







320

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ROBERT DODGE,
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DIARY,
SKETCHES AND REVIEWS,
DURING AN
EUROPEAN TOUR,

In the Year 1847.

✓
ROBERT DODGE.

PRINTED FOR HIS FRIENDS.

NEW-YORK: ✓

1850.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS volume contains an imperfect daily record of some pleasant scenes in the lands beyond the sea, being simply the original notes made on the spot, at the close of each day in the pilgrimage, and is now printed merely for their preservation and for private use.

In addition to the Diary will be found some reviews and sketches of kindred subjects, nearly all of which were written whilst travelling: these have been already printed on the dates and in the publications mentioned in their titles. They were mostly private letters, addressed to friends in Europe and in this country, and, by them, were some time since given to the press.

This Diary and the Sketches are now submitted to the indulgent eye of friendship.

NEW YORK, January 1st, 1850.



VOYAGE OUT IN PACKET ASHBURTON.

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HOWLAND, CAPTAIN.  
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APRIL 6TH, 1847.—Vessel put up to sail and got out in stream; wind dead east, and stormy; packet Northumberland coming in, struck her and carried away jib-boom, cut-water and figurehead, and she laid over till Thursday the 8th instant.

8TH.—Went on board in small boat about half-past ten; at 12 M., steamer Duncan C. Pell, with passengers, friends, and captain came alongside. W. D. R., O. D. and Major L. came to accompany me; about 4, P. M., steamer towing ahead till half-past 7, P. M., when pilot left us, jumping on steamer, and she was cut loose; in fine spirits all day; about midnight, wind being previously west and clear, a sudden squall of east wind and rain struck us, lasting till 4, A. M.; very hard blow, short sea, and felt much nausea.

9TH.—Clear strong west wind, ship's course E.S.E., average rate nine knots, getting sea legs; kept the deck a little, retired about 8, P. M., slept well; nearly all sick.

10TH.—Clear; same wind, course and rate; felt well, and in full spirits; ate heartily; fine phosphorescence in sea at night; at noon captain reports two hundred and fifty-eight miles from New York; in forty-one hours from New York got in the Gulf stream, very warm water, about 70° ; about six passengers at meals.

11TH.—SUNDAY.—Same wind, weather, course, and rate at noon. Report four hundred and eighty-four miles run. Heavy blow at night, with rain; clergyman sick; no service; felt very well, four meals as usual. Sand birds come on board every day; to-day some swallows, on the ninth a fine woodpecker; but they all soon die from exhaustion.

12TH.—Same wind and course, rate nine knots. Report six hundred and ninety-four miles at noon; weather a little squally, felt hearty; same number of passengers visible.

13TH.—Weather fair, same wind, and course, rate nine and a half knots; at noon, report eight hundred and ninety-four miles run.

14TH.—Blowing hard S.W., squally and chopping; shipped several seas over quarter, and one into round-house. Report at noon, eleven hundred and eight miles. Off the banks, on same course.

15TH.—Course S.E., wind N.W., and very light, rate four to five knots, weather clear and bracing; a ship, name unknown, seen on larboard about 4, P. M., and sailed in company all night. Report at noon one hundred and sixty-four miles run, in all twelve hundred and seventy-two miles

from New York. All the passengers out to-day and quite well, wind fell off in afternoon, almost calm; evening wind chopping at last S.E.

16TH.—Course E. by S., about noon wind came up from S.W., ship tacked; clear and beautiful weather. Report seventy-three miles made, in all thirteen hundred and forty-five from New York.

17TH.—Course E., weather clear and fine, rate eleven knots, noon. Report two hundred and thirty-eight miles, in all fifteen hundred and seventy-five from New York.

18TH.—SUNDAY.—After yesterday's fine run, wind shifted to E., course S.W., rainy, no observation. Report one hundred and ninety miles, seventeen hundred and sixty-five in all; service and sermon in the cabin, by Rev. Mr. Kelling of Grace Church, Cincinnati, Ohio; quite fair sermon, several of the sailors came down to service, an interesting sight. About 9, P. M., wind changed, tacked ship; all hands, twenty-six men, on quarter deck at once.

19TH.—Course E.N.E., rate eight knots, wind S.W., splendid day; lay around deck all day, too fine to move about; 3, P. M., spoke schooner Jane, of Plymouth, from Belize, out twenty days, bound to Cork, no news. Report one hundred miles, in all eighteen hundred and sixty-five miles from New York. After dinner, an American packet, homebound, passed us under full sail; too far off to read the name or speak; ran out our signal, but it was not answered; in fifteen minutes she was out of sight; towards night,

another sail seen on horizon starboard distant, but with the glass we could see people on the deck; she looked superbly in the bright sunshine, dashing the foam about.

20TH.—Weather before breakfast very fine. Wind the same, rate nine to ten knots, afterwards rainy; wind chopping to N.E. and cloudy: no observation. Report one hundred and ninety, in all two thousand and fifty-five miles. Cleared up cold, with west wind, after dinner.

21ST.—Wind N.W. Course S.E.; clear and bracing; saw four sail. Report two hundred and eighty-four miles, total two hundred and twenty-four miles: after lunch, arrival lottery drawn, each ticket (sixteen in all,) representing six hours, from Tuesday at 12, night, till do. Saturday next week; half sovereign each. I drew Wednesday, to 6, P. M.

Condition: arrival before or after to count first or last ticket. Ship *Severn*, New York, from Havre to New York, spoke us and passed off in grand style, deck full of French emigrants; passing so near that we threw newspapers on board.

22D.—Course E., but wind getting ahead; rate two to five knots. Report one hundred and eight, total two thousand three hundred and forty-nine miles; towards noon, wind changed west and the vessel was making a better run.

23D.—Wind W. Course E. Clear and cool. Report one hundred and sixteen miles, total two thousand four hundred and sixty-five miles.

24TH.—Wind W. by S. ; rate, eight to eleven knots. Report two hundred and thirty miles ; hazy, several sail seen ; total two thousand seven hundred and sixty-five miles.

25TH.—SUNDAY—Wind S.W., little hazy, sea changing color. Report that we are on soundings. Rate, two hundred and thirty-six miles : total three thousand and one miles ; service in cabin.

26TH.—Clear wind, W. At ten o'clock last night, passed Cape Clear, standing off thirty-five miles ; land seen this morning, lead thrown ; at twelve at night, sixty-eight fathoms, brought up gravel. Report one hundred and ninety-five miles run, three thousand one hundred and ninety-six miles in all. Rate, about six knots.

About 6, P. M., passed Tascar light, too distant to be fully visible ; foggy and rainy. About 9, P. M., wind veered S.W., then cleared off. Rate, nine to ten knots.

27TH.—Rose (awakened by the first mate, Mr. Williams,) between 4 and 5, A. M., to see the Holyhead, which we were passing ; a splendid morning ; it was refreshing to look on solid ground, and the fresh green hills : about 6, A. M., passing Anglesey, making signals, and ship running eleven and a half knots, heavy blow ; about 7, A. M., pilot arrived, the tide increased our speed to fourteen knots ; passed near Brighton, the Fort, Birkenhead, Bootle, Rock Ferry, and about 12, M., anchored in the Slogue, as the anchorage is called, within a stone's throw of the middle of the city of

Liverpool. A steam tug came alongside, and after some delay in waiting for a customhouse officer, who did not at last arrive, we went on board the steamer, leaving all our baggage, and in about ten minutes reached the pier, some half a mile from our hotel; walked up, gazing with delight and some surprise at the miles of substantial docks, with fine stone levees, forests of warehouses, and wide, finely paved streets; stopped at Adelphi Hotel, Ranelagh Place, the Astor House here, a first rate house; walked out through the leading streets; Lord street is fine, side-walks are of asphalt, carriage-way macadamised, stores built in colonnades: Ionic chiefly, immense plate windows, very fine shops. Bold street is the Broadway here; Hausburg's store of fancy goods, like Bonfanti's with us, is the main lion there; its front is Ionic, eighty feet, four stories high, one hundred and twenty feet deep, some hundred clerks; the proprietor showed me through. There are many other fine stores; the street was full of ladies, some quite pretty, but not so well dressed as at home.

27TH.—In the evening went through the railroad station here, a fine building, some two hundred feet front, Corinthian, of freestone, where all the trains terminate; and the Exchange, New Town Hall, St. George's, not yet finished. It is much like our patent office at Washington, of light Portland stone, standing very high. Strolled with friends, a mile or two about the streets, came home very much fatigued, and retired early.

28TH.—After breakfast, walked to St. James' Cemetery, some half mile from the hotel, quarried deep in solid limestone. On a stone path, under a stone arch, the only monument worth remark, is Huskisson's beautiful statue in the centre; neat Doric Chapel at the gate; a little beyond the cemetery, a fine flight of steps leads to a beautiful park of some two acres long, and narrow, called the Mount; fronting on St. James' road, with fine terrace and view over the city and villages; from the inside you look down into the cemetery, a depth of sixty or eighty feet. Eighteen thousand persons have been interred in this cemetery in eighteen years.

Half-past 1, P. M., got in railway boat to Birkenhead, then took the cars to Chester, to witness the great race for cups and tradesman's plate, this spring meeting. Chester is an interesting city, whole streets of houses centuries old, not a new house visible anywhere. The race course is just out of the walls, and forms a natural amphitheatre, bounded by the old wall, the bank of the river Dee, and low hills, and on the right the Welch railway viaduct; some forty to fifty thousand persons were there; course twenty-five yards wide, one mile round; I stood by the judge's stand; twenty-nine horses ran for the great plate. St. Lawrence, the winning horse, beating only by a half length. Fifty thousand pounds were said to have been bet on this race.

After this race, came the race for the tradesman's plate of two hundred sovereigns. I took a cab and drove out

through lovely hedgerows, and beautiful level country, four miles to Eaton Hall, on the lovely river Dee, the seat of the Marquis of Westminster, one of the wealthiest peers of England.

The house is modern, built in pointed Gothic, of free-stone, quite extensive, overlooking, with its numerous turrets, the river Dee on one side, and the fine country beyond on the other, with stately parks of some seven miles square. It is closed at present for repairs; I walked all around it; some forty deer were quietly reposing in the outer park; the whole way from Chester seems full of the lodges attached to Eaton Hall. I plucked a chesnut branch in front of the hall; taking the cab back and cars from Chester, got to Liverpool again at about 8, P. M., sixteen miles ride.

29TH.—Finished and despatched letters. Rode out to the zoological gardens. My friend here, James Lowe, Esq., dined with me; after dinner took a short walk with him. At quarter to eight took the train to Manchester; arrived about half-past nine; thirty-one miles bad road; passed Parkside where Huskisson was killed; met C. K. T. here; wrote letters and journal, and retired early, at Albion Hotel.

30TH.—Presented letters. Mr. Robert F. walked around town with me; no fine buildings, all are cotton factories or warehouses. Called on Mr. H. of the firm of S. T. Jones & Co. and he presented me with a ticket for the dress concert, this evening; went at about 6, P. M.; was received

in a fine vestibule, with dressing room, etc., leaving hat and cane. Went up stairs, into a fine, large room, some seventy feet long and forty feet wide, and lofty, with a gallery in front. The orchestra and semi-circle in rear of a fine proscenium, with an organ: forty musicians, fair concert, but not so good as the Philharmonic, with us; some good singing. There were about three thousand there, in full dress, but little beauty. Met Thomas C., of New York, there; came down to hotel with me, and spent an hour there.

MAY 1st.—Railways have killed May-day here; it may be better in rural districts, but there is no difference between this, and any other day here. These great factories, one or two of which I saw, each employing some four hundred hands, kill soul and body here. Mr. F. says his rates, local, are seven shillings three-pence in the pound, but that he nets ten per cent from stores here, which is thought a very high rate of revenue. Saw Cobden's free-trade hall, holding ten thousand persons. It was in this hall, that, last week, Mendelssohn conducted the performance of his Oratorio of Elijah. Music is all that redeems stupid Manchester. At 10, A. M., left for Leeds, where I dined, and then went out to Kirkstall abbey, thence I go on to York, to spend the Sunday. Kirkstall abbey is a pretty ruin, ivy clad on the river Aire, near Kirkstall village; much injured by time and reformation—but the nave still looks fresh. Arrived at York from Leeds, with C. K. T. at about 8, P. M.; strolling about the town,

bought some little pictures, etc., and retired. In Leeds, saw the Cloth-Hall, St. Peter's Church, the Exchange, Market, etc.; more filthy and squalid people, in as dirty a town, I have never yet seen. Passed through on our way to Leeds, Wakefield, a neat factory town; country fine and rolling; early potatoes were coming up, fields crossed constantly with trenches for irrigation and liquid manure, fine hedge-rows of hawthorn and running roses.

2D.—York. Went to the Minster service in the morning, in choir—walked about the fine nave and transepts, till the first lesson began, when the iron gate would be closed. There are forty-four canon stalls about the choir. First lesson was read from the Brass Eagle, which was given in the year one thousand six hundred. Three canons only were present; the singing boys, twenty in number, half on either side, in pew, in front of the vicar's choral, sang the service, chanting the psalter and every response splendidly. Organ delicious in tone, and well played. Sermon, by the Rev. and Hon. Mr. Erskine, was very good, from Malachi, ch. 3 v. 16.: very few people there. In the ante-communion service, two canons, in surplice and Oxford caps, preceded by two vergers, in long black silk robes, each verger bearing silver wands, walked up slowly to the east end of the choir to the altar table; the response to the commandments was sung delightfully. The sermon was preached in a surplice. In singing the creed, they turned around towards the altar. After church service, came to my hotel, Winns

George, a famous old house, full of fine stair-ways, rich mouldings and old furniture, said to have been built by the Duke of Buckingham, as a residence for Charles Second, and they yet show a room with the original black oak furniture, and beautiful carving and richly stained windows, which was the king's parlor.

Looked into some old churches, which seem as if time and armies had all attempted their demolition; St. Helen's, the oldest, St. Olave's and St. Martin's. At 2, P. M., went to the Minster again, to be shown around by the verger. Whilst standing by the door, opposite Newgate street, waiting for the verger, plucked off a fine rosette of carved oak. Entered by the north transept, beautiful rose window, with marigold in centre, above the pointed arched window, which is injured; a tomb, with canopy and effigy of stone, near on the right of Walter De Grey, the first archbishop, yet perfect in his robes. Beautiful stone screen of the kings of England; from William I. to Henry II. in life size, with expressive faces. Henry VI. very fine face, and Cœur de Lion, with his palmer's scrip, all in royal robes; above them is an exquisite canopy of tracery, almost too delicate for stone, crowded with vast numbers of beautiful and small angelic figures. The work is a miracle of art. The screen is opened by an iron gateway, into the choir. On the south transept is the splendid Maiden Sister's window, immense in height, of an embroidery pattern, still, after the lapse of ages, fresh and beautiful. In the right aisle of the choir, are many

rare and antique monuments of bishops, and nobles, and gentry, some in brass and some in alabaster, all with effigies and very fine. The best are of the Wentworths, that of Wentworth and his wife is splendid; of Italian marble, in full court dress; exquisite sculpture of the lace, collars, frills, etc., and the satin robes; then the son of Wentworth, the Marquis of Rockingham, in a Roman toga, with his wife as a Roman matron, is superb: it was sculptured in Rome. Near here, is a beautiful restoration of an ancient tomb, of an archbishop, whose effigy, though broken in the face, is otherwise perfect. In clearing away, under the great east window, which is crowded with the painting of the bible history, from the creation down, they discovered faces and outlines, showing old frescos, and also a niche just opened, with a painting of the Virgin and child, very ancient, and yet perfect. The floor here is paved with tombstones. The rear screen of the choir is of marble, beautifully worked. Then the beautiful altar-tomb of William Markham, the last prelate, new and exquisite, on a pedestal of armorial tiles, in rich encaustic; on the left aisle are crowds of rare monuments. The left aisle is also full of monuments, some quite fine, and sculptured, all very old. In this aisle, near the organ-pipes, are two old quadrant-shaped chests, with antique hinges, used by the ancient chapter, for the monk's dresses. Near here are the steps and door-way to the crypt; Norman arches extending the whole way below the Minster; at the entrance is the lavatory, and near by

is a well of pure water, whence our hotel and others are supplied. Here, also, are several immense Saxon pillars, and here they show the spot where the ancient wooden chapel of the Saxons stood, and where King Edward was baptized, on his profession of Christianity. I went a long way into the crypt. Here are gas fixtures, and it is often lit up with gas when the archbishop comes here, and also hot water pipes, to heat the choir church. Leaving the beautiful Minster, by the south transept, walked on with Mr. Lambert, a pleasant fellow-traveller, from London, whom I met here at the hotel, to St. Mary's Abbey, a very beautiful ruin, ivy clad, standing on the river Ouse, in the Museum grounds. Near the gateway to these grounds, is St. Leonard's Hospital, long since a ruin, but recently excavated; the top is flagged, and a house and street stand upon it. This house is said to have stood here for two hundred years, and its fine Norman arches, and Norman bricks and stones, of which it is built, were never known till within the last year; from this hospital in front, run the old city walls; below, in the gardens, is an old Roman wall, full of the names and numbers of the legions, etc., with a fine round Roman tower. Then walked along the banks of the Ouse to the Castle, now a prison; it has fine Gothic arches. Clifford's Tower is now a rare and beautiful old ruin. Returned and walked around, looking at the old walls, gates and fair streets, and Market place; almost every house and church looking always of reverend age.

MAY 3D.—Went to the museum, by an order from Mr. Thomas Winn; fine collection and prettily arranged; some antiques, tapestry, maps, and armor, and Roman altars in the vestibule. In the old house in front of St. Mary's Abbey, are some fine remains; one, of a Crusader, on his tomb, a fine stone figure, cross-legged, about five feet six inches long; some castings from other antiques, Roman and Norman arches, from St. Leonard's, and figures of saints. Went to the Minster and to the Vestry, to see the curious antiquities which the guide book gives: Ulpha's Horn, the beautiful silver Cardinal's crozier, etc.; then went up to the communion rails, saw the ancient coronation chair, of Saxon shape, wherein the Saxon kings were crowned, now decaying out. It is on the left of the communion table. Walked around the Minster; it grows into the mind the more you look in the beauty of this light drab stone, contrasted with the rich colors of the glass; the best view of the interior is from midway in the nave, a little way to the side looking toward the choir, and of the exterior, at the corner to the left of Stoney-Gate street. Returned to hotel, dined and started for Durham at 4, P. M.; arrived at Durham about 8 P. M. Drove to Ward's Waterloo Hotel.

4TH.—Rose early, walked round the tower before breakfast; population said to be twenty-eight thousand. It is the most picturesque of any I have yet seen: it lies on both sides of the river Wear, a shallow but swift stream, which sweeps in many a sweet turn around the old town. It is crossed

by three bridges, the Prebends, Framwell-Gate, and St. Elvet Bridges. The view from the first bridge is lovely; the river bends towards you on the right, and on looking towards the town, rises the beautiful Cathedral, and a little beyond this the fine Castle, and before you, are the other two old picturesque bridges, and the red tiled roofs of the town, in the distance. On the left and right, slope, the grassy banks of the river, with many a pretty foot-path, and some fine old churches. Following the road from here, and about a mile off, is Neville's Cross, a ruin now. After breakfast, went up to the cathedral for the service, going through many quaint old streets. Entered by the gateway of the Cloisters, near the Deanery, and walking along for some one hundred yards, under fine Norman arches, reached the entrance door of the south transept. These cloisters extend around three sides of the quadrangle. On the north side is the Chapter Library in the building, used as the Infirmary, by the ancient monks; in the centre, are the remains of the old Lavatory, standing in the midst of a large grass-plot. Entered by the north transept: it was now near service-time, which is from 10 to 11 A. M., every day. The vergier showed me to a stall, twelve boys in white surplice, and twelve surpliced vicars; choral soon came in and all took their places. A canon entered, and one or two vicar readers; some eight or ten laity were about among the pews, in the choir, and then the service commenced. The music was fine, better than at York, although without an organ, as

that has been recently removed beyond the pulpit, from near the choir screen, which has just been taken down. After service, walked around the church. There are but few monuments left; that of the Nevilles, in the south aisle of the nave, is the principal antiquity; Chantrey's statue of Bishop Barrington, in the south transept, of full size, kneeling, is very beautiful. Over the fine door here is an antique clock, of about the time of Charles II. The nave is more impressive than that at York; its pillars are massive Norman, some thirty feet in girth, with a trecolium above; near the south side door of the nave is the ancient sanctuary. The antique sounding board and font, raised by Bishop Cosin, in Charles the Second's time, is yet there. A new font, beautifully wrought in stone, and just finished, stands before the great door-way. In the choir, opposite the pulpit, stands the Bishop's throne, (Dr. Maltby is the present bishop;) it is of stone, erected over and upon the beautiful arched and sculptured, gilded and illuminated canopy of Bishop Hatfield's tomb. Its panel has been much injured by the Scotch and the English Iconoclasts. Beyond is the beautiful altar-screen of stone, of exquisitely fine, pointed Gothic; the gift of the Nevilles; once, every niche of it was filled with statues, but the zeal of the Puritans tore them down. It has just been cleansed and again restored, though not with statues, by the taste of the present Dean, Dr. Warrington, whom I had the pleasure to meet in the nave. Behind the screen, is the famous shrine of St. Cuthbert, a plain large

black slab with no inscription. Behind the east end of the church, or of the altar, and in the space called the Chapel of the Nine Altars, are some good monuments with marks of the ancient Catholic altars, a reading desk and some benches, where prayers are read by the students of Durham University. Near the new font is the broad strip of black marble, the boundary line, which St. Cuthbert prohibited women from passing, as is said; then ascended, with the vergers, first, some eighty feet to the gallery of the lantern tower: the view of the church here is very beautiful; a vergers in his robe stood at the altar, and the figure in the distance, with the fine choir and the grand nave, made a beautiful picture; then went up to the top. The distance from the river level up to this point, is about two hundred and fifty feet; the top is some forty feet square, and roofed with lead. The view is superb, extending some six miles each way, over fine rolling land, the Wear sweeping around in many sweet turns, so that, but for a narrow isthmus, Durham would be an island. Far as the eye reaches from the city, the chapter lands extend. Rail trains were flying afar off, collieries smoking in the quiet fields, and cattle grazing in the sweet hedge-rows and the bright sunshine. Just below me to the north, rose the fine castle with its noble keep, its flag floating; to the south, the buildings of the Cathedral Close. Descended and went into the Library; Mr. Raines' librarian, showed me some fine Illuminations. The room is rich in manuscripts; saw the old copes borne in procession

here till Warburton's time; went to the Deanery, its entrance-room is beautiful; a Baronial hall, fine and curious octagonal kitchen, with separate kitchens for the monks, and their great oven, their almonry, all almost the same as left by them. Went over to the Castle, or Bishop's Palace, which, now, is also the present Durham University; the entrance-gate is grand. Went up the great carved oak stairway, into the dining hall; among others here, is a portrait of De Wellesley, brother of the Duke of Wellington. He is a canon resident here, and his likeness a fac-simile of the duke. It was just the lunch-time of the students, and after looking in the old rooms where the bishop and assize judges lodge, and at the fine old Norman doorway to the college hall, left for hotel; lunched, and took carriage for Braucepeth Castle, some four miles off; anciently the seat of the Warwicks, but for some years past the property of William Russell, Esq., a London merchant. It is restored in fine order; the exterior is stately, and a grand specimen of the old battlemented Gothic. The owner was at home and declined all visitors; stepped over to the curious old church near by, the Nevilles' church. In the chancel lie Lord and Lady Neville; the oldest church I have yet seen. A Crusader lies against the wall, in the north aisle; a suit of plate armor answers for a stove or grate, with high carved black oak pews, centuries old, but still strong and stately; Norman pillars, mouldy with age, and a curious old clock

in the west end. Came back to Durham, dined, and took cars for Newcastle, where arrived at 8, P. M., at Queen's Head Hotel.

5TH—Rose early; walked about Newcastle. There is a fine new bridge building here; Pilgrim and Grey streets are the best streets; Nelson's monument and the Old Church are near by. Was out but for half an hour. Took quarter to ten train to Morpeth, some ten miles; found the little village full of strangers, for the great spring fair here, when the annual hiring of servants, according to the custom in this country, occurs. Took carriage on to Alnwick, twenty miles, over a beautiful rolling country, with fine views, through neat hedge-rows and a fine road. Arrived at about half-past five; leaving my baggage at the White Swan Inn, kept here for forty-three years, walked right on to the castle, from the entrance of Alnwick, and of Coney street, where is a great old stone archway, called Hotspur's Gate. This is the seat of the Percys. Entering the castle by the noble barbican, its battlements all around crowned with armed figures, the porter led me on to the armory of Northumberland, (the Duke mounted and armed seventeen hundred of his tenantry at the time of the French threatened invasion, the bloody gap, the dungeons, petards, heads of the stone figures, great oak door; the Museum, the Sally Port, the various Keeps; and walked on the walls still planted with cannon; the base of the castle hill slopes sweetly to the Aln river, which sweeps away to Holme Park. Next went through the interior of the

Castle through numerous chambers, all recently and superbly furnished; finely moulded ceilings; carpets similar; crimson satin tapestry on the saloons and baronial dining hall; fine portraits in the superb saloon; and the ceiling here is concentric. An exquisite Gothic chapel and stained glass candelabrum; and tomb of the late duchess; grand stairway and ceiling, moulded with shield of arms, and the standards royal, borne at the coronation of George IV., and herald trumpets of silver. The superb Library and other rooms, are made beautifully to follow the exterior shape of the towers, and are each of different color, and style; the mouldings on the ceilings and window embrasures are in white and gold, the rooms and saloon are red and crimson; library is in pale green; breakfast room is of the color of ashes of roses; dining hall is of blue, etc., and all arranged in suites; everything is in exquisite taste. The late Duke of Northumberland died a few weeks since; the Dowager Duchess, whose miniature I saw in the saloon, had gone up to town a week before. The duke's real estates are managed by two Commissioners and twelve Bailiffs; his income is said to be five millions sterling. On return, dined and took post chaise to Chat Hall, the next station; this is the only break on the line of railway between London and Edinburgh. (The railway has been since completed.) Heavy rain; got in the cars and arrived at Berwick, on Tweed, about 10, P. M. Town full; slept at lodgings.

6TH.—After breakfast, walked about the walls of old Berwick. From the castle and Wellington Terrace, view

of the North Sea and up the river Tweed is very fine. There is nothing of interest in the town. Took train at 10, A. M., for Edinburgh, a beautiful ride. The North Sea is immediately on your right hand, for nearly the whole way. Passed Dunbar, Seton, Delaval, Preston Pans, Colonel Gardner's House and Battle field; the old stone wall which broke the charge, at that action; the Thorn Tree, still alive, marking the scene of the greatest slaughter; and arrived at Edinburgh at about 12, M. Drove to the Waterloo Hotel, in full view of Scott's and Nelson's monuments; walking about after dinner, went over Scott's monument to the top; returned, and wrote letter to W. B. M., and retired; received an invite from Mr. H., of Drummond Place, to breakfast.

7TH.—Breakfasted with Mr. H. at 9, A. M.; left about ten, went over through the Canongate to Holyrood Palace; saw the old rooms Queen of Mary; her beautiful miniature, and needle-work, and furniture, and very curious bed; the Stuart pictures, the paintings of George the Fourth, of Montrose, McNab, Nell Gwynne, Albermarle, and Charles the Tenth; from there looked through the fine Park, the old Chapel Royal, the Breadalbane Rooms, and then went over to Arthur's Seat, from which the finest view of the city is obtained, and then for beautiful Mid Lothian and Duddingston Loch; walked on, for a couple of miles, by the new road, on the Craigs, called the Queen's drive, to the pretty village of Duddingston; looked in the old church, quite

curious, and looks pretty with the fine swan pond of Sir Robert Dick in front. Beyond, in front, on the hills, Craigmuller Castle, and afar off among the trees, is the seat of the Marquis of Abercorn, the patron of this hamlet. Returned by coach, passing by the Regent Terrace, Burns' Monument, Calton Hill, etc., on to the Castle; tramped around it; saw old Mons Meg, the twenty-five pounder, and the Scotch Regalia, which are most superb, and so curious for their preservation. Went through the armory; there are seven thousand stand of arms, nearly all of Waterloo muskets; the 76th foot are a garrison here. Came down from this grand hill to the Parthenon, or Gallery of Art, built in that style in Princess street, the next corner to Scott's monument; there were no paintings there, but a fine gallery of casts; drove off in Newington car, to Dr. James P.'s; not in town; left letter and card; returning, walked around the University of Edinburgh, and from the window of the Humanities Lecture Room, down College Wynd, saw the house where Sir Walter was born. He lived in George street. His last son, Colonel Sir Walter, who died lately at the Cape of Good Hope, aged about forty years, was brought here on the 5th instant, to be taken thence to Dryburgh. Came home to tea; journalized and retired.

8TH.—Walked up South Bridge street to the University. The janitor showed me into the Senate Hall, a commanding apartment; then into its library of one hundred thousand volumes. The lower story is arranged in recesses, crowded

with books, chiefly on the Natural Sciences; the upper story is a splendid vaulted room, some eighty feet long, the arch supported on either side by Corinthian pillars; the books are in alcoves, lit by two windows, divided by the floors of the gallery, which is about two-thirds of the way up the pillars. The cases are painted in oak, protected by a rich lozenge-shaped brass screen for the doors, the arch of the ceiling is moulded in white and gold; near the entrance, and under an archway, leading to a fine domed recess, stands an exquisite life-sized statue of Burns, by Flaxman, ^e of this year, eighteen hundred and forty-five. Behind him is a large dining-table used by Napoleon at St. Helena, a gift to the University. Next went to the Museum; the lower rooms are crowded with animals of all kinds, stuffed and well preserved; above is a beautiful room in the Grecian style, with domed recesses; the side cases are mostly fine preservations of birds; the centre cases of geology; many fine specimens, and most exquisitely arranged. In the centre is a fine bust of Dr. Jamieson, the Professor of Natural History; adjoining his private room, is an elegant sculptured marble mantel, with Caryatides, and flower work, of Carrara marble, bought by the University and brought from Italy; and some few more cases. The University buildings are of freestone, and Grecian front with terraces and porticos in Corinthian style, standing upon a large square. It is founded mainly by the city of Edinburgh, who are its patrons. There are now about one hundred students in each of the four faculties;

the academical session has just closed, but the annual session of the medical school is going on. There are twenty-five professors; attendance on all the lectures is requisite for a degree, at a cost of about one hundred dollars per year; faculty and attendant students are resident in the town. Very rainy and raw weather to-day; returned, read Raine's Durham till time to go to Mr. H.'s, where dined, and spent the evening pleasantly.

9TH.—SUNDAY.—Went about 10, (looking in on the way at the old Sion Iron Church, the interior plain, and modernised) to Free St. George's, to hear Dr. Caudlish, one of the leaders of the Free Church—quite a plain edifice. He is of short stature, animated face, much like our Van Buren; in broad Scotch accent, preached a finely arranged, digested logical sermon, from Matt. 6, v. 7. Returned to hotel, and after lunch, my friend L. joining me, he having arrived yesterday, we went to Free St. John's, to hear Dr. Guthrie, at 2, P. M.; this church is new, and beautiful Gothic, something like St. Thomas's, New York, though more than twice the size; discourse and delivery very fine, much finer than in the morning; his mind is highly imaginative; text from Peter II., ch. 3, v. 12. There was an immense crowd; the people during the intermission, which is from 1 till 2, P. M., did not leave the church, but have an intermediate service. Came home; began letter to B., about Durham. L. came and spent part of the evening with me.

10TH.—Mr. Lambert breakfasted with me ; walked to the Advocate's Library, in the Parliament House ; a splendid entrance-hall, ceiling in oak, panelled, and fine statues. The library adjoins, in several halls, some one hundred thousand volumes and miscellaneous ; only an entrance fee, no subscription—books are well arranged ; in the first room is a pennon, borne at Flodden Field, a fine old Spanish cabinet, with a bold relief in brass, as a representation of courage. Next opposite is the Library of the Writers to the Signet ; the lower hall is a fine arched ceiling ; the upper hall, Corinthian, with dome and arched ceiling, mouldings gilt ; the books are in recesses, brass net-work over them, and about one hundred thousand volumes—entrance fee seventy-five guineas, and no subscription ; books are lent out ; commodious sofas, reading and writing-tables and desks. This hall is nearly as fine and something like the library-hall of the University of Edinburgh. Went out to the experimental Botanic Garden, near Summer-Place, of about seven acres, a private association ; beautifully arranged, fine fruiteries ; hedges—some in blossom ; the hot-houses had some curiosities. Next, near by, went to the University Botanic Gardens, of fourteen acres ; range of hot-houses of one thousand feet long, with high glass domes ; crowded with rare and original specimens, mostly in full bloom and vigor, arranged in the order of their countries and genera—Palm-house, Banyan-tree growing, throwing down its shoots, and the main root exposed, Cassias, Passion Flowers of all

climes, Cinnamon-tree, Pitcher plants, Parasites, immense New Holland Heath, ten feet high, in full flower, and many others; walked around the grounds, which are in delightful order. In the Gothic hall, near the entrance, Professor Balfour teaches a class from the University, on botany, every morning now at 8, A. M. Weather very showery; returned to hotel; dined, wrote letters, etc.; to-morrow for fair Melrose. Before going out to the gardens, went by an order, over the fine George IV. Bridge, to Heriold's Hospital; it is a rare old building in the style of Charles I. There is a new chapel, with fine glass stainings, fine old corniced room, original oak ceilings and wainscots; looked into the school-rooms, one hundred and eighty boys are here now, poor orphans principally; they enter at seven years of age and stay till they are fourteen, and after they leave receive £10 per year, for five years, from its fund. The governors have built other free schools lately out of the funds, so that they now educate over two thousand boys. Looked at the ancient kitchen, their neat dormitories, and iron bedsteads, their bath-room, etc. The boys came in for dinner while I was there—merry youngsters; in the fine grounds about, many were playing at ball. They live here entirely, going out to see their friends only on Saturday afternoons, with a master, and coming back early before night. The funds of the hospital now are large, £60,000 or £70,000, mostly in quit-rents from the new town of Edinburgh, which ground was settled by Heriold for its use.

11TH.—At 8, A. M., took the Chevy Chase coach for Melrose, thirty-seven miles, and arrived at 12, at the George Inn, a very nice hostelry. Went over to the lovely abbey, the burial places of many of Scotland's kings and nobles, but a few rods off; it is fresh as of yesterday, with its exquisite carving. The tomb of Alexander the fourth, of Scotland, is in the chancel; near by, the heart of Bruce is said to be buried. In a near chapel, lies the wizard Scott. How full the abbey is of curious and fine carving,—clock temps (Charles I.,) ringing a bell for the hours, is on the south transept Tower. The Chancel windows are perfect and fresh—plucked some ivy and wild rose from the grass-grown roof of the south transept; spent two or three hours there, then took Drosky and drove over to Dryburgh, crossing the Tweed in a skiff near Buchan Suspension Bridge; most lovely scenery in the walk from here, a quarter of a mile, and the view on the river is beautiful. St. Mary's aisle of the nave of Dryburgh, where lies Sir Walter Scott, is yet without a monument to his memory; the cloister has one one or two fine windows; the Chapter-house, some arches, and the rest gone; trees grow upon its arches, and the ivy almost entirely covers it. It lies away in a quiet field, some distance from the road. Near the south side is an old yew of great age, a splendid tree; plucked a branch, then drove over to Abbotsford. The Poet's house and tomb lie about equi-distant either way east and west from sweet Melrose; went all through the house; the entrance-hall has a fine oak

ceiling, shields of Border Lairds, armor and flags from Waterloo, picked up by him; Rob Roy's sword, armor from Flodden Field and Bannockburn, Mosaic table of the style of Pompeii, pavement of the tessellated marbles from the Hebrides, Erskine's original pulpit, crowds of rare armor, a fine fire-place, imitated from the Deloraine gate in the cloister of Melrose Abbey, and carvings from Melrose; a copy of the Abbey aisle, arches lead to the armory of the mansion where are richly emblazoned windows. Here are the hat, etc. of Arthur Rob Roy, armor and sword of Sir William Wallace Napoleon's pistols, etc., and next to the drawing-room. Its ceiling and wood work are of cedar; its ebony chairs and cabinet are the gift of George IV. Here is Sir Walter's large leather armed study-chair wherein he usually wrote, and also fine paintings of the family. Next to the grand library; the rich oak ceiling is copied from Melrose, and the beautiful cases crowded with books. The Room is about fifty by sixty feet. In the recess here, stood his revolving table, and hung a silver lamp from Herculaneum, next to the exquisite Study with his writing desk, foot-stool, pistols, and spirit lamp, just as he left them; fine gallery with library, the cabinet with his last clothes, and his swords, etc., which he wore for the Selkirk and Jedburgh associations. Walked over the grounds; the most of these trees were planted by Sir Walter himself; from all parts there are fine views of the river; the dining-hall is hung with gems of pictures, the head of Queen Mary after execution,

of Fairfax, Cromwell, Charles the Twelfth, and a hundred others. Outside grows a fine bay tree, shading its balcony window; plucked a branch; came back to Melrose and spent the rest of the day in the abbey, going through the wall galleries, in the windows, and up the towers, and looking at beautiful Melrose Abbey till night; retired early, fatigued with my long day's toil.

12TH.—Left fair Melrose about 7, A. M., passing Abbotsford to Selkirk, in my drosky, driving along the Tweed, through Ettrick dale and Yarrow, and between the Lamer-moor and the Eildon Hills for seven miles. There is a good statue of Sir Walter at Selkirk. Took the mail coach here at 10, A. M., for Carlisle, rode on top—fine day—for fifty-six miles, arrived at three, (five hours,) through splendid scenery; the same rivers winding all around. Then the bold Teviot Hills hem you in for miles with their black heath and cattle; passed through Hawick, quite pretty. Langholm the seat of the Duke of Buccleuch, Shortdike, a toll-gate, the boundary of the two kingdoms, then the exquisite Eskdale; crossed the river twice, passing Netherby Hall, the seat of Sir James Graham, with superb woods behind; near you is the sweet Esk, then the river Eden, and at length reached Carlisle, a rather nice provincial town, castle and church, etc.; drove through to station, got in the cars for Kendall at 3. 28m., P. M., arrived at Kendall about 6, P. M., at the King's Arms Inn.

13TH.—At half-past 8, A. M., took rails to Windemere^{pl}
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station, some three miles from Bowness, the sweet village on the lake; took carriage there and went past Esthwaite Water, which is very pretty, to Coneston Lake, which is really beautiful. Lunched at the inn at the head of Coneston water, then past Lake Grasmere to Rydal water, and Mount; called upon Wordsworth at the cottage; he was at home, but his daughter was then thought to be dying of consumption, and so did not disturb him. It is a plain drab cottage in a mountain gorge, with the mountain of Skab Scar behind it: walked about the grounds; there is a fine view of Rydal water from the Summer House; his aged sister was riding in a little carriage around the door yard; came back to Grasmere to Mr. Orvill's Cottage, with Mr. Francis G., who started with me from Kendal, a really beautiful box; its dining hall like Alnwick, its saloon like Abbotsford, and called Cottage Grasmere, passed the Braithay and Coray rivers that feed Lake Windermere. Then on to Ambleside, taking the Lady of the Lake steamer to Bowness, passing Dr. Dawson's castle, Major, (son of Bishop,) Watson's seat; Professor Wilson's cottage, and dined at the Royal Hotel at Bowness, a capital inn; took rails and returned to Kendal at 9, P. M., an exquisite day, spent amid very fine mountain scenery, more like our Catskill range, studded with fine country seats, and interlaced with glorious lakes.

14TH.—At about 8, A. M., took rails to Manchester, passing through the finest scenery in Lancashire, Morecombe bay, Lancaster, and its castle, so famous in the days of

King John, and Preston. An Iron Master got in my car at Wigan; his firm, he said, now employ six thousand operatives, at an expense of one thousand pounds per day; he was a Director in the North British Railway Company; their capital is twenty-eight millions sterling, and their last dividend ten per cent. Shares low—worth two hundred and five, but sell now one hundred and fifty. Lunched at the Albion, Manchester, and took rails at twenty-five minutes past 1, P. M., for Sheffield; fine scenery on the road, and highly cultured; town is horrible; drove through to Baslow twelve miles off. The country now rises into the grand peak of Derbyshire, with the loveliest of valleys. The Wheat Sheaf Inn is the perfection of a rural inn; it is at the gateway to the park of the Palace of Chatsworth. Mr. Francis H., of New York came up to my parlor to see me; he was just then leaving for town. After tea took a delightful stroll in the neighborhood, through its quiet lanes, rich fields, and beautiful prospects.

