were present in full Highland costume, and were very attentive. It seemed strange to see a *red-coat* in the precentor's place to set the tune.

At evening I visited the Grange burying ground to see the grave of Dr. Chalmers. The monument is nothing but a plain slab set in the wall with the inscription, "Thomas Chalmers, D.D. LL.D. Born 1780, died 1847." Close by is the grave of his wife, who died about three years after.

CHAPTER XLV.

BRITANNIA BRIDGE OVER MENAI STRAITS.

BEFORE leaving home, I had been much interested in the account of "Britannia Bridge" over Menai Straits, and I resolved, if I ever went to England, that one of my first excursions should be to this wonderful achievement of modern engineering. Accordingly a party was formed for this purpose a few days after my arrival at Liverpool, but circumstances prevented our going, and I now found myself in Liverpool again within a few days of my departure, without having accomplished the object.

Thinks I to myself,—“This will never do at all!—to go home without having seen Britannia Bridge!” So the next morning I rose early, ate a sandwich for my breakfast, and hurried down to St. George’s Pier-head, crossed the ferry to Birkenhead and took the rail to Chester,—where I arrived at half-past nine A.M., walked up to the town, saw the Cathedral, a very ancient building of red sand-stone much worn by the weather, walked upon the old wall, which crosses the principal street by an arch, and returned to the railway station in time for the 10.35 train to Bangor. Passed through *Holywell*, where is the famous St. Winifred’s Well,—*Mostyn*, where we had a glimpse of Lord Mostyn’s beautiful seat—*Prestatyn*, where is Lord Eskill’s seat, an extensive building in the castle

style—*Conway*, where is a fine old castle erected by Edward I., went through the Tubular Bridge over Conway river, to Bangor, where I got a ticket to *Llanfair*, the first station on the opposite side of Britannia Bridge.

As we approached the Bridge, I could not repress some misgivings. The idea of an extended railway train going through an iron tube 15 by 30 feet, 1524 feet long, composed of wrought iron plates not over three-fourths of an inch in thickness, and in two places unsupported for a distance of 460 feet, and having a total weight of over 5000 tons! I kept looking out for it "with fear and trembling," saw farther to the north Telford's beautiful Suspension Bridge; at length we turned a short curve and the two colossal lions, which guard the entrance, hove in sight, the pass-word was given by the watchman, "All clear!" and we entered the dark cavern, experienced a sensation of warmth, a strong smell of lamp-oil, and a hollow rumbling sound, till we emerged into the light all "safe and sound" on the other side.

From Llanfair I walked back to the Bridge for more particular observation. Perhaps my readers may be interested in a more particular account of it.

Menai Straits is a deep and boisterous passage of the sea between the main-land of Carnarvonshire in Wales and the Island of Anglesey. The waters of the Irish Sea on the north and St. George's Channel are continually vibrating backward and forward, and progressively rising or falling from twenty-five to thirty feet with each successive tide, and with a current of more than eight miles an hour. The object of the Bridge was to extend the Chester Railway across the Isle of Anglesey to Holyhead, and thus shorten the sea-voyage of the great thoroughfare between London and Dublin. From Holyhead

Difficulty of Construction—Principle illustrated—Strength of a "Hollow Beam."

to Dublin is only sixty-four miles, while from Liverpool to Dublin is 138 miles.

It would seem as if the natural difficulties were enough, but in addition to these, it was required by the Board of Admiralty, that the proposed bridge should be constructed a good hundred feet above high-water level, to enable large vessels to sail beneath it; and moreover, that in its construction, *neither scaffolding nor centering should be used*—as they would obstruct the navigation of the Straits.

These difficulties were all surmounted by the ingenuity and skill of Mr. Robert Stephenson, Civil Engineer. The principle of the bridge may be thus illustrated.