15TH.—Started early in a pony phaeton to Thorn Bridge, to Mr. M.'s house, a fine old mansion; was kindly received, engaged to dine and church with them to-morrow; walked with Mr. M. over to Monsell Dale, a picturesque vale near by. Started back to be in time for the gates to open at Chatsworth Palace. Obtained an order through Mr. M. from Miss Paxton, to see the interior of the conservatory, then drove up to the north entrance of the palace. The house is some three hundred feet long by one hundred and

ninety feet deep, of pure Ionic style; the ornaments are urns, and on the freize, a snake in the grass, the crest of Cavendish. The first room you enter is on the left side of the first inner court, and the whole stone work is of the same fine light drab color, much like that of Durham Cathedral. This room is called the Sub-Hall, and has a tessellated pavement, and a grand fresco on the ceiling, by Verrio, of Cæsar's History. The slab of Derby marble on the centre table, candelabrum, grand stairs of Derby marble and spar; the effect of this room is superb; next passed through a long corridor surrounding a second court. Here are antique busts, tessellated pavements from Pompeii, and Roman tombs. (Returning from Thornbridge passed the Earl of Newburgh in a low pony chaise, his servant walking at his side, plain coarse man; his seat is Hassop Hall, near by and in view.) Before entering this last corridor, passed through the ante room, with statuary of Venus in the Bath; Dolphins support it, throwing water into a large basin, with other fountains on the sides. Hence into magnificent Painting Galleries, perhaps of five hundred paintings, large and small, chiefly by the masters; a gem of Bacchus and Ariadne, the Monks at Prayer, Mercury teaching Cupid to read, some Watteau's; Bolton Abbey, by Landseer; portraits of the Duchess of Devonshire of the time of Charles James Fox, very sprightly and handsome; of Lady Carlisle; the Hon. Mrs. Norton, and of several of the dukes hang in the room used by the queen on her late visit here; then to the chapel;

its sides are of cedar wood, with exquisite carvings, by Gibbons ; gallery in the west end, opening on the State apartments, with deep recess in similar carving ; here are two chairs occupied by the Queen and Prince Albert at their late visit. The ceiling is one superb painting of the ascension of our Lord ; His face beams with benignity : hosts of angels hover about him, all of life size ; a glory falls on all ; the uppermost angel to the right has so divine a face as cannot be forgot ; it is by Verrio. On the sides above the cedar panels, is a splendid painting of Christ healing the sick, extending all around, all the figures of full life size like a Cartoon. The altar piece is in fine fresco, in a recessed arch of variegated Derbyshire marble ; within it is also a table of Malachite given by the present Russian Empress to the Duke of Devonshire ; a grand altar ; brazen candelabra from Italy ; floor of tessellated Derby marbles ; no pews, but cedar cushioned chairs are arranged on the sides ; then entered the suite of the State apartments, some six grand rooms running along the south front, one hundred and ninety feet in all in length. In the ante chamber, say of thirty feet, is a square painting of Titian's Venetian Council, and a portrait of Queen Mary of Scots ; Ruben's Rabbi ; Holbein's Henry the Eighth ; all in full size, and grand frames ; for the mantel piece are caryatides, great mirrors, and tessellated oak floor ; walls are of gilded leather, and an embossed ceiling in white and gold ; drawing room of similar floor pavement ; walls of Beauvois silk tapestry ; and with grand

candelabra ; the Belisarius, twelve by six feet in dimension, and other paintings. On a group of ottomans, lies a small medallion marble group of four angels fallen asleep, exquisite. Here is the coronation chair of William IV., and that of his Queen ; in a corner is a small round table of Jasper ; in its centre is a moonlit view of Chatsworth ; and the border contains views of the Peak District ; the upholstery of the furniture is of the Beauvois silk, and the chairs of Canterbury silk were bought of Manners Sutton ; next room, same floor, sides of Lyon's silk ; furniture likewise ; upholstery and ceiling in blue and gold. The dining hall, with carvings of dead game, by Gibbons, over the mantel and around the mirror ; and so on from room to room, each differing in grandeur, to the cabinet, where hang some exquisite Mosaic, done on laminated glass, a case of superb medallion miniatures, also a glass case of wood carving, of a point lace collar and dead birds, by Gibbons ; his masterpiece ; all these rooms are adorned with his carvings ; the doorways face each other, and the view through the suite is splendid ; the windows, each of two sheets of plate glass, set in gilt, face the grand fountain, two hundred feet high. It would take a volume to describe each room minutely ; they are all hung with paintings by the Martins, Vandyck, Charles I., George IV., William IV., Duke of Devonshire, etc., set in elegant frames, gilded and carved with the flowers of the Peak. Next to the Library ; its floor is of tessellated oak—perhaps fifteen thousand books in superb gilt frames, and very

choice—tables of Derbyshire spar; grand revolving study table; furniture of red morocco, a fine gilt gallery, and all around are secret staircases; books in similar cases around the room; ceiling panelled in white and gold, with two exquisite medallion paintings, of the Night and Morning.—Carraça marble caryatides, and Jasper Vases; ante room is full of books; new imitated antique vases; pedestals and statuary; the Library room is sixty feet long. The arches of the doors here, as elsewhere through the house, are magnificent and lofty, of variegated Derbyshire marble, and highly ornamented with garlands of flowers, etc. Next to the right hand is the double room of sketches, by the masters, and water color drawings; not generally shown here are one thousand sketches, all finely arranged, in gilt frames, in suites according to the birth-place of the artist; Roman, Bolognese, etc. There are portraits of Tasso, and Leo X. a Transfiguration, a figure by Murillo, in charcoal, on two squares, in red crayon, and over it some bandits, by Giulio Romano, and Salvator Rosa, and the dying Leo; a Mosaic Pompeii table, and also one made of the Peak marble, and of gems; exquisite painting of birds on brown paste-board; in the State Drawing Room is a round Siberian marble table set with precious stones, in flowers, etc. Next went to the Sculpture Gallery of superb Derby stone, with vaulted apartments lit in the top arch; at the entrance is the Discobolus, Mars, and Cupid, Ganymede, Endymion, Cupid extracting a thorn from the foot of Venus, is most exquisite in

the God's expression of love and tenderness; a divine Achilles wounded; Lucidora flying from discovery, (from Thomson's seasons,) by Gott, and also Lucidora descending to the water; the Filatrice, Hebe, Bacchantc, stretched on her breasts; with serpent ornament, and a fine head of Apollo. Two great lions lie at the doorway, one erect, the other sleeping; and this is not an enumeration of one half. All these superb statues, some copies and others, original, are set on porphyry altar bases, or granite pedestals. Next to the great and second dining hall, the floor is of tessellated oak; ceiling is vaulted, and pannelled of oak and gold; one grand table of black oak, thirty feet long: here is the Queen's chair, a little elevated; two richly sculptured white marble mantels, each supported by two Bacchantes of full size: two of the bacchantes are by Westmacott, the female pressing the grapes, is perhaps the finest; four side tables, two at each end, of Siberian jasper, studded with gems. Buffets and mirrors on the sides, with gold and silver, and superb candelabra; next to the Orangery, (the exquisite bas-relief, by Thorwaldsen, of Night and Morning, I forgot to mention is in the Sculpture Gallery.) This, the orangery, is a grand glass apartment; many rare species of oranges are here; on the wall is a Venus, etc., a beautiful original; hence to the hot houses of Camelias; several hundred varieties in full bloom; next under grand arches, and through an exquisite garden, laid out in the French style; statues on pillars, which adorn the Fountain of the Court yard

Colossi of iron, and vases from Thebes, to the Great Conservatory; a glass house, some sixty feet high, and roofed with ribs of glass, covering *one acre* entire, crowded with exotics, and each plant growing in its native soil: here are great Agaves, Palms, Oranges, and Vines of Passion Flowers running along the roof, and all within is arranged for drives, through which the Duke drove the Queen and suite in pony cars, on their late visit here nearly round the whole interior, and a gallery of light bronze work, fine pillars of bronze supporting it. The atmosphere is as that of the tropics; the smoke of the furnaces is carried off by underground pipes over the hill near half a mile off, where also is the great Reservoir, sixteen feet deep, covering forty-one acres, which supplies the numerous fountains. On my way just past the house, on the south side from a height three hundred feet, near by the terrace and Temple and rock work the park keeper let on the water, and in a few minutes, it came tumbling and foaming down the Terraces, passing at my feet for some one hundred yards to the Great Fountain, two hundred feet high, which soon began to play. Everywhere about the grounds are exquisite statuary and fountains; near here is a grand staircase, leading to the rock work, near the Conservatory, lined with Irish yews; on your left, facing the beautiful east front of the Palace rises a lofty Hunting Tower, on the summit of the hill; embracing the Tower, and stretching away as far as the eye can reach, spreads a superb forest, now clothed in the

richest and most finely varied spring verdure; the eye follows it till the vale is closed in by some of the far off hills of Derbyshire. Returning, walked through the Park, which is eleven miles in extent, enclosing several villages, and Gamekeepers', Huntsmens', Gardeners', Grooms', etc. Lodges, built by the Duke, and some inns built by him. Passed the river Derwent, which flows through it; and some three or four hundred deer; the duke is said to own two thousand. Came back to my inn, after having spent some five hours at the Palace, quite exhausted. The Duke of Devonshire employs constantly to take charge of this Palace and Park, nearly three hundred persons. He has Chiswick and other seats in England and the continent, beside this; he was then abroad—a bachelor—has not been at the Palace two weeks in fifteen months past, and certainly from these evidences of his taste, he is an English Lorenzo the magnificent.

16TH.—SUNDAY.—Rainy. Drove over to Thornbridge and went with Mr. M. and son-in-law to Ashford Church, a handsome rural church, somewhat in the style of Durham churches, but quite plain; dined at Thornbridge, a fine place, house one hundred and fifty years in the family; left about 4, P. M., to write letters, and posting them to London.

17TH.—Taking pony phaeton early, drove over to Haddon Hall, four miles hence, passing through the beautiful village of Bakewell. Entered Haddon by the old oak door of the

keep ; there is the great hoop of the Beer Tun in the old porter's room : the Chaplain's room, with its old Buff Jerkins, Boots and Matchlock of the times of the Commonwealth, etc., and used in the civil wars : the old cradle of the first Duke of Rutland ; the great baronial Dining Hall, with its oak rafters ; oak table on a dais ; Music Gallery ; great fire-place, and private dining room ; oak wainscoting : rare carvings, with the inscription of "Drede God"—"Honor the King." Bay windows, Drawing Rooms in silk tapestry, wrought in time of Charles I. : curious old Chapel with a confessional on the north side, etc. ; ball rooms one hundred and nine feet long, with oak wainscots, and moulded ceiling. Boar and Peacock, the ruins of Vernon and of Rutland, on all the carvings. Here Queen Elizabeth is said to have opened the first ball ; State Bed of the Queen's room, hung with the gobelin tapestry ; as also numerous Pages' rooms. Ascended to the Eagle Tower, then out by the doorway, whence Dorothy Vernon, ages ago "fled into the dark" with Sir John Manners ; walked along the ancient terrace, down the grand stairway, and by the stone steps to the sweet foot bridge, over the winding Wye. It is a rare old Baronial Hall in primitive condition, uninhabited for one hundred and fifty years. By Dorothy's marriage with Sir John Manners, it came to the Rutlands, who yet retain the old relics ; here are some good old paintings ; a Vandyck of Charles I. ; some by Snyder ; a few old chairs, one coronation chair of Henry VII., Saxon

shape, sadly decayed, and an antique copper wine-cooler, in the private dining room. Groped through the vast old kitchen, with its great Bread and Beer Bins, whence alms were freely given to the poor in the old hospitalities; then drove on through lovely Darnley Dale to Matlock Bath, in a defile of Derbyshire, between the High Tor and Crag Tor mountains, through which flows the pretty Derwent—a crowded summer resort; stopped at the old Bath Inn; went down into a cavern some three quarters of a mile deep, with great chambers studded with spar and stalactite. Walked to Willersley Park, the fine seat of Sir Peter Arkwright, grandson of Sir Richard; crossed Cromford Bridge, near his Cotton Factories founded by his grandfather, which are still in operation; walked through his grounds, which are in terraced pathways, and some green houses on the river sides, to the little boat ferry, and returned to my Inn, dined, and drove back to Baslow.

18TH.—Rained all day. At home writing letters.

19TH.—Drove over to Chesterfield, eight miles, a smoky little town; curiously twisted leaning church-spire; at half-past 12, M., took rails, and by various stations passing through Tamworth, seeing the Towers of Drayton Manor, the seat of Sir Robert Peel, and a most superb country scenery, like a rich garden, to Leamington, arrived about 6, P. M., at this English Saratoga; drove to the Regent's Hotel; after tea walked about the beautiful town; called at Lands-

downe Circus, on Mrs. W.—gone to church—spent an hour with the family, and returned to Inn.

20TH.—Took carriage and drove to Warwick Castle, about two miles, in a lovely situation on the river Avon. Old Lebanon Cedars in the Park; only some six rooms are shown; none are so fine as those of Alnwick; saw the Warwick Vase, and the Guy nonsense at the Porter's Lodge; then to St. Mary's Church with its exquisite Beauchamp Chapel, and the rare and fine old monuments there; the chantry and hagioscope. The main church is after all, the most beautiful in proportion and general effect. Then, through a sweet country to Stratford, on Avon; went to "the house where Shakespeare was born," now the relic shop; the Town Hall, where Garrick played on the great Shakespeare Festival, there is the portrait of Shakespeare in his study; then to New Place, the poet's retirement of Stratford; the church is now newly fitted up, and quite handsomely; but the monuments are unchanged; after lunch walked over to Shottery, and visited the cottage of "Sweet Anne," surely old and quaint enough to have been Anne's: it was a lovely walk; rode back, passing Charlcote House, still owned by the Lucys', and looking unchanged amid its stately oaks. The country about, though level, is perfectly beautiful; returning, stopped at Leicester's Hospital, in Warwick; the house is unaltered, and kept in good order; this is a charity for

twelve old soldiers : each receives £80, and a master £400 annually, for life, a rare old place. Returned in the evening to Leamington.

21st.—Took train for Town at 9. 25, A. M. ; got off at Kenilworth Castle ; went down and spent a little while among the ruins. The Gate-House—the ruined Banqueting Hall, and the view from the moat, are still the finest ; then went on to London. Arrived about 3, P. M., and drove to 7 King Street ; called at Wiley's, and then off to the Regent's Park, 4 Fitzroy Square, and at Madame Tussand's in the evening. Came home about 10, P. M., with Charles W., of New York, whom I met at Warwick Castle.

22d.—Rose early, and before breakfast walked into the Guildhall to look at famous Gog and Magog ; its fine Banqueting Hall, Court of Aldermen and Common-Councilmen, Room for the City Freedoms ; there are some good paintings, and a fine ceiling in the Court of Aldermen. After breakfast, called at Charles Knight's, Ludgate Hill, not in ; left introduction. Upon St. Paul's steps met W., and we took our luggage and drove up to Miss Ayres, No. 4 Fitzroy Square ; then rode over to Grosvenor Square ; walked to No. 90 Eaton Square, the Legation ; saw the Secretary, Mr. Broadhead ; Mr. Bancroft, was not at home, left letters for him, and promised to go to his reception to-morrow night ; then we walked out past Buckingham Palace, through St. James' Park, past Apsley House, Wellington Statue, Hyde Park Corner, over to the Horse Guards, in front of which

met Mr. H., of Norfolk, England, and we together went into the fine old Chapel of Whitehall Palace, to see the exquisite ceiling by Rubens; then by the grand Reform, Conservative, Oxford, and Cambridge Clubs, the new Treasury Buildings, and Westminster Hall; then into the House of Commons, a plain, mean room; could not get into the new House; then to St. James' Palace, by order, to see Winterhalter's painting of the Royal Family, and the Prince of Wales. They were, of course, much flattered, but not equal to that at Liverpool, taken in eighteen hundred and forty, by the same artist. Then to the National Gallery; spent but an hour among its two thousand pictures; then dined together at the York or Farmers' Club, and after dinner went with H. to Covent Garden, to hear Grisi, Marini, Mario, and Tamburini, sing *I Puritani*, and Elssler dance the Ballet. The new house has six tiers of private boxes, and the pit is stilled and might hold over fifteen hundred persons. It is lit by one luxurious Chandelier, colored, and its upholstery is of red and gold. The Stage is about eighty feet wide. Its general effect is very grand. Grisi, of course, sang superbly, with fine action. The scenery was beautiful; chorus very large; at a finale, perhaps two hundred were on the stage at once; Mario's tenor is near perfection. Tamburini is getting old, and did not sing with his former celebrated powers. In the Queen's box, near which I sat, in the Parquette, was the Marquis of Normansby, and suite. Opposite, the Duchess

of Beaufort and her beautiful daughter, the Lady Blanche Somerset, and in the next box, was the Countess of Aylesbury. The house was completely full; but so beautifully arranged, that there could be no crowd, every parquette seat, being an armed and cushioned chair; price two dollars. Saw the first act of the Ballet of Salamandrine. Fanny danced as well as usual, but she looks vastly older. Left about half-past eleven, P. M.

23D.—SUNDAY.—Went with Mr. and Mrs. H., to the Temple Church. It was very crowded; got seats for the ladies in the choir, and contented myself on a sedilla, under the Nave Dome. The service is Cathedral-like; the anthem was beautifully sung. The Church is a fine restoration; the vaulted and octagon Nave, is identical with the Chapter House of York-Minster, with its fine proportions, encaustic tiles and its effigies of the Templar on the floor; but it is much smaller, and has not the stainings. The Choir-windows are like Durham; the ceiling and frames are in distemper, like York, while the East window is full of beautiful stainings. The Pillars are of black Derbyshire Marble; and the ceiling of a whitish stone, like Durham.

After dinner, walked with W. up to the Hyde Park, went over to the Achilles, and to Aspley House. It was very warm and dusty; populace were out in great numbers over its green fields. Great procession of carriages, some four or five miles of them in solid column. After supper went to Bancroft's Levee; very stupid.

24TH.—Started out with W., early; took Buss along Oxford street, down to the city; went to the Tower. They are now building some new Armories, in a style like the old Tower; went through the Horse Armory: being Whitmonday, there was a great crowd: twelve at a time were admitted with the Yeoman, including four soldiers, who have the privilege, but did not go with us. Kings and Knights are here, in full original armor, mounted; the finest seemed to be Edward I., and Charles I., in his gilt armor. On all sides are men at arms, standing opposite to their masters, in what are said to be, original armor; and armor beautifully arranged in stars, circles, etc.; also a fine preservation of horse and man, in complete chain mail, of the reign of Stephen, and of a Templar, of the time of the Conqueror. It was curious to observe the gradual change in armor, and how it was, by piece-meal, left off. The Iron Hauberk, was worn, down to sixteen hundred and eighty-eight. Passing up on the stairway, is the beautiful cannon of brass, finely chased, with the furies supporting the carriage, captured at Malta, and with some others; then into the small armory; here is the cell of Sir Walter Raleigh; on the doorway, cut as by a nail, in the stone, and said to be done by Raleigh, are the words—"He that endureth to the end, shall have a crown of life." The cell is about ten feet square, formed in the thickness of the wall; in front is the Beheading Block and axe, by which Anne Boleyn, Balmerine, and many others suffered; in front of that is a

curious matchlock and target of bullet proof and tempered steel, of the time of Henry VIII.; the gun-barrel protrudes, and as you hold the target by the inner handle, the match is touched with a spring, near the hand. Here is the Skering's Daughter, and the thumb screws; around the room are curious and rare weapons, from the early Norman reigns, down; and also an equestrian figure of Queen Elizabeth, as she appeared in procession after the Armada victory; then to the Jewel Room; the Regalia are well known. The Wine Fountain of gold, and Baptismal and Communion Gold-Plate, strike you more than the Crowns. Anne Boleyn's Crown and Ivory Sceptre, and the Confessors Gold Rod are of interest. These three rooms are all that are shown. Went down to the Tower stairs, so famous in all English History; they look but little changed, from your imagination of them, when it was the portal of despair to the noble victim; and the landing place spread with cloth of gold for the earlier monarchs. The whole surrounding scene is unaltered. Took wherry and rowed past the steam packets and ships moored in the stream, and several docks, to the tunnel; went down the staircase, a most weary descent, and walked half the way through; it is on two arches, one of which is now being repaired, and extends from Wapping to Rotherithe, the shipping quarters; the arches are beautiful in shape, always lit with gas. Then into the boat again to Greenwich; went to the Hospital, a most superb edifice of a centre building, and two immense wings, in white stone,

and Corinthian style, with fine Domes; entered the Dining Hall; some seven hundred of the men sat at dinner, in their odd uniform of immense coats, with gilt buttons, and cocked hats, in what we term, revolutionary style; then, into the Chapel of the same architectural style; highly carved and concentric ceiling, with fine gallery; the altar piece is a painting by West, of St. Paul at Malta, in his fixed manner; one hundred and fifty figures of life size: the adoring wonder of the women on the right, and the calm air of the Apostle, are strikingly expressed. Pulpit is new, and of finely carved oak; the room would hold over one thousand persons. Then, to the Gallery of Paintings; the vestibule of this room, with its rich ornaments on the ceiling, and its frescos, is beautiful. There are many fine paintings; of course all are Naval: Nelson's Death; the Battles of Aboukir; and of Trafalgar, with many capital portraits of the Admirals, etc. Walked through some of the wards; each is a ship's state room, in complete order; each sailor taking entire charge of his own room. Saw the Royal Charlie Ward, and heard the old story over again of the escape of Charles II.; then, into the large and handsome reading room, with full files of newspapers; many old tars were reading there, and in the Library. Seven hundred and twenty men, and some fifteen officers in all, are here now. Walked over to the Park of the Hospital; on the central hill is the Observatory; the park and streets were crowded with the venders, visiters, and motley crowd of

Greenwich Annual May Fair—like a New York Fourth of July: where was the vilest thimble rigging; the leading sport seemed to be the rasping rattler, and in tumbling down the hills. Took cars home: it continued showering every five minutes till midnight. After dinner, went to the Music Hall, Storey Street, Bedford Square, to hear Wilson sing his Scotch songs again. He has failed sadly since his visit to America; he wears a wig and spectacles; it was a mean room, not half filled; admission but half a crown: sang his old songs and told his old stories indifferently well. Left at end of the first part, and returned home.

25TH.—Riding down to the city, went to St. Paul's; the nave was filled with scaffoldings, prepared for the exhibition of the Charity Schools, of London; and the choir was closed during the week. Went up stairs to the Stone Gallery; looking east, up the nave, this view is the finest: the white marble arches, so highly ornamented, the fine choir, and the proportions of the vast building, fill the eye with a noble picture. Went on up to the Whispering Gallery; the effect is perfect here of the fine dome and frescos: then up to the ball. The view of the city from the outer gallery, as the day was superb, was unsurpassed. Walked around the nave aisles admiring the statues: Chantry, Heber, Dr. Johnson, Sir Thomas Picton, etc. In the evening, at the Colosseum. The Cavern here is quite perfect; tolerable Swiss scenery. Then, into the Glyptotheca: circular and

domed terrace: with some fine casts of Milton and his daughters, and a Magdalen, etc. In the lobby, is the "Infant Dreamer," by Wyatt, embodying the image of these verses:

"Who can tell what visions high,
May lighten e'en an infant's dream,
Ere sin defile or error dim
The glory of the Seraphim."

Then, up the winding stairs, and through the great crowd to the Panorama of London, by moonlight; the gallery where you stand, corresponds to the outer gallery of St. Paul's: and the picture is so perfect, that it is some time before the first illusion is dispelled. The shops are all lit up, and Cheapside and the Strand, stretch away, in far bright lines. The river gleams in the moon-beams, crowded as usual; the Bridges are lit: Christ's Church Hospital is there; New-gate Market is before you, and for miles away on all sides stretch the street lights. You listen for the carriage roar, and look for the throng of passengers in the streets, and it is some time before you realize that it is merely a painted city. They got up a thunder shower finely, and what seemed like an aurora, afterwards; both however, were done very well.

26TH.—Rode down to see the Abbey, where met W., as appointed; but took cab there for the Regent's Park Barracks, to visit a Bazaar opened to-day in the Riding School for the distressed Irish, in which the stalls were kept by

the ladies of the aristocracy. It was opened by the Queen. When we arrived, paying a crown for our entrance fee, the Queen and her suite were within; no very great crowd was present. On the right of the large Square, in front, the Horse Guards were drawn up, looking finely; all six feet high, on black chargers, in their showy uniform; in front of the entrance, stood three bands on foot, and three mounted bands, playing. Officers of the Royal Guards on foot, lined the passage; and a crimson cloth was spread from the doorway to the carriage. I got in the front, next to one of these officers near the carriages, and presently the bands struck up "God save the Queen;" the Marquis of Londonderry, fine looking in his full uniform as Commander of the guards, with stars and orders, bowing and backing out in front: and then came the Prince and Queen in plain dress, said to be in mourning for the Archduke Charles, of Austria; the Queen stood within a few feet from me for some quarter of an hour, and I had a full view of her. She wore a blue barege dress, and light green sherred bonnet, in rather bad taste. The outline of her face resembles her pictures, but she was very heated and haggard, and looked pimpled; she is a lively, rapid talker; exceedingly plain; and scarce five feet high. The Prince Albert, on whose arm she leant, is fine looking, and just like his pictures. They both had bouquets in their hands, bought within; and the ladies in waiting, were laden with the articles of the Fair; some of these were very handsome; all entered their carriages;

the Queen's was a four horse open Barouche, perfectly plain black, with postillions and outriders. I raised my hat like the rest, but there was no cheering, though all present seemed pleased. Next came the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, old, but still fine looking, with the Prince George of Cambridge, who is young and handsome; and some ugly little German Princes, all with their respective suites. After they left, we entered the room; here were about a dozen stalls, covered with rich fancy articles, kept by over one hundred ladies of rank. The grand stall at the extreme right end, was kept by the Marchioness of Londonderry, a fine looking lady of about fifty; near her, on the right, was her daughter, the beautiful Lady Alexandrina Vane, dressed in a blue silk bodice, buttoned with brilliants, set with diamonds; fine black hair, and large expressive black eyes, with an oval face and pleasant expression, her manner was agreeable; of her the Queen had just purchased one hundred guineas worth, as she said; next to the Marchioness, in the stall and on her left, stood the daughter of Sir Robert Peel; young and pretty—a miniature of her father—and some others, ladies of rank, all busy selling; next, to the left was the stall of the Countess of Guernesey: she was dressed in a light colored spencer and a lace dress, good looking, and apparently about midway in life, with her daughters; next, the Countess of Jersey, with her lovely daughter, the flower of the peerage; the Lady Villiers who stood before her; with delicate and light complexion, blue

eyes, light brown hair, and arch expression, in a plain black silk dress with diamonds. Near here was the stall of Lady Loundford: her two daughters who kept it were two gems of beauty; with dove colored dress, quite plain; no bonnets; chestnut hair, blue eyes, fine figures, and some exquisite brilliants and bracelets. Next, the little Hebes in the Fancy Stall; and then the stall kept by the Duchess of Gloucester; passing some more stalls on the right of the Lady Beauclerc and others, and of the Countess of Limerick; in front, was the stall of Mrs. Mountjoy Martyn, sprightly and still in her beauty, formerly a celebrated belle, and somewhat like Lady Villiers, though much older, and not so pretty; and then the stall of the Marchioness of Clanricarde. These are not one half of the list. The crowd of buyers were mainly of the nobility; the Duchess of Sutherland, still looking splendidly, came in leaning upon the arm of Hon. Mr. Howard, (Percy,) and the Countess of Aylesbury, and many others, all superbly dressed; the reigning mode seemed to be white worked lace skirts, with satin spencers of gay colors; the room was crowded, and all of course seemed to feel at home. It was an unequalled sight; spent nearly three hours there; left through the crowds of coronetted carriages for home. In the afternoon went to the Zoological Gardens, in Regent's Park. These are on a magnificent scale; the grounds looked finely, clothed in their early verdure; drove down to the city, and dined at home.

27TH.—Went out early to the Park of the Horse Guards, to see the review ; paid half a crown, got within the inner circle, near the staff. Here, in a grand square, were two thousand troops of the Household Guards, including the two squadrons of the Horse Guards, looking in splendid order. When I entered, three foot-bands, numbering about one hundred and fifty musicians, were marching around the inside of the hollow square, formed by their ranks, playing together the march from *Il Puritani*, in superb style. To the left, and very near me, sat, on horseback, the Duke of Wellington, in full uniform, as Field Marshal ; his face is like his pictures, but his present uniform improved his appearance wonderfully. He rode a fine charger. Next him was the Prince Albert, in a full Hussar uniform ; next, the Russian Grand Duke, Constantine, in a green uniform, young and slender ; the Duke of Cambridge, the Marquis of Londonderry, and others, all in splendid uniforms with their stars and orders. The troops marched and counter-marched before them. The two mounted bands of the Horse Guards, played, drawn up before them, and then all together marched off towards St. James' Palace. It was an elegant day, and the sight was superb. I followed them, and got a fine seat in a Balcony of the Palace-chamber, right at the gateway of the Color Court of St. James' Palace. It was the drawing-room, held for the Queen's birthday ; presently, a squadron of the Horse Guards drew up before me, with the grand double-mounted

band, and, just inside of the color Court, were two foot bands. These played by turns for more than three hours, from about 12 o'clock, P. M., the review closing at 11; the carriages began to come down St. James' Street, and continued in unbroken lines for over three hours. The equipages were magnificent; the harness with heavy silver and gold mountings; the horses of high blood and training; the livery in every color of the rainbow: the carriage tops were studded with coronets; the ladies within, were in full and magnificent dress, with ostrich plumes, and diamond tiaras of every form and style, in all several thousands. Next day's "Times" had over four columns of names of those presented. I watched them come and go for over three hours, from my quiet seat, looking down over the enormous crowd, who were kept in perfect order by the ranks of police, who formed a large open square for the carriages. It was interesting to see such perfect quiet, in a mass of several thousands, preserved by about one hundred policemen.

In the evening walked through Regent Street, and by the Clubs and Waterloo Place, to see the illuminations. The streets were choked with the crowd. The illuminations were mainly in the Royal shops, and the Clubs; chiefly with gas, arranged in stars, crowns, wreaths, and festoons, with the V. R. in the centre: Howell, and James' shop, in Waterloo Place, whose Balcony of fifty feet in length was festooned in gas light, and Holme's shop, like-

wise, and one opposite, with the censer lamps of the Clubs, and the grand Star wreath and Crown in colored lights, on Her Majesty's Theatre, were the finest. The gas formed a brilliant and steady illumination.

28TH.—Went out about 11, A. M. Called at Mr. L.'s, 32 Tavistock Square, then at R.'s; then drove down to Dr. Mackenzie's office, No. 4 Queen Square, Westminster; after a pleasant chat and lunch, his clerk went over the Abbey with me. The guide showed us through the various smaller Chapels very hurriedly. James Watt, by Chantry, Shakspeare, Southey, Major Andre, Canning, Dryden, Wolfe, Mansfield, and the Roman Figures behind this, struck me as some of the finest, in my hasty view; service was commencing, and we went in the choir. It is plainly fitted up: the service was not as well sung as at Durham. Admired the Roofs of the Nave, Choir, and Transepts. Weather to-day is very warm; over 80° in the shade, and the Regent Quadrant is crowded with carriages. Came home; evening at a Sociable at the house, given by the Misses Ayres, to the guests; very pleasant affair. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft called on me in the afternoon.

29TH.—Went out about 10, A. M., and called on Lord Brougham, at No. 4 Grafton Street, New Bond Street. Sent in introduction; he was occupied at the moment; going to leave town in a few moments. Sent out his regrets, and requested me to call on Monday, before 11, A. M. Then went to R.'s, who gave me a tasting order for

the Wine Vaults of the London Docks. W. met me here, and we went together to the Docks; calling on C., in Austin Friars, by the way. Walked some quarter of a mile along the Quay to Cooper's East Vault. There are eleven other Wine Vaults in this Dock, but not so large as this, which covers eleven acres. Took guide and lamp and walked over it; it is always lit with lamps, and is of stone, arched and passes under several streets. The floor is about of the river level, and ten feet below the quay-top, or street-level. All the passages or streets in it, are railways, and on all sides are casks of wine; the oldest here is twenty-six years old. Only Port and Sherry, and mainly the first, are kept here. We, of course, tasted the Port, which was very fine—and the Sherry. Returned home to go to the Opera with R. and wife, to hear Don Giovanni at Covent Garden, sung by Grisi, Persiani, Alboni, &c.; a triple Orchestra and double chorus; had a box in the second tier. Persiani did not sing as effectively as Grisi. The general effect with such uncommon power, and new appointments, was surprisingly fine. The Queen and Prince, with suite, were there, and remained until the Ballet.

30TH.—SUNDAY—Went to the Chapel of the Foundling Hospital. The proportions of the room are very fine; its size is about that of Whitehall, and is of Corinthian style. The music, with the anthem of "The heavens are telling," by Miss Rainsforth and some two hundred and fifty of the

children, was beautiful. The Chapel was crowded; we had a good seat in a friend's pew, and an excellent sermon on the Trinity, by the Chaplain. Waited a few moments after service, and saw the children go to dinner; one of the youngsters saying grace before them; then into the girls' room. About three hundred children, neatly dressed, healthy, and happy, are supported here till twenty-one years of age, and, if sick, come back here afterwards; this is the famed charity of Captain Coram. Walked through the fine Council-Rooms, where are some choice paintings; the Magi, Hagar, Pharaoh's Daughter, Hogarth's March to Finchley, and to the Dormitories, Lavatory, &c., all in perfect order and neatness, with some elegance.

After dinner drove about Hyde Park, with the ladies in Mr. C.'s carriage; made a short call on Mackenzie in the evening.

31st.—After calling again on Brougham, who had left for the House of Lords, to sit on appeals, leaving a message for me to meet him in the House, and an order for tonight; returned home, and went with Mrs. H. and Miss L. to the House. After passing through the great crowd, entered the grand vestibule; the inner one is paved richly with encaustic tiles; in the Royal motto, and three Lions, in gold and crimson: high florid Gothic windows, richly stained, and ceiling emblazoned in gold and crimson. The door-arch is gilded, and, with numerous figures of Lions

and Unicorns, richly done; the door itself is of polished brass, full of rich tracery of figures; the view hence of the room is superb. Its ceiling is some eighty feet high, covered with gold ornaments, and richly emblazoned pendants; long, florid Gothic windows stretch down the sides to the tiers of red morocco seats on each side. At the lower extremity, about sixty feet off, is the throne, under a rich Gothic Canopy of Crown and Dome; a mass of gilding and ornaments standing upon a Dais of four steps, which are covered with a crimson carpet, bearing the Royal Arms. Before this is the Woolsack—an immense oblong red ottoman; on this lay the gold Mace and Purse, and before this is a long oak table, at whose end sat Lord Cottenham, in his robes as Lord Chancellor; on his right was the Clerk of the House, on his left, upon the front bench, behind a small writing-table, sat Lord Campbell and Lord Brougham, the only Lords present. Beyond, at the bar, and facing the throne and the Lord Chancellor, were the three counsel engaged in the argument of a cause of the Great Western Railway, on appeal from Queen's bench. I sent my card in to Brougham, and was immediately shown through a fine side lobby, on the right to the Robing Room of the Peers, which is superbly finished in the same style as the House; it is just immediately behind the throne. In a few moments the Chancellor stepped out, passing me, his pages bearing his train, and Brougham came in. He was affable in his manners, spoke much and with great interest

of our New York constitutional convention ; regretted that he had not received any documents yet ; made numerous inquiries as to our judiciary reforms ; wished me to attend the debates at 5, P. M., of his House, and would introduce me on the floor without any order, and also to attend a meeting of the Law Amendment Association, at 21 Regent Street, on the 5th instant, at 3, P. M., where he presides ; and then introduced me on the floor of the House, and gave me a seat on the throne steps. He was dressed in plain drab—carelessly—his hair is white, though yet full ; face is like the pictures. The Chancellor soon returned and he had to take his seat. I waited awhile ; the counsel grew tedious, and I joined the ladies, and put them in a cab ; went to the city. Received letter from S. N. D., (May 13th ;) spent some time with D. ; at 4, P. M., mounted saddle horse, with Miss L., with groom, and had a splendid ride through Regent's and Hyde Parks, and a gallop over Kensington Green. It was a fine day, and a great crowd was out ; evening at home.

JUNE 1st.—Went down to the city, morning ; bought writing case, etc. ; wrote to S. N. D. S. and C. ; evening with Herman, 40 George Street ; engaged to meet him to converse in German and French ; the rest of the evening spent in a pleasant visit at Mrs. A.'s, 37 Gordon Squares.

2d.—Went through the Tower and Tunnel, walking

across to Rotherithe ; pleasant day ; lunched at Mrs. A.'s. Evening met first at Mr. Herrman's, as agreed.

3D.—Started with Mr. B. and wife, and other ladies, by Paddington Rails to Slough, and then took Barouche, driving through Windsor Park, passing the Castle, Eton College, the Statue of Charles I., and Virginia Water, to Ascot Heath. Left our carriage and went upon the Grand Stand, really a four story hotel ; below, was the lawn ; on the left, was the Queen's Stand, and beyond it many other Stands. On the right is the New Mile Post, where stands the Starter ; in front of the Queen's Stand, is the judge's box ; the course is about two and a half miles around on a flat heath ; but very few booths ; the people were crowding around the track. On this Grand Stand were many of the Nobility. I recognized the Marchioness of Londonderry, and the Lady Vane, the Countess of Limerick, the Countess of Guernsey, and the Countess of Jersey, and several others ; at half-past one, the Royal party arrived. First came the Earl of Errol, Master of the Buckhounds on a superb white horse ; then several huntsmen in scarlet livery ; then six carriages, each with four horses, postillions, and outriders ; the Queen, with the Duchess of Kent, Prince Albert, and the Grand Duke Constantine, sat in the second carriage, etc. Amongst the ladies, in the carriages, were, the Duchess of Sutherland and her daughter, the Lady Leveson Gower, and with them the Prince Leiningen.

They drove slowly through the track. The Queen wore a pink bonnet, and dress, with feathers; the carriages were plain and rich, open barouches, and the livery of scarlet; the Prince wore the Windsor uniform, blue, turned up with scarlet; it was, together, a fine sight. As soon as they occupied their stand, the races began. Not half the horses that were entered, actually ran. The finest run, was that for the gold and silver vase, presented by Nicholas, of the Russias. Seven horses, out of forty that were entered, ran; the horses were fine, and the race well run; Hero, winning by half a length. The vase was placed on a pedestal in front of the Queen. Her Majesty's silver plate in one of the lower rooms; the subject of which was, a "Stag hunter at the death," ornamented with chasing in relief, was next run for. There were one mile heats, every half hour; but none of the running was equal to Chester, and that course is far better. In the wings of the Queen's stand, was a great crowd of the nobility; but there is no position here whence you can see the whole course, as at Chester. It is more like our Union Course, Long Island, and were it not the fashion, none would go to Ascot Heath.

4TH.—Called on Charles H. D., of 24 Baker street, with the introduction of N. P. Willis. We started out together, and walked through the park, and to Westminster Hall; went into the Roll's Court; Lord Langdale was on the bench, and Barristers were arguing; then, into the Lord Chancellors' Court: Cottenham was on the bench, the purse

and mace before him; then, to the Vice Chancellor's Court, crowded like the rest; then, to the Queen's Bench: Lord Denman was presiding; and then, to the Bail Court, just adjoining; then to the Common Pleas, where Sir Thomas Wilde, Chief Justice, was presiding; all the Court Rooms are small; the tiers of benches, scarcely enough for the bar, are all in a line on the south side of the Hall, excepting the Rolls and the Chancery, which are on the second floor. The Equity Judges wore the Clerical black gown; the Law Judges, purple gowns, with ermine facing, and capes; the wigs of horse hair, differ according to degree; heard portions of arguments; they were no better than at home; the Queen's Counsel and the Sergeants occupy the front benches. Heard them in the Common Pleas; their style was flippant, and small; attorney-wise; coming out of the Courts, walked down to the river, passing the Milbank Prison and opposite to old Lambeth Palace. Returned, to go again through the Abbey; found the Artists there as usual, painting in every corner; spent some hours there. Evening, with Herman—French.

5TH.—Went off early, with Mrs. A., and other ladies in their carriage, to Dulwich; spent an hour, or more, looking over this collection; here are near four hundred paintings, by the masters; a great many of Cuyp's landscapes, Tenier's, and Claude's; a fine snow scene, by Cuyp; and also, a number of beautiful cattle pieces. The original "Spanish Flower Girl," by Murillo; also, by him, two

pictures of Spanish boys, one chewing a crust of bread. Several Guidos; a girl looking from a window, by Rembrandt; a Magdalen, by Annibal Carracci: Christ crucified, by Guercino, and the weeping Marys following; John preaching, by the same artist; a divine Mater Dolorosa, with the living tear drop on her cheek, by Carlo Dolci; an exquisite portrait of William Linley, by Lawrence; and many other gems, all finely arranged in a well lit gallery. This is called the collection of Sir Francis Bourgeois, bequeathed to him by Desenfans, who was painter to King Stanislaus; and were left by Sir Francis to this College, which was founded by Alleyn the actor, in Shakespeare's original Southwark company, for the support of twenty-four poor persons, and is kept up as of old. The ride through Camberwell thither, is beautiful. Returned, went to 21 Regent street, and attended, by Brougham's invitation, a meeting of the Law Amendment Society; some one hundred and fifty persons were present. Lord Brougham, on taking the chair, made a long address, on the abuses of the present system of Conveyancing, and on Constructions of the Statutes, and the benefits derived from the labor of his Society, this being its anniversary. He speaks rapidly, with abroad Scotch accent, but from a clear and full mind. Lords Ashburton and Campbell, were Vice Presidents. The Earl of Devon, a former Master in Chancery, seconded by Lord Yarmouth, moved the first general resolution. The Duke of Cleveland spoke; Lord Eglintoun, (of tournament fame,) was moving

the next resolution, and promising to be very dull, and more to follow ; so, after spending an hour there, I went out, and over to Leicester Square, at the Walhalla ; saw three or four of Warton's Groupes Plastiques. The Angel discoursing with Adam, was the best. In the evening called at Mackenzie's ; couldn't go to Garrick's Head, his son just come from Paris ; then called, pleasantly, in Tavistock Square.

6TH.—Went to St. Pancras's Church with Mr. A. and L. It is large ; somewhat like our Saint Bartholomew's, but twice the size ; a fine organ, and very crowded : dull sermon ; afternoon, wrote to D., and to Paris ; and at 6, P. M., went to Gordon Square, to a dinner party ; a pleasant affair.

7TH.—With Judge Gamble, of Georgia, took cars at Nine Elms Station, for Richmond ; and thence sauntered through Bushy Park to Hampton Court. The scenery, the whole way is delightful ; the park is over a mile through, with its fine horse chesnuts, twelve deep, on either side, and is one of the noblest in England. Drove up to the Old Lion Gateway, built by George II ; still beautiful ; walked through the fine grounds, to the east front of the Palace. It covers eight acres, is built of red brick, and faced and ornamented with marble ; this front is over one hundred feet high. Passing in through the old Gateways, Courts, and Corridors, entered the Galleries : here are over one thousand works of the masters ; nine or ten rooms full, besides, the superb Cartoons, and the exquisite tapestry, and water

colors, depicting Cæsar's triumphs; then went into the Great Hall, which is very high—Gothic, of oak, and gilded roof; with pendants, and stained and storied windows, with Wolsey's arms, name; and those of Henry VIII, and his wives, hung with Wolsey's Banners, and wainscoted with arras, stone floor and dais; a Music Gallery, richly carved, and recently restored; the taste of the whole, is admirable. Walked about the old palace, so full of Wolsey's genius yet; some fifty gentlewomen are now supported, and live here upon the Royal Purse; saw the old Grape Vine, some seventy-nine years old; its longest branch is one hundred and ten feet in length, in a glass house, apart and near the Orangery—of the black Hamburgh grape. They have plucked over two thousand bunches from it at once; on the twentieth of last February, they supplied the Queen's table with fresh grapes, from this vine. Walked about the gardens and into the Maze: it was a delightful visit. Home, by the omnibus to Regent's Circus. Evening—German, with Herrman,

8TH.—Taking the Slough rails and omnibus, went to Windsor, and went into the Chapel of the Knights of the Garter, one of the most beautiful in England. Entered by the south transept door; the roof and arches are groined and studded with the Royal Insignia: the Fleur de Lis Portcullis, the White and Red roses, the stars of the Order, and Escutcheons, all in gold and different colors. The great west window, stained with figures of the Knights of

the Order, perhaps two hundred in all, in full costume, is superbly done: it is about sixty feet high by forty in width. On the left hand here, near the west entrance, is the exquisite Beaufort Chapel; full of fine statues and effigies of the family, with gilt roof like the nave; two long and topaz-colored windows light it; the banners hang over the tombs; and near the entrance on the left hand, is a niche and reading desk, for the prayers: and a finely gilt fleur de lis railing encloses it. Upon the opposite side, behind such a railing, and lit by two superb lancet windows, one of topaz, and the other of amethyst; and under a ceiling groined in a demi-sphere, with emblazonings, is the tomb of the Princess Charlotte, one of the finest monuments in England; executed by Sir James Wyatt. In the back ground, the curtains of the tomb are disparted, wide and richly folded, (so true, that it needs reflection to believe them of marble,) showing the marble archway, from which the life size figure of the Princess, is rising in her shroud, which is thrown back in graceful folds; transport is on her face, her right hand rising upwards, and the left extended behind, as if winging her upward flight and putting away mortality. On either side of her, and kneeling on the first step at her feet, are two angels, as if just alighted there, looking up to her with affection. Upon the second step, in front, and covered with a shroud, lies her mortal body; below, upon the last step, kneel two enshrouded figures of mourners, weeping over her mortal body. The figures are

all full of life. The position of the lower figures, although enshrouded, and their sculpture is so perfect, that it needs not to show the face. The expression of the Princess is of calm security of bliss; the kneeling angels have this united to the expression of joy on receiving her to their company. The group may be in all, twenty feet high, by fourteen in width, of the life-size, and complete. Walked up the nave, with its great arches, so rich in gold and blazonry, and so rarely proportioned. Does not all remind one of the casement of that glorious Chapel in St. Agnes' Eve? Look east; there is the organ loft, supported below by concentric groinings, in mouldings unsurpassed; and the choir screen, of rare iron work; and the organ itself, with its pipes emblazoned in gold and scarlet; its gallery, on the

* "A casement high and triple-arched there was,
 All garlanded with carven imageries,
 Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
 And diamonded with panes of quaint device
 Innumerable, of stains and splendid dyes,
 As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings;
 And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
 And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
 A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of Queens and Kings.
 Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
 And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
 As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon;
 Rose-bloom fell on her hands together prest:
 And on her silver cross, soft amethyst,
 And on her hair a glory, like a saint
 She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
 Save wings for Heaven."