Take a small straight stick freshly cut from a tree. In its natural form the bark around the stick is equally smooth throughout. Now let it be supported at each end while you bear down upon it in the middle so as to bend it, and it will represent a beam under heavy pressure. The bark will present two opposite appearances. That in the centre of the upper half of the stick will be cramped up; while on the opposite side, immediately beneath, it will be forced apart, thus showing that beneath the rind the wood of the upper part of the stick is severely compressed, while that underneath it is as violently stretched; and if the stick is bent till it breaks, the splinters of the upper fracture will be seen to interlace or cross each other, while those beneath will be divorced by a chasm.

But it is evident that these opposite results of compression and extension must, as they approach each other, respectively diminish in degree until in the middle of the beam they neutralize each other. It appears, therefore, that the main strength of a beam consists in its power to resist compression and extension, and that the middle is comparatively useless. Hence in

order to obtain the greatest possible amount of strength, the given quantity of material to be used should be accumulated at the top and the bottom, where the strain is the greatest, or in plain terms, the middle of the beam should be bored out.

Upon this principle Mr. Stephenson undertook to convey the Railway trains across Menai Straits through hollow tubes instead of attempting to do it upon solid beams, and as a striking exemplification of the truth of his theory, it has been stated that while his tubes will bear nearly nine times the amount of the longest railway train that could possibly pass through them, yet if instead of being hollow they had been a *solid* iron beam of the same dimensions, they would not only have been unable to sustain the load required, but would actually have been bent by their own weight!

After a series of expensive experiments it was determined to give the tube a rectangular form, and to construct it of wrought iron plates rivetted together. Three immense towers were built to support the tubes—one based upon a rock in the middle of the straits, which at high water is covered to the depth of ten feet—and one on each side between this and the opposite shore. The centre tower is 62 by 52 feet five inches at the base, tapering to 55 by 45.5 inches at tube-level, and the total height is 221 feet eight inches. It contains 1,500,000 cubic feet of stone, and 387 tons of cast iron beams and girders, and weighs in all 20,000 tons. The Carnarvon and Anglesey Towers are each 184 feet seven inches above high water. There are a double set of tubes, so that trains can pass each other on the Bridge. The length of the tubes from the main land to Carnarvon Tower is 274 feet; from that to Britannia Tower (the central one), 472 feet; and from that to Anglesey Tower 472 feet, and from that to the other side 274 feet. The total

Heat and Cold—Security of the Bridge.

weight of the tubes is 11,366 tons! In order to provide for the expansion and contraction of the tubes, they are made fast in the central tower, but on either side through the shore towers, and on the abutments, they travel on cast iron rollers. The sun breaking out of the clouds will make a difference of an inch or an inch and a half in the length, and the extreme variation between summer and winter is nearly twelve inches.

At the time of my visit only one set of the tubes was completed. I walked across upon the top of it and went inside of the other one where the men were at work and helped clinch the last rivet that was driven that day. No less than two millions of bolts have been used! After walking upon the top of the tube and examining its construction, I felt perfect confidence in its security. It seemed as firm as the solid earth. Indeed it has been asserted that scientific calculations have demonstrated that Britannia Bridge is capable of sustaining a greater weight than any embankment in the whole length of the Railway.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE VOYAGE HOME.

THE long anticipated morning had at length arrived, on which I was to sail for home. It seemed hardly credible that I might be at home in two weeks or less. The very idea put me in a fever of agitation. My hands trembled with excitement as I packed my trunk for the last time, and I could eat no breakfast. At ten o'clock I rode down to St. George's Pier-head, which was crowded with passengers and luggage. Soon the steamer *Satellite* came alongside and took us off to the *Asia*, which lay in the river. There seemed to be no end to the stream of passengers and luggage that came pouring on board, but the capacious vessel seemed conscious of its adequacy to accommodate them all. Passengers are expected to pack what articles they may want on the passage in as narrow compass as possible for convenient storage in their staterooms, while the heavy luggage is deposited in the hold and not disturbed till the end of the voyage.

I found my stateroom No. 51, in the aft-cabin, inside row, with my name on a card lying on the bed. My *compagnon de voyage* was a gentleman from New Orleans—a Scotchman, I believe, whom I found to be a very pleasant and accommodating man.