Eve of St. Agnes—Stanzas, XXIV. and XXV.

nave side, is a forest of carving, of black oak : and then the choir itself. All around are superbly carved and black oak stalls, each hung with the crown or coronet, helmet, hauberk, sword and banner, of King or Knight of the order, from the Sovereign, down. In the centre of the choir, under a leaden monogram, is the tomb of the Kings of England ; before you, and over the altar, is West's famous painting of the Last Supper ; and then, the great East Window, in solemn and full tints, presents the Transfiguration of our Lord ; on the left of the altar table, and about twelve feet in height, stands a screen of beautiful steel work : above this are two closets, screened and windowed, one in carven oak, and the other of stucco, for the Queen and her attendants. The roof of the choir like that of the nave, is rich in all emblazonry. The windows in the choir aisles are in rare stainings, after the antique, and covered with quaint inscriptions ; and the side chapels contain some fine monuments. In the right aisle, outside of the south corner of the altar screen, in a niche, and fastened by a chain, is a black letter bible ; under it, also in black letter, is the inscription, that—"the Bishop of Shrewsbury had placed this book here for godly meditation, and whoever shall read it aright, shall have forty days pardon ;" after the antique : below, on this aisle, and protected by a glass screen, are some paintings of the era of Henry VIII., representing the Meeting at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The organ of superb tone was playing whilst I was there ; and the choir ,

of some rare voices, were singing the anthem of "O, go your way into his gates, with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise." I then went through the State rooms of the Palace, the Waterloo Gallery; the Grand Chamber, where hangs the tricolor over Wellington's bust, annually renewed as the tenure of the Duke's manor of Strathfieldsaye, a part of the foremast of Nelson's flag-ship, "the Victory;" with the bust of the Admiral, and the walls studded with armor, well arranged; and then, into the State drawing room: a blaze of gilding, of immense height, with vaulted and pannelled ceiling; the sides, like those of the other rooms, are covered with exquisite Gobelin tapestry, which are set like paintings in rare mouldings, depicting the story of Queen Esther, with figures of the life size. One room is full of paintings, by Zucharelli; one, of the paintings of Claude; one, of Titian's; but, excepting the Gobelin tapestry, and the drawing room, they do not equal those at Chatsworth. Went up on top of the great Round Tower; hence, the view is superb; the parks and the long walk, stretch miles away; below you is Eton College; and on the left, the winding and beautiful Thames, now filled with club boats, preparing [for the regatta; Windsor Tower is at your foot, and Richmond afar off. Obtained an order to see the Royal Mews: went through them all; near forty stables, arranged in courts, with ante rooms, and saddle and harness rooms to each; clean as parlors; paved with stone, and of oak; and lit with gas, and warmed; here

were some one hundred of the best horses, the children's ponies, and several Arabians, sent as presents. The Queen's favorite, Comus, on which she is so often represented in pictures, Achmed and Dido; stand in oaken stalls, apart; each stall some six feet wide, stone floors, with clean straw, and grating; their cribs faced above with slate, and rollers on the edge, with chain halters on each side of the mouth, and groomed smoothly as satin: all the rooms are arched and ventilated at the roof and sides; and a brick paved walk, eight feet wide, with handsome closets, and bins: looked at the carriages, which are not showy, but plain and rich: adapted for Posting, for the Park; for Ascot; for the road, and for the street; and phaetons of all kinds; the finest of all is the Queen's travelling carriage, with moveable bed, extending through to the forward boot, lined with blue velvet, and with drawers and closets, like that of Napoleon's; then, the handsome Char a Banc, presented by Louis Phillippe; the Droskeys, Sleigh and Sled from Nicholas, and the harness; also some carriages of George III., George IV., and William IV. The harness is generally plain, with but few ornaments; saddles of all kinds: one a fine Turkish saddle; sleigh bells, etc., etc.; all in [exquisite order. Using Miss Ayres' name, went through the Queen's private gardens, at Frogmore, covering eight or ten acres, and finely arranged: walked some half mile through Conservatories of Roses, Grapes, Strawberries, Raspberries, and Oranges; many of them large and ripe,

with choice flowers; the grape vines are shoots from the Hampton Court vine. Returned to Windsor; lunched at the Castle Inn, and took rails home. Called in the evening at Albert Street and Gordon Square.

9TH.—Went in the morning, by Mr. R.'s order, to No. 53 Pall Mall, the exhibition of the new Society of Painters in water colors. The pictures are of large size; some of them were of the life size, with the effect of the gobelins. The finest were "the Cavans Well;" "the Father watching over his Child at prayer, before a Rood;" "Vanity;" "a housemaid neglecting her turnip paring, to dress her hair with flowers, before a glass;" "Prince Charles in the Island of Skye, No. 52; Evening, No. 55; La Prigioniera, No. 68; "the Pastor and Flock going to Church," so much like Ashford Church; No. 88;" "the broad Sun-glare of the Desert; No. 100; No. 104; No. 107; No. 114;" "the old building and the effect of the stained glass, No. 115;" Cromwell's Attitude, No. 118; "the monk in the cloisters, reading a pavement, brass, No. 123;" "the Sun-light and the general wakening, three feet by two, No. 129, the same as No. 18, No. 147; No. 153; and No. 161. The view from Round Tower, No. 215 Haddon Hall, gives a perfect view of the Dorothy Vernon's Terrace, and the old bay window, and the Yew Trees, with the Foot Bridge, No. 227, called "a thing to bless;" 'neath a bright moon, a beautiful girl, with flowing chesnut hair and blue eyes, at a well side, reading a letter with delight; No. 218—like a Car-

toon—the best figure is the adoring female on the left, and those on the camels; on the right there are near fifty figures in all, of the life size. There are many others worth memory, as Nos. 271; 276; 298; etc. The fresh vigor and energy given by this style, is superior to oil painting. Afternoon spent in the city; bought some Murrays, and made some business calls: afterwards, joined ladies and went to the Royal Botanic Exhibition, at the Regent's Park Gardens. Here was a great crowd, in full dress, and some beauty: four or five of the foot bands were playing, amid a great number of Tents and Conservatories, full of fine plants and fruits, systematically arranged. There were some splendid Heaths, Azelias, and Orchidacea. Stayed some three hours there. Evening, at Herrman's—German, as usual.

10TH.—Went down to the city; calling at R.'s, and meeting J. Y. W., in Oxford Street, went to the National Gallery of the Old Masters. Here are two hundred and thirteen pictures. In the first room are the well-known and engraved Hogarth's; and Wilkies Blind Fiddler, and Village Fete; Lawrence's Kemble, as Hamlet, and Mrs. Siddons; several Reynolds, and Gainsboroughs, on the stairway, Religion, and the Virtues, by Angelica Kauffman; then many superb Claudes, etc. The finest things there are the Ecce Homo of Corregio, No. 13. Murillo's Holy Family, No. 10; Mercury teaching Cupid to read, and DaVinci's Christ disputing with the Doctors, and St. Je-

rome's Dream ; Ganymede borne up on an eagle ; Christ raising Lazarus ; West's Christ Healing the Sick ; Venus attiring ; The Murder of the Innocents ; Rembrandt's Jew ; Venus and the satyr ; some Teniers, and some by Paul Rubens, and Vandyck. The Rape of the Sabines, No. 47 ; Cuypp's Landscape, the foreground of cattle, No. 74 ; Murillo's Spanish Peasant Boy ; Hogarth's marriage, à la mode ; the suite of six pictures, and the Brazen Serpent.

Next, went to Sir John Soane's Museum, at Lincoln's, Inn Fields : this is quite an art treasury, though a private collection ; he died about ten years since, leaving this to the nation. A large private house is crowded in every room and nook, with gems of painting and sculpture carvings, gems, medals, casts, freizes, designs, etc. The crypt is designed after Melrose Abbey ; the Egyptian room is full of Sarcophagi and Sphinxes ; there are many rare stainings ; a painting of Shakspeare is in the Tivoli Recess ; a Monk's Parlor, and the Oratory : and a collection of all kinds of objects of taste in a small space immense in number. Their catalogue occupies some eight hundred and eighty pages. Evening spent in the House of Commons. The galleries were full when I arrived, and after waiting a while at last obtained a seat. Mr. Miles, member for Bristol, was then speaking to a thin house. A bill had been introduced by the Ministers, relative to the management of Pentonville and the other prisons, and Sir George Grey, Under

Secretary of State, had said, in debate, that the Queen in council had resolved, not to transport any more prisoners, and Mr. Miles was talking dully upon the necessity of retaining the punishment of transportation. Sir Robert Inglis followed him, and spoke cleverly on the same side—Sir George Grey, rising frequently to explain; then Sir James Graham prosed away upon the same topic. The House filled up to about one hundred and fifty. Lord John Russell was in his seat. The Premier is short, not above five feet; and his face is like the pictures, wearing his hat on the back of his head, with plaid vest and light pants; he did not speak; I waited here for over two hours. The new Bude lights from the roof are fine: the House itself is mean, but the general appearance of the men is intellectual. There was a great crowd in expectation of hearing Mr. Hume's motion about Portugal, but it was postponed till to-morrow night, as Hume was not there. Sir Robert Inglis was the best speaker of the evening, he is not an orator; but an *au fait* and fluent talker. There is a certain quiet in the manner of the speakers, we might well imitate: but, except the debaters, the rest sit with their hats on, legs up, and some asleep; the only ceremony left here being a bow to the speaker on entering and leaving, and that they rise from their seats to speak. The Lords had risen, when I got down; the session is almost closed, so nothing could be expected of much interest.

11TH.—Went with B., of New York, down by the Great

Western Railway to Oxford, a ride of two hours; to the Angel Inn, the best here, though poor and exorbitant; those to whom I was introduced by Mackenzie, had left town, so took the Guide of the Inn, a tolerable fellow, and went to the Radcliff Library, mostly of medical books, of some sixty thousand in number. The symmetry and mouldings in its Grecian Dome, are fine. The books are handsomely arranged in arched alcoves around; the circle is paved with tessellated marble, and ornamented with some fine casts and antiques. It is situated in Oriel Street, just off the High Street; next went to the Bodleian, and leisurely passed through the lower rooms used as the Library. In a glass case at the entrance are some curiosities; Tippoo Sultan's Koran embroidered in satin; and also in silk are many Arabic, Coptic, and Sanscrit MSS.; Queen Elizabeth's Latin exercises in her own writing; a good bold hand; the original book of Enoch; a large book of the Signatures of those who have taken the Honorary Doctorates; and here is the name of Edward Everett. The Hall is lit with rich stainings, and low oaken ceiling, oak floor, and book cases, with gilt wires; venerable, quaint reading desks; and all over are books in immense numbers, some one hundred thousand. Went up the old oaken stairs to the Picture Gallery; here are some three hundred pictures of Chancellors, Men, and Masters, of all times, and among them some good Vandykes; capital portraits of Dean Swift, Jonson, Prior, Addison, and Pope, many fine

busts and models, particularly those of the Errectheam, and of the Maison Carre of Nismes with many finely sculptured archways, surrounded with book-cases. Our guide met us here, and conducted us to the old Divinity School. It has an exquisitely wrought Gothic stone ceiling, and is full of beautiful sculpture. Charles I. held his Oxford Parliament here and Oliver used it as a stable : then to the Convocation Room ; plain Gothic, with a lofty roof ; then to the Theatre, a splendid roof, finely painted, with the Muses, by Thoruville, is a circular form, with lofty dome, gilding, fine carving and Rostra, then to New College Chapel—most superb ; its east and west windows are by Sir Joshua Reynolds ; with the life size figures of the Virtues, and Christ's History ; here are some exquisite choir stained windows, and sculptures on the altar, by Westmacott, with a carved altar-screen, old crozier, and fine brasses, and richly tessellated pavements. Passing Trinity and Baliol Colleges, looked at the beautiful Gothic monument, erected lately to the martyr bishops, Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer : it is beautiful, with fine inscriptions ; then passed the Clarendon and the University Press ; looked into St. Mary Magdalen's Church ; it is fine, though somewhat in modern style. There is service here daily twice ; then to the old Church of " St. Peter in the East ;" the interior is modern, but there are some old stainings, and a fine old crypt, with an underground passage leading two miles off, to Godistowe Nunnery ; then to Christ Church ; in its Noble house

quadrangle : waited a few moments, and Dr. Pusey, canon of this Cathedral, and fellow resident of the College, came along from his rooms. His eyes were downcast ; sandy hair, projecting features, hurried gait, and earnest anxious look. He has just finished his ecclesiastical sentence of suspension, and he passed close by me, in his robes, to the Chapel, for the evening service, at 4, P. M. : followed to the Chapel, which is of Norman style ; sat in the Nave a few moments ; the choir sang very finely. Before me was the pulpit, where Pusey preached that sermon for which he was suspended : walked out into the beautiful alley, and around the fine meadows and gardens ; then went to old Merton, the oldest College here, of the time of the Conqueror ; walked through its monastic Library, with its oaken benches, and book frames, with chained books, oaken roof and floor, all of the Middle Ages ; to its ancient Chapel, its monument of Bodley, and fine altar-window and brasses, and ancient Quadrangle ; then to Magdalen College : entered through its fine gateway, over which is carved a beautiful Madonna ; admired the stone pulpit in the corner of the Quadrangle, where the sermon on St. John's day is preached, looked at the curious figures for its ornaments ; then into the fine gardens, walks, and meadows ; its splendid Park, and rare old trees ; the forty deer still kept according to the statute of Bishop Waynflete, the founder, were lying in the front Park : here are the old city walls, still in good preservation ; then to

Oriel College, looked around its spacious Quadrangle ; then to Addison's Walk, a fine alley bordering a meadow, overhung by beech, oak, and lime trees ; then came back to Queen's College, on the High Street ; its open dome over the arched entrance, covers a fine statue of Philippa, Queen of Edward I. Its Cloisters and Quadrangle are the finest here ; its Library is quite modern ; the ceiling is exquisitely moulded in flowers, birds, etc. There are many fine carvings, by Gibbons, upon the bookcases ; the floor is of polished oak ; a fine bust of Locke is on the mantel, set in a well moulded niche, with some good paintings ; the whole is in the Grecian style, and beautiful. Walked down to Magdalen Bridge ; hence is the best view of Oxford : the fine old tower of Magdalen, with its bluish brown stone, is before you ; beyond, is the superb Lantern Tower of Merton, the dome of the Radcliffe Library, and the spires of Christ Church, all rising from amongst the yews and elms of their fine Parks ; and, on either side, is the narrow and beautiful Isis, with its fine curves and rich meadows, and rolling country. Perhaps it is not equal as a landscape, to the view of Durham from the Prebend's Bridge.

Returning, dined poorly at the Angel ; took rails for town and arrived about ten, P. M., finding on table a note enclosing a bencher's order, to see the new hall and Library of Lincoln's Inn for to-morrow.

12TH.—Took the ladies and went down to Lincoln's Inn Hall ; it is very large, oaken roof, with gilt pendants,

stone floor, with many beautifully stained windows, and a rich oaken carved screen, at the foot, with figures, of life size, in wood carving; six of them in full costumes, as Bishops, Chancellors, and Judges. The tables were being set. The Gothic dome of the vestibule is beautifully wrought, and lit by stainings at the top, and is finer than that of the Temple Church. On the left of this dome is the hall, and, on the right, the library: an oblong room, oaken floor, and gilt carved oak, and gilded roof, with two fine saxon-arched windows at the ends; in the centre, and facing the entrance-door, is a superb window filled with the Royal arms, emblazoned in gold and crimson. The books are beautifully arranged, in three stories, with winding iron staircases, and writing-tables within railed recesses. The library is composed, two thirds, of miscellaneous books. Returning through the Fields, went over to Covent Garden Market; it being market-day, and late market at 1, P. M.; the best hour to see the Market, is 6, A. M. Strawberries were abundant, and enormously large: walked about on the terrace, and looked at the pretty show of flowers; and the fine view hence down the length of the Market. It seems a complete bazaar, and very neat and clean. Thence, went to Grave's shop, 6 Pall Mall, and looked at Powers' fine statue of the Neapolitan Boy, with conch-shell to his ear; then to the exhibition of the old society of Painters in water colors; they are inferior to those of the new society: went up to No. 44 Oxford street, and looked at the enormous glass candelabra,

15 feet high, ordered by Ibrahim Pasha, one of a pair, at a cost of £1500 : it is beautiful, chaste, and rich, with much fine mouldings, and engraving, and comes apart in sections for the voyage.

13.—SUNDAY.—Very showery, and misty. R. called in the morning, and left me an order for the Mint; called in the morning in Gordon Square. In the evening went to St. John's Chapel, Millman Row, and heard Reverend Baptist Noel; a good sermon, with an earnest manner, but plain, and without attempt at eloquence. Mr. Noel succeeded to the Rev. Mr. Cecil, as the minister of this Chapel.

14TH.—Went with B. down to Southwark, and, giving our names, went over the immense Brewery of Barclay, Perkins & Co. It covers six acres; and its usual product is ten thousand gallons of ale, porter, and stout, per week: four hundred men are regularly employed, and one hundred and eighty Yorkshire horses: went over every [part of it. The establishment is complete in itself, including coopers, and all other necessary trades: went through house after house; the first, with enormous coppers and mashtubs: all the floors are of iron. The malt is put in a mill between two rollers, of iron, and cracked: there are three or four of these mills propelled by steam, and then it is carried up in boxes, on inclined planes; each box holding half a quarter, and sixty going up hourly to the top of the great coppers, where it falls in, and is boiled, and then carried off by numerous tubes, into the mash tubs, where the liquor filters

through the bottom, then descends into great vats, with parachute-like copper tops, to take off the filth, and then with ranges of enormous vats, twenty-four feet square, and seventy feet deep, where it ferments; and then by many pipes to a house filled with hogsheads, linked together by pipes, whence it is carried into great cooling houses and refrigerators; then, by large underground pipes, to the great vat house, where there were nearly one hundred vats, some holding three thousand five hundred, and some near four thousand barrels, (each, of thirty-six gallons,) and arranged around a handsome gallery; and from these vats descend pipes through iron pillars, with faucets, whence the barrels are filled. The streets are crossed by their suspension bridges, at great heights; went through their stables, nearly as extensive; after the same style, and nearly as fine as those of Windsor. The firm consists of twelve partners, and has existed for nearly a century. Afternoon at home, writing, etc. Evening, with Herman, German.

15TH.—My order for the Mint took in five persons; with B. and D. and ladies, went down about 11, A. M.: the officers were very attentive, and explained the whole process; they were then coining sovereigns and half sovereigns—farthings, and a new silver crown piece, stamped like the Angel of Elizabeth's reign. The gold comes to the Mint in wedges; is placed under rollers and compressed into plates, and strips, of about two inches in width, and one yard long; is then drawn out by machinery, then cut

in thirds, then carried to a circle of punches, in shape like a notarial seal press, where the circle of gold is pressed, and cut out of the standard diameter, falling down into a kind of tray, and carried into the die presses, where, as it is stamped, a tongue of iron pushes it off, into a receiving trough, and supplies another piece of gold on the die. All the machinery is by steam power, and works to exactitude; something like five sovereigns a minute were being stamped. After going through the Mint, obtained an order, and went to view the St. Catherine's Docks, which are nearly opposite; they are more extensive than the London Docks; walked through near half a mile of warehouses, each of different goods, and each department in perfect neatness and order, extending in a grand square about the basin or dock. The warehouses are each some five stories high, and one hundred feet square, with stone pillars, and the lower floors of iron, with huge derricks in front, and everywhere the ticketed, labelled, and numbered porter, guard, attendant, and clerk, each in his place. Home writing letters rest of day, and evening.

16TH.—Very rainy. Morning down in city at Putnam's, writing notes etc., lunched home, and spent the afternoon writing and reading. Evening went to a dinner party; given at R.'s No. 5 Cornwall Crescent, Camden, fine dinner and house.

17TH.—Home all day, raining as yesterday, writing letters for steamer. Evening at Herman's.

18TH.—After making a few small purchases at the Pantheon, which is certainly one of the most beautiful Bazaars here: being larger than Stewart's with us, and greatly more elegant; including every thing like fancy articles of all kinds at quite reasonable prices and a fine conservatory; made a few calls first, and returned home early to go to the morning Dress Concert. At 1, P. M. at the Covent Garden Opera House the *Stabat Mater* was performed by this unequalled company, chorus and orchestra; nothing could excel Alboni in the "Fac ut portem;" "Inflammatu," as sung by Grisi, and the Duet, "Quis est homo," by Ronconi and Alboni. In the second part the whole company sang Rossini's last "La Carita," and we had the overtures to Semiramide, and Oberon; besides several exquisite solos by Salvi and Ronconi; true music can never be fully described. I can only say it seemed near perfection. The house was very full, and many there of the nobility. Evening spent with Dr. Herman in German conversation.

19TH.—Having on the 16th instant, received a long and cordial invitation, from Martin Farquhar Tupper, to come down to-day and spend it with him, at his seat in the Vale of Albury, near Guilford Surrey; took cab down to Hungerford Bridge, and then one of the iron steamers, called the "Wedding Ring," for the Vauxhall Bridge, and the Nine Elms Station; where, taking the half-past 10, A. M., rails for Guilford, arrived there about half-past twelve, and took

coach and drove four miles over to Albury. His seat is just out of the village; a house after the style of Charles the First's time; indeed, a portion of it was erected by his ancestors, at that period: and in the interior, it is but little changed: it is quite large, with a circular little park; where are some Lebanon cedars, French oaks, and fine yews. It is in the bosom of a sweet valley: its entrance is a Gothic portal, on the south side; and along this front, planted arbour-wise, grow many lovely climbing roses, at some considerable height from the ground. I sent in my card, and was ushered into the drawing-room; a large and beautiful apartment, at the west end of the house, with French casement windows; at either side of the door, are two large and richly inlaid cabinets; above the mantel is a superb Guido, a life size of Diana, rising with her crown, really beautiful; opposite, are some fine Teniers, and the remaining space is well covered with the masters; between the two further windows, on a composite pedestal, revolving, is a beautiful life-size statue of "The Girl tying her Sandal," by Schadow. Mr. T. told me that his father gave two hundred guineas for it; the furniture is in admirable taste; I waited a moment and Mr. Tupper came in, with a joyous welcome; he is short in person; his portrait which he gave me, will well enough depict him. We talked awhile together about America, and then he read me over two good poems, which he had just written at Ascot; then introduced his wife. He talked on, unrestrainedly, and with some power,

about men and books, and how pleasantly he lived here; said he liked, and corresponded with Willis and M. and particularly liked the book by the latter. Lunch was being prepared, and presently we went through the hall, hung around with portraits of his ancestors, in stern old Elizabethan ruffs and rapiers, to the dining room, at the other end of the cottage; this, like the rest, is filled with the masters; at the left corner of the further end, are some curious paintings upon marble, by the Chevalier Tempesta, and very ancient; he was a Cuypp of his time; there are four of them. The artist has left the veins of the marble exposed, when it was requisite to show the waves in the Red Sea, at the destruction of Pharaoh; the figures and animals are admirably done. We sat down together to a hearty lunch, seasoned by Tupper's fine way of talking, and of thought. After lunch, we started on a country ramble; it being a superb day; and walked together for miles, in earnest happy conversation, over hill and dale, now stopping to look at the noble prospect of distant hills, then at the fine farming valleys, forming a scenery altogether, more like Derbyshire than anything else: he pointed out a corner of a distant field, as evidently the site of a Roman Castrum, where he had recently found numerous Roman coins and tiles, which he afterwards showed me in his cabinet. Returning, after our delightful walk, we met his happy children on the green; his Selwyn and Ellyn, his Mary and Charles, and the rest; indeed, six in all: they are worthy of his poetry;

his eldest, Martin Charles Selwyn, is a noble boy, of perhaps eight years old. He had invited a neighbor, Mr. W. who had been in America, to meet me; we went up stairs together, to dress for dinner, and then he showed me the gold medal just presented to him by the King of Prussia, for his Proverbial Philosophy; and also a box, made from Washington's coffin, of oak, sent to him from America, with a sonnet, by A. W. Boynton. We soon sat down to dinner: a capital one, with excellent wine, (Bucellus,) and we talked together delightedly, for some three or four hours, about books, the notables of America, and my own contemplated tour: it seemed as though we should never finish. After dinner, he presented me with a copy of his "Thousand Lines," writing my name and his in it; also, a beautiful portrait of himself; and Mrs. T. gave me a fine bouquet from their garden. Presently the pony chaise was brought up, as we meant to make a circuitous drive, down to Guilford; we mounted, parting like friends of long years. Mr. Tupper drove me first, along an elevated road, commanding extensive and rich prospects; then, over the sward, into a Druidical circle; here were huge service trees, over thirty feet in girth; we alighted and measured one; it was very curious, as at the bottom, from eighteen feet high down to the ground, a yew had grown thriftily upon it, whilst the top was blooming, with service berries; a little further on, in the distance, is the picturesque ruin of St. Martha's Church, now being restored; and rising the hill, a

long way off, we saw the Towers of Windsor, and the long smoky outline of distant London: the view here extended for forty miles each way. We soon got to Guildford, and driving down the main street, looking quaint, like York. I alighted a moment, and ran into Archbishop Abbott's Hospital, founded here in sixteen hundred and sixteen, for a master and twelve men; a plain, open quadrangle, with some fine stainings in its little chapel; at a turning, near here, just around the corner, is the house where the Archbishop was born. We looked at the fine old Castle of Guildford; the quaint old Saxon and Norman Churches here; and at last, got to the station, promising to correspond; and with many warm wishes, and good counsels he took his leave, and I arrived home, about 10, P. M.

20TH.—After breakfast, wrote to Tupper; and went to church at the chapel of St. Margaret, of Westminster; poor sermon; fine church and music. The interior is quite new; spent the afternoon at home, writing and study. Evening at 37 Gordon Square; D. met me there, and spent an hour afterwards with me at my room.

21ST.—Furnished with an introduction to Dr. Hartwell Horne, I went this morning to the British Museum; and going through the Gallery of Antiquities and the Egyptian Gallery, and the Townley collection, I reached the Library door, which was closed to the public to-day: it was, however, opened to me; and going through many grand rooms, at last found Dr. Horne, in one of the MSS. rooms, leaning

against a pillar, in conversation with a group of gentlemen, the Assistant Librarians: he received me with the utmost courtesy; and, (it was half-past 10, A. M., when I first met him,) he left me only, at the outer entrance, at 3, P. M. I need not write out another, and feeble description of this Museum; to do so, of course, would take a volume. Dr. Horne conducted me to the great library of George III: presented by George IV., in eighteen hundred and twenty-two; a most superb collection and room: with fine oak floor; superb pillars of marble, and finely moulded ceiling: then, into the great room: its extreme length is eight hundred feet, completely lined with books, for three and four stories high; at the upper end is the Authors' Reading Room, and so great is the distance, that although forty or fifty Librarians and assistants are employed, a book is waited for from ten minutes to half an hour. The floors are of stone; the roof of brick, and arched to sever it from the next floor; the heat is from steam pipes; the books are in strong brick cases, thickly stowed, and covered mostly with net-work of brass wire; the book cases are placed in square recesses, in which are desks for the librarians; along the centre, in elegant cases of oak, covered with single glass plates, are contained the great treasures of the Library; a great number of these, Dr. Horne showed me; here were several Caxtons; Pope's Homer, in the original MSS., on the backs of letters, in his own hand; Shakespeare's autograph; also, Luther's and Melancthon's, upon their own

original bibles; Lady Jane Grey's prayer book, with autograph; Elizabeth's psalter, in Norman French, in her own hand, and with her signature: the first copy, printed fifteen hundred and twenty-two, of the Complutensian Polyglott; another Polyglott, printed in fifteen hundred and sixteen, the earliest in the world; Miles Coverdale's bible, the first and original copy: and in taking this down, Dr. Horne observed that it was the author of a very pleasant incident to him: on the fly leaf, is the date: October 4th, 1538; which is thus, the date of the *first* entire English scriptures; he took it down about May, eighteen hundred and thirty-eight, and he remembered then, that the next fourth of October, eighteen hundred and thirty-eight, would complete three centuries from its first publication: the thought struck him with great force: he immediately wrote a memorial to the clergy, upon the propriety of a jubilee on that day, and which, by the almanac, came on a Sunday; he made addresses on the subject to the convocation of the church, and his design was at length adopted. Sermons in commemoration of so great an event, were delivered that day in all the churches here; and the Bishops Doane and McIlvane, as he had understood, likewise preached on the same day, and for the same purpose in America. He told it with simplicity and deep feeling. Tyndal's new testament, in the original edition, is also in the Library, but I did not see it. There are great numbers of exquisite and large specimens of binding in gold and pearls, as early as Henry

IV. of France; and also, many original Aldine classics with autograph notes, by Erasmus and Casaubon; Lord Chief Justice Hale's original MSS. and autograph, and many hundred other learned curiosities. We went together over the whole Library, into the Harleian and Cottonian MSS. room; into the vaults of the Newspapers and Periodicals; looked at the fifty or sixty authors, who were then busy in their reading room; then into the museum, and into the Egyptian rooms, where is the Rosetta stone; the Mineralogical room, the Etruscan room, and of the Bronzes; the rooms of the Natural History; and those of the Elgin, and the Townley marbles, and the Gallery of Antiquities; and he left me at the entrance, at the above mentioned time. Engaged on Saturday, to go with him to Christ's Church Hospital, and the Heralds College. Mr. Horne is of short stature, plain face, and meek, earnest manners; says he will be sixty years of age in two or three days. He wears the Clerical dress: being rector of "St. Edmond's, by the Wardrobe," in the city; a living worth £300 a year, out of which, he has to pay in yearly taxes, £100. He told me he was left an orphan, at eight years old, and went to Christ's Church Hospital: left at fifteen, being then, one of the upper Grecian boys: there was then but one exhibition at the University of Cambridge, from this school, and it took more interest than he possessed to obtain it. He had taught himself Hebrew, and several modern languages; had been twenty-two years, come next Michaelmas, in this

Library, and had spent several years in digesting a classified catalogue, in which, in his own department of Theology, he had made great progress; when Brougham introduced Panizzi, (who speaks seventeen languages,) as a Librarian: and Parliament ordered Horne's plan to be given up, and an alphabetical catalogue to be commenced: they had since spent some years on this, and were now engaged, (some forty men in all,) upon the letter D. There are about four hundred and seventy thousand books here; and this number is continually increasing. They have a nearly complete collection of American books, I believe, nearly forty thousand, as he said, of law books, and others; of every book printed in England, and entered at the Stationers' Hall, a copy is sent here. A copy of each newspaper when two years old, is deposited here and bound for judicial reference. Parliament grants to the library £20,000 annually; there are in all some sixty librarians and assistants. No fires, lights, or sealing, are allowed. Every night, a watchman makes a tour of the whole building to detect fire, or persons secreted. Dr. Horne had only known of one instance of the latter, and this was some one who had fallen asleep from fatigue. No fees, whatever, are allowed. Every one, on a proper order from the directors, can use the books, which are not allowed to be taken from the rooms. He described everything minutely to me: spoke very intimately of the U. S., of the Church there, and of the Onderdonk affair. — He was a Low

Churchman himself, and thought the present Cabinet had fully sustained its pledges to the Church, except in Watson's Bill, which he called Popish. Introduced me to Professor Lee, the Orientalist, at Cambridge. Said his time was perfectly systematized; Saturdays, and the time occupied in riding up and down by the omnibus, were the only seasons he had for reading. Showed me Mr. Kewerston, the celebrated Sanscrit and Arabic scholar, now engaged on a Polyglott, and the Ignatian Epistles, etc., and mentioned that they had also a Chinese scholar there, and that the prayer book in Chinese was nearly printed, etc., etc. Every librarian has to make a daily report to the directors, of his progress, through the day, in his allotted task. The best account of the whole Museum and library, Dr. Horne thought was in the Penny Cyclopaedia.

22D.—Rose Early and drove over to the Eastern Counties Railway Station, where I met D. and Sidney A.; took rails at 7. 15, and got to Cambridge at 9; breakfasted at the Bull Inn, an excellent House; called on Professor Lee at Trinity; term over, and he had gone up to his Rectory at Barley, Herefordshire. After breakfast, and whilst sitting in front of the house, Mr. Robert B., of New Rochelle, N. Y., who was down here on a visit passed the door and recognized. He was engaged in copying pictures, and brought his brother down, who is a commoner at Corpus Christi, who kindly devoted the whole day to us. Went first to King's College

Chapel, looked at its beautiful carvings and stainings, and noble proportions, went up above the roof, and had a noble view—Then to the Senate Hall, now being fitted up for the Installation of Prince Albert as Chancellor; then, into the beautiful gardens, and over the bridges, looking at St. John's College, and its superb new buildings; then to Trinity College, went through its fine court, to the chapel; here are the statues of Newton, Dr. Wordsworth, Porson—old Hooker, and others, with fine oak carvings, and good altar painting; then to the library, rich with the carving of Gibbon, and Thorwaldsens divine Statue of Byron. In one corner, in a recess is the Lycidas in Milton's own hand. The last line in the MSS. is all that is corrected; it is thus ending, leaving his own corrections for euphony: "To-morrow to fresh fields and woods new," and also his sketch or design, and dramatis personæ, for the Paradise, also, Newton's own, self-made, original Telescope; a beautiful Roman tessellated table, and the sides of the Room are every where ornamented with superb Busts by Roubillac. We then went into the great Hall;—a noble gothic-room. Over the front gateway of this College, are the four rooms which Newton always occupied, in no way altered now. We went through the gate of Honor to old Causis; looked at old Sidney Sussex, Cromwell's College, then to Corpus Christi, and went into its fine hall; Archbishop Teunison presides here yet; and then into the Fellow's Combination room; then, to Christ's College and the Garden (Milton's); who was a Fellow

here; they show a fine mulberry, said to have been planted by him, and I plucked some fine roses here; near by is the great Fish pond, with the giant carp said to be 72 years old: a whale among the rest; then to St. Sepulchre's or the Templar's Church. The Nave is of the 8th, or 9th century; Two encaustic tiles were shown me as found here lately, evidently very old, but still quite fresh and the Church is paved with tiles like them. It is of course like the Tomb, and the Church at Jerusalem; the east window is beautifully stained. How much the Templar's helmet is like this Nave. There are no Templar's Monuments here. A very fine Organ, completely concealed behind a stone Screen; it was playing as we entered, next to the University Library, it is of course very extensive, the ceiling is moulded in the Elizabethan style, but the new room with its fine bold arch and Grecian mouldings is one of the finest things here; the old rooms are now coming down, all to be rebuilt in this style; then, to the Fitzwilliam Gallery where there are some two hundred masters; the Rembrandts are very fine, also a Madonna by Carlo Dolci, and many other gems, but there are much better collections; they showed me here Queen Elizabeth's virginal book containing some eight hundred pages of quarto music for Corantos, Galliards etc., arranged and written by her masters, beautifully done; the stave used was of six lines; then, went down to King's College Chapel again, and delightedly listened to the exquisite music of the evening service; then, to our Inn and home at 10, P. M., a bright day.

23D.—Very showery. Made a few calls in the morning; spent the afternoon in writing etc., evening with Dr. Herman.

24TH.—Went down with Mr. R. and Dr. C. to Rosher-ville Gardens, Gravesend, rather pretty, but too rainy for enjoyment; evening went to the Princess's, and heard Charles Matthews and Madame Vestris in "Used up" etc.; an exceedingly clever performance.

25TH.—Too rainy to go to Woburn Abbey as I had designed; made a few calls etc. in the morning, studied German and finished letters to U. S. in afternoon; evening at Dr. Herman's.

26TH.—Went down to the Surrey Zoological Gardens in the morning, very ordinary; afternoon at home; evening saw Buckstone, Miss Nisbett and Webster, in "Love Chase" and "Jacobins" at the Haymarket; very excellent.

27TH.—Sunday. In the morning pursuant to invitation from Thomas Hartwell Horne; went down to his Chapel of St. Edmond, King and Martyr in Lombard street, a very ancient parish, but the Church has recently (1833) been beautifully restored. He reads the service with reverence and understanding, and in a mild tone; preached an excellent sermon; after service introduced me to his wife, and then we went together to Christ's Church Hospital. As we entered the new great Hall, the Organ was playing, and the Choristers singing beautifully their short Psalm before dinner; presently we entered the superb new room, 25 years old; Gothic; something like

Hampton Court Hall; 250 feet long, with fine paintings of James II, and Visits of Victoria and Albert, and rich in stained windows. Nine hundred and seventy Blue Coat Boys sat down to a dinner of Roast Beef and Salad. Dr. Horne showed me his grandson here; told me that fifty-two years ago, when he entered, the fare was poorer. Coleridge and Charles Lamb were here with him, and in his class; he said Coleridge was of a serious turn, and of remarkable conversational powers, and would often gather around him knots of boy listeners to his stories; he owed him personally a deep obligation for urging him to study harder, whereby he became Upper Grecian. Leaving this Hall we went all around the extensive buildings; then took cab and drove to Mr. R's., dined with a large party. Evening passed at home.

28TH.—Went down with D. to Westminster Hall and saw the Exhibition of Historical Paintings, ordered by commission of Parliament; 150 in number; all were good, and some were superb, No. 7, the figure of Peace and the Queen: The Burial of Harold: The Pilgrim Father's: The Battle of Menee: Christ's "Suffer little Children," and Design for painted window and many others. M. F. Tupper came and dined with me in the evening.

29TH.—In the 8 30 A. M. train to Tunbridge, driving through a beautiful country, rolling and rich; took carriage thence, and drove 7 miles over to Knowle Park, the seat of the Earl of Amherst, former Ambassador to China. The road winds over lofty hills and the views are nearly 40 miles in ex-

tent, and of the finest character. We arrived soon at the Seven Oaks, the pretty village at the Gate, and walked some half an hour before the gates were opened, in the Park. It is magnificent ; studded with huge ancestral oaks and elms, and rolling hills of grand extent, with deer. The scenery looks like the Windermere country. We entered the Palace by the fine Baronial Hall : it is antique, and rich in carvings and paintings. There is the Old Music Gallery, and the Dais for " My Lord " opposite. We went through many Galleries of Paintings, some are very fine : in the Brown Galery is a portrait of Ninon de'lEnclos, taken at the age of 70 years, beautifully executed, she was even then very lovely. The rooms retain their antique furniture ; rich silver fire dogs, (which have been copied in the Pictorial Shakspeare :) and here is the room where King James I. slept on a visit here, in one of his progresses, and well preserved, with the bed in rich embroidery, tables, mirrors, and toilet furniture all of silver and fine arras ; a great many fine paintings by Kneller and Lely, a very fine head in the corner of the sitting room, by Rembrandt ; some Guidos and Corregio's. From the fine old bay windows of the drawing room the view over the exquisite Gardens and Park is delightful. The house is very ancient, being first built in the reign of King John ; irregular and massive, without much exterior ornament : castellated, but the round towers and keeps, &c., have gone ; and now it is composed of but two irregular quadrangles successively ; a fine old Chapel with stainings, and latticed pew for my Lord. The road from the Gate, winds

for near a mile, up elevated ground, and the chance views of the house through the grand trees are fine. We spent some two hours here, and then drove over to Penshurst; it is seven miles off; returning on the same road, and turning off some three miles from Tunbridge. The front of Penshurst Place is more imposing than that of Knowle, but it is smaller and more recent, built in the reign of Edward VI. We first entered the fine old Parish Church adjoining: in the choir aisle are the tombs of the Sidneys; Sir Philip lies here in effigy, and there are many others of the family there; it is a noble old Church, with a fine tower, near which a gateway leads to the Place; its Baronial Hall has been disfigured by attempts at frescos, which are unfinished; but the oak roof is uninjured; in the centre are massive fire irons, and a fireplace very ancient. The house is now in great disorder: there are many fine portraits of the Sidneys, and also Sir Philip's sword, Buckingham's bridle, &c., Queen Elizabeth's room, with her state bed and the furniture of the room, embroidered with her own hands, is left in its original richness; with fine arras hangings, and many fine paintings. The old disordered armory has many relics; Charles I's boots, and many pieces of armor of that and earlier times. Lord de Lisle is its present owner, and he is a Sidney, in the Life Guards: the exterior has been repaired, but the interior is neglected: the Park is pretty; the moat and parapet are planted with flowers; the roses were in full bloom here, as everywhere else about this country, climbing over the hedges and cottage

thatch. Returned to Tunbridge, and while dinner was preparing, visited the fine ruins of the Castle here: the great tower, with the moat, and part of the look-out tower alone, remain: it stands some 70 feet high, above the Medway river; it was built by the Conqueror, and is of enormous size and strength. The views here are most beautiful, with the heavy foliage, clustering thick, and climbing to the summit. The earth has filled up the look-out tower, and it is now a garden. After dinner at the Rose and Crown we returned to town.

30TH.—At home in the morning; in the city on business in the afternoon.

JULY 1.—Went with Mr. R. over the Bank of England. Its buildings cover 4 acres; 900 clerks and subordinates are employed. Went through every portion except the vaults; admired the ingenious machinery for weighing Sovereigns, numbering pages of books, the Tell-Tale to announce the number of printed sheets, and the exhaustion pump to cool the atmosphere produced by the hot air pipes. Spent two hours at the Bank, then to the Polytechnic Institution. A model of the Wheatstone's Telegraph was exhibited in operation. It worked by making the needles deflect by handles, and watching their turnings; slow, imperfect, and much inferior to Morse's. Afternoon at home.

2D.—Designed going to Woburn, but too cloudy. Called on S. in the morning; accepted his invite for Sunday to his Box in Berks. Afternoon spent writing at home. Evening with Dr. Herman.

3RD.—Morning called on Mrs. R——. Afternoon at home writing. Evening at Her Majesty's Theatre to hear Jenny Lind. Of course, the house was crowded in every part. The Queen, Prince Waldemar, and great numbers of the nobility were there. Jenny performed Amina in *Somnambula*. She is handsomer than the pictures. Her tones are inexpressibly sweet; her action the finest I ever saw; so apparently natural, and *con amore*, and yet so lady like. "Ah non giunge," was encored 5 times, and in it she displayed wondrous power. Grisi and her power fade away in comparison; but the Company and the Orchestra are very ordinary. Gardoni, the tenor is all that is worthy of praise. Her whispered singing of "Oh! come lieto e il popolo," and "al tempio ne fa scortea," and of "Ardon le sacre tede," and "O! Madre Mia m'aita," and "non mi sostiene il pie," and "al mio," &c., was overpoweringly fine. In fact, none can resist being swept off into raptures, with her matchless performance. Carlotta Grisi danced *La Esmeralda* superbly.

4TH.—Dinner party at a country seat on the Thames.

6TH.—Visited Winchester; its Cathedral and Hospital of St. Cross, and spent two days there.

7TH.—At Southampton, intending to visit the Isle of Wight, but the weather was not propitious. Called on our Consul here, Mr. Rodney, of Va.; then took carriage and drove about the town and around it, passing many beautiful country seats, and finely arborescent woods, to Netley Abbey, a most perfect and extensive Ruin. It is beau-

tiful. Here yet is the Nave with its two great windows, roofless and ivy clad; a root of a felled tree, by its circles, 300 years old, is in the centre, and younger, though gigantic oaks cluster around; and also the transepts, cloisters, Lady Chapel, Refectory, Kitchen, with its strange old fire places, and over these are still the old stone roofs; and also the great quadrangle; and here was a large pic-nic party in great glee. The country around is beautiful. The ripe grain was waving in the fine breeze luxuriantly about it. Returned to Hotel, dined, and then D. parted from me to take the Rails to London at 6 P. M; upon the Quay, as I went on board the Steamer Grand Turk, for Havre. We had a lovely sail, being a very fine night, passing Ryde and Portsmouth, and arrived at Havre at 6. A. M.

8TH.—Breakfasted at Hotel de l'Europe, and then took at 10 A. M., rails to Rouen, where I stayed till 6 P. M., rambling about the town; admired the fine old Cathedral, the church of St. Ouen., Palais de la Justice; its fine Oak ceiling, and La Place de la Pucelle. Took rails again through a lovely country, in fine cars, and arrived at Paris at 10 1-2 P. M., and drove to Meurices.

9TH.—Made a number of calls in the morning; and the afternoon; evening at Franconis.

10TH.—Morning, went through one Gallery of the Louvre, their immensity and crowd of pictures, prevents one from getting a complete idea; weather excessively warm.

11TH.—Sunday. Spent the morning at Pere la Claise. It

is vastly over praised and perhaps not equal even to our Greenwood or Auburn ; afternoon made some calls.

12TH.—Weather do ; Spent an hour at the Chamber of Deputies, then went to the beautiful Madeleine, then to Notre Dame, where I could not but admire the new Monument to Bishop de Ligne : the fine paintings of Christ restoring to life, the son of the widow Nain, the entombment of the Virgin, &c; then to the Pantheon, and one cannot help being much more pleased with the beautiful paintings and the carved and winding staircase, around the columns of the choir and the rarely stained windows in the Church of St. Etienne which is near by ; Evening at home.

13TH.—Passed the day at Versailles ; went all over the Palace, the Jardins, and the Trianons delightedly.

14TH.—Rev. Dr. H——, of New York meeting me at the Hotel this morning, we went out together to the Hotel de Invalides : the Tomb of Napoleon &c., was not allowed to be seen being incomplete ; then to the Church of St. Sulpice, and then to the delightful Fabrique des Gobelines. In the salle de l'Exposition here, are the fine pictures of the "Destruction of the Mamelukes" infinitely beyond the most exquisite painting—also, "Peter the Great saved by his mother," and the full lengths of the King, Queen, and Royal family with many others ; and also the superb Carpets in course of manufacture : it is without doubt the most interesting sight in Paris. Dined with Dr. H. at the Trois Freres and afterwards went out to St. Germain, and made a short call on Mr. Robert Walsh

and family, came home about 11 P. M. and wrote introduction to M. F. Tupper for H. at his request and received from Mr. Tupper his "Ode to Venice."