The next thing to be done was to secure a seat at the table,

Arrangements on Board—Table Companions.

by putting my card at some plate not already thus occupied. Being rather late, I was obliged to take the last seat at the aft end of the saloon, facing the captain's seat at the opposite end—a very comfortable arm chair, but objectionable as most affected by the motion of the vessel in rough weather.

We were detained about an hour in consequence of one of the mail-bags being dropped into the water on its way from the tender. At one o'clock we were under full head-way and fired two guns as we steered down the Mersey.

The "order of exercises" in the Dining Saloon is as follows :—breakfast at half-past eight, lunch at twelve, dinner at 4 P.M., tea at half-past seven, and supper at ten. From what source the *appetite* for all these performances is to come, is to me a mystery. Perhaps the *eating* part is not considered essential to the programme.

We have 175 passengers—of all languages, sizes and ages—among whom are one member of Parliament, several army officers, a number of sea-captains, eight clergymen, several medical men, and a great number of commercial agents. My right hand neighbor at the table is a stout Yorkshireman, next is a good-natured Irishman, who has a store in William street, N. Y.; next sits a Frenchman and his wife, and next a Swiss merchant and his young bride. At my left is a long-nosed Spaniard, next to him a German, and then a South American. Farther than that my acquaintance does not extend. Our "table talk" is consequently a jumble of French, German, Spanish and English, by means of which we make out to pass the compliments of the day, help each other to the various dishes within our reach, and indulge in comments on the state of the weather and the progress of the voyage.

It is pleasant when you lie awake, in the night, to hear

"All's well!"—Sabbath.

every half-hour the announcements of the look-outs stationed in different parts of the ship. First you hear the number of bells struck at the stern, followed by the cry, "All's well!" Then the number of bells is struck again at the bow, and the response made, "All's well!" The look-out on the starboard wheel-house echoes, "All's well!" and his neighbor on the larboard reiterates, "All's well!" When I could hear distinctly all the successive announcements, I settled down into a grateful sense of security, and generally turned over and went to sleep. But if any one of them was wanting, I began to speculate upon the possible cause; perhaps the man was asleep, or had fallen over-board, and we might be a-fire or run a-foul of a vessel before we knew it.

Our first night was as quiet as on shore. I arranged with my chum that he should rise first and get out of the way by half-past seven, thus giving me sole possession for an hour before breakfast. The next morning was the Sabbath. We were off Waterford. After breakfast I walked awhile on deck, conversing with a zealous young Methodist preacher. Some of the passengers applied to the Captain for permission to have preaching in the Saloon, as there were several clergymen on board. He replied that he was instructed by the Company to allow no other service on board but the Church of England. His orders were to have that service read, and afterwards if there was a clergyman of that Church present, he might preach, but no other. Several of the clergymen were highly indignant at this, and declared they would not go near the Saloon to hear that service read, if they could not have preaching. This exhibition of temper on their part seemed to me very unamiable and unchristian,—in poor accordance with the liberal sentiments which they professed to hold. I had been

Observance of the Day—Shuffle-board—"Shipping a Sea."

so long deprived of all external religious privileges while on the Continent, that I was glad to enjoy this service, though different from that to which I was accustomed at home.

At 10 o'clock the greater part of the passengers assembled in the Saloon, where prayer-books had been put at every seat, the officers and sailors in their Sunday clothes came in, and Capt. Judkin, in a fine clear voice, read the morning service and afterwards a sermon. The officers and men were very attentive, and joined in the responses with apparent devotion, and the whole service was to me more than ordinarily impressive. During the rest of the day the Saloon was uncommonly quiet. No card-playing is allowed on the Sabbath, and a good degree of decorum is maintained, that no one may be molested in a proper observance of the day.

In the afternoon we passed the Stag Rocks, Cape Clear, saw at a distance the Bull, Cow and Calf,—three islands—and by night were out of sight of land.