15TH.—Spent all day in business and calls; at Madame de Nerval, met Mrs. B. from N. Y. Dr. H. dined with me: after dinner, Dr. Brewster came with his trotting carriage and drove me out to the Bois de Boulogne, stopping a while together at the Mabilles, to look at the Bal Champetre there, and I spent the evening with him at his house, 11 Rue de la Paix.

16TH.—Writing letters all day. Received letters from my mother and S. N. D., each answered, wrote also to Tupper to be sent by H. and also note inclosing a copy of his Venus to D. by the same hand, to be published in the Literary world; called in the evening on some friends and received introductions for Smyrna.

17TH.—At 7 30 A. M., took my seat in the Voiture Salon of the Train, for Brussels. This carriage is a most superb affair: square, beautifully lined and tapestried, holding nine persons, with luxurious cushions, and mirrored; two of them upon one car. Rode till 6 P. M.; the route through France to Quieorain is without interest; but from this point, which is the Frontier, it suddenly changes into great loveliness. Everywhere are smiling wheat fields, and verdure like a Home landscape. We stopped at Mons; strongly walled, with a picturesque Cathedral. The peasantry were tidy in their dress, and at work in their fields; a

scene of happy industry, and a wide contrast to France. The view of Brussels, as you approach it on the Rails, is beautiful. The country rises with rich verdure; thrifty, covered with neat white farm houses. This Railway is called the "Chemin de Fer de Nord." Our Train was over 1-4 of a mile long, propelled by two enormous locomotives, larger than those on the Great Western Railroad of (England,) and admirably managed, with scarcely any perceptible motion to the Car, at an average speed of about 20 miles per hour. Drove to the Hotel de Belle Vue, in the Place Royale, so famous for the Duchess of Richmond's Ball, June 17th, 1815. It is facing the beautiful Park, and next to the Palace of the Prince of Orange. It is very clean, like every thing else here; the apartments are superbly furnished, and very large, with every attention shown. Meurices is very much inferior. After dinner, took a short stroll in the beautiful Park, opposite, and retired early.

18TH.—Sunday, one month ago to-day, in 1815, and Waterloo was fought; unconscious at the moment of its near anniversary, had by request been called to an early breakfast, and took my seat in a carriage for the field. We arrived at 11 A. M., at Hougemont, the very hour when the Great Drama commenced, and as our guide, Martin Viscur, who witnessed it, said, the weather then of the previous night was like that of yesterday—and to-day; stormy, with heavy lightning, thunder and rain, and the day itself and the hour fair, though slightly clouded. By the same road from Brussels South to Water-

loo, through which we passed, the Allies came, and early in the morning had drawn up fronting upon this road, which continues across the field of battle. The centre was formed in a line, where now stands the Great Mound with the Belgian Lion, and extended to a little farm house on the road, behind La Haye Sainte; here stood Picton, opposite the mound; on the right centre was Colonel Halkett's Brigade; and there, Ney, with the Imperial Guard, charged and broke the British line from 4 30 to 6 o'clock, P. M., of that day: the left wing extended to the wood; this was under Sir Hussey Vivian, and through this wood, (the Boissey wood,) Blucher came; the right wing extended as far as the cross road to Nivelles, all making together a line of near one and a half miles long: at the break of day they were more scattered, but about 9 A. M. were formed into condensed squares: behind, to the north-west, at the little church of Merbe Braine, Lord Hill was posted with the reserve. Prior to the action, the Duke had posted three strong parties in advance: on the right, at Hougemont under MacDonnell at about three hundred yards in advance of the right wing, over a gentle valley intervening between the two armies, and about 800 or 1000 yards in width; another advance party on the left, facing the left centre, or Gen. Picton's Division, at La Haye Sainte, a small but strongly built farm house, now belonging to our guide's mother; and also another advance at Passiflote, another but smaller farm house near by. On the other side, the French came up from the field of Quatre Bras, through Charleroi, and took up

their position on a slightly elevated ridge, forming the other rim of this valley; the right of their centre resting on the farm house still there, called La Belle Alliance, a little to your right-hand, looking in a straight line southward from La Haye Sainte. Beyond to the right of La Belle Alliance, but still farther back, on a slight hill, is the house of Coster, Napoleon's guide on that day, where was his head-quarters, and from which he was continually seen watching the battle, as it raged. How they fought is on a thousand tongues still living, glad to tell of the great day when all Europe here struggled for the prize of mastery. My guide says the battle closed somewhere about 9 o'clock, P. M., and about 8000 men lay dead upon the field; and about as many more wounded, out of whom, about one in ten survived; they buried them where they lay, in their uniforms, the soldiers claiming all for their booty, rifling everything valuable, and forcing the peasantry to assist in the burial. The villagers had fled on the 17th, to the neighboring woods, abandoning almost everything. I went first to Hougomont; into its ruined court yard, among its broken walls, and into that bloody orchard: it is all a deserted ruin now; but there is not a stone which is not marked by the balls, and the walls are pierced for musketry in all directions. The trees still grow in the orchard, but they are twisted and riven by the shot. After walking very slowly over the scene of the thickest combat, in this blood-stained valley, where the dead lay in heaps five or ten deep, ascended the Mound or Grand Sepulchre, 200 feet high, the grave of

many thousands : The Belgian Lion, finely cast in bronze, is on the top, to mark the spot where the Prince of Orange was wounded. This mound, was raised, of course, after the battle, for over this ground the awful charges of Ney were made on Col. Halket's Brigade of the allies' right centre : three times they charged with terrific slaughter : once with 3000, a second time with 4000, and the third time with 6000 men; for near two hours; and at length the British centre broke, and did not retire in good order, as has been written : on the authority of Viscur and Cotton, who fought under Vivian, and was ordered up to reinforce the centre. From the top of the mound the view is superb ; perhaps for three miles north and south, and for one and a half miles wide. It is near the true centre of this gentle valley. What could have been better chosen for a position for either army ? The field spread out before me, clothed with waving grain, and richly cultured fields ; on the west Hougomont almost covered with its wood, and orchard : to the north, the village of Mont St. Jean and the distant spires of Brussels ; to the east, La Haye Sainte ; to the south, La Belle Alliance, the Coster House, and far off on the horizon, the Monument to mark the bloody day of Quatre Blas. I was four hours on the field. Came home about 4 P. M. ; read Tupper's glorious ode on Waterloo, written for this year's Waterloo Banquet ; afterwards walked over to the beautiful Cathedral of St. Gudule ; its pulpit is a miracle of wood carving ; Adam and Eve in full size support it, while the angel with the flaming sword drives them away

from Paradise; Adam covers his face in despair, and Eve looks up in an agony of grief, one hand still grasping the forbidden fruit. On the back of the pulpit is the Tree of Knowledge, full of the fruit, and exquisitely wrought: the canopy is upheld by Angels; its drapery of wood carving, almost real, is held up by flying Cherubs, who seem to hang in air; and on the top, is the full length Virgin, erect, holding out a cross, and at her feet the infant Jesus, with his foot on the serpent's head, beautifully carved. At every point, are peacocks, birds, and other animals of life size and in natural positions. The choir and its chapels are lit by the most superb stainings. The Lady Chapel, behind the altar, is full of rich sculptures and stainings; there is a beautiful and recent monument in the north transept to Triest, a Canon here, of Charity nurturing a group of children. The church is not so remarkable for its exterior, or for its size. We then went to the Place des Martyres of the Revolution of 1830, situated in a beautiful square, formed of those clear white Ionic colonnades, which make this city so charming. The monument is beautiful. The presiding divinity of Belgium is inscribing on a roll, a lion at her side, has broken a heavy chain, which lies at her feet; around its pedestal, are to be four bas reliefs, only two of which are now finished, "The Coronation of the Martyrs," and the "Priest blessing their Dead Bodies." Both are on a large scale with numerous well executed figures. The great granite pedestal stands in the centre of a paved court or square, some 12 feet below the level of

upon black marble tablets are the names of the martyrs. The whole affair is in beautiful taste. I then walked on to their fine Bouleards, faced by similar superb houses ; and then to the Allée Verte, or their Hyde Park ; many fine vehicles were driving here, and its green alleys were filled with a happy and well dressed multitude. Upon the Bouleards near here, are the beautiful Botanical Gardens, seeming almost like the Regent's Park. Returned home about 9 o'clock, P. M. ; wrote up journal and retired early.

19TH.—Morning—Went over the Gallery of Paintings in the Musée Royale. They are very numerous. Among the ancients, all by the Flemish masters, there are many very indifferent ; but there are two there, a Flemish Woman seated before a mirror attiring her Shawl, and another next to it a Woman combing her hair. There is a gallery here mostly filled by Jourdaens and Rubens. “The angel's visit to Abraham” by the former, with some few others, and also Rubens' magnificent “Christ Crucified” are beyond all praise. Among the modern, I was delighted with the “Hagar in the Wilderness” and some landscapes near by ; went over the Chateau D'Arenberg. Its Gallery is the most delightful treat here ; every picture, perhaps in all three hundred, is a gem. Murray talks thereon at length. Its apartments are furnished magnificently. Then through the Conservatory of the Jardin Botanique, which is small and recent, though well arranged. Next to the Entrepot, not far off, to view the Exposition des Arts des Belges opened last week, occurring every six years. It was an

immense and magnificent display; its Laces and Gold and Silver work and the productions of every known art, where beyond conception, each specimen is worthy almost of a volume for its wonderful perfection and beauty. After dinner took Rails and arrived at Antwerp at about 10 P. M. and drove to the Hotel de Grand Laboureur on the Place de Meir.

20TH.—Started off early lionizing: went first to the Cathedral; like every body else, I wondered at its beautiful paintings, and wood carvings of the Choir and Confessionals; and its exquisitely wrought Tower, light as fairy work, but one of the loftiest in the world. I went up as far as the gallery, where are the Chimes, which in their machinery resemble that of an enormous Organ a la Savoyard. They played every quarter of an hour, and as I entered were playing the Thema of Lucia di Lammermoor; on the stroke of the hours they play a full air with variations: Their music sounds like a full choir. The view from this gallery is grand. I saw Brussels, Malines, Bergen op Zoom and Flushing, in the distance, and at my feet, quaint, silent old Antwerp; once when this lofty Tower was raised, alive with industry, but now imbecile, dull, and still as its own canals. I then went over the Church of St. Paul. Its wood carvings are beyond praise. At the Transept as you enter, there is a confession-al in carving: The centre—Christ ascending, half length size, borne up by angels: medallions of the two weeping Mary's on either side; in front, four full sized figures, and particularly the priest in his full vestments, and the Virgin holding

her corsets in her hand. One side of the Church is covered with paintings, one or two by Rubens : then to the musee. This gallery has about a dozen paintings by Rubens : The Crucifixion is on your left as you enter : It is wonderful ; I looked at it for a long while ; and the expression of shrieking agony in the Thief on the right, and the shrinking leg as he tears it from the nail, the soldier breaking his leg, the Joseph in his beautiful red robe averting his eye, in horror ; the Mary's eyes red with weeping, the Magdalen with her angelic face, and both hands lifted, supplicating mercy from the centurion, with one arm behind the Cross, as if embracing it ; whilst the Roman, leaning upon his crossed hands, watches with deep interest the Soldier breaking the legs. In the centre the Saviour hangs placid and resigned ; his eyes are about closing as if expiring. I thought I could see pale Death stealing over his outstretched body, which alone is a miracle of painting—then the Soldier on the left, dashing the spear into his side, and the warm blood starting from the wound ; and the poor thief on the left, writhing his legs about the cross : it took me long to be assured it was art. This is his master-piece—and this is his city. Near by, hangs a modern picture of “ Rubens dying ; ”—the opened casement shows the beautiful Cathedral-Tower, and the figures and all are excellent. There are, perhaps, three hundred of the other masters of the Flemish school, here ; but all more or less inferior to the crucifixion. His next greatest work here, to my taste, is “ Christ showing himself

to Thomas ; exhibiting the heavenly countenance of our Lord, with the wonderful effect of those opening hands, showing the wounds, and the eager and reverential gaze of the disciples. Here are also many fine Vandyeks ; but, are they not all written in John Murray ?

I then went over the Church of St. Jacques. It is rich in marbles, Vandyeks, and Jourdaens, and those exquisite wood carvings behind the altar. I stood here upon the family vault of Rubens. Coming out, passed through the Place Verte, to admire the beautiful new bronze statue of Rubens, erected in eighteen hundred and forty ; then along the Quais, and, passing the fine house of Rubens, and the Hotel de Ville, home.

21st. At 6, P. M., here I am in Amsterdam. Started this morning at 4, A. M., from Antwerp, on board a fine Steamer, and sailed along quickly enough, though slowly, up the Scheldt and Meuse, passing by Dort, and some little villages, Bergen op Zoom and William Stadt. The country is a dead flat ; the view is unbroken for many miles, save by the Canals and Treckschuyts, the eternal windmills, and the straight mile-long rows of poplars and willows. At Bath, a small frontier fort, we enter Holland, and the Custom House Officer boards. The whole scene for about eighty miles was as above. The towns are of course seen for miles off, and the signal of their vicinity is the increasing number of windmills, which are ancient and quaint enough in their structure, bearing dates as early as sixteen

hundred and twelve and eternally flinging about their broad arms. Rotterdam was reached about 12, M. The river here is scarce a stone's throw wide ; the view of the town which I gained in the hour I waited there for the Rail, was pleasing from its likeness to old New York. I return thither ; taking the Rails at 3, P. M. in the diligence or first class car, which is larger, though built like the English, for Amsterdam, where I arrived as above. We passed through the loveliest country, cultivated like a private garden, every foot of earth cultivated ; passing through and stopping at Haarlem, the Hague and Leyden and Dort ; the first two, seeming beautiful cities. I had but flying glimpses of them from the cars ; drove to the Hotel des Pays bas, and retired early.

22d.—There are but few lions here. The Gallery of Paintings ; the Palace and the old Church, are all. I went to the first and last ; the second has rather an imposing exterior, with a fine freize on the pediment ; but within, as I was informed, but little else than old and faded relics of former greatness, were to be seen. The paintings are quite numerous ; some dozen by Rembrandt. I could not help liking his "Night Watch," ; and many excellent Cuyps, and Wouverman's ; many Teniers, particularly, his "Temptation of St. Anthony," and many others—all by the Dutch Masters. The old Church has some fine stainings ; two organs, the first being in a superb marble gallery, looking very much out of place, in this architecture, which is a

strange medley of Gothic and Dutch styles. It was an ancient Cathedral; but it is now plain white, and deprived of all ornament. In what might have been the ancient choir, is an enclosure of a Chapel for marriage and baptism. The monuments are in bad taste. Afterwards called on Miss W., in the Heeren Gasse, and spent some hour or so looking about the town. It is very curious. Of course, it is a Venice, but of the Dutch species, and nothing could be more disagreeable than the odor from the stagnant waters of the canals. I left Amsterdam about 4, P. M., and, by the same rails, went back to the Hague. Drove to the Oude Doelen, a charming hotel; took a little stroll around the town, wrote up letters, etc., and retired.

23D.—Consulting as usual, immortal Murray—by his guidance I went to the beautiful Gothic Halls of the Palace of the King; they are immensely large, and like, but richer than Hampton Court; hung throughout with Dutch and Flemish masters. Here is Ruben's "Christ, and the money of Cæsar;" admired the fine old head on the right, and that of the man offering the money; the uplifted hand of the Saviour, and the whole group of twelve, gazing so earnestly on Christ; and next to it is Murillo's "Ascending Virgin;" it is finer than the similar subject by him in London. Rembrandt's "Grand Vizier;" many beautiful Cuyps; some fine Dutch Historical Pictures, and also some Statuary: then, to the Musee Royal. Here is the largest collection of the Dutch masters in the world; G.

Deuw's "Woman with a Lamp" looking out of a window; Linglebach's "Depart de Charles II., from Scheviningen;" Paul Potter's wonderful "Cattle Piece;" Rembrandt's "Lesson of Anatomy;" Ruben's "Venus and Adonis;" his "Confessor," an astonishing portrait; Tenier's "Kitchen," and "Alchymist," and "Temptation of St. Anthony;" a dozen Wouverman's; Cigiani's "Adam and Eve;" a "French Head, after Carlo Dolci," Giordaud's "Concert" of his servants; Guido's "Death of Abel;" Salvator Rosa's "Prometheus and Sisyphus," and his landscapes, perhaps three hundred in all; down stairs, to the charming gallery of curiosities, from Japan and China; and also, historical mementos, beautifully arranged, immense in extent, and very interesting. Returning to the Hotel, met Mr. George P., nephew of the dentist in New York, and dentist to the court here; we walked out together, through the beautiful park, to the "Maison de Bois," a summer palace of the King. It is furnished somewhat like the Trianons; and there is one room here covered entire, dome and sides, with the most magnificent paintings, by Rubens and his pupils; the grand triumphal procession, which faces you as you enter, is the most astonishing group, containing nearly one hundred figures of life size, in no confusion, and of exquisite color and action; admired the sea nymphs, pausing to hail the Prince on the right, the Nine Muses on either side of the door way, and the armor which seems to hang out of the wall. It is a grand historical allegory, and

fresh as of yesterday. After dinner we drove down to Scheviningen, their beautiful sea side baths, and within three miles from the city; the fine hotels, beach, and scene, are like our Rockaway. It was curious to see the fishing boats come in from the North Sea, throw out their anchors, and be floated into line by the motion of the waves; and the crowd of fish women with their coal scuttle bonnets, and gold head-bands, receiving and assorting their fish, which they buy at the little auction held here, on the beach, when a man with a striped pole, in the centre of the group, cries out the highest price, and they beat down. The whole scene, with the dull fishing boats, realized Backhuysen and Lingelbach's pictures. They take the fish to the Hague upon dog carts, daily; they form a peculiar race. Returned home late.

24TH.—By invite, partook of a *dejeuner a la fourchette*, with Major Davezac, our *Charge d' Affaires* here; I left him at about 1, P. M., and took carriage with Mr. P., and drove over their clinker-made roads, the best in the world, through an exquisite country, passing the summer palaces of the court and nobility, for seven miles, to Kartwyck, on the sea; where the great sluices are constructed to feed all the canals of Holland. The works are splendid: the soil of the bank is kept together by a front of willow—*chevaux de frize*—the stones are brought from Norway; and all the canals flow into this. Windmills are all over at work, to raise currents in the canals, driving the water out and in.

It is curious to see the level of the sea, some feet higher than the water of this great canal; nothing but these massive stone gates preserve Holland. This place is also a fishing ground, and summer resort, and very pleasant; near by, are curious and antique salt works. The sea-water is pumped up into a long shallow trough, about forty feet high, one hundred feet long, and twelve feet wide; with apertures, through which it filters down on a mass of willow twigs, upon which the salt incrusts and dries; their bathing cars are curious; they are high, and four wheeled, with nice rooms, etc.; and in front, is a large and strong frame, covered with sail-cloth, and moveable, like a carriage top; they let the carriage down into the water, and then bathe under its shelter; we came home about half-past 7, P. M. Some twenty horses passed the door, to market, tied together, head and tail; they are here, a very dull, slow animal, with heavy, broad hoof, and lifting it very high, drawing heavy carriages, and make about six miles an hour. The whole city seems inundated with poor; it is, like the rest of Europe, overstocked. The cattle of the country seem the most beautiful in the world, so admirably clean and neat, and well taken care of. They have a peculiar cow, called the sheet cow; from the broad white color in the middle of the back: the rest of the body being totally black, and looking as if a sheet were thrown over them; they yield often two gallons of milk daily. Saw the King yesterday, in the grounds of the palace, alighting from his horse, attended only by his

groom; he was in military costume, and too distant to see his features; he has built fine barracks here, and keeps up his palaces in fine style. The army numbers twenty thousand; every man here, is obliged to serve in the army, or find a substitute.

25TH.—Called in the morning on Major Davezac, pp c : afterwards went with P. to Haarlem; and heard the great organ play for an hour, most wonderfully: the imitation of a thunder shower was startlingly true; and the grand tones of the march from Norma seemed like three or four of Costa's orchestras combined. The church is curious enough, paved with grave stones; with quaint brass chandeliers; curious ship's models, hanging from the ceiling; and the Baptismal Chapel has many grotesque carvings; it is built Cathedral-wise, with a quaint spire, and chimes. The square in which it stands, is lined about with the quaintest buildings; the Stadthaus, Markthaus, etc.; and here is a good statue of Coster, for whom they claim the invention of printing. After dinner, arriving too late at the station for the Rotterdam train waited over till the 9, P. M., train. In the interim, walked out into the beautiful woods, or Park here: it is the Park of the Summer Palace, built by Louis Napoleon: small, and rich, like Chatsworth. This Park is full of green alleys, like an English rural paradise; it is the continuation of the same beautiful Park, through which we drove to Kartwyck. It extends, in a belt of woodland, from Rotterdam to Amsterdam; the best houses,

a la campagne, are on it, and, with their pretty Tea Pavilions, nothing can be finer. On either side, stretching away for miles, are these rich meadows—a prairie of full, fresh grain and grass, with those cattle. It is a perfect garden; and a picture for Claude. The tulip season had passed, but the roses were out in great beauty.

They have an immense octroi duty to all cities, by which they charge even thirty florins a cow. It is cheaper far to send the cattle to England. Meat was twenty-five cents a pound in the market here. The Lime, Linden, and Elm, are the principal trees; Oaks are not frequent—perhaps the soil is too light for them. The Dutch take great care of their cattle; you see a cow which has just calved, if in the field, protected by a sort of jacket of sail cloth. The calf is always raised by hand; and ten miles travel a day, is thought enough for a horse; they have an odd custom in shooing horses: a bolt protrudes, and a wooden bar passes over it, on which the hoof rests, tied up by a rope, while the head is haltered by a chain. Everywhere you see the Dominee passing, with his cocked hat; the Ansprecker, in similar dress, but with many streamers of crape, announcing a death, and inviting to funerals; and upon the door-knockers, you see a square of lace, prettily worked, looking like a cushion, announcing a birth in the house. If the centre is worked with flowers, it is a girl. We walked through the picturesque and fortified gateway, here; and from the bridge, the view along the ramparts down the pretty canals,

at the quaint gate towers, which are like the old London Tower, and at the beautiful town, embosomed in rich foliage, with its quaint spires, and now and then, a whole street coming into view, looking old, buried, and sleeping, like another Pompeii; was extremely fine.

26TH.—Showery; at home, writing letters, etc. Wrote to S. N. D.: took 6, P. M., train to Rotterdam. Spent the night here at the Bath Hotel.

27TH.—At 7, A. M., started in the Netherland Steam Ship for Cologne, price, 7fl. 70c.; a fine large boat. All the scenery below Cologne, is exceedingly dull and stupid. In fact, there are nothing but dead flats, and miserable villages. The first night, at about 8, P. M., arrived at Emmerie, a curious little village; the Prussian frontier, where we passed the night.

28TH.—Started this morning at half-past 5, P. M.; sailed along through similar scenery, till about 8, P. M., when we arrived at Cologne. The tide, and the turns of the river, make the ascent very slow, lasting nearly four days: the descent is in one day. There were not many passengers; but all of different nations and languages, and an odd set; went to Hotel Royal.

29TH.—Meeting the same English gentlemen, as at the Hague; the brothers, Cooper, of Finchley, we sallied out sight-seeing, going first to St. Cunibert's, then to St. Gereons, St. Ursulas, and to the Cathedral, before dinner. Afterwards visited the Jesuit's Church; the gallery of

modern pictures, and St. Mary's, in the Capitol. I took care to go to Farina's new store, and buy some genuine Eau de Cologne, and had full enough sights for one day; wrote a note to P., enquiring about letters, etc., and retired early.

30TH.—Took Dusseldorf Co's steamer, paying four thalers for a passage to Mayence. The river here, for the first time, grew interesting. The Seven Mountains soon appear, covered with vines, and now and then a fine ruin on the top; the scenery is beautiful; the river winds so often, that you have new views continually. Passed the castled crag of Drachenfels, but the whole is not so fine as the scenery on our Hudson. Arrived at Coblentz at 12, P. M.; stopped at Hotel du Geant. After dinner, drove out along the beautiful banks, for four miles to the Konigshill, and Stoltzenfels; the first is nothing but a lofty stone, with a pretty view of the Laach, River and valley, and the latter, nobly situated on a lofty crag, is a modern summer-house of the King; quite small, with some pretty things in bronzes, pictures, etc., and no way remarkable except for its views of the Rhine. As we arrived at the hotel, a funeral of a young girl, was passing the door. First came the Aeolytes, swinging censers; next a priest, bearing the white cross, and two priests following; all in white vestments. The coffin was of white, in papier mache, covered with garlands of orange flowers, borne by four young girls in black, and surrounded by about thirty girls in black, with veils, each bearing a lighted candle, walking slowly on either side, and the men followed

38

behind: it was beautiful. In the evening went over the river to the Fortress of Ehrenbreitstien; saw the sun set superbly, and a panorama of scenery, like that of our West Point, formed by the Moselle, Laach, and Rhine. I can never forget it. All about me were groups of the Prussian soldiers, singing together in parts from the notes, their beautiful national, and military airs. Their new uniform, of the Roman helmet and short blue frock coats, looks well, and is somewhat classic.

31st.—Took steamer again at 8, A. M., and sailed on to Bieberich, arriving about 4, P. M. This was one of the finest sails I have ever had. The scenery now rose into grandeur; the vine-clad mountains springing sheer from the water's edge, and by the continual winding of the river, locking it into a succession of lovely lakes. Here were many fine ruins; the Rheinfels, Rheinstein, etc.; the lovely town of Oberwesel, with the old ruined Castle on the hill, and the quaint Castle just below in the middle of the river. We took the omnibus at Beberich, and drove over to the lovely valley of Wiesbaden, to the Hotel de la Rose. In the lovely evening, strolled through the Park, and grounds, and in the Kursaal, and retired early.

AUG. 1st.—SUNDAY—Rose early, at 6 A. M. Was among the crowd who come from all parts of the city, cup in hand to the Kochbunnen. I tried the water, which is of hot sulphuretted hydrogen; and found it of course very unpleasant. Walked out of the town by the beautiful

Acacia-lined avenue called the Tannus Gasse, and crowded like a Broadway. Returning, followed the fashion here, and took a bath; which are built of stone handsomely, and are in every hotel. Went to the English church here; quite crowded; dined at the Kursaal; about 200 present; the music was fine, and a good dinner. It was an exceedingly warm day, and I contented myself to sit in the shade for hours, watching the happy multitude promenading about, and listening to the splendid band. Towards evening took carriage, and drove up to La Platte, the Duke's hunting seat, eighteen hundred feet above the Rhine, upon the summit of the mountain opposite; a neat and beautiful house, with a view of about forty miles in circuit. The sun had just set when I arrived, but its dying glories of pearl and ruby tints were over Mayence, Wiesbaden, and Coblenz, and the winding river. There is a suite of apartments here entirely, and beautifully furnished with furniture made of horns of the stags of the Duke's herd of one thousand in the woods around it. Returned about 10, P.M., and retired.

2ND.—Took the 8 A.M. rails to Frankfort; arrived at 10, P.M., at Hotel de Russie. Spent a charming hour at the Musee; where are Lessings Huss, and Ezzelin, the bas reliefs, Steinle's distemper paintings, some Flemish pictures, and superb ceilings. Saw the Ariadne and the Goethe. It became so excessively warm as to render it impossible to move out. At 6, P. M., took the Taunus grand Ducal

Baden rails to Heidelberg, arriving at 9, P.M.; fare 2 fl. 33. It goes through the land of Romance: on the left run the mountains, every peak crowned with a castle, now but ivy-clad ruins; and on your right spreads an immense plain in the richest culture. It is harvest time; and the women are busy reaping and loading the wains. The harvest is full. The fruit trees are so heavy as to require to be propped, and nothing can look finer than the 'grasses': there are no fences, and no field division. Drove to Hotel de Hollande: retired early: at Frankfort met G. S. H. from Boston.

3D.—Arrived at Heidelberg in the evening, and this morning, taking an early breakfast, with an appetite sharpened by the keen mountain air, walked up the hill to the Castle, arriving there about 9, A. M., and staid till 2; dining at the Restauration, in the Schloss Garten. One good picture will describe this superb ruin better than language. The best view is from the corner of the garden, on the Neckar side, where I sat for an hour or more, looking at the octagon Tower, and the front terrace, with the lofty mountains behind, and the curious town at its foot; the Gesprengte Thurm, and the beautiful river, now very shallow; (in eighteen hundred and forty-five it was thirty feet higher), and the opposite mountains. Coming down, passed the plain buildings of the University. Some students were loitering about, but the term was over: took the train at 4 30, P. M., to Baden-Baden: arriving about 8, P. M., at

Badnischer Hof, passed through delightful scenery, like that of yesterday to Oos the Junction, and then to the deep valley of Baden-Baden; went out to the Conversation Haus; a most superb building. Its grand colonnade was crowded with the gay of all nations. Its saloon richly frescoed and about two hundred feet long with magnificent chandeliers; here thousands in full dress were walking; the most splendid galaxy I have ever seen. Of course at one end were the gambling tables, and there sat superb and handsome ladies, with the deepest anxiety on their faces. One can never forget this scene; and the view of that rich salon a *jouer* from without was superb. Attached to this building are cafes, restaurants &c., like Wiesbaden, but of course far grander. On the right, the theatre, near the Trinkhalle, built in similar style, and the Ursprung. Returned to my lodgings about eleven P. M.

4TH.—Took the 7 15 train to Strasbourg; arriving about ten P. M., and at Kehl about nine. Breakfasted and took the 11 30 train to Basle, passing by the Vosges mountains, all the way and arrived about 4 30, at the Hotel des Trois Rois; passed the evening with Mr. Conti, our Consul here, in their garden very pleasantly.

5TH.—Went over the old church here; very ancient and curious, with its rare stone carved pulpit; and then through the Holbein gallery. He seems to have been a Rubens and a Raphael combined. The series of his paintings of the Sacred History, from the Temptation in the Garden to the Cruci-

fixion, and the Dance of Death are here, and also portraits of himself, of Luther, and Erasmus. How bright their colors are! How beautiful their drawings! Went into the room where sat the great council of Basle. The old chests for their Acta and their old beds are still there, of the era of 1450, and still unaltered. Took the diligence at two and a half P. M. for Neuchatel. All the way, we drove through the Munster Thal, a famed mountain pass. Continual precipices beckoned over us, many hundred feet high with fierce mountain torrents, and everywhere the winding road seems locked in by impenetrable mountains. Rode all night.

7TH.—About nine A. M. arrived at Neuchatel and stopped at Hotel des Alps. Called on Mr. B. at his fine mansion house here. Received many letters from S. W. D., R., D., B., F., C. and D.; and all were answered by the ninth inst.; and also at the same time wrote to Mr. M. Spent the rest of the day in writing and reading letters.

6TH.—Rainy; letter writing, &c.

8TH.—Fine Sunday. After dinner, Brustlein, Beguin and I went up the mountain of Chaumont on foot, a walk of five miles, very severe work, but the view up there, and down through this valley and on the other side is magnificent. Three Lakes, Neuchatel, Brienz, and Morat with their towns and villages, and the far off Alps, the Jungfrau, Mont Blanc and the whole range of the Bernese Oberland.

9TH.—Very much fatigued; to day it is rainy, staid at home, letters &c.; among others wrote enclosing introduc-

tion to G. G. Fendler and Co., at Nuremberg, saying I would be there, between the tenth and fifteenth of December, and asking them to receive my letters; also, likewise enclosed introduction to Mr. Donelson, envoy at Berlin, saying I would be there shortly after the 15th of September, and asking him to keep my letters, also, likewise to Mr. Stiles, our Charge at Vienna, saying I expect to be there, about the first of October, and to keep letters enclosing introductions.

10TH.—Morning, letter writing as usual. Dined with party at Mr. Brustlein's, and rode up Chaumont again.

11TH. Unwell; at home, letter writing.

12TH.—Morning, enclosed pictures and memoranda, by the hand of Mr. Kuenghi, to be delivered to A. in London, to be forwarded home; also a letter to do; also a letter to Tupper to be posted. In the afternoon took a fine drive with Mr. Beguin; returned about nine P. M., fatigued and retired early.

AUG. 13TH. All day letter writing. Supped and spent the evening with Mr. Brustlein.

14TH.—Busy in the morning packing. Mr. Kuenghi left to-day, taking our letters with him and also the bundle for R. Dined with Mr. Brustlein; at 5 P. M. took the diligence which stopped here for me. and sitting in the coupe enjoyed a fine ride in beautiful weather through smiling harvest fields, and fine scenery, and arrived at Fribourg at Zahringen Hof about 10 P. M.

15TH.—After walking about this curious mountain-built

city, went in the St. Nicholas Church and stayed through the service. As I entered, a priest in animated language was preaching an incendiary Catholic appeal in German—this is the prevailing language here. When he ceased, the organ began with a fine choir, and discoursed most superb music. Although not played for exhibition, it showed greater power and sweetness than the organ at Haarlem. The church is large but tawdry. After service walked over the stupendous wire bridges. To-day was the “fete a la Vierge,” and the military were gathering as I got into the diligence, at 3 P. M., for Vevay, to join the procession. This place is the Jesuit stronghold; filled with convents and priests everywhere. The Landwehr or militia, and other volunteers paraded past us. They are now organizing on account of the apprehended war. Seven Catholic cantons are arrayed against the sixteen Protestant cantons. A heavy rain came on, and no doubt interfered with the day’s gala. Rode through superb mountain scenery; passing through Bulle, arrived at Vevay, at the Hotel des Trois Couronnes, at eleven P. M.

16TH.—Took a carriage early, and drove through Clarcus which Byron has named “the birth-place of sweet love,” and Montreux; passing the Bosquet de Julie to Chillon; I saw everything there; it is a prison yet; six state prisoners are there now, and an arsenal. Came back on an exceeding warm day, and went to church St. Martin; plain enough, but here are the tombs of the exiled English patriots Lud-

low and Broughton; what a pity that they have put humdrum epitaphs on them! After dinner took the Helvetic steamer and enjoyed a very warm afternoon sail through fine scenery upon lake Lemman to Geneva; arrived about seven P. M.; stopped at Hotel des Bergues.

17TH.—After a sleepless night through the excessive heat walked about the city, which is really beautiful, from its situation. It is a little Paris, and these three bridges, and little island, and the swift blue waters of the river Rhone, dashing through and around. After dinner having previously left my name and Zurich address at the post office, L'Ecu, and des Bergues, and at the English News Room, walked out beyond the ramparts, to the junction of the Arve and the Rhone. It is a lovely picture, and I enjoyed it with some intelligent English barristers. It grew too warm to stay here with comfort, so took coupe in the diligence for Chamouni. e

18TH.—Six A. M. Very fine, though warm; started for Chamouni and Mount Blanc, sending on my trunk, to Martigny. It was a grand ride; an Alpine pass throughout; but the best scenery is beyond Sallenches, with its torrents and precipices. Walked a good deal of the way. Arrived at Chamouni about seven and a half P. M.; the house was very full; lodged at the Nouvelle Couronne—a very nice house.

19TH.—Started about 10 A. M. for Mountanvert upon a mule and arrived in about two hours. Walked out a long way upon the Mer de Glace. It is indeed a novel and sub-

lime sight, but you must scramble to the Jardin, before you see its whole extent of thirty miles. After dinner went to the Cascade des Pelerins; rather small, a mere fountain, but threatening to become a mighty torrent. The exquisite sunset and moonlight delightfully tinged the snows.

20TH. With my mule, La Marquise, again ascended La Flegere. From here I enjoyed the grandest view, and the only good one you can have here, of the peaks and vastness of Mont Blanc. The road is very bad and precipitous. Came home much fatigued; weather not so fine as the nineteenth.

21ST.—Started early for Martigny, over the pass of La Tete Noire. This is the grandest thing yet; the view from La Couronne, and the hill above the Rhone Valley, the Simplon Road and St. Bernard are magnificent; made the journey in seven and a half hours. Drove to Hotel de la Poste.

22D.—Sunday. Spent the day very quietly in my room; rainy; with the exception of a short drive out to a beautiful mountain torrent on the Simplon. Sent my trunk on to Interlachen.

23D.—Took diligence supplement; a fine carriage at about nine and a half A. M. and drove to Leukbourg. Arrived about eight P. M.; it is a miserable village, but obtained tolerable chambers at the Hotel Stern.

24TH.—Mounted a horse early over the mountains to Leukbad; arriving about ten A. M., through a wild mountain pass. Here are several good hotels and a squalid village

some 5000 feet up the mountain of the Gemmi. The glaciers and peaks are all around us. The day was very foggy and wet. After *dejeuner à la fourchette* spent some three or four hours, looking at the people soaking in the bath. The water about 124 deg. Fahrenheit. Men and women together lay and flounder about here for six hours a day ; on floating tables take coffee and play draughts, throw water at each other, skim plates, ; some lie the whole time up to their necks, quietly smoking their cigars, &c. ; three weeks is called the time of a cure ; the price is fifteen francs. There are several baths of different depths, and a great many rules ; and all are obliged to wear long dresses. It was a funny scene, and of rather questionable morality. There were in all about a dozen in. Two old grey nuns, a handsome young Italian girl, and the rest were French and Germans. The season is closing ; a fortnight since, there were eighty persons bathing here. Stopped at the Hotel des Alpes, which communicated by a covered gallery with the bath-house.

24TH.—Started about 7 A. M. ; a horse carrying my *sac de nuit*, for the Gemmi pass. Mr. P. from Manchester with me ; very foggy and cold ; the journey is severe ; full of terrific ascents and precipices, over the ice and snow, and among the glaciers ; a singular lake at the top. Walked nearly the whole way ; this is the worst pass here. The road winds around upon the narrow slippery brink of vast abysses. The weather was too bad to enjoy much prospect. At the top it was quite clear, whilst the clouds below were raining upon

Leukbad. Got to Kandersteg, about two and half P. M. ; in six hours walking. Hired a carriage there, and drove on to Frutigen, where we dined capitally in six courses for only two and a half francs ! and arrived at Interlachen, at the Hotel Belvidere, about nine P. M., after a hard day's work ; very bad weather.

26TH.—After breakfast received my trunk which had just arrived from Martigny : wrote up journal in the morning.

Afternoon drove over to Lauterbrunnen ; bad weather, but the valley and the cascades were beautiful ; dined at the Hotel du Capricorne, capitally ; evening at home : rainy.

27TH.—Rain pouring in torrents ; Mr. P. left early for Berne. In my room writing letters ; wrote to S., to N. D. and mailed at Zurich.

28TH.—Weather better ; though still doubtful. At eleven A. M., took the little steamer to Brienz in about one and a half hours ; took porters and guide, and ascended the Brunnigh on foot ; the pass not very high, say about 4000 feet, and a good three hours' walk. The views as you ascend are fine ; I can never forget that of the vale of Meyringen, with Lac Brienz in the distance, its Alpine torrents and its mountain walls ; it realised Milton's image of Eden. On the summit met Mr. S. on horseback, coming from Lungern, where I soon after arrived, then in a carriage drove by the lakes of Lungern and Sarnem, with superb views of the Wetterhorn and Faulhorn. Arrived at Alpnach and lake

Lucern, about eight and a half P. M. in a heavy rain; quartered at the little inn Cheval Blanc very comfortably.

29TH.—At five and a half A. M., got into a small boat with three rowers for Lucerne where we arrived at eight A. M. Weather became fine again; this sail is one of the finest I have ever had; the pull was first up Alpnach Bay and under old Pilatus, then rounding an old tower, shot out into the broad expanse of the lake guarded on the right by the Righi which is the portal to the other arm of the lake, leading to Altorf; turning many little rocky capes, each with its shrine, till at last Luzerne, with its quaint towers and neat white houses came in view. I had a row of twelve miles and "good work. The mists were clearing away, and the early morning tints were upon the landscape. On landing, took my seat in the diligence to Zurich, leaving at nine A. M. Breakfasted at the Schweizer Hof and crossed the Picture Bridge here, filled with the quaintly dressed peasants going to mass; took seat in the diligence, and rode over a richly cultivated country, passing near by the town, a fresh breast-work, yet unfinished, stopping at Zug to dine, and arrived at Zurich, about four and a half P. M. What a lovely view there is from the hills above the city. Took a little stroll about the lovely lake-side, to watch the fairy steamers and chaloupes, each bearing the canton color of the white cross on a red ground. Tea and journalized.

30TH.—Called at Mr. Muralts, Bureau de Bauquier. He was at his country house; found there only a letter from

D., Aug. 13th, and one from B. 18th inst, and spent the rest of the day letter writing; wrote to B.

31st.—Morning, still letter writing.

Evening as last eve, at the Reading Room here, of the Museum, Muralt having sent me an order of admission, and took a row, out on Zurich's sweet waters.

SEP. 1ST.—Rec'd letter from: B.; and with dates forward on route to Vienna. Fine day; enjoyed a beautiful walk before dinner, calling upon Mr. Bodmer, and after dinner had another exquisite row upon the Lake at Sunset; from the Hohe Promenade; to-day, had a superb view of the Alps. Mont Blanc's snowy head was entirely uncovered. To-morrow for Schaffhausen.

SEP. 2.—At 6 A. M., got in the Diligence for Schaffhausen; rather a pleasant drive, through a rich country, talking German with some Harlaem Ladies, on the way, arrived about 11; Drove to Hotel Webber in front of the Rheinfall. It is a pretty cascade broken by rocks, but the finest thing is the Landscape along and down the river. After dinner, called and left introduction and card for Sealsfield: he was then out of town, walked about the curious old place. In the evening received a note from Sealsfield: concluded to stay to-morrow.

3D. After breakfast, Mr. Sealsfield came to see me, and we spent the day together. He is a tall man, square-built, heavy, German looking, and aquiline features, spectacles, and speaks in broken English: took me down the town to his

rooms. He told me his history. Born in Louisiana forty-eight years ago, his mother was German : when a young man he came to New York : wrote for the *Courier des Etats Unis* for some time, then was engaged on the *Courier and Enquirer*, and about 1826 wrote his first book, a Romance called *Tokay*, or the *White Rose*. It was published by Carey's in Phila., but Cooper being then in the zenith, and Carey's also his publishers, this book, which was an imitation of Cooper's style, was not successful ; about 1830, he came to Europe, and after travelling in England, and on the Continent, settled for the winter in Baden, (Switz'd.) He could not then speak German, but had a valet who could, and there by his help, translated *Tokay* into German, wrote two new volumes, making in all 3 volumes in two months, and offered it to Fuseli, in Zurich. They at first gave him 1500 Fr. conditioned to be paid three months after publication ; and forfeit if not original. The book succeeded. He has gone on writing, but up to a few years past, anonymously, being called here the *Great Unknown* ; he has written thus far, twenty-four Vols. ; his compensation has gone on increasing, till he receives 15 Louis d'ors a mss. sheet, and he has made altogether up to this time, near \$30,000 by his works. His investments, like his sympathies, are in the U. S., and he is anxious to go there, but his terms with his publishers, are for annual payments in seven years to come, and his living here is very cheap, but \$200 per annum, and that very comfortably, being received into the best circles. We dined together capitally ; walked

about the Town, and spent the evening at a Club of the Nobles and Bankers here, superb house ; where all drank tea and played Boston. We parted about 9 P. M., presenting me with his Cabin Book, &c., and offering to correspond, Personally although a self made man, from his oblivion of English he is not remarkably interesting but his history and kind manners were attractive. Received Letter from Tupper 26 Aug., and also two from Brustlein, and introduction at Munich from Bodmer.

4TH. Started at 7 A. M., on board the little steamer.— Weather rainy and cold, for Lindau. The scenery was not of interest. Got to Constance about 1 P. M. Slow work. The town is curious and prettily situated, on its Lakes, passed the trees where John Huss was executed upon the shore ; took another steamer here, down the Lake, very slow work and delay of three hours at Rorsehach, waiting for the post ; then arrived at Lindau about 7 P. M. Raining hard at 10 P. M, got in Malle Poste for Kaufbeuren in Bavaria.—

5TH. Sunday.—Rode all last night, and in same weather ; had little or no sleep ; in an uncomfortable carriage ; about 1 P. M., Arrived at Kaufbeuren, a small village, the present terminus of the Rails here ; 3 P. M., got in the cars for Augsburg ; very handsome carriages, but slow ; they burn peat for their engines, and arrived at about 6 P. M., at a superb Station ; then in half an hour off again for Munich ; weather cleared up and we arrived about 8 1-2 P. M., at the Baierischer Hof, very much fatigued with 36 hours' slow and constant travel.