One of the favorite amusements of the passengers was the game of *shuffle-board* or *shovel-board*, as originally spelt. It consists in shoving along with your hand on a stick, fashioned for the purpose, circular blocks of wood, so as to place them in certain spaces marked out with chalk upon the deck and numbered. It is grand exercise for the arms and chest, and indeed for the whole body, especially in rough weather, as you are obliged to regulate your movements by the motion of the ship. One morning when we were playing, a huge sea came over the bulwarks on the opposite side, and drenched some ladies and gentlemen who were sunning themselves upon the settees, clear over the top of the Saloon and down the stern-stairs on one side, deluging the deck and putting an end to our game. One little boy was knocked down by it and very much

"Port your helm"—Iceberg—Steamer in Sight.

frightened. There was a great screaming and scattering among the ladies. The sea poured down the stairs into the passageway and deluged all the state-rooms, so that the carpets had to be taken up, and everything put up out of reach till the water was mopped up. Either from this exposure, or from too violent exercise on deck, I caught a severe cold, which lasted all the voyage.

We had variable weather—some days very pleasant, others wet and disagreeable. One morning early, while lying in my berth, I heard the officer on deck give the startling order, "*Port your helm!*" We were not under full head-way on account of the thick fog, and the order was occasioned, as I afterwards learned, by the appearance of a large barque which suddenly loomed up on our starboard quarter, grazing the wheel-house with its bowsprit. A short time after I heard one of the occupants of the adjoining room ask his companion, who was dressing himself, what he was up so early for. "Why," said he, "we're going into Halifax." "That can't be," said the other. "What makes you think so?" "Why," said he, "we must be going into *some port*, for I just heard the man on deck say, '*Port your helm!*'"

One morning while at lunch, the announcement of an ICEBERG brought up the whole company, sick ones and all. It appeared in the distance like a small island of snow rising out of the water. As we came nearer we had a fine view of it. It looked very much like one of the snow-clad summits of the Alps, though not so acute in form. We could see the sea dash up its side and then stream down. I tried my new spy-glass on it.

At another time, when we were a week out, a great sensation was produced by the announcement of "*a steamer in*

sight!" We could just see the smoke at a great distance. I sat on the wheel-house a long time watching it, till we could see her masts and hull. She seemed to be standing for us, and at first we stood for her, but afterwards returned to our former course, fired a salute of two guns and ran up signals, but she showed nothing in return.

The next day was the Sabbath, and we had the usual service in the Saloon, and a Scotch clergyman read a sermon. We hoped to be in Halifax before night, but the weather became very thick, it began to rain and blow, and soon the gale became a tempest—wind from the south-east. After making the attempt for awhile, we were obliged to give it up and stand out to sea; and when we had made sufficient offing, the engines were stopped and we lay at anchor all night. The rolling of the ship was tremendous. One of the guns got loose and went pitching from one side of the deck to the other, making a terrible racket and smashing everything in its way. A number of spars were dislodged from the roof of the fore-cabin and added to the noise and confusion. It was impossible to sleep or keep in one position. The chief steward had his shoulder dislocated by a fall,—one lady got a black eye by a fall,—a fat man fell out and was afraid to get into his berth again—many sat up all night.

The storm passed away by morning, and we again stood in for Halifax, soon passed the light, steered up the beautiful harbor, firing a salute of two guns and came to at the pier at 10 A.M. We had an hour and a half to walk about the streets, and then proceeded on our way.

The next morning, before I arose, I felt the engine stop, and was afraid we were in a fog again, but heard the steward say we were taking in a pilot. We were seventy miles from Sandy

Hook—land not yet in sight. The weather was beautifully clear and mild. It seemed to me I had not seen so fair a sky in all my travels. The prospect of the speedy termination of our voyage made us all very good natured and sociable at breakfast, our last meal on board. Soon we came in sight of land. All hands were on deck—the luggage was hauled out of the hold and selected by the passengers—steward, waiter and boots received their customary fees. Sandy Hook appeared—O how different my feelings now from what they were when I last saw it!—we passed the Quarantine, firing a gun, which brought the Health officer off in a boat with a yellow flag; we steamed up the beautiful bay in fine style, went past the city firing a salute of fourteen guns, and turning around came down to our dock in Jersey city just as the *America* was on the point of starting. “What could tempt me,” thought I, “to take passage in her back again?”

THE END.