6TH.—Rose late, and wrote letters. Afternoon, spent two or more delightful hours in those Treasures of Art, the two Palaces; passing rapidly with the crowd from room to room, each of different subjects, divine frescoes, tessellations, &c., of unequalled excellence; it is impossible to discriminate. But the Queen's Apartment, and the frescoes from Schiller, Goethe, and Burger, and the Niebelungen Lied were the most delightful.

7TH.—Raining hard; but with Dr. Wollaston, of London, started off sight-seeing, and first went to the Glyphtothek. Can any one describe in a journal, one thousand perfect statues and freizes, in Halls rivalling Grecian or Roman Art, of tessellated marbles? a perfect modern miracle. One might sit down for months before any of these breathing antiques. Then to the Pinakothek; here are one thousand and more of the masters arranged in order of Schools and ages, in the most superb building, and Galleries frescoed, and moulded, that have ever been since the days of Augustus. I could only have three hours to see them in; but those which live strongest in my memory, are Ruben's Last Judgment, small and large, Tobias, and the Departing Angel; Murillo's four pictures, the Series of Christ's Life in a Cabinet, and the Carlo Dolcis. Next went to the Basilico of St. Boniface; not yet quite finished, and through its wonderful crypt. Its divine frescoes of the Saint's Life and the Missions in Germany, the Altar Piece, the Gilding and the Renaissance work upon the marbles, and the beautiful Mosaic Pavement of Ba-

varian marbles, all in Byzantine style; well be it said that the world has no equal. The University next; a superb marble building with a grand stair case; went into the great Hall with its frescoes, the emperor's statue, and the smaller Hall, and throughout the building; then to the Ludwigs Kirche, after the style of St. Bonifacius, but² much unequal, though exquisitely beautiful; then to Kaulbach, the Court Painter's Studio, and gazed long and delightedly on the "Destruction of Jerusalem," painted for the King at the price of \$12,000, for the new Pinakothek of Modern art now being built; then to Schwan Thaler's Studio, and there I spent an hour of delight amidst his nymphs, his Vienna fountain, his Goethe, Mozart, Richter, his King, and one hundred others. Mr. B., Music Master of the Court, my friend here, called after dinner.

8TH.—Mr. B. called for me after breakfast; went together to the Allerheiligen Kirche, and listened to the Hallelujah Chorus, performed by a grand Orchestra; it was the Feast of the Virgin; then to the Mittel Kirche; then into the beautiful Hof Garden, and spent a delightful hour among the rare Ivory carvings, &c., in the Gallery of Antiquities; then to the Giesserei, saw the wonderful Colossal Goddess of Bavaria, and Victory drawn by Lions, in Bronze for the Tower, at the foot of the Ludwigs Strasse, then to the Loggie, and listened to the military Band playing the music of the Opera of Belisario, and then with Dr. W. drove through the English garden; it was lovely in-

deed, the weather having improved; here is an Obelisk to Biedermun, and to Count Rumford. Evening went to the Hof Theatre, and heard the Opera of Oberon. This Opera House is large and tasteful, with a fine Royal Box, and Vorsaal; the scenery was beautiful, but the singing was poor, although with good Orchestra.

9TH.—At 11 A. M., took the Rails to Donauworth, through Augsburgh; dull scenery; here I remained at the Hotel Krebs (Grasshopper,) for five or six hours; the view of the quaint old place, with its crumbling walls, from the opposite bank of the Danube, was very beautiful, under a fine sunset, gleaming on its lofty spires and Convents; the winding river with its black waters, spanned by old bridges, and the beautiful Rail Road Bridge now building. At 8 1-2 P. M., got into the Coupe of the Eilwagen for Nuremburgh.

SEP. 10TH.—Rode all night, and arrived at 8 A. M. The morning was beautiful. The superbly made road ran through richly cultivated fields; through many picturesque villages, neat and clean, filled with very industrious peasantry in quaint dresses, and the women were seen working in the fields. Went to Baieirscher Hof. Called on Mr. Fendler, and looked with much interest over his rare and valuable Museum. Received a letter from D., and some notes from Paris and to Geneva. After dinner, went to the Church of St Lawrence; a delightful treat; it was so curious to see the Catholic Altars &c., standing still untouched in a Protestant Church. The Town early followed Luther, but left their Churches uninjur-

ed; its stained glass pleased me more than that at Rouen. How exquisite are that wonderful Monstrant of Adam Kraft and the beautiful stone carved pulpit. Here are curious Oak and Stone carving, and rich paintings by Wiuckelmunde, the master of Albert Durer, and some ancient Gobelins. Remark- ed the antique chains with plate, for collection, and its fine Nave and Stone Roof, and the rare Stone carvings on its old Portal. Passing a pretty fountain near by, the streams gushing from womens' breast, down through their picturesque streets, passing a quaint old market place, the Houses and the people looking quiet and old as in centuries fled; passed the curios bronze fountain of a peasant holding a goose under either arm; he squeezes, and they throw water from their mouths, he laughing heartily the while. Any one of the pea- sants about me might have been the original for the figure; then passed the Fountain called the Schone Brunnen, and went to old St. Sebalds. This is a specimen of the Saxon Transition, mixed with the Gothic, marking the different pe- riods of its erection. The only curiosity here is that beauti- ful bronze tomb of the Saint; wrought by Adam Visscher, in the 16th century. The art of Schwanthaler cannot equal the life and beauty of the figures. It is large, covered with Statu- ettes and Reliefs of the Saint's History. Returning to Hotel retired early.

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SEP. 11TH.—Young Mr. B., calling for me to-day as before, we walked through many a picture-like street, and about the ramparts, whose moat is now a cabbage garden.

to the Rosenau. It is the public promenade, and a beautiful garden, with lakes and pavillions; then to Albrecht Durer's House. This speaks indeed of the olden time. It is not in the least changed; its brown stone walls are profusely ornamented, like every thing here, to the Bronze medallion of Durer on the front. It is occupied by a society of artists. There is but one picture of the master left here, an aquarelle of a lion. There were, however, some good modern paintings; the "two maidens at a church door, looking at a fresh dug grave"; a "Bishop and two Priests," lighted from the back, and the large water color of "Durer receiving the Laurel Crown from the Emperor." Then to the Castle; nothing can exceed the beauty, and rare, quaint look of this old Castle, as you wind up its rocky steeps. The broad plains of Bavaria spread about you in the highest culture, and on the other side sleeps quaint, antique Nuremberg. This is still a tower of strength, though some of its towers are ruined. The interior is yet unchanged. The German Emperor, and Kings, down to the present King of Bavaria, from a very early date, have held Courts here. The rooms are full of quaint old pictures, mostly by Winckelrunde, on gold grounds. There are many curious wood carvings; one upon a gold ground is a complete Scripture history; Eve rising out of Adam's side, and fifty others exquisitely done, with marble reliefs. The Chapel is full of them. The pillars under these old arches are new; the old ones are said to have been broken by the Devil in a fit of rage at the bad faith of the monk

whose face now grins in ghastly marble over the Nave, he having failed to keep his vow with the arch fiend; here, as in the old Churches, stand the ancient altars and Shrines untouched. Returned to my Hotel, and found there a letter from mother. Aug. 12, also one from Liverpool. After dinner, started off attended as before; went first to see the Automaton Duck exhibiting here, and completed last year by a native of Appenzell. It is beautiful. A perfect animal stands on a square pedestal, used as bellows; the machinery is in its body. It raises and turns its head and body, and wings working on delicate silver wheels, cries naturally, eats and drinks wonderfully enough. Then to the Cemetery, the Gottesacker. Here are Tombs from the year 1400. The Sexton said that over 150,000 were sleeping there. Here is the grave of Albrecht Durer, and of Hans Sachs. The mode of sepulture is very similar in all. They build heavy stone underground vaults, and over it place a large brown stone, altar shape, and on it, in a carved bronze plate, the Inscription and arms. Some of them were rich and curious, with touching sentiments. One new one was in Gothic, like the back of a choir stall; and on it, in Bronze Relief, was an Angel bearing a child upward; Motto, "hinuber"; this stood upright in a little railed flower parterre; another, was a Bronze relief of Immortality holding a spade; it was an angelic face, beaming with hope. Looked into the quaint old Chapel there, filled with stone and wood carvings. On leaving this Frenshoff, the sun was setting superbly over the lovely landscape

of Bavaria. On our way back looked into an Atelier. The artist was casting a colossal statue of Kaiser Karl IV., for Prague. It was very fine, but lacked the soul of Schwanthaler. Again home, journalized and retired.

Near the Rosenau is a superb residence of a Merchant here, just finished in the Turkish Style, and his Gardener's house is a Swiss Chaumiere ; an odd contrast, but the Dome, Minarets, and Frescos looked beautiful over the trees.

SEP. 12TH.—SUNDAY.—Yesterday the whole city was washed up, and to-day, shops shut, and everybody in church ; morning, by invite, partook of a dejeuner a la fourchette, with Mr. Arnold in his fine house. After dinner went out to the Douzenteigh, or twelve lakes ; where was all the town in their best dresses. Music, beer drinking, women, even ladies, all hatless, knitting and drinking beer, and nurses with babies fastened up like papooses ; a charlatan was to ride over the water upon a chariot ; he tried it, and remained in, up to his neck for some half an hour ; droll boats with paddle wheels worked by hand, were crossing the lakes, and the whole made a strange scene ; another beautiful sunset ; walked some distance, and retired early.

13TH.—Went with young B. to the Lindauer Gallery, where are some very fine paintings : a sleeping nymph, a portrait of an old woman in a cap, and the woman offering the Sieve Test, for her innocence, upon the staircase, are all worthy of Rubens : then looked at that old Globe*

* This is the same Globe about which so many volumes of learned speculations have been written ; a good history of which discussion, is to

here, the earliest existing, made by Peter Pehaim, in fourteen hundred and ninety-two, whilst Columbus was at sea, and still owned by the family which I visited. It is about two feet in diameter, suspended in a brass circle, marked only to show the winds: America is not on it. Some whales, and old Spanish Caravals, are sailing there instead; mermaids are also depicted in choice localities. The equinoctial and zodiac are marked, but no latitude or longitude. The shapes of countries are singular; Spain is double the size of France; a vast region protrudes out into the sea beyond the Indies, and is marked as the country of Kaiser Prester John; Canton, and Java, and the Antilles are there. The whole surface of land is studded with droll figures, to show the costumes of the people, and continual inscriptions in italics of names, and geographical marks, the dates of discovery, and of the imaginary cities. The Red Sea is a huge, literal red ocean, and Palestine is like Spain in size. It certainly is a rare thing; but nothing could purchase it from the family, who still live in the old mansion. Next went to the house of Mr. Holtzschuher, and

be found in the notes to Irving's Columbus, where the name of the maker is incorrectly given as "Martin Behmen." I got the above true name, from the Globe itself, which Mr. Irving states, that like the others, he had not himself seen, not having visited Nurembergh; and the name on the original Globe was confirmed by the member of this family who showed it to me. Within a few years past, the French Academy of Sciences, had obtained permission of the family, to make two fac-similes in papier-mache, of this Globe; one of such fac-similes, is now, I am informed, in their collection at Paris; and the other, most beautifully done, stood next to its venerable prototype, in the Family Mansion.

here they have lived since the Crusades. It is an immense and quaint affair like the rest; but here is an original portrait, by Albrecht Durer, of one of their ancestors. It hangs on its old easel, in a black frame, and is, indeed, a wonderful picture: it is like a Douw and Holbein combined; near it was lying a massive gilt book of one thousand pages—the family record; containing their names from their origin, with beautiful blazonings of their arms; curious, with their crest of a Moor's head. One of their ancestors serving in the Moorish wars, under Ferdinand and Isabella, and their quarterings are as numerous as those of a Spanish Don. Received a letter from S. N. D., July 31. Called on Mr. Arnold, pp. c., and went out to the Rosenau. Here the military bands were playing finely, and a great crowd of the fashion were [there knitting, and drinking beer, 'as usual. In a fine field near by, the National Guard were drilling. I then returned to my hotel.

14TH.—At 11, A. M., got in cars for Bamberg, and arrived about half-past 2, P. M.; raining. Dined, and went out to the beautiful Cathedral here, in front of the Palace, with a grand sculptured terrace rising above the town. The Church is extremely old—perhaps of the 12th century; the interior has been repaired in the Munich Renaissance style, with a double choir; exquisite high altar with a bronze Christ, and figures of the saints; a stone pulpit like that of St. Lawrence Church at Nurembergh, by Schwanthaler, and his pupils. The Lady Chapel, lined with bronze figures of

the Bishops and Canons, one, as old as fourteen hundred and ninety-two, is remarkably fine, and, also, the beautiful altar-piece, of Christ taken down from the cross, by Annibal Caracci; and the Crypt, so high and well lighted, with the well between the sarcophagi of the Emperor Conrad, and of the Bishops, in altar-shape: it is a noble edifice. Then took the cars to Culmbach, and then the Eilwagen to Hof, riding all night.

14TH.—Arrived at Hof, a dull old town, about 6, A. M., and at 9, A. M., took Eilwagen again in Saxony to Kerchenbach, raining most of the way, and arrived about 4, P. M.; at 6, P. M., took rails again, to Leipsic: this road runs through delightful scenery; it had cleared up, and there was a glorious sunset. Arrived at Leipsic, at 9, P. M., at Hotel Baviere, making a journey of thirty-four hours, including twelve of provoking delay—journalized and retired.

16TH.—This city is destitute of lions: it is only the book mart of Germany. Called on Mr. Brockhaus with introduction, and he received me very politely, and conducted me over his colossal establishment. It surrounds a large square court, and employs four hundred persons; everything is on an extensive scale. He makes his own type, and hand-matrix; but there was no peculiar feature in it. The libraries, and the University were closed. Walked out through the beautiful Augustine Platz, passing the fine private residences in the Vorstadt, to the plain altar-shaped

monument of Poniatowski, and near by, stood on that spot upon the Elster Bank, where he fell. Near by is the Observatory, Schloss, and Pflaiburg; and passed a tolerable statue of King Augustus the Strong. Afternoon at home, cold and rainy.

17TH.—Starting at 6, A. M., in rails, booked to Berlin; by some mistake did not change cars at Kothen, and so went on to Magdeburg; having about an hour after dejeuner fourchette, went into its Domkirche, which you enter through very ancient cloisters, but the interior is, of course, now a Lutheran Church, and has been sadly despoiled of its beauty, if it ever had any. There is a fine alabaster pulpit, somewhat in the style of that at Nuremberg in St. Lorenz, or rather in the Bamberg Church, which is far older than this; the alabaster Chancel, and a beautiful bronze tomb, by Visscher, of an Archbishop, and some tolerable alabaster monuments about. The town is finely fortified; a bridge is now building over the Elbe, about three quarters of a mile long. I had no time to go into the city, and at eleven and a half, A. M., was off again for Berlin, returning to Kothen, and arrived at Berlin, about 7, P. M. The cars are very commodious and elegant, in the English style: the rails are of medium gauge, and the rate is about twenty miles per hour, and fare about \$3,00: on your arrival, the rail road conductor takes your baggage-ticket, and it is then sent to your hotel; portage only 5 sil. gros. Went to the British hotel Unter den Linden.

18TH.—Called on Mr. Donelson, our Envoy, who lives in good style; received me very kindly; spent three quarters of an hour there, and accepted a dinner at 3, P.M. Monday, (twentieth), no letters: then called with Historical Society Diploma on Professor Leopold Von Ranke; he has a fine etage, in Louisen Strasse, and received me in his library, which is very extensive; showing me many choice English works; a copy of Bancrofts History of the United States which he thought too radical, and somewhat superficial; Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, which he admired exceedingly; spoke of Spark's Memoirs, of Dr. Robinson, and appeared very well acquainted with our history and literature; but, perhaps, through his Court place as Historiographer, he is a strict monarchist, and expressed his deep surprise how our government had so long existed. He is a short spare man, crooked, and bent gait, with a quick eye and rapid short accent, speaking English very well. He waited on me to the beautiful museum, and having to go over to the palace to study the archives, left me, and I went into the Gallery of Antiquities. They are in a Roman Hall, of marble, but low ceiling, and inferior to the noble Glyptothek. Some modern statues interspersed, are almost worthy of their new society. There is something so majestic in the composure of ancient art, whether it be an emperor, or Jove in his chair, or Victory, or Apollo, or Roman Matron, or even a child's bust, or Cupid, or a nymph; even their smile is placid and enduring, and the effect is in-

creased by their superb draperies. Modern art in its finest form, lacks soul, and seems bald in comparison. This gallery is not as extensive, or so well arranged, or lighted as the Glyptothek at Munich. Thence up stairs into the gallery of paintings. Here are near one thousand, beautifully arranged in the dates and order of their schools: there are some here by most of the masters; the numbers and subjects on little placards by each window; many gems here in his miniature-like style, by Van Veldt, are most exquisite. Here is Houthorst's Peter released from prison by the angel: how the heavenly light streams from the face and garments of the angel, and seems to radiate from the hand; and the door-way is bright as the "Gates of Paradise wide open flung," and then the light on the dreaming and scarce conscious Peter, though but reflected, yet how exquisitely managed! Then Guido's Fortuna rising above the rolling world; Jupiter and Io; Raphael's portraits; the Venetian scenes, by Canaletti, and hundreds of others: and then in the rear of this building went to the Cabinet of Antiquities, and here I spent some hours. What a superb collection of vases called Etruscan, from Volsci, or Lucien Bonaparte's estate; they stand on mirrors so that you see the borders well, which depicts the divine Iliad; the "gods immortal," are all there, life-like. Did not Flaxman draw his whole art from them? There was one singular vase upon a red ground; women in white dresses were taking a shower bath. Then through many rooms of Ro-

man domestic utensils, lamps, candelabra, amphora, strigils, stilus, a surgical case, bronze statuettes, ornaments, and a vast collection of gems, seals, and coins, exquisitely arranged; some jewelry of the richest kinds, frescos, window glass very thick, and glass bottles, and glass ware and vases, very beautiful prismatic fibulæ, a fine Grecian shield, etc., etc. After dinner went to the royal porcelaine fabrik, whose articles are for sale. There were many beautiful vases, painted and gilt, with fine groups of flowers and reliefs, and transparencies for shades; but, on the whole, in no way remarkable: then to the royal iron foundry; the iron is imported, but some comes from Silesia: the warehouse was full of the most elaborate carved works, exquisite statuettes, superb bas reliefs of the Last Supper, many bronze busts, one of the present Russian Empress, gilt, a large vase, with a border in silver inlaid, depicting in silver, Schwantaler's Triumph of Alexander, a large and exquisite group of flowers, etc., etc. Went through the factories driven by large steam engines. Evening to the opera: Lucia, quite well sung, but of course one cannot praise mediocrity after the London artists: performance begins at half-past six, P.M.; through at half-past nine, P.M.; no ballet; and the best seats costs twenty sil-gros; the house is large and tasteful.

The building of the museum is grand, a vast Athenian temple, with fine frescos in front, and bronze statuary, standing in front of a large green square, with many foun-

tains among the palaces, the university, etc. : nothing I have seen surpasses its position, nor its beauty as I viewed it by moonlight.

19TH.—Went off at 8, A.M., by rails to Potsdam, and passed the day in the palaces. The Charlottenhof, the beautiful Pompeian house, the old Schloss, the Sans Souci and the Marble Palace. The interior of these palaces is usually a great store house of faded finery, and bad pictures, with many other relics of the great Frederick. The gardens of the Sans Souci and its fine fountains form an exquisite Italian landscapè ; and there are some pretty statues in the Marble Palace, with fine views. Was in the garrison church during service, but could not see the Tomb. Came home in the evening to the New Opera House, the most magnificent theatre I have ever seen ; sat in the Tribune ; a charming ballet, of the Serenaders.

20TH.—Went through the Schloss or king's residence ; here are suits of the most gorgeous rooms, great buffets of plate, and many choice paintings. David's Napolcon at St. Bernard, etc. ; a lovely group ; Hero and Leander, etc., etc., and all the other usual things found in palaces : then spent an hour in the museum again, and left with this doubt—is that Raphael's adoration authentic ? Dined with Mr. Donelson, and passed the evening at his levee.

21ST.—Unwell, and made some calls in the morning ; afternoon at home writing. Evening went to the New Opera House, and heard Tucezh in " So Machen es Alle." She is

a sweet Soprano, and well supported: it was charming to hear Mozart's music pure again in such a glorious theatre.

22ND.—At half-past seven, P.M., got into cars again to Leipsic; fine day; scenery as usual, dull till Wittemberg, where it improves a little, and grows richly cultivated in Anhalt; got there about 3, P.M., and at 9, P.M., arrived at Hotel de Berlin, Dresden.

23^D.—Spent the morning in the Plaster Cast Gallery, and among the paintings, which are incomparable. Afternoon delightedly in the Cabinet of Curiosities. Such superb and curious armor was never before assembled. Evening went to the beautiful Opera House, and heard Euryanthe, by Weber: difficult music, and more beautiful in the instrumentation; it was superbly given by the prima donna, Mademoiselle Wagner, who looks, acts, and sings like Lind; fine terraces, and an enclosed promenade in the corridors, with buffets well arranged, and most princely stage appointments.

24TH.—At 9, A.M., with Mr. W. of Pa., from Vienna; went to Meissen by rails; a fine ride and day; the town is very beautifully situated; its red tiled roofs look English-like, and they are commanded by the old castle, now the porcelain factory; went to the Fabrique; the clay is found about twenty miles off; mixed only with water, and kneaded; the figures are given by plaster casts and incision, and twice burnt, then painted, gilt and baked, and the gold polished with a burnisher; the flowers in relief are made by

hand, and cemented; the small figure groups are each in detached pieces. The transparencies are first cut in wax-relief, then a plaster cast is made therefrom, then the kneaded clay is pressed on, and baked. The colors used are metallic chiefly; Cobalt is preferred to Ultramarine. Their cement and enamels are secrets. There are here, in all, about four hundred workmen: went slowly and delightfully through. All objects of art and beauty were here; among others several lace veils of exquisite fineness. A fine Lichtbild of General Taylor had been made for an American order for one thousand copies; busts, bouquets, etc. Went into the Dominican church here, but aside from its simple style, it is not interesting. Dined at the Hirsch. Drove through the Weinbergs, or vine-yards, to the Niederrau station, thence home by rails, and in the evening heard a good Tyrolean concert; one of the singers was in the United States with the Rainers', and sang for me several of our best songs; a remarkable bass voice.

25TH.—This morning after breakfasting at the Terrasse Bruhe, the pictures not being open, went to the Japanese Palace over the bridge, to the Cabinet of Antiques. It is inferior to those of Munich or Berlin, but extensive, and well arranged in Pompeii-like rooms: very few are at all perfect, so that you have no true idea of the originals; but the two on my memory are an Amazon, in fourth room, meditating, lightly resting on her war-axe; and a little child on a shield upon the right hand in the next room. Then across the cor

ridor to the Porcelain Gallery. Here through many rooms of countless treasuries, you pass from the first broken brown plate of Bottchner's discovery, to the pottery of all nations of our day. The Saxon and Sevres are beautiful; the exquisite bust of the Queen with a lace mantilla thrown over the head and shoulders, and a hundred others. After dinner went to the Green Vaults. I was disappointed in their extent, and the number of objects; but they are of course a dazzling display of mere useless barbaric magnificence. Afterwards heard the Eunuchs with the Opera Orchestra sing in the court church; a short mass. The exterior of this church is the finest object in Dresden; but there is nothing especial within; its nave is a fine vault. This morning went in the Jews' Synagogue, of Byzantine style, and very large.

26TH.—SUNDAY—Breakfasted at the Terrasse Bruhe; rainy: went to the court church, and heard the fine music at the High Mass. After dinner heard a good sermon at the English church. Evening at the opera again, and heard Iphigenia in Aulis. It was of course admirably presented; but the music, although so classic as to be Grecian, is too heavy. It is not so much an opera, as Euripides recited in German song-measure. Took, as before, a sparr-sitz in circle (twenty gros.) It is wonderful that at such a price one can hear the best of music, in a palace. Wrote a letter to S.

27TH.—Morning in the gallery, looking on Murillo's

Virgin, Veronese's Crucifixion, the Madonna Sau Sisto, and Della Notte, the Last Supper, by Vander, Werff, etc. In the afternoon drove around the beautiful suburbs to the Moreau Monument, Weber's grave, etc. Could not get in to the Gallery of Engravings the Director being out of town.

28TH.—Raining dismally till 8, P.M.; but started at 6, A.M., in the little steamer *Germania*; booked for Prague with an English Captain; the boat was about the size of those on the Thames, of nineteen inches draught. Voyaged all day till 10, P.M., when arrived at Obristwys. We sailed through the Saxon Switzerland, passing the Bastei, and for many miles below Dresden, the banks are like those of the Hudson Highland palisades, but terraced with vines, like the Rhine banks; and the river, constantly winding, studded with thriving villages, red-roofed, and English-like; presently we pass Königstein, a huge Gibraltar, some seven hundred feet high, pierced with Cannon, a fortress of nature and art, far grander in its aspect than Ehrenbreitstein: just below is Lelienstein, a huge mountain pinnacle, rising still higher, and everywhere, by the continual turns of the river, there is a variety of landscape, Rhine-like, but, to my eye, much grander. The difference is only that the Elbe is narrower. Slept at Obristruys, the last landing place, and the Bohemian frontier.

29TH.—Took a carriage at 9, A.M.: drove over a rich country till 12, A.M., when the fine towers of Prague came

in view ; drove to the Schwarzen Ross. The young princess,* nephews of the Emperor of Austria, were lodging here ; their guard was at the gate. Saw them drive out in three rich carriages. After dinner took a circuitous stroll through the city, crossing the bridge of St. John, and returning through the Kleine Scite, passing the superb wire-bridge. Went into the old Jews' Synagogue here. The chief Rabbi was praying there ; and what a Rembrandt picture it was, with the little narrow windows above, and the black stone roof and altar ; it is said to be sixteen hundred years old, and is now some twelve feet on the ground floor below the street level ; then into their cemetery ; here are stones of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and of some Jewish princes ; they all have the insignia of their tribes ; a cruise for the Tribe of Levi ; two clasped hands for the Tribe of Aaron ; grape bunch for Israel, etc. ; near by is their Rathhaus, all in the Judea Stadt : here live ten thousand of them, as they must pay large sums to live in the city. In my walk I could not fail to admire the grandeur of the bridges, and the beauty, width, and elegance of the streets of the new town, and the quaint old towers which are so numerous. Returned through the Clementinum.

30TH.—Started off in the rain, as usual, sight-seeing ; and first went to the Nicolai church, a splendid specimen, in marble and frescos, of the taste of the Jesuits ; admired

* The eldest of these princes has now succeeded to the empire by the abdication of his imbecile uncle.

there the splendid gold, silver, and precious stone vessels, chalices, etc.,; then to the Loretto chapel; its exterior is of bas reliefs of the magic flight of the original black Lady; within the broken frescos is Joseph's plank, and is no doubt a faithful copy; then to the cathedral, blazing with gold, silver, and precious stones, particularly the chapel of St. Wenzel, and the silver tomb of St. John Nepomuck, the patron saint of the city. The finest things are the statue of St. Voigt, and the portrait of Christ, of the era of thirteen hundred, brought from Rome by the Emperor Charles IV. : a divine face, and unequalled painting : then through the Imperial Palace, of enormous size, and very little in it; some pictures said to be by Bassano; and the Diet Hall; where it meets before the Imperial Commission every May. The emperor has not been here since his coronation therein: then to the palace of Wallenstein; the family are still existing here with enormous wealth, like all the rest of their princes. Here yet is his curious lava-covered bath room, and the winding stair-case leading to the tower, where he consulted the stars. The tower is gone. The curious lava-formed Aviary, and side of the garden, which is very prettily laid out; his Lutzen Horse; the Hall of the Generals, and the unaltered chapel, still used by the family. Enjoyed the fine view of this oriental-looking city from the Martinitz's window. After dinner at half-past 4, P.M., got in cars for Vienna. The three princes, nephews of the emperor, who lodged at our house, and were serenaded by a Liederkranz

of fifty singers by torchlight, amidst many thousands of spectators last night, were in a gorgeous state carriage, just before me, and at almost every station were received with music, cannon, banners, crowds, fireworks, triumphal arches, etc. Rode all night in huge cars of American fashion, moving slowly; cold, rainy, and disagreeable; every body smoking, doors opening, noisy, etc.

OCT. 1ST.—Arrived about 2 P. M., at the Gulden Lamm Hotel. Called on Mr. Stiles, our Charge; was well received, and obtained letters from B., S. N. D., D. and D.

2D.—Started about on errands in a rainy morning, and looked at several fine Churches on the way. Mr. P. and C., of Boston, called on me, and we dined well together at the Casino; then to the Graben, to Cafe Dehm; then called on Mr. Stiles, and drove over to the Sperl Garten, and heard Strauss play; there are thirty in his band, including twelve violins. He is short, with black hair and eyes, and dark and very expressive face; leading with a violin, and his band moves like one instrument. They enchanted me with his new polkas, and Fantasia on the Carnival of Venice, swallow waltz, &c. Came home about ten; Dr. Leo W. had called.

3D.—SUNDAY.—Went to the Court Chapel, in the Palace; fine music; the Emperor was there; he looks imbecile. In the afternoon received letter from B., and letter from Mr. M. F. Tupper, and both were answered to-day; Leo W. called and drove me out with his wife to Schonbrunn, where we

heard young Strauss and his band play charmingly, in a much finer room than that at the Sperl. Evening, passed at the Kartner Thor Theatre; poor opera in every way.

4TH.—Went in the morning to the Zeughaus, the largest and finest collection of arms in Europe; then to the Cabinet of Antiquities: it is quite rich, though little to Munich or Berlin; then through the Palace; its rooms are not remarkably rich, and the only thing worth looking at, is the Arbeit Zimmer of the Emperor Joseph, just as he left it, and near by is a picture of the Emperor. Evening, saw a Fest Ball at the Sperl; cooks, etc., were waltzing very badly to the delightful music of the elder Strauss and his band.

5TH.—Morning at the Ambras collection, in the Belvedere; very interesting, if the armors are all genuine. The Farnese is splendid, and there are fine ivory carvings, and some curious astronomical clocks. The picture gallery was closed for the month. Afternoon, went with Mrs. L. to the Affen Theatre, to witness a drama performed by Monkeys at the Interims Theatre Odeon in the evening, both interesting only, as evincing how little serves to amuse the proverbially volatile Viennese.

6TH.—Morning spent in the Esterhazy gallery, admiring many Dutch paintings, and some Rubens, etc. Dined at the Archduke Charles, and, in the evening, heard the opera Liebetrank. The best of the opera singers are now out of town, and this performance was but indifferent.

7TH.—Morning, went first to the Cabinet of Natural His-

tory. It is finely arranged; herds of deer, antelopes, etc., and a beautiful collection of birds, etc., fill many rooms, certainly the finest in Europe. Then to the library—a noble marble room, said to contain two hundred and seventy thousand volumes, and sixteen thousand MSS. Saw Tasso's original MSS. of the *Gierusalimme Liberata*; the famous Roman Tabula; the Cortez Mexican MSS., and could not see the other Manuscripts without an order. Then to the Lichtenstein gallery, a very superb collection; the finest thing here, and, to my taste, far finer than the San Sisto, is Ruben's Assumption of the Virgin. Her expression of calm triumph—the angels, the foremost apostle, and every figure, is almost divine, and also the Corregio of Venus and Cupid, etc. Walked around the pretty gardens of the noble palace. Dined at the Archduke Carl, as before, and returned to my hotel.

8TH.—Rained dismally all day, and I resorted to letter writing; spent the evening charmingly with Mr. Stiles.

9TH.—Spent the morning in the Josephinum, an extraordinary collection, scientifically arranged, with nothing to offend; wax preparation is in perfection here; nothing could surpass the beauty and fidelity, with which it exhibits the parts, by sections and entire of the whole human frame.

10TH.—Took the rails at half-past 11, A. M., to Laxenburgh. There is a beautiful view of the city as you pass by it, from the elegant station behind the Belvidere; after a ride of about an hour, dined with two Polish gentlemen,

who were my day-friends ; then went to a deserted Summer-Palace, filled with Hapsburgh portraits. One noble hall is lined with statues of Emperors, from Rudolph down ; then through the lovely Park, which is of vast size, with constantly changing landscapes, in the English or natural style, across the foot bridge to the little model castle ; you first enter a hall hung with some rare armor ; then, numerous rooms with furniture of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, richly carved oak ceilings, and sides of gilt leather, fine, and old, with some good paintings ; one room is hung with full lengths of the Emperor, and lighted by rich stained glass. Above, is the chamber of torture, containing the marble Inquisition table, with the border inscription, (Dis-cite non temere divos ;) in the centre cavity of bronze is where they say the prisoner's head protruded ; here are their old chairs in ancient black upholstery, and below is the oubliette ; there is a fine view from the beautiful round tower ; then passed the pretty knight's monument, with its lions, to the tournament lists. Here is a modern revival of the ancient lists, of rectangular form. In front, is the Emperor's seat, on either side those of the ladies, like opera boxes ; four gates, two at each end of the lists, with knight figures guarding ; on either side are the Judges' seats, or tribune, and the whole is about three hundred feet long, enclosed by a high stone wall. At the time of the Congress of Vienna, here were grand jousts. Could anything be more interesting ? Do we not hear the trumpet announce the champion,

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and see the melee, and the Emperor in his glory, and beauty stooping to award the wreath of victory? Is it not all again alive? And, as I walked some three hours, through the green alleys, over the sweet bridges, and around the fine lakes, I could not but re-people this scene with all the glory of ancient and of modern Europe, at the occasion of that last gathering of kings—the Congress of Vienna. It was a lovely day. We came home about 9, P. M.

11TH.—Morning at the Belvidere gallery. The finest things here seem to be the Veronese, the Dolcis, the Rubens room, and the Denner's Old Man's Head, with the Durers in the ancient school; spent three hours there. Then to the Palace to see the royal carriages; the most splendid are the mourning carved coach, and the coronation coach, painted after the Rubens school, and the sleighs of Maria Theresa, used at the time of the Congress here. Afternoon at the Hof Capelle. Archduke Frederick, son of the great Carl, died four days since at Venice, where he was Grand Admiral, and but twenty-six years old. In front of the altar, was a superb catafalque, surrounded with candles, and surmounted with his two crowns, chapeau and sword. The Emperor, and Empress mother, and the Princes, were in their boxes; the music was chanting by a choir of Priests, and responses by the organ-choir. The superb Hungarian and Italian Guards, in full blazonry, with many Generals, etc., were there. It was a grand sight. The chanting lasted over two hours.

OCT. 12TH.—Morning was at the Palace; the whole three Guards formed lines in the Vestibules of the Chapel, and the Emperor, Empress, Maria Louisa, and many princes, came from the Mass, in grand costumes and uniforms; it was an imposing sight. Afternoon at the Volks Garten. Mr. W. Furniss, of N. Y., called on me.

13TH.—Morning, called on Mr. Stiles. Afternoon, with F., spent in the lovely walks, fine Menagerie, and Botanic Garden of Schonbrunn. Though beautiful, it did not please me as much as Laxenburgh.

14TH.—The most of the day occupied in preparations for departure. Looked at the pictures in the Lichtenstein Gallery again, with F.

15TH.—Morning, received my credit from Arnstein and Eskeles, on Constantinople, Alexandria, Naples and Rome. Mailed Letters. At 2 P. M., in fine weather, took boat upon the Danube, at the Konigsmuhle, on the Prater, with F., for Presburgh. The scenery was flat at first; we passed Wagram; the river filled with water-mills and winding; passed the fine ruin of the Nunn's Tower, projecting into the river, and arrived at 5 P. M., at the Grunen Baum Presburgh; walked over to the Garden opposite, and heard fine music from a military band, and enjoyed a splendid sunset view from the bridge; how much like Donauworth is this town; the river in its turns seemed retreating into the sunset pearl.

16TH.—At 6 A. M., we were off again for Pest; the weather was cold but clear; for the whole morning the scenery

was flat until the river began to turn southward, and then there rose mountains, bleak and single, with many ruins on their summits. We passed Vissegrad and the fine church at Gran, and arrived about 4 1-2 P. M., at the Hotel Konigin von England.* Walked up to the hill, behind Buda or Ofen, among the hamlets of the serfs of Archduke Stephen. The view hence is grand; Pest spreads out below upon a plain, regularly built, with large, fine, white houses, and Buda straggles up a hill like the Hradschin. It is indeed much like Prague. A large number of carriages of Nobles with their Chasseurs and Hei-ducks passed us coming from their Diet of Hungary; and after enjoying some fine views by moonlight, returned to our delightful hotel.

*Extract from N. Y. Tribune, Oct., 1849, showing the condition of this beautiful City, after the late Hungarian War.

THE CAPITAL AFTER THE WAR.

The correspondent of the *London Times*, writes from Pest as follows:—

“Pest itself, is situated on the left bank of the Danube, on perfectly level ground with a noble line of newly constructed houses, forming a magnificent quay. Across the Danube is Ofen *alias*, Buda, rising above the water, by a bold and steep acclivity, to an elevated table land, on which is built the Royal Palace, and other public offices of the Kingdom of Hungary.

The course of the Danube is here rapid,—and its depth partakes of the nature of its banks. A few feet from the Pest shore, there is only two feet of water, in the middle five, and on the Ofen side, a depth of eight fathoms. The connexion between the two cities, has been hitherto kept up by a bridge of boats, the lease of which produces to the town the sum of £8,000 per annum; the lessee being bound to keep it floating, up to the 6th of December, which shows very nearly how long the river is free from ice. In order to maintain a constant communication all the year round, the chain bridge was built, after the designs, and under the superintendence of Mr. Clarke;—a noble triumph of British taste, and science; and when I think of

17TH. Started on Steamer Frederic for Orsova, the weather fine; and scenery very flat and of little interest: about 6 P. M., and after dark, stopped for coals at Mohacs, a squalid village, with crowds of the barbarous Magyars upon the wharf. Stopped steam about 11 P. M., and slept on board canal-boat wise.

the two extremities of the capital, Ofen, with its vine-clad hills, and German population, and Pest, with its long Hatvanet, and the wild Magyar peasant, with swarthy complexion, fiery eyes and nomade-like sheepskin dress, from the Pustza, with his horses reeking with sweat, the genius of Britannia seems even here, in its congenial element, connecting the ocean-like plains of Asia with the civilization of Europe.

The devastation produced by the siege and the bombardment is tremendous. From the windows of the Jagerhorn Hotel, in which I live, I see the roofless shells of two of the largest houses in Pest, the Hotel of the Queen of England, and the Redouten Saal, in which Kossuth held his Convention; while across the Danube, the huge Royal Palace, that crowned the steeps of Ofen, and in which the Palatine used to hold his court, is a mass of ruins. Crossing the bridge, and going round to the back of the fortress, we find a level piece of ground called "the General Wiese;" where Major General Hentzi, who defended Ofen, for the Imperialists, pastured the cattle of the garrison, under the guns of the fortress. Ofen offered no point of attack from Pest, which is low and level, as well as separated from it by the Danube; but on the other side of the General Wiese is the so-called Hill of the Suabians, and here Gorgey had his breaching Batteries; while southward close to the Danube, is the lofty Blocksberg, to which Mortars were elevated by the Magyars; so that Ofen, although it commanded Pest, was itself commanded by the Blocksberg.

All along the western side of Ofen, over looking the General Wiese the bastions and parapets are a mass of ruins, and, as the eminence on which they are built, is considerably higher than the terrace side of Windsor Castle, and were taken by storming ladders, you may easily imagine that the loss of life was very great. A part of the artillery now covers the General-Wiese, and as I walkèd over it with my polite cicerone, he looked up to the steep parapets and bastions, now a line of banks of rubbish, like the mounds outside an oriental town, and said to me, "How many a stout fellow lay dead and bleeding here five months ago!" Of the Wiener

18TH. Morning very fine; our general rate down is fifteen miles an hour: scenery continued flat till dinner time, when we passed the fine Tower of Peterwardein, and Eyloch, and at night arrived at Semlin; walked about on shore; a squalid town. Although we had a very fine moon, Belgrade was too far off in the haze to be visible. Steamed nearly all night.

19TH. Beautiful morning: many Servians and Albanians, in full and fine costume came aboard: passed the fine Roman Towers of Karman. Towards afternoon the scenery grew grand. The river, winding amongst noble wooded hills, and forming many beautiful lakes, like the Vevay landscape; and along the bank is a splendid new road, till we reached Orsola, at dusk, in fine moonlight, where we slept.

20TH. In the same charming weather, took small boat to pass the Iron Gates; a narrow abrupt pass or whirlpool, about twelve miles down, where changed to a larger boat for Galatz. Kept on through delightful and ever-changing scenery, passing the Iron Gates, which, full of whirlpools, are not so grand as the Kazan pass. Yesterday, during the evening, the Prince Metternich passed us, and we saluted: and under a full moonlight the minarets and bastions of Widdin rose to view.

Thor, or Vienna Gate, not a trace is visible, except large blocks of still compactly adhering masonry scattered on the ground. I need not prolong the black catalogue of ruins. A narrow lane close to a public square, is shown where the brave Hentzi, received a shot in the breast, from which he died the same night. This lane leads out on the western terrace, where an ally of limes still smiles in undisturbed verdure over the desolate scene, and through the branches of which one sees the Hill of the Suabians—a villa in the midst of a garden.’’

21ST. Scenery to-day was rather tame ; continual coast guard houses ; then the minarets, forts and hills of Old Nicopolis ; superb weather yet—sailed nearly till evening, when we stopped five hours at Giurgeva : the Turkish village of Ruzuck is opposite on a fine point and looked beautiful. F. sketched it as usual. Giurgeva is a squalid town of Wallachia, without interest : fine moonlight yet.

22^D. Same glorious weather : sailing near the Turkish coast ; very rich and beautiful, now and then seeing peasants in their gay costume, and some elegant-looking towns. Their appearance is charming ; with their mosques, white minarets and feluccas in the harbor. Stopped at Braila, and about 9 P. M., arrived at Galatz. Slept on board.

23^D.—Walked about this squalid town, containing but one miserable Hotel ; afternoon went on board the Kollowradt Steamer for Constantinople. The company on board were an odd jumble, without much to please, and the sail down the river is prolonged some two days by delays. The boats are changed four times ; they are of the first class and of iron. Slept on board in fine state room and superb boat. Started at 4 A. M.

24TH.—A portion of our Turks, who travel under a tent on deck, sitting cross-legged, with pipe, and turban, some really good looking fellows, were landed at Tulchna, where was a large amount of shipping ; the fog cleared up finely at noon ; and brought to view on one side of this, the middle and narrow arm of the Danube, Russian houses, and Guard posts,

and on the other side, the prairie of this Delta. About 4 P. M., arrived at Soulinha, a small Greek looking town, with a lazaretto at the mouth on the Black Sea: several wrecks were lying there. Here is a dangerous bar, and often shallow; luckily there were thirteen feet of water upon it, and we bounded off into the grievous Euxine. In our fine weather, there was no more motion than upon one of our Lakes; but many of the passengers were sick. Steamed all night, weather continuing fine. Near Tulchna, the Lieutenant General Jokmus, Pacha of Three Provinces, came on board, and continued in our company, staying at the same house at Pera. He is a native of Hamburgh, of great intelligence, speaking several languages, and achieved his great position here by his military skill in the Wars of Syria. He is a soldier of fortune and entered the Sultan's service to re-organize the army on the European system, and has been elevated to the highest official rank short of the Cabinet. He was returning from a tour in the Balkan; and had been recently on a visit to the ruins of Nineveh, in company with Mr. Layard, whose researches he had greatly assisted. His conversation was exceedingly interesting; and I shall never forget his commanding military appearance, gleaming eye and many personal attentions.

25TH.—About breakfast time, the bold Headlands and rocky cliffs of the Gulf of Varna rose in sight. On a bold promontory was a ruin of a Byzantine Church, indistinct, and not well preserved. About 11 A. M., reached Varna; the Turkish boats came alongside, and I went on shore. A pic-

turesque group of Turks was on the Quay. Some Divans and Buffalos in the street. New Turkish houses were going up; grand looking fellows paraded the street, which was lined with Bazaar-like shops, with their cross-legged merchants; it was odd to see the scribes write on their knees. The town is beautifully situated on several hills, with many Minarets; and the houses are clean and handsome. The Pacha's Palace at the lower extremity, is a grand structure; but the streets are unpaved and dirty; bought some delicious grapes, the merchant selling them by weight; and after half an hour's visit, returned on board and steamed all night.

26TH.—Was on deck early watching for the Bosphorus, and about 9 A. M., passed the Fortresses, and the Symplegades, the entrance, and then for twenty miles, a two hours' sail, passed between coasts lined with beautiful villages, Summer houses of the rich and foreigners, and ambassadors, Castles, Forts, and Kiosks, the magnificent new Palaces of the Sultan, in an uninterrupted succession, until about 11 A. M., Seraglio Point, the domes and minarets of St. Sophia, and the great towering mass of Stamboul rose in sight. We anchored near Leander's Tower, and rowed over to Tophana in a Caique, and then to Mad. Guiseppini's Pension, on the Petit Champ des Morts at Pera. Afternoon wrote letters, and called on Mr. Porter, the Consul and Secretary of Legation, U. S. Evening rainy; at home.

27TH.—Letters mailed to-day. After dejeuner, spent some three hours in the Bazaars; entered first the Drug Ba-

zaar ; which is large, well built, and handsome ; then at some distance is the other, the Great Bazaar. The goods are all exposed before the cross-legged merchants, the alleys are interminable, and contain apparently all kinds of goods. It was a rare sight. The veiled Turkish women were shopping ; many of the Sultanas drove through in their gilt carriages, with Nubian attendants at their sides. It is semi-barbarous, perhaps, but purely Oriental ; Armenians seemed to prevail in some, and Turks in other streets. Then took a fine Caique and rowed over to Scraglio Point ; had no Firman yet, and was not admitted, and so back to Tophana, a most lovely sail ; mounted an Arabian and rode home ; called again on Mr. Porter. Dr. Smith, of Charleston, just appointed State Geologist here called on me in the evening.

28TH.—On my way down to Galata, to see Mr. Glavanicz, met a procession of school children, young, and gaily dressed, with their Turkish masters, singing together not unpleasantly, escorting two boys who for the first time entered school. These were richly dressed, and on horseback. I followed them to the door ; on arriving they drew up in a line, a party of women and Nubians came out to receive them and responded to the chant ; they then were led in first to be baptised, &c. Took a Caique at Issim Bacha, for a row on the Golden Horn. Going up you pass on the right the Dock-Yards of the Sultan, which are very extensive ; a large Iron War Steamer was upon the Stocks, with some other vessels, and a great many hulks. Opposite was lying an exquisite Screw

Iron Steamer just bought in England ; then passed the Palace of the Capudan Pacha, the new Marine College beautifully situated, then Casernes, Cannon and Bomb Foundries, and opposite is the great Fez factory. The view of the City and suburbs is delightful ; the river winding frequently ; at last came to the Summer Palace, and soon after to the Women's Palace, all in the beautiful valley of the Sweet Waters of Europe. The fine hills here retreat into a basin form ; the rich plain is the garden or promenade. The position is lovely. The Palaces are not very handsome. The Sultan only lives here in May, for a short time ; but near the Women's Palace is an exquisite Marble Pavillion, circular, with gilt ceilings. In front are many marble cascades and fountains, the water coming in sheets, terrace like, broad and beautiful, from some distance. Some of the awkward troops were being drilled in front of the Palace, on a fine green. Going down, as the river widens, and you get out of the basin of Hills, the City rises upon the eye like enchantment. It stands as it were, a great forest of gardens. Palaces, Mosques, and Minarets springing out of this beautiful sea ; an Aladdin Creation. Nothing can approach its glorious aspect. Of course you see the straggling Frank Towns, and are surrounded with multitudes of Caiques ; at sunset enjoyed a beautiful view from the Cemetery near our house, The Mosques, Minarets and Towers of Stamboul were painted out on a ground of rich gold ; and we heard the Muezzin calling to prayer, making his tour of the little gallery upon a neighboring Minaret. In the evening took tea with

Dr. Smith ; some half dozen were there ; smoked Persian Narguille and Turkish pipes. Mr. Churchill, a young Turk, educated at the London University, and Editor of the Turkish Government Paper, was there ; in the course of conversation it was remarked that the present revenue of the Empire is seventeen millions sterling, and expense fifteen ; and that bribery is still common ; the Pachas plunder the revenue as usual, otherwise the Government would receive far more ; Salaries, though large, of the employees, are slow, and irregular ; the Sultan is now but twenty-four years of age, just learning French. £250,000 sterling have been appropriated for a road to Adrianople.*

* On Nov. 10th. 1847, one of my fellow passengers on board the French Mail Steamer Mentor, from Constantinople to Malta, was the General Cordova, who, after having resided as the Ambassador of Spain for fourteen years. at the Sublime Porte, had the previous day taken his audience of leave to return to a seat in the Privy Council of Spain. In the course of conversation he stated to me that the salaries of the Turkish Government were then as follows :

The Sultan's Civil List, was	-	-	4,000,000	piastres	per	month.
The Grand Vizier's	-	-	90,000	"	"	
The Seraskier Pacha's	-	-	85,000	"	"	
The Lieutenant General (Pacha Jokumas)			55,000	"	"	
Ambassador at London and Paris, each			35,000	"	"	
" " Vienna.			25,000	"	"	

The pay of the common Soldier is 30 paras per day—twenty-five Pias- tres being about equal to \$1,00.

I may here also be excused for adding that another of my fellow passen- gers on board of the Mentor, whom also I had the pleasure to accompany to the United States, was Mr. Jean de Nottbeck, who held the official post of Chef du Bureau Economique in the Ministry of Demesues at St. Pe- tersburgh, under the Imperial Government. This gentleman had recently arrived at Constantinople on his return from an official tour, and there re-

piastre 4 cents

29TH.—Beautiful day; took Caique and went up the Bosphorus to Killeled, to await the Sultan's coming to Mosque. There was a large Barracks there; and two rows of Troops were drawn up, on the shore; soon the guns fired the signal for embarkation, and presently six of the most exquisite Caiques appeared; they were each of twenty-four oars, silvered and gilt; some with doves on the prow; two with Thrones; in one, under the Throne canopy, sat the Sultan, Abdul Meschid, wearing the Fez, blue frock coat, and sword; a young man; under the other Throne sat some of the family, and an official or two in each of the others. As soon as they drew up, Donistti's (the brother of the Italian composer,) fine band played something like an Opera air; the eight or ten Pachas in front receiving the Sultan with the Oriental Salaam; they wore the same uniform, but with a rich star of diamonds. Reschid Pacha, the Grand Vizier, is a portly, black-haired Turk, of about fifty years of age. The Seraskier Pacha is a white haired, shrewd looking little old Turk; and there were several others of the whole cabinet in a line. The Sultan entered the Mosque, attended by them, and a large guard, mostly in this uniform, looking like French soldiers. His Caiques soon rowed back. I waited some half an hour. The Pachas got under an old tree and

ceived his commission to proceed to the United States on a Scientific Mission, from the Czar.

By his long residence in our country, and through his recent matrimonial alliance with the family of the late John Jacob Astor, he has become as widely known as he is esteemed.

smoked their pipes, and Officers and horses scattered themselves about. The line of soldiers, at last, after a good many efforts, got nearly straight, and soon the Sultan came out with a suite of horses, servants, and everything in confusion; the Grand Vizier walking by his side, and talking rapidly. They walked up the line of the troops. The Sultan may be young, but he looks as if he were forty; a stolid face, with black eyes and hair, yellow skin, and long sharp nose; short stature, say just over five feet, and shambling gait; wore a blue military cloak and sabre, and looked like a man in the last stage of the liver complaint. He went up the grand stairs of the barracks, and staid within for a few minutes; the soldiers ran up funnily, to the side door, as if to be reviewed there, then soon ran back, and in a line again, as before; then down came horses, Sultan, and all, down the stairs, and he then went on board a smaller Caique, under a red umbrella; the Pachas bowed deeply, the band played, and the Brother of the Sun and Moon went off. Two poor women rushed shrieking and holding up petitions along the shore, but they were put away rudely by the soldiery; and then I rowed back in my Caique, struggled up to the Mosque of the dancing Dervishes, and their dances to-day were just over. Went on board a friend's ship and lunched; then rowed to Scutari and back, then walked to the Promenade of Pera, dined, and at home for the evening.

30TH.—After making a few calls, mounted horse and rode through the wretched streets of Stamboul to St. Sophia; look-

ed in from the outer door ; they are repairing the interior, and could see but little ; then through the Seraglio Courts, to the Hippodrome, or Atmeidan ; and then out to the Seven Towers and old Walls, of the time of the Roman and Greek Empire, still fresh as of old. The last pleased me much ; but it is almost a thankless task to slip through these silent, monotonous, miry, and intricate lanes, called streets. Evening passed at Dr. Smith's.

31ST—SUNDAY.—Went to the Missionary Church here, with Dr. Smith ; the service was held in a large plain room in the house of Mr. Dwight ; a poor sermon was preached by Mr. Schaffer, one of the Missionaries. In the afternoon went out to the miserable Cafe, and grave yard, which is the fashionable promenade of Pera ; a German Band was playing in the wretched Cafe opposite, and some common looking people were smoking, &c. ; but enjoyed a fine walk and a beautiful view of the glorious Bosphorus, from the hills beyond.

Nov. 1st.—A party of ten were mustered to-day, and 800 piastres subscribed, were to pay the douceurs. Mr. Brown, U. S. Dragoman, came with his servants and a firman, and we started for the lions ; and first went to the Mosque at Tophana. It is of fine white marble. One Mosque is like another, so its description will answer for all : a fine Dome is ornamented with inscriptions of the names of the four great Caliphs, and verses of the Koran. The floor is bare of seats, of course, but covered with matting ; there is the niche of Mihrab, the Altar, or Direction of Mecca. No ornament is seen save

two great wax candles near the Mihrab ; the singular pulpit with a spire-like cover, and marble stairs are on one side, and is used for the Friday prayer, for the Sultan, and is called the chiatib; the small, low, and movable desk or pulpit, of ebony inlaid with ivory, and cushion, is used for the daily preaching, many lamps are suspended from all parts ; the Sultan's box, or private oratory, with its gilt railings, suite of rooms and baths form the gallery. This Mosque is smaller, but is much like the rest. Then in a Caique to the Seraglio ; we went over the most of it ; the Court Yard, where the Deridjee was played ; the large but tawridly furnished rooms. The ancient Throne in the inmost Court, looks like a huge bedstead ; its posts are silver gilt, and set with precious stones ; while many large gems hang upon its posts as ornaments ; the Grand Vizier's apartments, where foreign ministers were formerly first received, and this whole Inner Court is purely oriental ; in the musty old State Library opposite, are the curious portraits of all the Sultans to the grandfather of the present Sultan, painted on a Genealogical Tree ; admired the Orangery, with the Fruit climbing to the very roof, the French Garden, the Sultan's richly jewelled arms, and above all, the exquisite views you have from the windows over those fair blue waters of the Bosphorus and the Lake of Marmora. Then into the Mint ; their process is like that of London ; they were coining copper. The machinery is driven by steam, and is large and efficient. Then to St. Sophia. Within a year past they have been repairing and restoring it. It is full of scaffolding,

and so difficult to see the interior well. The height of the dome and a portion of the west end is all that can be judged of, and they do not approach descriptions. The porphyry columns, and the green marble columns, from the Temple of Diana of Ephesus, are large and grand; much of the marble on the walls is very beautiful, and also the marble pavement in the Women's Gallery, or Gunaikon, and the ancient Bronze Doors; then to the Armory, occupying the Church of the Empress Irene; the lower portion is filled with modern arms; the above is likewise, and there also is a case containing a collection of splendid gold and silver keys, and said to be those of Mecca, Stamboul, Varna, &c., &c.,—of all the towns of the Empire surrendered to the Turks; also, a very fine collection of Saracen Helmets, Shields, Swords, and Chain-Mails, chased on glaive and gauntlet, in gold, with sentences from Koran, and some Crusaders' helmets. Then to the Mosque of Sultan Achmed. It is immense in proportions; and its marble pillars are colossal; otherwise it is like the first description. Then to Sultan Mahomed's; it was of vast size, but like the others; and here there was service; eight priests, squatted on cushions in front of their desks for pulpits, of about two feet high, of mother of pearl, were reading and expounding the Koran in different places, over the great floor, each to his squatted or reclining group of Moslems. They talked loudly, volubly, and with as much gesture as our field Preachers. Many groups were praying about. Then to the Sultan Suleman's Mosque, which, though similar, is by far

the grandest and finest. Here also was service, in the same way. Then to the Mausoleum of Sultan Mahmoud, the father of the present Sultan; it is a fine new Marble Pavillion. The Tomb is shaped like a Sarcophagus, covered with Cachemire Shawls; surmounted with a Fez at one end, bearing Paradise feathers, and carrying a rich cluster of diamonds, and is surrounded with a pearl railing. There were two similar Tombs, without the Fez, for the Sultanas. Saw also the Tombs of Sultan Achmed and of others, but they could not be compared with this in beauty. Mr. Brown informed me that there is now neither court dress, or reception days. That the Sultan receives with the simple courtesies of a gentleman; he spoke highly of his intelligence, as also did Dr. Davis, the Sultan's Cotton Superintendent, from Charleston, U. S. Returned home fatigued in the evening. Mr. Oscean, an Armenian gentleman, who was educated at the N. Y. University, and married the daughter of Rev. T. H. Skinner there, called in the evening to renew his old acquaintance.

2D.—Blowing and raining hard; took a short ramble in Galata, made a few calls, dined with a friend, and returned to write letters.

3D.—Same storm yet; at home, letter writing.

4TH.—Spent the day in Bazaars, made a few purchases of embroidery, &c.

5TH.—Gave letters to L. to mail. Saw the Sultan and his grand suite, near the arsenal, at the hauling out of a frigate, a very fine seventy-four: his tents of green were pitched,

and his scarlet uniformed guards and band were the same as last week, but his barges were still finer in their colors of red and gold. Returned home, packed up books, &c., and sent them by a friend to Liverpool.

6TH.—Morning, business. Received letter from D. and from Tupper; stormy, at home.

7TH.—Bought passage ticket \$52, and chose berth on board Steamer Mentor to Malta: busy about passports, &c.; raining hard.

8TH.—Towards noon, better weather; went on board the Mentor, French post steamer: foggy night; slow boat; good berths; poor meals; mixed passengers as usual, a Turkish Effendi, a Greek Bishop, with a long beard, and the rest of all the European nations.

9TH.—About 10 A. M., arrived at the Dardanelles; weather bright; the forts are finely situated in a grand amphitheatre of hills; too foggy to see Mount Ida—but soon the weather cleared up and the bright cliffs of Teuedos, and the grand hills, shadowed deep and dark, and lofty, rose, and remained long in view. We sailed near the coast, and soon neared Mitylene.

10TH.—We arrived at Smyrna early this morning, and remained six hours in view, under a bright sky, being prevented from landing by the new quarantine regulations. The town lacks interest in its view; but it is situated at the foot of a superb bay of thirty miles depth, in a circle of mountains, and we were two hours going out through this bay, passing near

grand hills, like Swiss scenery, throwing down rich shadows; many fine headlands, with forts, and under a group of islands, lay the Turkish fleet. This sail is grand; lofty mountains, wooded to the top; bold crags and hills, running sheer to the water's edge. We started from Smyrna about 11, A. M., and passed the Cape, at the mouth of the Bay, about 3, P. M. Soon the grand mountains of Scio were in view, with their cloud-capt summits, and then the rocks of Ypsari, in a fine, starry, and mild evening.

11TH.—About 9, A. M., having entered the Bay of Salamis, we came in full view of Mount Parnassus, Hymettus, and Pentelicus, and the city of Athens, and then the Parthenon, and the Acropolis, and the Chapel on the site of the Temple of Jupiter, the Stadium, and, in front, the great white Palace of King Otho. The amphitheatre of hills, with their changing hues; Parnassus, with its snowy peaks, and the pellucid, blue waters of the sea were beautiful, but a quarantine of twenty-one days was declared, and we could not even approach the Piræus, and so were obliged to lay all day in the sight of Sunium. A French frigate from Smyrna, likewise lay in quarantine, and boarded us. After a long parley with the authorities, who would not permit us to land, we sailed off twenty miles farther, to the island of Egina, where a large party of Greeks, princes, and the archbishop and their suite, landed for twenty-one days' quarantine. The town of Egina is modern, and without interest, upon a barren coast; but we were near the exquisite

ruins of the Temple of Jupiter, on its grand height, and in the midst of fine scenery, and under a deliciously bright atmosphere. Left Egina, about 6 P. M., and steamed away all night.

12TH.—About 8 P. M., found ourselves passing Cape Matapan, a rocky headland, with a strong west wind, making good way, in a fine morning, and running near ten knots an hour. Afternoon and night, severe tempest and quite cold.

13TH.—Very fine weather again: sea has fallen, and some sail are seen; our rate is eight and a half knots; weather changed to showery, and warm as midsummer.

14TH.—About 9 A. M., arrived at Malta; and were delighted to hear that our quarantine was only for five whole days; our time from Smyrna being counted; so, landed in a small boat, at Fort Manuel, and there made ourselves quite comfortable, being in full view of the city of Valetta. Weather, bright and warm, like July; dispatched letters. There came up a fine, August-like shower in the afternoon. Frequently, from the city, came over the heavy, rich, and sweet tones of the bell of St. John's Cathedral, and, in the fine, starry evening, the numerous other church-bells were ringing in delightful unison. It is so long since I have heard anything but a Muezzin's call, that they seem delightful, and strange music.

15TH.—Counting as No. three of quarantine—weather equivocal: wrote to Rome. Morning, till 3 P. M., writing

letters ; walked on the ramparts, and afterwards made myself happy with Irving's Sketch Book, borrowed from town library. In the evening it blew a regular Levanter.

16TH.—Evening, finished reading of Irving ; fine weather, like June again, and very hot at noon.

17TH.—Blowy, but fine ; spent in sauntering about the ramparts, and reading newspapers, all day, wrote letters in the evening : just heard that we were threatened with an extension of quarantine ; a man has been taken sick on board of our steamer, and she has been ordered to ride out to sea. Heavy thunder shower in the evening ; the man, (1st Lieut.), has died, unquestionably from his intoxicating habits ; but the surgeon has reported it Asiatic Cholera.

18TH.—Beautiful day ; a few more arrivals into quarantine, by the Rostang steamer, from Constantinople ; occupied in writing ; gale at night as usual. Two Arabs, and Mr. Meline, of Leghorn, have come here by this steamer.

19TH.—Fine day ; same sort of occupation.

20TH.—Beautiful summer-like weather, and a delicious moonlight ; writing in the morning as usual, and, after dinner, took my old walk about the ramparts.

21ST.—Similar day ; weather bad : grew very warm, like August, and a delicious moonlight : wrote some letters, etc.

22D.—Fine morning, like that of yesterday ; but in the evening a heavy thunder storm, lasting all night ; wrote letters, etc.

23D.—Storm continued all day, till about 8 P. M., when

cleared up, but blowing a severe Levanter : reading, etc.

24TH.—Received third note from Winthrop, Consul ; mailed letters : cloudy and blowy weather, with a violent gale ; a number of passengers, by the French steamer, from the East, came into Lazzareto. The Cholera is reported officially to have ceased there, and this boat came in pratique.

25TH.—Received note from Board of Health, fixing our quarantine at twenty days from the fourth instant : wrote thereon to our Consul, and to the English Governor of Malta : Messrs. Winthrop, the Consul, and Captain Engle, of the Princeton, just arrived, called to see me in the Purgatorio. Signed remonstrance to English Governor.

26TH.—Wrote and posted letters ; weather continued fine. Rain has not fallen here before in three years, and they attribute the recent showers to the special prayers, masses, and bell-rings.

27TH.—Fine day : unfavorable answers from both applications. Received letter from Rome : usual occupations.

28TH.—Superb summer day : atmosphere is remarkably clear and brilliant, with meteors at night---Sunday.

29TH.—Fine summer day again ; but Levanter as usual at night : good news, by steamer, of 1st Nov., from the East, and we leave here on 4th, A. M.

30TH.—Violent Levanter all day, with thunder and lightning at night ; usual employments.

DEC. 1ST.—Wrote letters, etc. Our Captain of quarantine came over to say that we leave on the third instant.

2D.---The curious, one-eyed doctor of quarantine, made us a formal visit : paid up our Governor and furniture bills.

3D.---At 7 A. M., the Captain of quarantine, came to give me pratique, shaking hands in security, and I went on shore to the Hotel Oriental, and breakfasted with Meline ; then to Consul Winthrop's ; then through the Palace Armory, Cathedral, and library, and about the town. It was interesting to see the relics of the knights, everywhere : and to see the crowds of shovel-hatted priests jostling in their narrow streets, among the belles of Malta, all in their black silk head-covering, or Spanish mantilla.

4TH.---Morning at Mr. S.'s ; then strolled about the town, and in the afternoon drove to Citta Vecchia ; where looked into the Cathedral, St. Paul's Cavern, Grotto, the curious old town, where tradition says the apostle landed, and St. Paul's Bay. Evening at the opera, and heard Don Pasquale : a neat house, but poor company.

5TH.—Weather always like June, with early fruit etc. Sunday, bought ticket in the French steamer to Civita Vecchia, twenty eight dollars, then heard a good sermon at St. Paul's, English, beautiful church ; after dinner listened to band in the piazza di St. Georgis. Evening at hom

6TH.—At day break on board steamer Leonidas, the sail in the morning was without interest ; but in the afternoon we were a long while in view of the snowy summit of Mount Etna ; though too distant to see Catania :—fine day.

7TH.—After blowy and disagreeable weather during the

night; in the morning passed Stromboli, which was smoking away as usual: weather was very bad with short seas,—concluded to land at Naples, with my travelling friend Mr. Emanuel Micriditz.

8TH.—About 9 A. M., arrived at Naples; after a tremendous gale: the Bay is not to be compared as a harbor to that of New York. Debarked, and went to the Hotel de Grande Bretagne on the Chiaja; it was raining fast but strolled about, calling on Mr. Hamet, U. S. Consul, and went into the beautiful marble church of Francis of Paul. Evening was at San Carlo: the entree to Parquette, was 3 fr.; heard Merope and saw the Ballet or Pantomime of Iphigenia in Aulis. Poor company; but the house is of grand proportions with decorations, of gold, and crimson, and superb scenery.

9TH.—Eearly this morning, was at the museum for some five hours; first through the rooms of Frescoes, so admirably fresh, and beautiful; then the numerous rooms of statues, the Bronzes; and how many have been copied!—here are the equestrian statues of Bal^dus, the Bronze horse, and head, and innumerable statues, of the Emperor's, God's, Termini, etc.; Victory, Mercury, Faun dancing, beautiful marble pillars, mosaics, the Darius, and Alexander, the Venus of Praxiteles, the Hercules of Farnese, the grand and exquisite group from the baths of Caracalla, and then the innumerable utensils of the kitchen, bath, and ornaments of Bronze, and armor, and the secret musee^e etc.; then the library, whose principal room is immense, vaulted, with an

echo of thirty-two times, a meridian on the floor, 200,000 books, and a fine reading room ; then the Gallery of Pictures ; there were a great many indifferent, but there were also fine Corregios, Raphaels, Titian's Magdalene, a Columbus said by Parmegiano and engraved in Prescott's history of Ferdinand and Isabella, Titians, Danae, and fine Canalettos ; but the whole collection is neither large, well chosen, or well arranged. Afterwards walked about the Giardino del Re, dined at Trattoria della Villa di Napsoli ; evening was at the Buffa theatre, San Carlino ; "I due poeti" was a capital national Vaudeville, well done, before a miserable house ; seat here in the platea was but two carlinos, about one franc. Weather frseh, but clear, May-like.

10TH.—Took rails at half-past 10 to Torre del annunziata ; and then a carriage to Pompeii. Spent six hours there walking over those deserted streets ; the finest object there was the house of Diomedes, its frescos, mosaics, and fountains ; all of the houses though differing in ornament, are uniform in plan, and style, and neat as the Poets house &c. ; and the new house, just excavated this year ; how admirably fresh those frescos and mosaics, and how many are still left ; there the mills, granaries, cafe's and fountains, in every street, the carriage ruts are still there ; then among the Temples, and that superb Forum the Temple of Jupiter behind the Theatre, and the Temple of Hercules, and all their remains so wonderfully preserved ; then that superb Amphitheatre ; and as you sit there, on those same sedillae

with gloomy, vast Vesuvius smoking yet, and lowering over you, with that bright smiling sea, and the fields now fresh as in the verdure of June, or July, we can neither wonder that their taste was to leave it open to the sky, nor that, the fancy, that they were here assembled at the time of the Eruption, is true. But what a scene this must have been at the moment when they first excavated; when every object now in the Musée was in its original place, although its office was lost, and its master was found a skeleton! Certainly not one-half this great city is yet excavated although the rich Museum teems with its unburied spoils. Returned by Portici, to Herculaneum; all that is visible is the Theatre so choked with lava; seeming as if it had here run in at an instant in masses of molten fire; whereas at Pompeii, you see that the showers of ashes came first; with one or two, short streets and all under modern Portici, with delightful moonlight views of the delicious Bay, with Castellmare Baiae, and Naples lit up against the deep mountain shadows, to a Trattoria to dinner, and then home; weather although a little fresh, all the Italians mounting over coats, comforters, &c.—was like our early June; oranges, limes, and every kind of vegetable were all in full bloom and verdure, beautiful roses and camelias in bloom in the open air at Pompeii, but the forest-trees have shed their leaves and are bare.

11TH—Rose late, and spent an hour in the Musée, looking at the exquisite gems, jewellery, the cameos, and the im-

mense cameo of Medusa on the one side, and the opposite of Apollo, &c., the remains of repasts, the eggs, olives, pears &c., wool and cotton, all carbonized; the colors in pots taken from the shop still fresh, and uncarbonized, the pence, and coins, the medals &c., of Pompeii; a number of bracelets, brooches, and amulets of gold, some of which were found this year, the immense piece of asbertos, the mosaic "cave leonem" found like the "Salve"---still there at the portals; then through the gallery; very few paintings are worth remark; a few fair Rembrandts, a Masaniello some Spagnalitto's, and abundance of Virgins, &c., of the Neapolitan school then called on Mr. Caraviguy's, Ex Consul U. S. at Algier's then drove through the Chiaja, Grotto of Posilippo, to the tomb of Virgil; enjoyed the beautiful view thence; then to the Cafe di Europa, to dinner, a short walk upon the Chiaja again afterwards, and then home. It was a day of transparent sunshine: the trees of the Giardino del Re were yet bright and green; luscious oranges drooped from the boughs on all sides in our Hotel Garden: in the middle of this fine and oft-pictured panorama, seen from the heights of the so called tomb of Virgil, and going slowly past the marble palaces of the Chiaja, in the midst of its broad thoroughfare was a procession of white-robed monks; perhaps—of the order of St. Dominic;—several hundreds of them, with much pomp of banners, cross, censers croziers and rich host-canopy. They formed a fine contrast to the gaily-dressed, rich-livered Neapolitans who

rattled by, and to the picturesque Masaniellos upon the Riviera.

12TH.—Morning at the English church in the consulate; a fine room, dull sermon; some eight hundred or more of English travellers were there; afterwards looked at the church of St. Januarius; now being repaired. They showed the fine paintings, gilding, and the miraculous blood of the saint, etc; and then to the church of the Jesuits, with its grand altar of Lapis Lazuli; bought ticket in diligence of Tuesday week for Rome; evening at the Theatre des Florentines; some fine acting in the “Sculptor of Genoa” and “Il Seccatore” or the Italian version of Paul Pry; Leopold, the brother of the king was there in state; rainy day and cold catching.

13TH.—Beautiful weather again; took the 9 A. M., train with my friend Em. Micriditz *compagnon du voyage* from Malta, to La Caserta the summer palace of the King. The road runs through rich fields, now clothed with verdure as in June, although the trees are leafless, and all over are these peasants in their picturesque costumes; ride was over an hour in poor cars, with English engines; the Palace is a large square building of Grecian style; there are some few chambers with fine marbles, and much elegant gilding; the rest is about the same style as the Burgh in Vienna; there are some water-works, and ponds in the French taste, and an ill looking garden: returned about 3 P.M., shopped and at home in the evening preparing for to-morrow's start.

14TH.—At 8 A.M., seated in the *coupe* of the Diligence for Rome. The weather was lovely; and all the day long there rose a succession of the most beautiful landscapes;—at 12 at night arrived at Terracina passing under a fine moonlight through Mola di Gaeta which with its tower and sea view, is situated much like Naples; and also passing the fortress, and manor of Fra Diavolo near to Terracina and its famous inn and there changing to a larger diligence.

15TH.—About 8 A. M., we are at Velletri, and presently the fine *campagna* began to spread away before us, and about 11 A. M., we ascended the last hill and came in full sight of Rome. It is not grand in this view. St. Peter's of course is the great object; but how beautiful! Does not its noble position become the Mistress of the world? At noon we arrived at Hotel de Cesari, and I received many letters from M. F. Tupper and others.

16TH.—Spent some five hours to day, in what after all, was but a hasty glance at the grandeur of St Peters; then an hour or more in the crowd among the antiquities of the Vatican. The facade and first view of St. Peter's disappointed as is usual with every one, but when under the dome, I began to feel some sense of the immensity and magnificence of this fitting successor to that mighty temple of old at Jerusalem.

17TH.—Rose early; wrote letters: then to the Senators' Tower, on the Capitol, or modern Campidoglio, and there enjoyed a fine view of this whole amphitheatre; the *Campagna*,

bestrewed with the wreck of ages, spreading for miles around; the ancient Seven Hills, now nearly all ruin-crowned; the eternal Coliseum, before me, and so near; the Arch of Severus; the Forum; the Arches of Titus, and Constantine; the Via della Pace through the Forum; all, in this balmy atmosphere, fresh yet, as in the days of their first glory; and behind me, modern Rome spread away in beauty over the ancient Campus Martius. Then I went down among the ruins, and spent some hours in the Forum and Coliseum, and about the Arches of Constantine, Titus, and Severus; and afterwards to the St. John Lateran, and looked long, with delight, at the exquisite Corsini Chapel, and beneath at Bernini's *Picta*, and others there of the most superb statues and marbles; and then the gilded roof of the nave, and the curious Mosaics in the Apse of the choir, and saw the people going on their knees up the *Scala Santa*. Whilst in the Coliseum, a procession of Brothers of Mercy, with lighted lanterns, and in grey veils and hoods, came in, and a Capuchin mounted the pulpit, and preached to a considerable congregation: a few more worshippers gathered around, and, from my seat on one of the upper arches, this little group formed a picturesque addition to the solemn and beautiful grandeur.

18TH.—Went this morning to the beautiful Pantheon; to look upon its faultless dome; its pillars of *giallo antico*, its beautiful friezes, its simple monuments to the mighty dead; though constantly exposed, by its open roof, to the weather,

there is but little injury even now, after the lapse of ages ; then drove around the Pincian hill ; beautiful, with its fresh verdure and fine views ; then an hour in the reading room, in the Piazza di Spagna ; then to Santa Maria Maggiore. The Eunuchs were sweetly chanting in the exquisite Sacrament chapel, so rich in all gilding, mosaics, and marbles ; and after the chant ceased, walked up the glorious nave, with gilded ceiling : flat, in gold panels, and with an apse, and Bronze Baldaquin, like the St. John Lateran.

19TH.—SUNDAY.—Raining hard ; rose late, spent an hour or two with Mr. Crawford, the American sculptor, living at No. 504 in the Corso ; showed me a pretty group just cut for Mr. Parish of New York, of “ Apollo instructing Diana on the lute,” and a figure of “ Flora” for Mr. Haight, of New York : then heard the beautiful music at Vespers, in the chapel di Santo Coro, at St. Peter’s. Evening at home.

20TH.—Went in the morning through the catacombs of St. Peter ; they are full of rich bas-reliefs, of statues, of mosaics, and pavements, of the old Basilica with rich frescoes, the Tombs of the Popes, and the Stuarts, and the famous Tomb of St. Peter, under the Altar ; the monuments of the Popes and others being in the Church above, exactly over these Tombs : then to the paintings in the Vatican ; and first of all Domenichino’s “ Jerome,” Raphael’s “ Stanze,” the “ Heliodorus,” and the “ Release of Peter.” Then some hours in the Nuovo Braccio, where are the Demosthenes, the Nile, the Titus, and Julia, etc. ; then the vast population of statues

in the Chiaramonti rooms, the exquisite Bust of Augustus, &c., &c., finishing as usual at the Laocoon and Apollo. Evening at Mr. Brown's, U. S. Consul here; spent some hours in the Vatican library, among its fine frescos, and interminable suite of rooms; the books are locked in closets, and are inaccessible without special permission.

21st.—Morning at St. Pietro, in Viucolis, admiring the "Moses" of Michael Angelo, and the St. Margaret; then to the Gallery and Museum of the Capitol, and long admired the paintings of the Petronella, the Birth of the Virgin, the Last Supper, in miniature, the marble of the Gladiator, the Fawn, the Venus, &c.; then to Caracalla's Baths, and when on its lofty roof, in a balmy evening, I could not wonder that immortal Shelley should have loved to linger on the spot, and that on its roof he should have composed his "Cenci," and other things in verse divine.

22d.—Went to St. Maria sopra Minerva, to look upon Angelo's "Christ;" then to the Jesuit Church, so luxuriously splendid, in lapis lazuli, giallo antico, &c.; then to St. Paul fuori le mure, the most tasteful and splendid of all the smaller Basilicas, with a transept very grand and lofty, of white marble, the Pope's chair, the painting of St. Paul borne upward by angels, and on either side the statue of St. Stephen, and Benedict, all modern, and exquisitely beautiful; the Nave with its multitude of granite columns, and the opposite transept yet unfinished; they are now rebuilding, after the fire of 1824; the cloisters have a singular variety

of columns. Rained hard; returning went to the Barberini Palace; saw the "Beatrice Cenci" and the "Potiphar's Wife" and some Raphaels; Evening with Mr. Crawford.

23D.—Spent an hour or two in the Fabrique des Mosaïques, on the right of the Vestibule, where the beautiful paintings of the church are slowly formed, and the rest of the day at the Vatican. Received letters.

24TH.—At the Palazzo Borghese, and Sciarra Galleries, in the morning; and in the afternoon at the Quirinal Chapel, to hear Vespers chanted. Pope Pius IX, and all the cardinals were there, and performed the service; he is about 58 years old; intelligent face, active manner, and fine voice. Evening at Santa Maria Maggiore; beautifully illuminated; vast crowds of spectators, all the Papal guards in their fine uniforms; the Pope was brought in on the "Throne Portatif," with the Ostrich flambelles,—the crown and sword which are then blessed, borne before him, in a grand procession through the Nave, with cardinals, priests, cross, censers, candles, &c., the troops in two lines, forming a long alley; the ceremonies and the mass celebrated by Pius IX, with such a galaxy of light and splendor, formed a grand and imposing spectacle.

25TH.—Early at St. Peters; similar procession as of last night, but still greater crowd; a fine show of uniforms by foreign ministers, &c.; some rich music, but generally the same broken chant. Went into some half dozen churches in and about the Corso; small, crowded with poor pictures and tolerable monuments; rained hard, and at home evening.

26TH.—Pouring rain; however, saw some half dozen churches. Evening at the Opera house Delea Valle; heard “Italiana in Alghini;” sung by the fine tenor Pozzolini Gasparini, a debutant.

27TH.—Morning with Mr. Brown, U. S. Consul. Went to see Mr. Freeman, the artist here, from N. Y.; he showed some fine pictures; a new one of “the Marys at the Tomb,” in Cartoon, but the studies of the angels’ heads were finished, and were lovely. Called on Mr. Crawford; raining, as usual. Evening at the Apollo Theatre; Ivanhoff was singing here, and as I thought, not equal to his reputation.

28TH.—Morning drove with a friend, to the Columbaria; passing by Rienzi’s house, now a stable, and the Tarpeian Rock. Then with friend Micriditz to visit cardinal Mezzo-fanti; there was no ceremony; the previous day his Major Domo had sent us cards for this honor, so we merely sent in our cards. He has a fine Palace here in the Piazza Venezia; after waiting a little while, the cardinal came in; he is short, with a highly expressive face; he sat down and received us with great cordiality; conversed some hour with my friend, in Greek, Arabic, Turkish, Spanish, and other Dialects; and in Italian, French, German, and English, with me; told me that he is now 74; was born at Bologna; has studied fifty languages; showed an intimate knowledge of the literature of these languages, and the politics of America; then looked at some pictures in the Farnesina and Farnese Palaces. Evening at the Opera, in the Teatro della Valle.

29TH.—Went to the Baths of Titus, so called; the ruins are indistinct, but extensive, with some beautiful Arabesques; then to the Columbaria; the most interesting of all; the ashes, inscription, lamp, and olla all yet remain perfect; they were roofing the new one, just discovered in the same field, then went through the deserted catacombs of the Scipios; then to the Spada Palace, to look at Pompey's statue; then to the Rospigliosi Palace, where is the enchanting "Aurora" of Guido, the "Samson," by Caracci, the "Expulsion," &c.; then to the Doria Palace, where are the Sassoferratos, "Holy Family;" bright, clear, and natural as Murillo's Madonna, at Dresden, the portrait of Machiavelli, [Ruben's confessor, Clande's Moline, and Temple of Apollo, S. Rosa's Belisarius, Teniers, Marriage Feast, with his own portrait, and many other fine things by Tempesta, Guidos, &c., and Carracci's ascension of the Virgin, and a fine bust of the old Admiral Andrea Doria; then drove out through the fine Park to the Casino: Villa Borghese. The frescos in the first grand room of Acton breaking the League with Brennus, the Hermaphrodite, the Fawn, Leda with the Swan, the mosaic showing the Gladiators in the armor of the middle ages, the Sarcophagus, the Porphyry and Alabaster vases, and every room rich in exquisite frescos and superb statues, with the mosaic showing the federal rite of the Republics; then drove through the tour on Pincian hill, quite crowded, being so fine a day, and made some calls in the evening.

30TH.—Raining as usual; made some calls in the morning

and went to the the interesting Etruscan Museum of Cavalier Campana, and at 8. P. M., took seat in the diligence for Civita Vecchia.

31ST.—Arrived at 6 A. M. at Hotel Orlandi; the boat had not yet arrived from Naples, detained by reason of the storm; so walked about the stupid town, where there is nothing but Trajans Mole to look at.

JAN. 1ST, 1848.—Wet miserable day. Steamer Mentor arrived; this was the same unlucky boat by which I came to Malta; went on board about 12 M., and off at 2; steamer had to make twelve days quarantine at Marseilles, when she was ordered off from Malta.

2D.—At Leghorn, about 6 A. M., breakfasted at Hotel St. Mark, (kept by John Smith,) and took cars to Empoli, and then eighteen miles in Vetturino to Florence, where we arrived about 5 P. M. Evening at La Pergola, a very handsome house; but Lucia was sung very badly to a thin audience; cleared up at last this evening.

3D.—Imperial gallery, Palazzo Pitti, Cathedral, and Baptistery to day; evening at Opera.

4TH.—All day spent between the Palazzo Pitti and the Santa Croce, where one of the most impressive monuments is that of Dante. Home for the evening.

5TH.—To-day with Mr. Powers in his studio; showed me his Eve, Greek Slave, Fisher boy, and Proserpine; they are all beautiful; his Calhoun is not yet in marble; there are also many good busts there: spent some hour or more

with him, talking of the Lester Affair, and the past history of his own life ; then through the beautifully arranged Musee National and the wax preparations for comparative anatomy ; and another collection like the Josephinum of Vienna ; then at the Galileo Tribune ; it is exquisite ; and to the Medici Chapel ; then drove an hour on the lovely Cascino, and in the evening at Leatro Nuovo, where we had a good comedy in a fine house ; to-night there were three torchlight processions, and the boys were blowing glass horns, as in honor of the Eve of the Fete of the Epiphany ; an ancient custom of Florence.

6TH. Fete of the Epiphany, and nothing open but the churches ; heard the music in cathedral in the morning. Received letters. Passed the afternoon in the delightful Boboli Gardens. Evening wrote letters.

7TH. Morning in the academy of the fine arts, admiring the Peruginos, Bronzinos, &c. ; the modern pictures are not good. Here is a Carlo Dolci of (God) and but for its gross impiety it would be a divine picture, and in the small room are some fine casts ; then went to Greenough's Studio ; his colossal group of the backwoodsman seizing an Indian is yet unfinished ; there was a beautiful Relief there, and heads of Lucifer and Christ ; then to the church of the Annunziata ; admired the shrine, the glorious painting on the dome, the cloisters with their monuments and frescos, the enclosed frescos of Andrea del Sarto, in the vestibule, of the "Visitation" and the "Holy Family" and the "Assumption." The rest of the day at the reading room and home.

8TH. Morning went to St. Maria Noovella; [here are beautiful frescos in the cloisters, and fine stainings; the Spanish chapel, the chapel of the Strozzi, with the marble Madonna and child; then to San Spirito; then again to the the Tribune of Galileo, and to the Poste. Received letters. Then drove out to the Poggio Imperiale; it is superbly situated; and here I admired Angelo's Adonis, the chapel, the grottos, and paintings, the Florentine Silk, and some fine rooms; then again to the Cascino; and in the evening at an excellent concert for the benefit of the Guarda Civica here.

9TH. Sunday; at the English church in the morning. Afternoon with Mr. Ombrosi. Evening at home letter writing.

10TH. Morning on business, and on my way called at the Casa Buonarotti; it was closed, and is only open on Thursdays; then spent an hour in the Corsini Palace, to admire Guido's Lucrece; Raphael's sketch of the last Judgment, Cartoon of Pope Julius II, fine Dolci of "Poetry," Rosa,' sea views, Beuvenuto's Death of Priam, &c., &c. Evening at home. How often in crossing the Cathedral square of Florence, is one forced to stop and gaze with admiration on that statue of Life; of Brunelleschi pointing upward to that glorious dome hung in air!

11TH. Took the Diligence and Rails to Leghorn. Mr. L. P. Meline met me as I arrived, and drove to his house, where some friends were gathered, and we had a pleasant evening; staid with him at his villa here.

12TH. Quiet to-day; strolled around the town before dinner.

13TH. Took the cars to Pisa: the cathedral is the finest I have yet seen in Italy in this style; the Baptistry is well known, and so beautiful, with its musical echo, and fine marble pulpit, then the Campo Santo, the Church of the Cavaliers of St. Stephen, and a new square and statue of the Grand Duke, well done, and the Church of the Madonna della Spina, the miniature of the Milan cathedral; enjoyed the fine view from the Ponte a Mare, and as I looked upon its Vevey-like scenery, Shelley's fine verses on Pisa were again present with me. Ibrahim Pacha was walking about the Lung Arno.

14TH.—Drove out with Mrs. M. along the shore, passing the Turks' Cemetery, to the Ardenza, about three miles drive, passed fine villas; and then to the Cisterno Nuovo, a beautiful building and reservoir; passing the New Piazza, and the fine statues of the late and present Grand Duke.

15TH.—On board Dante Steamer all day; and arrived at Genoa about 7 P. M., called on some acquaintances, and took a stroll about the city in a beautiful moonlight.

16TH.—Saw the Doria Palace, with its fine frescoes, but tinsel furniture, the Annunziata, a mass of gilding in doubtful taste; the Cathedral, with the Angels by Canova. Evening at the Opera Carlo Felice; a superb house; heard Tancredi, well sung, with the Ballet of the "Gamin de Paris."

17TH.—To day again among the palaces: saw the Palazzo Se-

ra with its splendid gilded room, the Brignola Sale, with many beautiful Vandykes, Guidos, etc., the Durazzo, with its fine marble staircase, and the best gallery; here are the Magdalen, the Democritus, and Heraclitus, and Thetis dipping Achilles: then walked up to the Aqua Sola Garden, where is a fine view of the city, spreading down the amphitheatre of hills to the sea. Then to the Church of Carignano, with the fine statue of the Martyre of St. Bartholomew and John the Baptist, and some fine paintings. This church is well proportioned: then over the bridge to the Ducal Palace, to look at its splendid and ancient Hall of the Doges, in marbles, statues, and frescoes. Evening with friends.

18TH.—Snow storm, but went to the Academy, containing a finely arranged Gallery of Genoese Painters with the picture of the Martyre of St. Bartholomew (stripping the flesh) and admirably painted.

19TH.—Went to the Cathedral, and saw the Emerald, (or Glass Vase,) the Cross of Constantine, and the Marble Chest wherein, they say, are the ashes of St. John; then to the Ducal Palace, and saw the MSS. of Columbus, so sacredly kept there, and took copies of his fine hand.*

20TH.—Took seat with a friend in the Courier for Milan, then saw the Martyre of Stephen in that Church, by Raphael and Giulio Romano, an exquisite picture. Home the rest of the day.

* The following is a copy of one of these letters. I had but a few moments to inspect them. To see these treasures, an application must be

21st—Started in the Courier for Milan, at 13 M., riding made, a day or two previous, to the Cardinal legate or senator, who only have the keys to the gilded doors of their depository :

“ ALLI MOLTO NOBILI SIGNORI
 “ del molto magnifico ufficio
 “ di S. Giorgio
 “ a Genova.

“ Al di dentro

Molto nobili Signori.

“ Benche il corpo cammini qua, il cuore sta li di continuo. Nostro s
 “ noiré mi ha fatto la maggior che dopo David abbia fatto a nessuno. L
 “ cose della mia impresa già risplendóno, e piu risplenderebbero, se la
 “ oscurità del Governo non le eoprissè.

“ Io torno alle Indiei, in nome della Santissima Trinita, per tornare
 “ subito; e perché, Io son mortale, lascio, a D. Diego, mio figlio, che di,
 “ tutta la rendita vi corresponda corti, per il decimo del totale, di essa
 “ ogni anno, per sempre, in sconto del prodotto del grano, e vino, e altre
 “ vettovaglie commestibile. Se questo decimo sarà molto, rceevetelo, e se
 “ no, ricevete la volonta che io tengo. Vi prego, per grazia, che tenghi-
 “ ate raccomandato questo mio figlio. Messer Nicolo Odérigo sa dei fatti
 “ miei piu che io stesso, e lui ho mandato la copia dei miei privilegi e
 “ carte, perche li pongo in buona guardia, avrei piacere che li vedreste.

“ Il Re, e la Regina, miei Signori, mi vogliono onora piu che mai. La
 “ San. Trin. guardi le vostre nobili persone e accresca in molto magnifico
 “ uffizio.

“ Fatto in Seviglia le 2 di Aprile 1502.

“ L'Ammiraglio Maggiore del Mare Oceano, e Vice Re, e Governatore
 “ Generale delle Isole, e della Terra Ferma, del Asia, e delle Indie, del Re
 “ e della Regina, miei Signori, e suo Capitano Generale del Mare, e del
 “ suo Consiglio.

“ S

“ S. A. S

“ X. M. Y

“ Xpo FERENS.

Translation of signature.

“ Supplex

“ Servus Altissimi Salvatoris

“ Xristi, Mariæ, Josephi,

Christo Ferens.”

over the Appenines, with many glorious views of the blue Mediterranean Sea. It was extremely cold; rode all night.

22^D.—Arrived about 11 A. M. at the Hotel Grande Bretagne, and went to the Great Church; and then to the shrine of St. Carlo Bovromeo; evening at La Scala. The full company was not there: but the instrumental and choral force, even with those singers, produced music worthy of this grand and magnificent house.

23^D.—Sunday, and very stormy: went to the Great Church, then to the Brera, to admire the Rafuels' Marriage, the Guidos, the Dead Christ, so admirably foreshortened, then to the Arena, and the Triumphal Arch; then to see Da Vinci's Last Supper in the Cloisters of St. Maria delle Grazie; then to the Church of St. Ambrogio, so ancient is its Court that in the time of the first Crusade, it was here where the Knights assembled to march forth to Palestine, and here is the Tomb of the Roman Pro-Consul, Stilicho, and fine paintings in the Sacristy, and then to the Church of the Madonna della Vittoria; with a beautiful nave, with gold groinings, and medallion pictures. Evening at La Scala again, which in music and decorations far excels the San Carlo, of Naples.

24TH.—To the Duomo again; went all over and about, and on the top up to the Great Lantern: it is all a miracle of beauty. One large statue on the roof always impressed me; Adam leaning upon a spade upon the eve of starting upon life's struggle—serene solemn and spirit-strung—and next to him, but with averted face, Eve—full and beautiful: then

to the Ambrosian Library, and saw the Da Vinci sketches, and Bramantes, the Troubadours Songs, &c. in Ms., with notes, Petrarch's Virgil and notes in his own hand, the Monument to Borromeo, descendant of the Saint, the Charity, the Relief by Thorwaldsen, his bust, and that of Canova; the Gilded Bronze of the Aurora, the Graces and the Trajan's Column, then by rails to Mouza, a ride of half an hour to its Cathedral, whose exterior is like that of Pisa: saw the old Iron Crown, which was worn by Napoleon when he claimed to be the successor of Charlemagne, Theolindas Crown, he, Missal, Fan, and Comb; Silver Saints and wreaths of silver; fine church with its rich stainings; and then came back to Milan.

25TH.—All day at home, or in the Great church. Secret arrests were made during the night, and every time I went into the streets, I saw the gens d' armes escorting the arrested on the charrette. The churches are all in mourning for the dead slain in last week's massacre. Every thing deserted and the gloomy streets are full of Austrian troops (2000), martial law having been proclaimed.

26TH.—At home all day.

27TH.—Returned by Diligence to Genoa.

28TH.—Arrived at a friend's house in Genoa, at 11 A. M. and spent the four following days there.

29TH.—

30TH.—

31ST.—News came to-day that the Sardinian army are

marching to take position at Alexandria ; the march began at 8 A. M. to-day ; yesterday morning at 3. A. M., the King of Naples is said to have arrived here in a steamer, and left instantly en route and flight to Milan.

FEB. 1ST.—This last report is contradicted and changed to the first minister of Naples ; the news of the Revolution and Constitution at Naples makes a great emeute in the streets ; at 2 P. M. embarked on the Capri for Marseilles.

2D. Arrived at 11 A. M. at the Hotel des Empereurs.

3D. Fine day ; drove about the town to the beautiful cemetery, the Boulevard, the Monte Bonaparte, and along the Prado and the sea-shore ; and at 3 P. M. took seat in the coupe of Berlin Maitres de la poste for Lyons, riding all night and through beautiful landscapes in the day.

4TH. Arrived at 11 30 P. M., slept four hours.

5TH. At 5 A. M. en route again for Paris, making always three leagues the hour, or according to the new regulation, twelve Kilometres.

6TH. Do. day and night.

7TH. Arrived at the Hotel des Princes at 12 M., making eighty-three hours work, continuous riding. Received and wrote letters.

8TH. Home : wrote letters, and in the evening at the Italiens and heard Mario and Castellan in Lucia : the rest were very bad.

9TH. Letter writing.

10TH. Left by Boulogne for London and arrived in the next day.

12TH.—Took passage for home in the steamer of the 26th inst., passed the interim, seeing a few friends, &c.

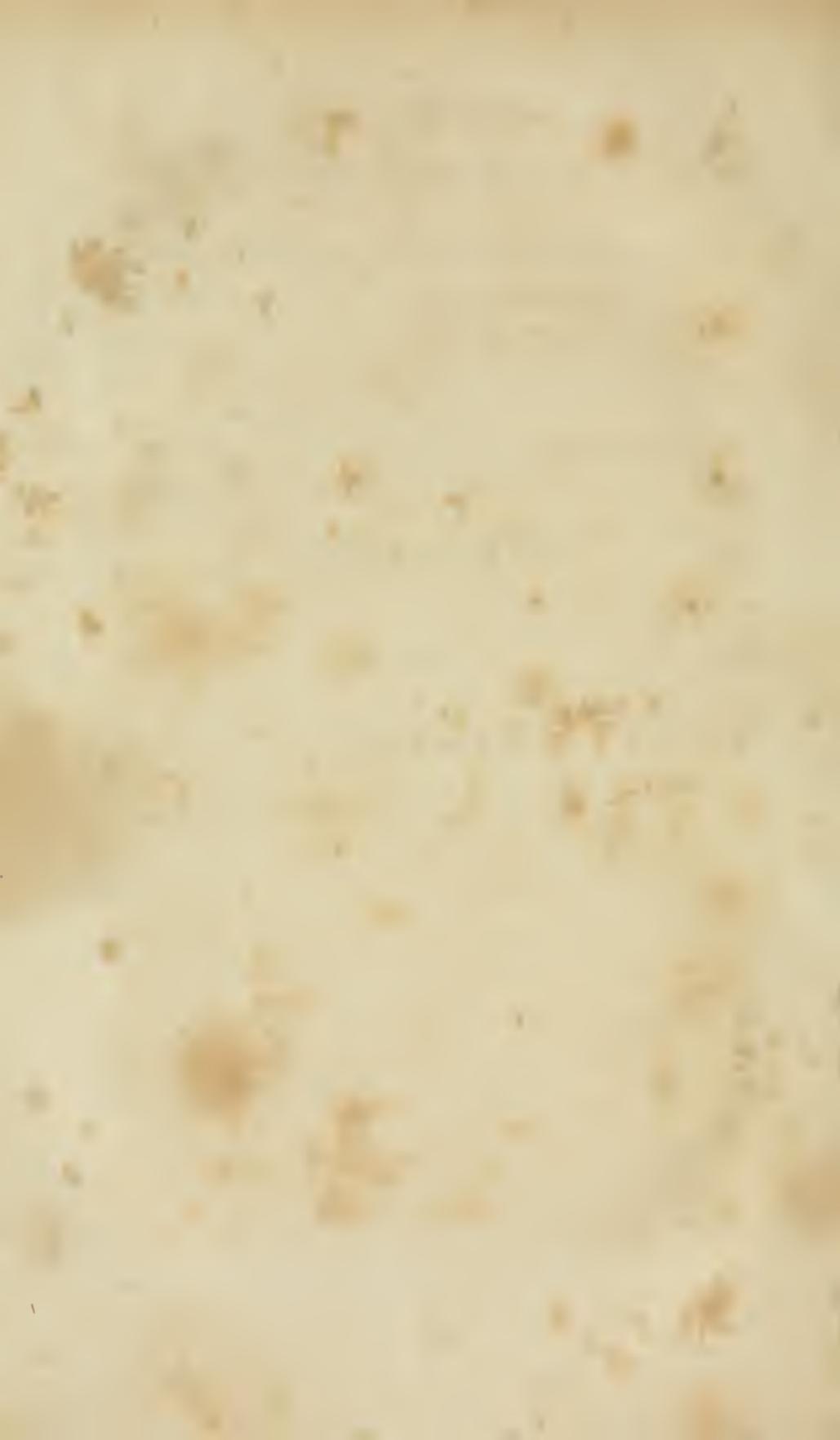
27TH.—Left Liverpool in steamer Cambria, for New York ; on the wharf, met my former travel-companion, Mr. de Nottbeck, who became a fellow passenger.

MAR 18TH.—After a rough passage, with constant gales, arrived HOME.

SKETCHES:

AND

Reviews.



SKETCHES AND REVIEWS.

From the Literary World, N. Y., of July 10, 1847.

A DAY AT DURHAM.

EDINBURGH, MAY 9TH, 1847.

I arrived here on the 6th instant, by way of Durham, Morpeth, Alnwick, New Castle, and Berwick. The city of Durham, above all others in the north of England, abounds in interest; both from its rare antiquity, its noble Castle and Cathedral, and its lovely situation. I spent a day there—and one, altogether the most pleasant since I left home. This city is, as you well know, the chief city of the palatinate of Durham. The county was, by William the Conqueror, erected into an independent principality or palatinate, and the Bishops of this See clothed with princely powers, for the purpose of protecting the borders from the incursions of the Scots. The Bishops were not only great ecclesiastical princes, but renowned warriors, leading their hosts of mailed soldiers in most of the famous battles of the border wars. Though much of the ancient glory of the See has departed, still the Bishops hold their court, civil and ecclesiastical, their Chancellor sitting for them; and among these Chancellors, along with other bright names, was Sir Samuel Romilly; and the records of the Abbey and the Cathedral Church have, in consequence, been kept unbroken, and with

the most remarkable minuteness, since its foundation. Indeed, in the ancient refectory in the cloisters, is the banquet library, and the richest in manuscripts of any Cathedral in England. Its history is too curious to be overlooked, and, although its present beauty needs no historic detail to enhance its interest, you will excuse me if I take a short sketch of its eventful story; always premising that the facts stated are not traditionary, but are derived from original and contemporaneous public records, faithfully and regularly kept under the sanctions of the ancient religion, which once flourished so magnificently here. The See of Durham was founded at Lindisfarne, now Holy Island, a few miles east, off this coast, by Oswald, the Saxon King of Northumberland, as early as the year six hundred and thirty-five. Its earliest Bishop was Aidau, a monk of Iona, among whose successors, in the year six hundred and eighty-five, was Cuthbert, the Saint, about whose incorruptible remains so much was written and believed, and upon whose shrine, afterwards erected in the Church of Durham, so many and such costly offerings were made: and to which so many thousands annually went as pilgrims. I need not detail the old legend of how, ten years after his death, the monks at Lindisfarne, on opening his grave, found his body incorrupt and fresh, and, as they said, almost instinct with life; how they then enshrined it near their high altar; and when the Danes invaded England, how they fled with their sacred charge from Holy Island, and how the stone coffin of the

saint, according to their legend, floated swiftly over the rivers, leaving the monks to trudge after it in wonder.

Scott, in his *Marmion*, as you well recollect, has not forgotten this strange legend of the Borders.

“How, when the rude Danes bestrewed their pile,
The monks fled forth from Holy Isle,
O'er northern mountain, marsh and moor,
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Seven years St. Cuthbert's corpse they bore.

* * * * *

In his stone coffin forth he rides
(A ponderous bark for river tides,)
Yet light as gossamer it glides,
Downward to Tilmouth cell.”

The monks thus wandered till they settled at Chester Le Street, where it remained some hundred years or more, and then to Kissou. A country distich well known here, yet speaks of the loss of Chester Le Street in the departure of the saint.

“Durham lads hae gowd and silver,
Chester lads hae nout but brass.”

The ruthless Danes again threatened the retirement of the monks; and again they took up the coffin. It was then revealed to one of their number, in a vision, so runs the legend, that Durham should be its final resting place; but the hapless monks were ignorant where Durham lay. The legend, of course well vouched for, goes on to tell how their distress was at last relieved. Wandering with their charge to a field near by, they sat down in despair; but a woman seeking for

her cowcalled aloud to her companion to know if she had seen her; who answered she was in Durham, or, as it was then called, Dunholme. The grateful monks received this as a heavenly direction, and following the woman and the cow, came here to Durham, the final resting place of their saint. On the front of the Cathedral, the "Durham Cow," carved in stone, still excites the curiosity of the legend-loving visitor. Of course, so great a saint as Cuthbert was enshrined; miracles were on all emergencies wrought by him; his coffin taken up and carried in great processions; his sacred banner borne in many a bloody battle field of the Border wars, and the appearance of this renowned banner was always hailed by the English as the signal of victory over their Scottish foes. Behind the exquisite altar-screen, now in the Cathedral, which was finished in thirteen hundred and eighty, and principally the gift of the Nevilles, the Lords of Raby Castle, which is still existing some eighteen miles from here, under a large black marble slab, upon a circular stone elevation, now reposes this celebrated stone coffin of St. Cuthbert. All around the circular structure upon which it lies are the remains of the pillars, and other work of the shrine which once covered it. In eighteen hundred and twenty-seven this slab was removed in presence of the authorities of the Cathedral; the ancient coffin found, and the vestments; many of them of course much decayed, but owing to the embalming, some were in tolerable preservation; the gold and silver work upon them was yet entire,

and many relics of gold and silver were found together, and a skeleton corresponding exactly with a description of the saint, on record in eleven hundred and four. The sockets of the eyes were yet filled with a composition, which the monks, to keep up the imposition of his incorruptibility, introduced to produce the appearance of eye-balls, the faithful being permitted to look upon their saint only through a cere-cloth, which the monks never raised. These relics, and they certainly are curious, whether they belong to Cuthbert or not, are under a glass case in the library. The monks of the abbey were of the order of St. Benedict. The bishops of this See played a distinguished part in the warfare of the Borders. Hugh Pudsey, who succeeded to the throne of this palatinate in eleven hundred and fifty-three, by whom the beautiful chapel of the Galilee, and many of the finest structures of the town were built, gained much distinction as a temporal prince, and is said to have furnished two thousand pounds of silver towards the ransom of *Cœur de Lion*. A century after him, the history of the See became full of the achievements of Anthony Bek, who added to his episcopal and other dignities that of King of Jerusalem; and having instigated Edward I. to his Scotch wars, led forth a numerous host in all the battles of the King against the Bruce and Sir William Wallace. It would extend too far my sketch of Durham, and exhaust your attention, to add the history of these and other renowned prelates, who made the early history of this palatinate so

famous. It is, perhaps, of much more interest to us to know that Warburton, the author of the *Divine Legation*, and that Butler, the author of the celebrated *Anology*, have been among its modern bishops. Let us leave its history, which might easily fill a volume, and look at the church and town themselves as they appear now.

The city of Durham is on the river Wear: a beautiful winding stream with its banks crossed by many pretty foot-paths, and overhung by fine old trees. It is crossed by three picturesque old bridges, Framwell Gate, St. Elvet, and the Prebend's Bridge. From the latter the Prebend's Bridge, which, although built many years since, is by several centuries more recent than the others, the finest view of the town and cathedral can be obtained. Standing upon the Prebend's Bridge, the river slopes towards you on your right, and far above you upon its lofty hill rise the fine Norman towers of the church, built of a fine drab colored free stone peculiar to this locality; around it stand the cloisters and the buildings in the cathedral close with the Deanery, all of the same color and style of architecture.

Beyond it, on the same elevation, stand the massive keep and battlements of the castle, built by the Conqueror. It was, for many years after the dissolution of the monastery, used as the bishop's palace, and within a few years past Durham University has been founded, and the warlike castle is now filled with students and tutors in Oxford cap and gown:

its keep, over which the English flag is now flying, to show that it is now term time, has been converted into dormitories : its grand halls to lecture rooms ; and its fortified gate, looking strong enough, with moat and draw bridge, to bid defiance to the most powerful army, to the quiet residence of a janitor.

Beyond the castle and cathedral lie the red-tiled roofs of the town. On the left bank of the river, stretch many beautiful walks among the green fields and the grassy banks of the Wear, but here and there lie clusters of the buildings of the town. The city is said to have a population of twenty-eight thousand, but it certainly requires strong faith to credit it, or to believe that any new houses have been built this century. You enter the cathedral by the north gateway of the cloisters near the Deanery, and, after walking under fine Norman arches of black oak, ornamented with the escutcheons of the benefactors and bishops of the See, through two sides of the quadrangle, you enter the transept door. A fine rose window of stained glass is over the door, and also a large and curious clock, erected by Bishop Cosin, in the days of Charles II. The great pillars and arches here strike you at once as Norman. On the left, at the corner of the nave, is a full length statue of Bishop Barrington, kneeling in his robes ; the work of Chantrey, and I need not say exquisitely executed. It was service time when I entered, service being performed here daily during the week from 10 to 11 A. M. The choristers in their surplices were coming

in ; the vicars choral and the readers were going to their seats ; the vergers conducted me to a seat in one of the sumptuous canon stalls, which are hung with canopies of carved oak, erected in the reign of Charles II., and of course prodigal in ornament. The service was well read ; the music, including an anthem, was exquisitely sung by the choir of twenty-four, composed of twelve singing boys and as many vicars. The music was not accompanied by an organ, the fine old organ of the cathedral having been, within a few weeks past at the taking down of the choir screen, removed to the left side of the choir beyond the pulpit, where new pipes are being added, and the whole framework repaired. The pavement of the choir is of tessellated marble, mostly cruciform in shape. The canopies of the stalls rest against immense Norman pillars, springing into massive arches at a great height above you. Near the capitals of these pillars are images of St. Cuthbert and other bishops, with numerous escutcheons. The ceiling of the choir is of stone work, richly groined ; and the stone of the whole interior of the church is of a light lively color, approaching nearly to the color of light red sandstone. On the left of the choir, opposite the pulpit, stands the bishop's throne : it is approached by a side staircase, and is erected over the magnificent monument of Bishop Hatfield, who lies here in a life-size effigy of alabaster, in full pontifical robes, finely wrought, stretched upon a high altar tomb, under an ornamented canopy, which, together with the tomb, is covered with

shields of arms, once resplendent in gold, blue, and vermilion hues, which the changes of time have not yet entirely effaced. Beyond this is the exquisite Gothic altar screen, of the same colored stone: the donation of the Nevilles, whose niches were once crowded with statues of saints, but were destroyed and left desolate by the zeal of the Scottish prisoners, who were confined here after the battle of Dunbar. It has been cleaned; its broken arches restored, and is now, without question, the finest altar screen in this country.

Behind lies the famous black slab, the seat of the famous shrine; and beyond, forming the east end of the church, once stood the Chapel of the Nine Altars, as it was called. You can yet see the slabs of some of these altars, and the almonries for the monks' vestments. The great windows here, with their immense arches, are most superb. The east window lighting the choir is filled with stained glass; the others are plain, but the architecture is the most imposing of any I have yet seen. In this chapel, which is now supplied with a reading desk, and seated, are several good monuments. The aisles of the choir have also some fine monuments. The nave, as you enter it from the choir, is certainly one of the grandest in England; its fine effect is not produced by its size, for it is not as large as York, which is much inferior in general effect, nor from its sculpture or monuments, but arises mainly from the vastness of proportion in these great Norman pillars, and the simple grandeur

of the fine groined arches. Its pavement is like the choir : near the great west door is the boundary line in black marble, marked, as tradition says, by Cuthbert as the limit over which females should not tread. The aisles of this nave were once filled with chapels and chantries for the souls of deceased benefactors and great feudal lords of the vicinity, and there are many traces of these chapels still left in the pictured story of the stained glass windows, of which time has left some remnant, and the still existing colors in the stones, showing old frescoes. Near the south side doorway was the ancient sanctuary: the ancient door is still there. The huge griffen-headed knocker, at which the culprit knocked, still hangs there; and the monks, who watched day and night in the room above, would descend and admit the culprit to the shrine; and after confessing his crime fully, which was reduced to writing in the presence of witnesses, a bell ringing the whole time, there was put upon him a black gown, with a yellow cross upon the left shoulder, as the badge of St. Cuthbert. After the lapse of thirty-seven days, if no pardon were obtained, the criminal, in certain ceremonies before the shrine, abjured his native land, and bearing in his hand a white wooden cross, was sent out of the kingdom by the nearest port. The records of the church are full of such confessions, and of course of instances of the observance of this curious custom. The sanctuary has been taken down, but its place has not been supplied, so that you readily see its former location. Against the western

front of this church stands a rare relic of antiquity of the days of Cœur de Lion, the Chapel of the Galilee; as you descend into it, under a fine Norman arch, with zigzag ornament, once brilliantly painted like the the tomb of Bishop Hatfield in the choir, at the capitals of the pillars rise the statues of King Richard and of Bishop Pudsey, its founder. On your right is the massive altar tomb of the Venerable Bede, with the simple inscription,

“Hæc suâ in fossâ, Venerabilis Bædæ ossa.”

This tomb is of modern granite; its ancient tomb was defaced during the Reformation. The bill for its demolition, as rendered at the time, now hangs in a frame in the library.

Even this inscription has its legend attached. A monk writing Latin Leonines, having got together the rhymes of “fossa” and “ossa,” was in great despair to know how to supply the penultimate word. After numerous trials, his patience was exhausted and he fell asleep; whilst he slept, an angel descended, and filled in the word “venerabilis.” The rejoicing monk, immediately on its discovery, inscribed it upon the tomb. Beyond this, over an altar tomb of Bishop Langley, for a long time was held the Consistory Court in a deep recess, still richly painted in fresco, over which a suitable inscription still remains. The ceiling of the Galilee, which is of stone, is supported by numerous arches of Norman style, but with the zigzag ornament, once finely painted, of which many traces still remain, and each arch supported by a slight pillar of stone, of a single shaft;

the general effect is very curious. No imagination is necessary to fill this curious old chapel with the rude warriors of the days of Richard, to see revived the ancient altars, the stoled monks, the incense and the chant of the grand service of the ancient religion. The Galilee has not long since been fitted up with pews, etc., for Sunday evening service in summer.

On leaving the Galilee, I ascended by many a weary step, the great central, or lantern tower, of the cathedral. From the river, it is two hundred and fifty feet, and some one hundred feet higher than the two western towers. Its top is about forty feet square. The day was remarkably fine, and the view was superb. The picturesque old town was at my feet, standing on a neck of land left by the impetuous Wear in its winding course, which here sweeps around, so as almost to leave the city on an island. Far off, over fine rolling hills, and many sweet valleys, far as the eye could reach, spread the lands of the Dean and Chapter. The hedgerows, which are here universal, were smiling, in the verdure of early spring. Rail trains were flying along in the extreme distance, here and there a colliery, and everywhere grand vistas through the fine hills and woodlands. On my descent, I paused half-way in the gallery, which was around the interior of the tower, and here the view of the grand church is inexpressibly fine. Before you, is the choir, and at this moment a verger in his robes, was standing at the altar; he filled the picture, and the eye resting on his figure

as a *point de vue*, wandered on down the grand nave, and then right and left through the massive transepts. Some canons crossed the pavement, their figures appeared small in the distance, and I grew dizzy with the view.

Leaving the church, I went around the cloisters into the ancient refectory, now the library. Its interior is not much changed—the books are in alcoves, some eight thousand in number. Here also, are many fine manuscripts, richly illuminated, as early as the venerable Bede and Bishop Pudsey, upon good authority, as is said, Mr. Raines, the librarian, is very attentive: and I took down there, many volumes richly bound, some in vellum, others in heavy boards, in their original style, and turned over their superbly ornamented black letter pages with delight. Many of the initials covered one-half the page, in finely executed figures in gold and ultramarine, fresh as of yesterday, reminding you of the mosaics of Pompeii, by their beautiful finish and preservation. Here are several hundred such illuminations. The MSS. consist mostly of commentaries and other theological works; this library is the treasure house of the cathedral's history and antiquities, although the records of the consistorial courts are kept elsewhere. Here is the bill for the demolition of St. Cuthbert's shrine *tempore* Henry VIII.; also for the restoration of the altar-tomb of Bede. Some curious paintings of the early bishops, a good one of Bishop Butler, and many Roman and Saxon relics dug up in the vicinity. In a glass case hangs the rich and rare crosses,

host canopies, and vestments, embroidered in gold and silver upon white satin, once worn by the monks, taken from an immense oak and iron-ribbed chest lying here; these robes were worn by the monks and priors, and some of them by all the protestant bishops, down to the time of Warburton, who was the first to throw off these relics of the ancient worship. A finely executed engraving, recently published here, shows the nave aisles, with a torchlight procession of the Prior and the Monks clothed in their robes, accurately copied, bearing the banner and the tomb of Cuthbert, proceeding from the Galilee up to the choir. Leaving this rare library, which would delightedly occupy a literary man for months, nay years, I went down into the cloisters again, passing the old lavatory into the deanery; this is a rare building, and kept in fine order, and owing to the refined taste of the present dean, Dr. Warrington, it is unaltered. The entrance room is a grand baronial hall, sides and ceiling of rich carved black oak, with many fine pendants, and lit by a superb stained glass window in the front. Here is an exquisite antique mantel and fire-place, and a rare cabinet; the style of the whole is florid in ornament, of the era of Charles II. A grand suite of rooms follows, which you enter through richly carved doorways, but the furniture is modern. Descending hence, through many winding stone staircases, you enter the strange old octagonal kitchen, certainly one of the greatest curiosities here. It is the same ancient kitchen used of old, some eighty feet high to the top light; its arches

spring like branches of trees intertwining in beautiful shapes, and its roof, as I viewed it from the lantern tower, seemed like a concentric group of stone-ribbed arches. This fine old roof is often quoted as one of the greatest architectural antiquities of Great Britain, and it suggested to the celebrated architect, Sir James Hall, his fine idea, which he beautifully elaborated in many learned treatises and fine engravings, that the arch, as a form of architecture, in all its varied specimens, was suggested to the mind by the beautiful shapes taken by the branches of trees. Before the ancient fire-place, in which a bright fire was burning, the turnspit was still moving, the cooks were busy at their duties at the table in the centre; around the centre room, are ranges of ovens of immense size, once used by the monks who cooked their own viands; near there were almonries; beneath the windows are apertures in the wall made to distribute food to the poor. The whole establishment is still busy with life, every portion used, and kept in the neatest order. They have been digging lately in the Deanery, for the purpose of building an ice-house, and to their great surprise they struck upon a stone door, which after much labor, being opened, led to a winding passage, in the heart of an immensely thick stone wall; following this passage, it opened, eventually, through a similar stone door, into a very fine large crypt of stone, with Norman arches. The excavations were only commenced last summer, and have not yet been completed, and it appeared to me, as I stood within the crypt, that they

had not yet got down to the ancient pavement, although they have cleaned it out to the depth of some eight feet throughout.

Leaving the Deanery by the garden, I crossed the cathedral close to the castle, now the college of Durham. It is a castle built by the Conqueror; its massive portal, great keep and towers, closely resemble Alnwick castle, although the extent of the building is not near as large. A convocation of the Chapter had been called to meet in the hall of the college about the time I entered, which was 2, P. M., and the canons in their robes were hastening up the great stone stairway of the grand entrance; I was thus prevented from seeing the fine college halls, but, however, was very politely conducted through some of its fine rooms. I went into the dining hall, wainscoted and roofed in black oak of the era, one might almost believe, of the Conqueror himself. Here are some fine portraits of the bishops, deans, and canons, and one particularly struck my attention, that of Dr. Wellesley, the brother of the Duke of Wellington, who holds a canon stall here. Take off the clerical dress, and it would be a perfect likeness of the Duke. I went up the grand oak staircase built by Bishop Cosin, *tempore* Charles II., covered with ornamental carving, till I reached the magnificently decorated Norman doorway, which leads to the college rooms. Since visiting Durham, I have seen many of the finest castles and cathedrals of the proud old days of England, but no doorway, save those of rare and exquisite Melrose Abbey can approach it. I looked through the

curious old rooms where the bishops and the judges on their circuit are lodged, full of rare antique furniture. The bell, for the luncheon of the students, was ringing, and the convocation was assembling in the hall, and though reluctantly, I was obliged to leave this grand old castle, and return, delighted, though much wearied with my day's ramble, to my inn.

R. D.

From the Literary World, New York, October 16th, 1847.

A VISIT TO MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

JUNE 19, 1847.

A few days since, having received a long and cordial invitation from Mr. Tupper to come down from London, and spend a day with him, at his seat in the Vale of Albury, near the Town of Guilford, County of Surrey, I took an early train this morning, from the Nine Elms station, at Vauxhall Bridge, for Guilford. It was a lovely ride of some two hours; through a country cultured like a garden, and rich with the promise of a full harvest. Mr. Tupper's house was about four miles of carriage drive from the Guilford Station. His invitation had fully detailed the time and manner of travel down from town; and also sketched a programme for the occupation of the day, which we abundantly fulfilled.

His seat is just out of the village of Albury. It is a house somewhat in the style of the reign of Charles I.; and

indeed one portion of it in the interior is but little changed. With its heavy black-oak staircase—its small and loophole-like chambers, and narrow lancet-gothic windows, it needs but little to imagine yourself in some stronghold of the past ages. The house stands in the lap of a sweet valley, surrounded on all sides by fine rolling hills; it is quite large, with a circular little park in front, in which there were some Lebanon cedars, Spanish oaks, and fine yews. Its entrance is a gothic portal on the south side, and along this front planted arbor-wise, were twined many beautiful climbing roses. I sent in my card; and was ushered into the drawing-room, a large and elegant room at the west end of the house, with French casement windows. On either side of the door are two large carved ebony cabinets, richly inlaid with medallions; above the mantel is a superb Guido, representing a life-size of Diana, rising with her crown in her hand, above the rolling world; opposite are some fine things by Teniers and Vandyck, and the remaining space on the sides of the room is well covered with the masters: and between the two further windows, on a composite revolving pedestal is an excellent life-size statue of 'The Girl tying her Sandal,' the *chef d'œuvre* of Rudolph Schadow. The furniture in the room was of course in good taste. I waited a moment; and soon Mr. Tupper came in with a joyous welcome. He is short in person, and his countenance is a striking portrait of our own Washington Irving. He is young—just 36; and after graduating at Oxford, inheriting a considerable estate, and being anxious to

marry (for his affections had been enthralled quite early in life,) his father decided that, before marriage, he should adopt some profession. In compliance with his father's wishes, he, as it is styled, "ate" through his terms at Lincoln's Inn, was called to the Bar in due time, married, and settled in this delightful spot. We talked a while together about America and her authors; and he said that his reading had been lately turned towards America, from the favor wherewith they had received his writings, adding that he looked on every American as at least his cousin by a common descent from the same old English stock. He talked on delightedly and with deep and unrestrained feeling about our Longfellow, Bryant, Irving, Willis, and others; praised Edgar Poe's tales, and a poem by Cornelius Matthews; flying about like one unaccustomed to discipline the energies of a full mind, he read to me almost in the same breath, the two following poems about Ascot, written in the circumstances he describes, upon the Queen's Day, June 3d, 1847, when John Day, the owner of the Horse, Hero, won the racing prize, the annual Vase presented by the Emperor of Russia. I should add too, for the benefit of the New Yorkers who may not be as intimately acquainted with the localities, that Ascot is about thirty odd miles from Albury, over a fine road, which Mr. Tupper, of course, performed in the English fashion, on the back of his own pony.

GOING TO ASCOT.

Written in the saddle, on the crown of my hat, June 3, 1847.

“ At five in the dewy morning,
 Before the blaze of day,
 To be up and off, on a high mettled horse,
 Over the hills away;
 To drink the rich sweet breath of the gorse,
 And bathe in the breeze of the downs—
 Ha, man ! if you can, match bliss like this
 In all the joys of towns.

With glad and grateful tongue to join
 The lark in his matin hymn;
 And thence, on faith's ocean wing, to spring,
 And sing with cherubim !
 To pray from the deep and tender heart
 With all things praying anew—
 The birds, and the bees, and the whispering trees,
 And heather, be-dropped with dew ;—
 To be one with those early worshippers,
 And pour the pæan, too !

Then off again, with a slackened rein
 And a bounding heart within,
 To dash at a gallop, over the plains
 Health's golden cup to win !
 This, this is the race, for gain and grace
 And you that boast your pleasures the most,
 Among the stean of towns,
 Come, taste true bliss, in a morning like this,
 Galloping over the Downs !”

ASCOT ; June 3, 1847.

Veritably written on the back of my racing card.

“ Modern Olympia shorn of all their pride—
 The patriot spirit, and unlucred praise—
 Thou art a type of these degenerate days,
 Where love of simple honor all hath died ;
 Oh, dusty, gay, and eager multitude.
 Agape for gold. No ! do not thus condemn :
 For hundreds here are innocent and good,
 And young, and fair, among—but not of them ;
 And hundreds more enjoy with gratitude
 This well-earned holiday, so bright and green ;
 Do not condemn ! it is a stirring scene,
 Though vanity and folly fill it up ;
 Look how the mettled races please the Queen !
 Ha, brave John Day---a Hero wins the cup.”

I have inserted these little gems, although mere impromptus, and, perhaps, far unequal to his greater efforts in his *Geraldine*, his *Thousand Lines*, and his recent glorious *Ode on Waterloo*; because they have never been published in America, and because the sonnet gives a faithful and striking picture of the *Queen's Day at Ascot*, which I had the pleasure of witnessing myself. A race in England, and particularly at Ascot, on the *Vase-day*, when the Queen attends, is not the resort only of the jockey and the gambler, but you will see the superb *Grand Stand* crowded with refined ladies of the aristocracy; and the interest of the scene is far more in the brilliant assemblage, than in the running of the horses.

To return to my host, Mr. Tupper: I was soon introduced to Mrs. T., who certainly is a wife every way worthy of him, and of those beautiful verses recently written by him and published in the *Literary World*, wherein he has enshrined her, I might almost say, in an affectionate immortality. I had brought down with me from London a series of the *Literary World* which I had just received, containing these lines; and as Mr. T., in looking with delighted interest through every page, came to these lines, he commenced reading them aloud, but had scarcely got beyond one verse before his eyes were filled with tears, and his voice choked with emotion, and he was obliged to stop. Wiping away the natural tear, he tried to explain to me that he was doubly touched both with the feeling expressed in those sweet lines (or feeble verses as

he called them), and also with the compliment of seeing them so much thought of, as to be found, unexpectedly to himself, in the columns of an able American Review. These verses open as with a sunbeam the domestic bliss of the Family of Albury, and show those strong, natural and hearth-side affections, which bind this happy circle of his six charming children, his dear wife and himself, so tenderly together. The man who could write such verses must needs be full of the best feelings of our nature; and certainly it has never been my lot to be the guest of a family, where every household affection was stronger or purer than at Albury. Mr. Tupper went on talking unrestrainedly and with much feeling and power about men and books, and how happily he lived here: he also spoke with much interest of America, and carefully inquired after his American correspondents and unseen friends, amongst others, Longfellow, a beautiful copy of whose poems lay on the centre-table before us.

Lunch was now ready; we went through a hall, hung around with ancestral portraits in stiff old Elizabethan ruffs and rapiers, to the dining-room, at the other end of the house. This room, like the rest, is filled with the works of the masters; at the left corner of the further end are four very ancient and curious paintings upon marble, by an artist of the 15th century, who took the name of Tempesta, as a *nom de guerre*. He was a Cuyp in his time. The figures of animals are admirably done. Two of them represent the Drowning of Pharaoh in the Red Sea, wherein the artist has left the

veins of the marble exposed to show the literal *red* waves. We sat down together to a hearty lunch, seasoned by Tupper's fine way of talk and thought; and afterwards started on a country ramble, the day being superb. We walked together, in earnest, happy conversation over hill and dale, stopping often to look at the noble prospect of the swelling hills around, and the fine farming valleys; the scenery in many respects resembling that of Derbyshire. He pointed out a corner of a distant field as being evidently the seat of a Roman Castrum, where he had recently found numerous Roman coins and stamped tiles, which he afterwards showed me in his cabinet. On our return, we met his happy children on the green—his Selwyn, his Ellyn, Mary, and the rest, indeed, six in all. And soon after went up stairs together to prepare for dinner. He showed me the gold medal just given him by the King of Prussia, for his Proverbial Philosophy; and also a small snuff box, made from the oak of Washington's coffin, not long since received by him from Boston, with a sonnet by Almanzor W. Boynton. He prized it highly, not only as a memorial of real greatness, but as a delicate compliment from an unseen friend afar off. A neighbor, who had been in America, had been invited to meet me at dinner. Our walk had given us an appetite, and we sat down to a capital dinner, and talked delightedly for three or four hours, about books and men, the notables of America, and its future glories; indeed, it seemed we should never finish. He presented me with a copy of his *Thousand Lines*, and a well-engraved

portrait. Presently the pony chaise was brought up, and we mounted, parting, like friends of long years, with the happy household, for a circuitous ride through the best portions of Surrey down to Guilford. Mr. Tupper drove me first along an elevated road, commanding extensive prospects of a rich country, and then over the sward into a Druidical circle; here were huge yew trees, over thirty feet in girth; the sacred tree of the Druids; planted in an exact circle, surrounding, doubtless, in old times, the altar mound for their sacrifices. We alighted and measured one, which was very curious, as at its foot, from eighteen feet high, without any apparently separate root, a bright-leaved tree had grown thriftily upon it; whilst the top was dark with the new foliage. A little further on in the distance is the picturesque ruin of St. Martha's, a church said to be of the era of Alfred, now about to be restored; and, rising a hill, a long way off, a view of nearly forty miles in extent, we saw the grand towers of Windsor Castle, and the long, smoky outline of distant London. We soon reached Guilford. The town is indeed a relic of old days, with the same quaint air as York. Its curious old castle on the hill was mentioned in King Alfred's testament, and it is still kept in repair, although put to other uses. There are several exceedingly curious and ancient Saxon and Norman churches here; and driving down the main street, I alighted a moment, and looked into the hospital founded here, 1616, for the support of a Master and twelve poor brethren

by Archbishop Abbot. It is a plain quadrangle, of brick; and there are some fine stainings in its little chapel; and, like those many other charitable foundations, which are proud monuments for England, and make one man's memory a blessing to all future times, is still maintained with scrupulous conformity to the will of the founder.

In a few moments we were at the railroad station, and with many warm wishes and kind counsels we parted, and in an hour or two the rails brought me back to town. By the next day's post I enclosed to him the following lines, which, though greatly unworthy, were honored by Mr. Tupper with, what seemed to me, unexpected praise.

TO MARTIN F. TUPPER.

FRIEND of the thoughtful brow, and meek, full eye,
 A thousand blessings from my heart on thee!
 Thy words of truth are garnered from on High,
 And uttered from a spirit warm and free.
 An humble pilgrim, from a foreign land,
 With reverence to thee, as a sage, I came,
 But as a friend!--with open heart and hand,
 I was received, although unknown to fame.
 In that sweet vale! thine own dear nook of peace,
 The centre of thy soul's refined joys,
 Far from the city's turmoil, and at ease,
 Thy heart entwines its deathless memories.
 Where'er upon the earth I wander hence,
 To sacred Albury shall my vision turn,
 A spot irradiate by Truth, strong sense,
 Heart-springing Thoughts---and words that burn.

I have thus given an imperfect, but detailed record of a well-spent day. Its memory will always be bright and fresh with me. My apology, if in truth I need any, is the belief

that a knowledge of the daily life of a man of genius must always be of interest to those who sympathize with and admire the productions of his mind; and particularly so to his numerous American readers, who cannot expect to know him personally.

R. D.

From the *Literary World*, New York, January 15, 1843.

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL—WINDSOR CASTLE.

This is perhaps one of the finest creations in the Church Architecture of glorious old England. It has been recently beautified and restored, and although everybody visits Windsor, a sketch of its magnificence and taste has not yet, as I believe, found its way to transatlantic readers. It is of course dedicated to the Order of the Garter, and its modern restoration, as exhibiting a refined taste, makes it beyond comparison the most superb chapel in the kingdom. In size it does not vary much from Grace Church at New York; but its nave is free from pews, and its choir is full of richly carved black oak stalls, those rare ornaments of English Cathedrals; and independent of its sculptures and paintings, its fine proportions would alone make it a model of the beautiful pointed Gothic style. The roof is richly groined, on a blue ground, adorned with pendants bearing the royal insignia: the fleur de lis, the Tudor portecullis, the famed Roses, the star and em-

blems of the Garter, with many escutcheons, all in gold, in varied and beautiful colored emblazon.

The great west window has been cleaned, and you now see, in their perfection, the ancient and beautiful colored glass with the multitude of the Knights of the Order, in their full and rich panoply. On the right hand of the west entrance is the exquisite Beaufort Chapel, a niched recess formed under one of the aisle arches, and separated from the nave by a finely wrought and gilt fleur de lis railing. Its roof is groined and ornamented as the nave with gold insignia and family escutcheons. Two long, rich and lofty windows light the interior, which has several fine statues and effigies of the family. Their banners hang over the walls, and at the corner near the font, stands a well sculptured reading desk or rather "prie seul." Opposite, in a somewhat larger recess, barred by a similar railing, under a beautiful semispherical ceiling, richly groined like the nave roof, and lighted by superb lancet windows, one on either side of topaz and amethyst hues, is the tomb of the Princess Charlotte. Her history, which is too well known to be repeated, is enough to make her last resting-place famous. In the back ground, the disparted curtains of the tomb, so broad and richly folded, that it needs reflection to believe them marble, show the archway from which the lifesize figure of the Princess is rising. Her shroud is thrown back in graceful folds : transport is on her face ; her right hand points upwards, the left extended behind, as if about taking flight from poor mortality. Indeed the whole

figure is instinct with the vigor of the New Life. On each side of the figure of the Princess, is a kneeling angel looking up to her in deep interest. At her foot lies her enshrouded mortal body, over which, in the foreground, two mourning figures are weeping. Although they are likewise completely enshrouded, their position and sculpture are perfect in expression. The serene bliss in the countenance of the Princess, the affectionate welcome of the angels, contrasted with the poor remnants of mortality, make that breathing marble a beautiful embodiment of the Christian's trust of immortality. The whole group is of the life size, and the work of Sir James Wyatt. Some may find fault with these fine sculptures, and argue that if the design is the ascension of a disembodied spirit, its plastic representation is impossible; but on such a theory, the ordinary figure of an angel is equally inconsistent; or it might be further argued that if the sculptor's purpose was to present the resurrection, the mortal accessories might be rather an anachronism; however such speculations will not disturb the mind when in the presence of the creation of the sculptor.

But leaving these funereal chapels, walk up the nave itself, under its great arches, so rich in gold and blazonry, and so rarely proportioned, lighted by the over crossed and mingled reflection of those superb stained windows, does it not bring back on the mind that glorious chapel in the undying story of St. Agnes Eve? Before you is the choir screen of rare and delicate iron work, supporting the organ and its gallery, a for-

est of carving in black oak : and then the choir itself ! All around are the carved and canopied stalls of the knights of the order, from the sovereigns down ; over each are hung the crown or coronet, the helm or hauberk and the banner of the occupant, the banners bearing many names which have filled a large field in England's story. In the central aisle is the royal vault, where the worms mock at the majesty of anointed kings. Over the altar table is West's famed painting of the Last Supper, and behind this, the great East Window, in solemn full tints, presents the Transfiguration. Above the altar table, on the left wall of the choir, are two closets screened and windowed, one in similar black oak carving, the other intended for the Queen and her attendants. The roof of the choir is in the same style of ornament as the nave, its windows are finely stained after the antique, and there are side aisle chapels, containing some fine monuments. In the right hand aisle, at the south corner of the altar screen, is a restoration of antiquity, well executed, and, perhaps, not out of taste. A folio black letter Bible is chained in a niche, underneath is the inscription, in the same old character, that "the Bishop of Shrewsbury placed this bible here for godly meditation, and whoever shall read it aright shall have forty days' pardon therefor !" and further down in the same aisle, protected by a glass screen, are some curious paintings of the era of Henry VIII, representing the meeting at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Whilst I was in the chapel, the organ, which is esteemed as one of the best in England, com-

menced playing, and the finely trained choir sang the anthem, "O, go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise!" They were practising for the evening service, and their united harmonies accorded well with the pomp and beauty of the building.

Westminster Abbey, so full as it is of the best efforts of the chisel, and the best memories of the histories of the land, is, in its architectural ornaments, the faded model of this chapel, and whoever is fond of the grand proportions, the long drawn aisles, and the once rich ornaments of the old Abbey, will find his taste highly gratified in this modern restoration of the splendor of the feudal style.

R. D.

From the Literary World, New York, January 22, 1848.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

NUREMBERGH.

To any one wearied of the Frenchified monotony which pervades all other large Continental cities, and who admires the relics of the Old Age, quaint, quiet, old fashioned Nurembergh, will pleasantly detain him for many days. Every street there is a picture : they run in all imaginable angles and directions, apparently innocent of plan, in the fashion of a Chinese puzzle ; and the lofty brown stone houses, carved up to their peaked roof, often with finely executed reliefs, sometimes covered with armorial bearings, surmounted with strange crests, such as Moors' heads, to show how the ancestor of that ancient burgher family fought under the Catholic Isabella, against the Infidel Moors ; with richly carved balconies in front, form a fine study for the lover of the picturesque. And then, at every corner and platz is a fountain, generally of quaint device ; as, for instance, the laughing peasant, with a goose under either arm, spouting water from their mouths as he squeezes them ; the " Schone Brunnen," or the beautiful fountain, full of fine stone statuettes, and many others. Indeed, as I frequently walked about its old streets, every one forming so rare a scene of prim antiquity, and now so empty and still : with those old

scenes of war and chivalry yet living everywhere about me in the stone carvings; the innumerable peaked gables, church spires, old towers, old market-places, and those curious fountains; I could not fail of being reminded of the Illuminated Romances of the Middle Ages, where the skill and fancy of the Monkish Artist so often ran riot in the pictured story of the Illuminated Margin. Generally, these fine old houses may be considered several large dwellings under one roof. Around the central open court, which is generally very large, the covered corridor opens into numerous apartments, often vast and gloomy enough; and everywhere about are curiously carved, useless, crooked stairways, and passages that lead nowhere, and massive oak ceilings alike covered with carving, and oak furniture and huge rooms, and queer corners, like rabbit warrens, and every spare inch of surface covered with quaint and often beautiful carved devices. But they are, indeed, palatial in their extent and ornament: and present as refreshing a contrast to the modern priggish monotony of a three or four story in New York or elsewhere, as the apparition of a gentleman of the old school attired in full dress of lace point, collar, ruffles, velvets, and bracelets, to the present tight-fitting costume imposed on all alike by the decrees of tailors and fashion of our times. In many instances, these old houses are occupied yet by the descendants of the same families who have lived here uninterruptedly since the days of the Crusades. Visiting one of them, in the Albrecht Durer Platz, still occupied

by the same family, whose ancestors are recorded among the burgher aristocracy in the fourteenth century, who possess an exquisite portrait by Durer of one of them, I turned over with much interest, their family record; a mammoth quarto, superbly bound with gold and velvet, preserved in its richly carved old wooden case, containing the arms and history of the family from the days of the Crusades, through the wars of Granada, with portraits of many notables in the early ages of the family, and pictures of the scenes of those chivalrous achievements, whereby they won many a rich and strange crest and quartering to their coat of arms. The paintings were admirably executed upon the vellum leaf, and the book, though now merely the record of a private family here, would furnish, no doubt, many an interesting episode to the history of Modern Europe.

The princes of Nurembergh were a burgher aristocracy; in their origin; wealthy merchants, who, either for a timely loan, or for some equally important ministry to the necessities of the great lord or neighboring kings, were raised to the rank of the noblesse; and the chronicles of the city are filled with records of numerous charters of freedoms and privileges of commerce granted to the city itself on similar considerations. The oldest of such charters still existing in the city archives, dated in twelve hundred and nineteen, the gift or concession of the Emperor, Frederick II., creates it a free city of the Empire, exempting it from taxes or service to other feudal lords, providing imperial courts of jus-

tice, and endowing it with rights of markets, fairs, coinage, and many other commercial privileges. With this and many other similar and subsequent charters, the city grew rich and prosperous; its artisans were famous; its markets crowded with their own fabrics, and with the luxuries of the East; for, according to its chronicles, the north and west of Europe were supplied by the merchant princes of Nurembergh. Instead of being now a comparatively inferior city of some forty thousand inhabitants, its archives tell us of the days when a great portion of the commerce of Northern Europe and the Indian trade were in its hands; when there were more than one hundred thousand busy citizens here; when the merchants of northern and central Europe came in great numbers to its fairs and markets, and its burgher noblesse were the friends and equals of princes. All this has long since changed. The discovery of the passage of the Cape of Good Hope naturally diverted a large portion of its commerce, and it fell into a decline from which it has not yet fully recovered. So, when the stranger now walks its quiet streets, he must, in a great degree, content himself with the vestiges of its past greatness, and its departed commercial pre-eminence, though he must feel a certain sadness in seeing the immortal arts of Durer, Visscher, and Kraft, degenerated, in the hands of their modern successors, to the manufacture of Dutch toys! and to find the once northern Venice, nowadays famous mainly for bijouterie.

In such a town there is, of course, much to see and de-

scribe ; but I have not purposed another detail of its sights, but rather to write of those things therein, which have, as yet, escaped the vigilant scrutiny of guide-book manufacturers. When you go into its old churches, now, and since the days of Luther, devoted to the reformed religion, you will be struck with the presence of the mass-altars and pictures, statues and shrines of the old religion. Although the city was one of the earliest to embrace the doctrines of Luther, the change was quiet ; radical in faith, but without the Iconoclastic spirit which reigned elsewhere. They were justly too much attached to their rich sculptures and carvings on the altars, shrines, statues, and pulpits, and to the exquisite paintings on glass, their pride for so many centuries, to destroy them, and convert the temples of taste into mere whitewashed, bare walls, as in Holland and elsewhere.

The same good taste prevails everywhere in the city ; the ancient and beautiful carvings that ornament almost every building here, whether in stone or bronze, are uninjured, and generally fresh and perfect as of yesterday. The costume of the peasantry is quaint and old : a three-cornered hat, looped up on the sides, his long black vest with buttons of the silver coin of two florins, his immense black frock coat, breeches, buckles, etc., solemnly smoking his meerschaum, how repeatedly has he been painted by Ostade, and Douw, and Both, and the other Dutch Masters. The peasant women seem fond of bright colored kerchiefs on their heads, a strong contrast between their curious Dutch jackets and

skirts ; and a market-day scene here is a living revival of many a Flemish painting which we are apt to think portrays a past age.

The customs of society are equally primitive and original—the salutation in the morning is to wish you a good appetite ; and they do not forget to wish you a good digestion after dinner. It is rather dangerous to sneeze, for the whole company immediately turn round towards you and wish you good luck. The beauties of Nurembergh are fond of sitting in the closed glass balconies, with the little Dutch mirror swung outside at right angles to the house, reflecting every object in the street. They are forever busy with their embroidery, or, to use plain English, stocking knitting, an occupation which seems conveniently not to interfere with their observation of the mirror. Any fine afternoon, if you are desirous of seeing the fashion and beauty of the city assembled, walk out on the ramparts to the Rosenau, or Meadow of Roses. The name is merely figurative ; it is a collection of quiet ponds, with some green walks, pretty pavilions, cafes, benches, etc., with a raised circle in the centre for a band of music. There you will see no ambitious display of dress, and no exclusive circles ; but you will often see princes sitting side by side, and chatting sociably with the plainest citizens ; and every young belle will be plying that perpetual knitting ; and although you can never go amiss of as much or more beauty than you would see in the Prater assemblages of Vienna, and of even a

more delicate cast, the whole company, beau and belle, prince and citizen, are making themselves happy by quaffing beer from those richly carved flagons, which Douw seems to take pleasure in painting: whilst the band discourses good music in the shape of the last Vienna waltzes. It is fair to parenthesize, that the Nurembergh beer is a mild, pleasant beverage, an antipodes to the English ale.

The habits of cleanliness here are worthy [of Holland. Early on Saturday afternoon, the process of weekly cleansing begins, and its work is apparently thorough. The house is scrubbed, and dusted, and washed throughout; every sly nook and corner is diligently probed and purified. But the pains-taking housewives do not stop here: the sidewalk suffers the same process, and you will see the industrious servant washing the carriage-way, and diligently sweeping and cleansing every uncleanly stone and crevice therein. As in the Knickerbocker days of New York, by sunset of Saturday, the whole city is brushed, cleaned, and washed up; and on Sunday morning the whole population are in church. Seldom, even in Germany, do you see church-going so unanimous. These simple, old-fashioned habits, are at least in admirable harmony with the quaint old city itself.

One of the pleasantest spots about Nurembergh, both in situation and also for intrinsic interest, is the Cemetery, or Freudeshof—the Court of Peace—as the German expresses it. It is on a hill just out of the town, approached by a

road, which, from some fanciful resemblance in the surrounding scenery, is called *Via dolorosa*; and its distance are measured exactly, as is said, with the path to the Calvary of Jerusalem, while the History of the Passion and of the Crucifixion is depicted in good stone relief on the roadsides. This ancient Cemetery is greatly more populous than the modern city. There are many tombs in it as early as fourteen hundred. The census of this ancient city has not been regularly kept from its commencement; but from the best calculations, it is supposed that at least one hundred and fifty thousand persons are sleeping there. It is enclosed by a low wall, which also occasionally crosses it: marking the more recent extensions of its limits. From one side, the eye wanders with delight over the highly cultured plains of Bavaria; and on the other, it rests upon the innumerable spires, feudal towers, walls, castles, and peaked roofs of old Nurembergh. I looked upon this scene gleaming in the rich hues of a fine summer sunset, and nothing could be more beautiful. This great gathering place—this sleeping history of the departed power and glory of Nurembergh, is too remote from the town to be disturbed by the slight bustle which animates its streets. Their mode of sepulture is uniform. Families lie together in deep stone vaults under a large brown altar-shaped stone, upon which the escutcheon and inscriptions are in general beautifully wrought in bronze. The inscriptions are usually simple, and many ornaments of bronze were in refined taste. One recent tablet of bronze

in the shape of a Choir stall, bore a relief of an Angel rising with a Child, and under it the simple inscription—"Hinu-ber"—Upward! Another was a relief of the Angel of Immortality leaning on a spade. The face is beautiful, and the eyes look heavenwards. In this Cemetery are the graves of Albrecht Durer and of Hans Sachs. They are like the rest; their inscriptions are nothing more than the usual record of mortality; but they are now a place of pilgrimage of emperors and kings. The Kings of Bavaria, of late years, when holding their court, after the ancient custom, once in their reigns at the old castle in the town, have frequently visited these simple depositories of the Peasant Poet, and of him [who was the Leonardo Da Vinci of his native city. And many other poets and painters lie here: many knights and princes and benefactors: all, no doubt, great in their day, but whose fame has not crept beyond the walls of this old graveyard. Indeed, were one studious of the chronicles of this old city, no better treasury of its archives could be found than the simple biographies on these tombs.

There is one other object of interest which is worth notice, before bidding adieu to Nurembergh. The family of Pehaim, here, possess a Globe made by their ancestor, Peter Pehaim, in the year 1492, whilst Columbus was yet at sea. It is said to be the earliest in existence; and tradition says that its artist was an early patron, by his wealth and influence, of the enterprise of Columbus. It is in perfect preservation, although dingy enough by the lapse of centuries. About

two feet in diameter, it is suspended in a brass circle, marked with the courses of the winds, with the names and after the notions of classical geographers. The Equinoctial and Zodiac are defined, but there is an utter absence of latitude and longitude. America is of course not there; the ocean flows over that side of the earth, which afterwards belonged to the western world; and the fancy of the artist has depicted some whales spouting in the locality of the United States; and some Spanish caravals are sailing in unknown directions over Mexico. A few mermaids are combing their locks somewhere near modern Greenland, and in old German he has inscribed underneath the intelligence that many of these peculiar animals are to be met with thereabouts. The configuration of Europe is certainly singular; a certain wavy line answers for all coasts; England is about the size of Malta; Germany of modern Russia; Spain, about double the size of France. The Mediterranean dwindles to a small lake; a vast region protrudes into the sea, beyond the Indus; and is described as the domain of the famous Kaiser Prester John. The Antilles are small obscure islands on the west coast of Africa. The Red Sea is a huge ocean, colored *red*; and Palestine is of the size of modern Turkey. The geographer evidently proportions the countries according to their relative importance. The whole surface is studded with droll figures as specimens of the inhabitants, productions, and distinctive features of the countries with continual inscriptions of their names, character, discovery, etc.: forming a diligent

abstract of the works of the travellers and geographers whose names are quoted as authorities, and thus giving a very complete idea of the state of geographical knowledge of the time.

This rarity, although amusing enough to us, is evidently the work of a man of much reading; and it certainly has an additional interest as showing the state of geographical knowledge existing in Europe at that period, when the great Discoverer of a Western World had at last set forth on the voyage of achievement of the long settled purposes and convictions of his mind. Looking at this relic, one readily sees what vast obstacles were in his path; the causes of the deeply settled unbelief which met him on every appeal for assistance to his project; and how strangely it must have sounded to their ears, when he reasoned of the actual existence of a mighty continent in that waste of waters, which their fancy peopled with mermaids and other denizens of the deep! The Globe bears the autograph of the maker, and the date of its construction, and is of course above all price to the family who still possess it. A few years since the French Academy of Sciences caused a beautiful facsimile in papier mache to be made of it, and one of the copies was presented to the family. The two globes stand together, and are open to examination of any one on application to the family.

I had neither opportunity nor leisure to examine its library,

but it is famous for many MSS. of Luther and Melancthon, and as a depository of much curious antiquarian lore.

Although this sketch has filled its destined limits, it is scarcely a faint outline. To describe the lions of Nurembergh fully would occupy a volume, but its history would be more valuable and interesting. Several antiquarians are now at work in the old library, and very soon, no doubt, the great old town will find itself grown famous through their labors.

R. D.

From the Globe. New York, July 1847,

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

EDINBURGH, MAY 6TH, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I have now been but little more than a week in the kingdom, and during this brief space have, by deviating from the beaten track and travelling by easy stages, seen more than usually falls to the lot of our countrymen. I arrived at Liverpool very fortunately in the middle of the Chester race week,—the spring meeting. Chester is a rare old town within but a half-hour's ride from Liverpool: starting from Birkenhead, the new suburb of fine cottage residences on the north side of the Mersey: it lies upon the beautiful river Dee, and is certainly one of the oldest towns in England. The old walls still surround it; the streets—mere carriage-ways and very crooked and narrow—named, as usual in walled towns, after the names of the Gates. Water Gate street, through which we rode to the course, is lined with the most antique fortress-like houses, gable-wise to the street, with strange and continuous galleries, as they might be called, enclosed with pillars and roofed by the projection of the second stories, whereby you may walk under cover like an old arcade, throughout the street; curious enough. We are here looking up a narrow street and see the old cathedral, hoar with the flight of many centuries.

The town is said to have a population of some thirty-thousand ; but not a new house is to be seen anywhere ; everything is centuries old : and no effort of the imagination is required to people these curious old houses with the burghers of the reign of Cœur de Lion, and these old churches, which crowd so thickly around you at every step, with mailed knights, gay esquires and proud dames of the brave old days of chivalry.

But to the races. The course is the most beautiful in England, and these races, having been long well sustained and fully attended, are ranked the third or fourth in order among the great races of the kingdom. Leaving the town Gate, the road leads you at once into a fine amphitheatre. I entered the fine railed park-like enclosure, after the first race called the Corinthian Stakes, for but seven horses, had terminated. The Grand Stand, a beautiful stone structure some eighty feet high, and as many feet long, with balconies and flat roof, was thronged with spectators. Crowds of ladies of the first rank and the best blood of the country, as they say here ; their beauty perhaps I should not allude to, but I could not but help thinking that if as many of our own fair countrywomen were assembled on some more appropriate occasion, the comparison would not be acceptable on this side of the water : the places here are held at a guinea each. It was too crowded to attempt a foothold. I stood on the judge's stand upon the course. Behind me, in an elevated sort of tower, stood the Earl of Chesterfield, called here

“the Fox,” from his red whiskers and sporting propensities, Sir James Gerard and others, the stewards of the race. To the left of the grand stand and on a line with it, stretch for many hundred yards the old city walls, very elevated, and crowded from the tops all the way down the rich green banks at their foot with eager spectators; farther on are the hilly banks of the Dee; before you a range of low hills at the farthest quarter; and returning to the right the elevated viaduct of the railway hence to Wales. The great circle of this beautiful amphitheatre, about a mile round, was lined with booths with gay streamers. In the centre the mountebanks were tumbling into the air; circular swings were flying around at a great height, the whole interior of the course was filled with an immense multitude of all kinds, but well dressed, seeming more like the gatherings at great fairs. It were no exaggeration to say that fifty thousand people were present. Presently the bell rang; a rope was thrown across the course of some thirty feet width, enclosing the space from the first distance post—an octagon tower, where the starter stands, to the right up to the judge’s stand. The horses, twenty-nine in number, were brought out; the saddling took place; the jockeys in top-boots, with various colored jackets and caps and smalls, whereby the horses are known. They mounted; and after some few turns before the judge’s stand for the advantage of the betters, the beautiful squadron took position in line at the first distance post. The bell rang again, the rope removed, the starter threw down his red flag,

(the usual signal here,) and off they bounded. Three times the gay cohort flew around, making two and a half miles, and on the last run, St. Lawrence, a black horse, somewhat of the make, though not so high as Peytona, came in ahead by a neck. He was not the favorite of the day with the generality; but some of the knowing ones took high bets, fifty to one upon him. This race was called the tradesmen's plate, the great cup race of the week; purse two hundred and fifty sovereigns. I have forgotten the time made. The interest of the scene to me, was the beautiful amphitheatre, crowded with so many thousands, and the novelty of so large a number of blood horses running together, as well as the great appointments and perfect system of the whole thing. In short, it was the chance of seeing one of the first races of England; and I need not say it far exceeded all my elevated anticipations. At the termination of this race—which was to be followed by several smaller ones—I left the crowd of the race ground, and taking a carriage, drove through smiling hedge-rows and a rich country for some four miles to Eaton Hall, the seat of the Marquis of Westminster, one of the wealthiest noblemen in England. He is said to own some of the best parts of London, Liverpool and the most of Chester, besides an almost interminable list of landed estates throughout the kingdom. All along the road are fine rustic lodges attached to Eaton Hall. Every now and then, through pretty slopes, the beautiful river Dee sweeps around some grassy hillock, and the eye catches many a fine land-

scape of rich and rolling land, through which the river winds its way, and clothed as these close-shaven lawns were with the fresh sparkling verdure of the early year, the picture could scarcely be paralleled even in our own fine country. The road winds on thus to the outer gate of the park, which is upon a high bank of the river. I walked on for a quarter of a mile till I came to the second, or porter's gate; upon the fine lawn of this outer park a herd of some forty deer were grazing. From the inner gate the road leads to the house. It is quite modern, not over fifty years old: of free stone and the purest Gothic. If I can trust the measurement of the eye, perhaps its front, altogether, would measure two hundred and fifty feet. The interior is not shown—having been closed for some time for repairs and alterations—but its exterior realizes to the eye a princely seat worthy of the proud Percys, or any other of the most ancient of England's Barons. Here is the great outer court, surrounded by the offices, servants' halls, etc., ornamented at its gateway with the armorial bearings of the Marquis; and as you look along the east front, the eye wanders over a crowd of finely wrought pinnacles and tasteful Gothic ornaments, with every spare nook filled with the family shields, and rests with delight upon the noble Gothic entrance, with double stairway and double arched roof crowned with fine pinnacles. Below the house, and in front, the bank slopes some distance down to the river Dee, and the noble park spreads in the rear for some seven miles square. I have since seen other castles

venerable for their antiquity and the illustrious descent of their proprietors ; but Alnwick is the only castle which surpasses it in beauty of location. Leaving Liverpool the following day, I have travelled through Manchester, where I had to regret my having arrived a week too late for the great performance of Mendelsshon's new Oratorio of Elijah, conducted here by the composer himself in Cobden's Free Trade Hall ; and after looking round the Cotton Factories, and hearing a fine subscription concert in their beautiful Concert Hall, went on through Leeds to York, where, after spending Sunday at the Minster, my first Sunday in England, and one day in looking round this deeply interesting city, crowded with antiquities, went on to Durham, where I spent a day in its old cathedral, castle, etc., altogether the finest yet in England. I will attempt a description of this place, which is a little out of the way for our go-ahead American tourists, at some future time. It is the most charming place, both for picturesque scenery and the best specimens of the early Norman architecture, to be found in the north of England. Thence by way of lovely Alnwick, and going about its castle, about which Halleck sings, so through New Castle and Berwick, to Auld Reekie, or, as they call it, the modern Athens. I design returning by the lake of Cumberland, and the west of England, stopping at Chatsworth, Haddon Hall, etc., and so going up to London.

I must bring this long letter to a close ; but you see after all it has really described but one day's sights and scenes,

the residue of the week since my arrival would easily fill a volume in plain detail. At home we have no conception of what crowds of interesting and delightful objects press upon you here at every turn.

I give you Chester Race in detail, as it is so different from our own races, and furnishes an epitome of all English races, for they are all conducted the same way. I am getting weary, as all these sheets have been accomplished at one sitting this evening, after a fatiguing day. You may make what use of them you see fit.

I expect to be in London about the 20th inst., and shall remain there till after the arrival of the first of June steamer from the United States.

MAY 7TH.—I have traversed the most of Edinburgh to-day, Scott's monument ascending to the top. Holyrood, Arthur's Seat, Parthenon, Canongate, Duddingstone, the great squares, looked around the University, etc.; just by the window of the Lecture Room of the Professor of the Humanities, is the old house in which Sir Walter was born. To-morrow I go through the libraries, museum, and then to the Highlands; on Sunday the 9th instant, expect to hear the famous Doctors Candlish and Guthrie preach, and perhaps on Monday to Stirling—and then return and go by the way of Melrose to Carlisle, and the Cumberland lakes. Travelling, though delightful work, must be systematized into a matter of business. Mean time good-bye.

Yours, cordially,

R. .D

From the Home Journal, New York, January 1, 1849.

THE STORY OF A POEM.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1848.

GENTLEMEN:—Allow me to enclose to you the following beautiful impromptu verses, said to have been written by the late Countess of Ellesmere, August 2d., 1840, but a few days before her death.

The few words of preface which I ask the liberty to premise, may serve as an outline of the little story of which these verses form no inappropriate conclusion.

An American friend, long a resident of Europe, was, in the month of August, eighteen hundred and forty, on his return from Scotland, passing some time about the lakes of Windermere, Rydal Water, and other picturesque localities in the county of Cumberland, England,

“Those spots to hallowed memory ever dear.”

He finished his delighted ramble; and arriving at Kendal, took his place on the outside of the coach for Manchester. In those days, the railway was not even in contemplation. It was early in the day; the morning was, as usual in the north of England's summer, cold and misty; still, however, the inside seats being, as he was informed, all taken, necessity became a virtue; and, well wrapped up, he prepared himself for a long day's ride, whose monotony might be relieved by occasional glimpses of the grand panoramas of

lake and mountain of the English Switzerland, or by the harmless variety furnished by the coachman's sagacious observations on what they passed upon the route.

After an hour's drive, on stopping [to change horses, our traveller discovered that the occupants of the interior of the coach were a lady and her maid-servant, only. They had taken [all the places, for the sake of quiet and seclusion. The lady was apparently of rank. She was in delicate health, and in deep melancholy, and was engaged at the moment in culling and arranging a very elegant bouquet of flowers, evidently of those kinds which bloom upon the borders of those romantic lakes. After they had all resumed their places in the coach, and resumed their route again, the maid, by the direction of the lady, politely offered the gentleman a seat inside, as a shelter from the weather, which had now settled into a heavy rain. This invitation, which was at first respectfully declined, from fear of intrusion, on being repeated at some subsequent relay, was accepted. My friend took a seat within the coach ; and the lady, seemingly wearied of the unmeaning chat of her maid, and apparently pleased with the presence of a gentleman of intelligence, soon fell into conversation, discoursing now and then upon her earlier history, and always, however, turning with reluctant interest to the melancholy shadow which consumption, her insidious destroyer, had cast athwart the sunlight of her days. She told him that though still very young, this fell disease had long since manifested its certain presence, and

had increased to such a degree as threatened very soon to exhaust the fountains of her life.

With such discoursing, they found it easy to beguile their travel of its weariness. The close of day found them at the end of their journey. On alighting from the coach, the lady was received by a gentleman of rank, with a rich equipage, into which she ascended, and drove off in the direction of Ellesmere Castle. Before alighting from the coach, she begged the acceptance, by my friend, of a large and beautiful carnation pink, of a rare species, culled from the borders of the Windermere, among the leaves of which the following beautiful lines, in pencil, were found by him.

My friend afterwards learned that the fair authoress was the Countess of Ellesmere ; and within a fortnight of the period of this touching incident in life's pilgrimage, her destroyer accomplished his work, and the plaintive prophecy recorded in this impromptu was but too certainly fulfilled. The following verses conclude my little narrative : R. D.

“ Keep it! it is the silent token
Of one, whate'er her fate may be,
Whose friendship will remain unbroken,
E'en when at last forgot by thee.

“ Soon, soon, these dewy leaves will perish,
And I, alas! as soon may fade ;
None, now on earth, are left to cherish
The memory of the minstrel maid.

“ Then, if thy path be trained in brightness,
As I now hope that it may be,
Dim not thy spirit's joyous lightness
By one unhappy thought of me.

“But if thy path be dark and lonely,
O think upon our parting hour,
And breathe one sigh—I ask one only,
For her who gave this token-flower.”

From the Democratic Review, March, 1849.

NEWSPAPERS IN THE U. STATES.

It is an obvious truth, that if we are in the habit of daily listening to the conversation of any one upon subjects of interest, we have, of course, commenced with yielding a certain confidence to his opinions : and, if the asperities of his logic be smoothed by skilful rhetoric, those opinions and suggestions, even though at first contrary to our own sentiments, become gradually adopted by us, and eventually gain a controlling and undivided influence.

The newspaper of a free press now occupies this position ; it has long since become the monitor of governments, and the daily oracle of society ; and the actual mental and social condition of a people may be fairly judged from the character and ability of its daily press. You are not surprised, in Prussia or Austria, to find the few journals permitted there by their despotic governments to be destitute of opinions, or of what is meant by politics of any sort, and made the mere vehicles for government advertisements. The inquiring stranger, when he reads their few and indifferent journals, draws the natural conclusion that the theory of those governments is merely the right of the strongest ; and that the subject masses, if they really possess the living elements of

liberty, have never been so far disenthralled as openly to speak the language of freemen.

The steadfast persecution of the press by the fallen, chartered despotism in France, tended surely and rapidly to a similar result.

But who would deny that the English people are nobly represented by the Times newspaper? It has its faults—numerous and great: has made many errors; reasoned from many false premises; uttered much abuse, and of late years, very severely, upon things in the United States—for which certain classes of our citizens owe it a deep and lasting ill-will.

But, making these, and as many more concessions of a similar kind, who doubts the proposition? Has not this great newspaper been long since ranked as the first daily journal in the language? And deservedly so—for where else, in any newspaper, can be found so long a succession of leaders with such brilliant scholarship, polished rhetoric, and calm, prejudging statesmanship. It has spread its oracles before attentive Europe for forty years; recording and passing daily judgment on every step in the upward progress and decline of that modern Alexander—Napoleon Bonaparte; mapping out, with keen and truthful vision, each battle field, and every political change, then, as at our day, upturning the repose of centuries. And what a constellation of great events, whose influence, reaching as they do to the foundations of society, and will endure for many generations, have

gathered together in England, and in other lands, through the same period of years, and been recorded and judged in its columns !

It would, indeed, be little to say, that nowhere will the historian of our century more surely seek, or certainly find, better records of fact and indicia of contemporaneous opinion—in truth, a more able collection of *memoires pour servir*, than in the long series of its volumes. It has long since lifted itself above the influence of the parties of the hour ; and in its high position—the noblest that the mind can assume—discusses with equal ability and thorough knowledge, the ever-changing features of intriguing diplomacy on the continent of Europe, the great affairs of the British empire in the Indies, and all its grand colonial extent, with the momentous issues of home politics, following implicitly no party creed, but blaming and praising with a free hand, and, often, unexampled power, according to the dictates of its own opinions of the right. Having maintained this great position for a long series of years ; appealing at once to the whole people of England, and, through them, to the intelligence of Europe and the world, with impartial freedom upon great subjects, its circulation has long since gone out to the ends of the earth ; and the Englishman in China or the South Sea looks for its arrival, and reads its columns, with as deep an interest as the London merchant, who implicitly listens to the same great oracle before commencing his daily business.

Its reports are believed by all, for it is well known to possess the earliest and best means of information, through its agents, resident in every leading city, with a compensation sufficiently liberal to secure them from the necessity of other occupations; while it is well known that the most eminent talent finds adequate reward for service to its columns.

The leading element of its power, that which, more than mere ability, secures its universal reception and commanding influence, is its general impartiality—its average freedom from party trammels—whereby it becomes the exponent of that *third* party in a people, which, relying on its own strong political convictions, is unwilling to sway about at the caprice of the temporary party; but retaining its own natural mental freedom, will sometimes, when its measures meet its convictions of the right, throw its whole influence into the scale of the government, and will, equally, when its acts are not so justified, exert the same influence in an opposition of fair arguments. This *third* party—this great reserve of actors and thinkers, existing in every educated people, are the creators of the true public opinion, and the fit and final judges of the tribunal before which the acts and measures of government and of public men are brought to judgment. W

It has been long since well said, that there are but two vital and controlling subjects worthy of the immortal energies of the mind—politics and religion. How a man is to be governed and govern others in all his social interests, and to make provision for the life hereafter—in any wise to treat

on the first great subject, requires a secure position for a cool judgment, an absence of partizan ambition, feeling and interest, and high order of intellect; possessing keen apprehension and strong conviction of his rights, with ability and courage to maintain and utter it.

Many may undertake the office of such an oracle—few will succeed; but, if a journal be so conducted for a length of years, as, in spite of errors and of faults, to succeed in the main in being the fair exponees of that *third* party, the last depository of public opinion, always more or less receiving therefrom a cordial response and lasting approval—such a journal becomes fairly entitled to general admiration and esteem.

Although I would not wish these few weak words of admiration of the ability and great position held by the Times newspaper construed into an approval of its opinions in all cases—for it emanates from a country, many of whose political institutions and social conditions rightly find no sympathy or existence in the United States, and may be in fact false influences and stumbling-blocks in the pathway of human freedom.

But where, among the army of printed sheets which assume daily to marshal public opinion in our country, is there one to be compared with it; one that, in any considerable degree, fulfils the high office of an impartial censor of public events—whose opinions and reasons have, by a long course of uniform and high ability, acquired a secure

pre-eminence, and which at the same time exercises any similar influence on the mind of Europe? Indeed, out of London or Paris, an American newspaper is almost unknown and unheard of in Europe. Go where you will, and, except an occasional copy of the Washington Union or the New York Herald, received by an American traveller, or by our legations, you cannot find them; and the people in foreign cities, who daily read the Times, which is always to be found in every leading hotel on the Continent, know nothing more of American newspapers than the mere titles which are sometimes quoted as sources of American intelligence, which is always a short outline reaching Europe through English journals, or through Galignani's Messenger, where it occupies often not half of the same space as is allowed to the news of the intestine troubles of any comparatively insignificant state in Europe.

While, on the other hand, with ourselves, the arrival of the ocean steamer is the signal for an avalanche of European news, descending upon the people and spreading over the land in masses, without comment or selection: the few grains of wheat are mixed in bushels of chaff about the ever-changing and gambling intrigues for place and power in Continental cabinets, private details, and petty scandal of foreign courts, which really seem more interesting to republicans than to their own subjects; and all manner of the most copious and useless information about the career and performances of famous dancers, singers, *et id genus omne*,

all of which eagerly-sought intelligence is no doubt greatly material to the welfare of our institutions in general, and of each of our citizens in particular; and is, at least on our part, a well-meant tribute of thanks for that contented ignorance of our affairs which reigns through Europe.

There is one custom somewhat peculiar to our people—pleasant enough in its way, but singular in the character of a truly great nation, conscious of the rectitude of its principles, and its solid claims to a position of high respect among the great powers of the world. It is the oft-remarked habit of self-glorification. Some may deny the truth of this position; but the best evidence of its actual existence, is the tone of exclusive laudation of everything American which pervades our newspaper press, the nervous indignation with which they repel the smallest censure, well or ill founded, from abroad, particularly if it come from our ancient friends and relatives of England; and as the natural result of this peculiar sentiment, nothing is more common, and perhaps more popular, than complacent predictions of the rapid spread of republican principles over all the monarchies of Europe. Such predictions never reach an European audience; and, if they are ever fulfilled, it will not occur by the influence of our press, but by a well-grounded admiration of the institutions and measures of a great and wisely-ordered republic.

Governments are made to conform to the genius and needs of the people governed, not the people for the governments; and it may long remain a grave question, whether the masses

of society in France or any other country of Europe, are really yet prepared for a popular government.

This habit of self-laudation may or may not be the excess of a noble sentiment—Patriotism, driven to extremes; but it is certainly not a little unbecoming to see a really great and powerful nation like ourselves habitually admiring its own proportions, and united in chanting its own praises.

In no country there are so many newspapers, and consequently so universal a habit of journal reading, as in our own. The proportion in number to that of any other free country is well known to be vastly greater. With us they spread over and cover the whole land; and the habit of newspaper-reading is so well cultivated, that it has become an indispensable element of our social existence.

The village editor commences his labors for the diffusion of knowledge among the seniors contemporaneously with the settlement, and the arrival of the schoolmaster to enlighten the juveniles. The press with us sees everything, hears everything, good and evil, public and private, and reports it at all times and all places; the disseminator of all varieties of information, the great chartered newsmonger of our community. Every sect and party of our people counts eventually upon its newspaper as the chiefest of its auxiliaries to influence. Every body buys and reads the newspaper; and, as the venders must gratify all tastes to make their profits, every event, small and great, is daily chronicled. Morbid curiosity is gratified by the details of crime, usually with

increased minuteness in proportion to the degree of atrocity, while the irresponsible letter-writer is always welcome to the columns when he can successfully invade the sanctities of private life. With all this mass of information, about things good and evil, which is daily collected and poured forth by the extraordinary activity of our newspaper press, forming by necessity the only intellectual aliment of a large portion of our community, how many in the community have the leisure or inclination to digest their intelligence and form any solid reflection therefrom? Generally, the newspaper is sought for very economy, as at a cheap rate you thus obtain both the intelligence and the opinion thereon ready made.

But where is the public sentiment upon any grave question which touches the commonwealth to be found? Are we to be answered that it is at our doors in the newspapers—then every editor is its self-constituted mouth-piece; and we may be allowed to imagine that a search for the real opinion of the people of the United States, among these conflicting oracles, would likely prove as satisfactory as the famous quest for the ten tribes of Israel.

But it may then be said that the public sentiment is evinced by the results of our elections. This might be true, if we could believe that candidates were always fairly nominated; were, in all cases, truly representatives of their constituency, and that elections were in all cases fairly conducted. But even supposing all these conditions uniformly

to exist, is everything tested by the ballot? Out of the multitude of subjects upon which the formation of an opinion is momentous to the public weal, how many can be made the subject of an issue at the polls?

I conceive the depository of the real public opinion to be in that large portion of every free and intelligent community, who are in the habit of constantly applying the maxims of common sense to the formation of their opinion on public affairs; who, therefore, never blindly follow the lead of party or its advocates; who either have no occasion or disposition to make their livelihood at politics; who act on the principle that independent private judgment is the right and duty of every citizen, and whose votes are not the property of any party. Their judgments, sometimes may be wrong, but certainly have the fairest opportunity of being right; and without this class of men, who are stigmatized and called mere neutrals, only by heated partizans, there could be no such thing with us as government at all; no one course of measure or of public policy could be pursued; everything would be loose and afloat on the waves of transient sects and parties.

It is very true, that the latter administrations of our government have conceived it their policy to destroy the works of their predecessors; to build up systems which are sure to be taken down again by their successors; and the experience merely of four years, often the infancy of an experiment, seems thought a sufficient test of its value, thus

giving some evidence of the truth of the predictions of monarchists, that our institutions secure little strength to the government, and that their rapid changes progress steadily to dissolution.

Although practical politics cannot exist without different opinions or parties, and a free and enlightened government without politics; yet does any one believe that the views of partisans in struggling for place and power, are to be deemed the real voice of the people? A very large proportion with us never believed it, and have long since taken and steadily exercised the right of private judgment, very often submitting to party excommunication therefor; not wishing or needing office or temporary applause, vote and otherwise express their political opinions without regard to the creeds and edicts of sects and parties; but supporting or opposing the government only as they are convinced of the right or justice of its measures. Such men are rarely in public places, these are conferred as party rewards; but both parties appeal to them for votes; and when any real exigency occurs, none are more ready to supply the needs of the government to the extent of their abilities. Of course this class of men are found in all divisions of the community, and their influence is recognised at all times. A proof of their actual and habitual influence, although much threatened by party, may be found in the earlier or recent Conventions, whose Constitutional changes in the state of New York were ratified by the almost unanimous voice of the

people of that state. These assuredly were the fruit of the exercised common sense of some of the best minds and hearts of the community ; of that true public opinion above and beyond all parties of which I have spoken. They alone would prove its existence ; and while they also evince its purity and wisdom, show that it is really the supreme power of the government in our country.

And yet this large and powerful class of our fellow citizens is, with some few though excellent exceptions, without a newspaper, whilst the smallest faction is abundantly provided.

The fact is extraordinary, that in this land of free opinion, almost every chartered exponent is but the organ of a party, and that such a thing as an impartial journal is almost denied existence. Does any one really believe that it were impossible to be successfully maintained ? Does every man then in the United States really think and act according to party creeds, or do those creeds always contain the whole truth on political subjects ? And must we then consider the government of the country to be the composite of the various opinions enunciated by partisans of all shades and sects ? Were such things true, government would cease to be government, and become but the occasional suspensions of anarchy.

There is surely no country in the world of the wide-spread and strong intelligence of our own, where such a newspaper, if properly conducted, would find so large an audience,

already prepared, by a settled distaste to the sectional character of the existing press to read and support its opinions.

But mere impracticable neutrality—mere theory, would not suffice.

Its spirit should only be practical reason applied to public affairs ; the judgment of a strong mind, polished by study and enlightened by intercourse with its fellows, should be exhibited in its leaders : and while uniting the essentials of the earliest and most accurate intelligence of value, derived and digested from authoritative sources, should lift itself up above the parties of the hour, and appeal to the great majority of the people for its approval and support.

It would then be really the Times newspaper of America ; while, by the simple majesty of free judgment, its influence would be felt both among the parties and in all classes at home ;—it would go abroad, as the only reliable exponent of the state of things in our country to Europe.

Such a newspaper might be started by individual effort ; what is needed only is a conviction of the value of a newspaper of such a character among the business community of the United States. They hold the wealth, and their practical decisions must more or less control parties.

Cannot such a newspaper, whose ability and value may fairly be compared with the English Times, be commenced and supported in some of our large cities ? What is wanted is an immediate sense of its need ; and the necessary com-

bination of the men, the means and the ability, can be readily formed, the enterprise well started, and by an approving community well sustained.

Newspapers of such a stamp would be a new era with us; while they would drive off from popular attention the demoralized portions of the press; they would correct the errors of parties, elevate the tone of political sentiment and discussion, and take and sustain the first place in the esteem and confidence of the great majority of the people.

R. D.

From the N. Y. Knickerbocker Magazine, for Jan. 1850.

LITERARY NOTICES.

SCENES IN THE OLD WORLD: OR SCENES AND CITIES IN FOREIGN LANDS. By WILLIAM FURNISS. Accompanied with a Map and Illustrations. In one volume. pp. 290. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

A CORRESPONDENT, himself a fellow-traveller with the author over several of the countries described in the above-entitled volume, and well qualified to speak of the faithfulness, etc., of its descriptions, sends us the following running commentary upon the work:

‘We thank our fellow-townsmen for giving us a pleasant and readable book. Truly, if any one should wish to essay the climax of the difficulties of author skill, let him now undertake to please the general reader by another ‘Book of Travels in Europe.’ Every man travels with his own pack; that is to say, the change of clime will only furnish new and more extensive fields for the exercise of the educated power of each man’s faculties. Some go to Europe for the mere object apparently of finding fault, and seeking occasions for ill-humor with every thing; some go for the steadfast pursuit of exalted studies in those spheres to which the rest of the world has no equal; some for mere material enjoyment; and some, like our author, with head and heart open and attentive to every impression of the good and beautiful. He

tells his story well; and the personal incidents thrown in make his reader to become unconsciously a fellow-wanderer at his side, going about strange countries, meeting with odd, outlandish people and scenes, laughing at their follies and their jokes, admiring every thing worthy, never ruffled, but keeping the even tenor of his happy enthusiasm of enjoyment through all nations and all lands. There are no prosy descriptions of the old lions, no dull journalizing details of particulars not worth the memory, no guide-book stuff of routes, inns, prices, etc., but combining the pleasant particulars of his remembrance, he gives us a life-like picture of every thing on his way. After a pleasant sojourn in 'Fatherland,' our author goes over the Channel, and gives us a lively and truthful sketch of much that makes up Parisian happiness. We select at random from the book; and conscious that a vast proportion of the comfort of existence centres in a good dinner, let us first walk with the author to PHILIPPE's in the *Rue-Richelieu*; PHILIPPE, the *Monarque de la Cuisine* :

"Few who are given to sight-seeing fail to rest the day with a dinner; which leads one to speak of the restaurants. Epicures grieve for those days when princes drove to the '*Rocher des Cancales*.' PHILIPPE, in our experience, has supplied its fall, and equals the more noted and dearer of the Boulevards, or the Palais Royal. Beside, one does not wish to be bored by English, but seeks the resort of quiet, full-fed citizens, who have made the reputation of this voluptuous resort in the Rue Mont-Martre, near the passage Saumon. We quote only the rich tastes of his '*Sole a la Normande*'

and his 'Soupe a la Bisque.' No restaurant life would suit that man who counts his mouthfuls as he eats, and sighs as if each forkful ripped up the lining of his pocket. We would recommend the 'Europe' to him, where he can get dog-steaks and horse-chops for twenty sous. A glorious appetite might ruin such a youth, and make his very stomach spendthrift.'

'And now let us stroll with him after dinner :

"He is cross-grained by instinct who cannot be pleased in his daily walks in Paris. Your sobriety must be checked here, rather than your vices, where, with a share of good-nature and humor about you, you fall into excellent keeping with those thousand *petits riens* and absurdities which hourly amuse you. Our daily habit was to hire a chair before the cafe of the Trois Freres, where we picked up many little fragments of joy, and used to laugh at the coquetry of the garden and at the roar of our waiter, whose 'bon' for coffee made the reputation of that little glazed shop which protrudes into the court before the fountain. The correct thing is to take your cigar at another cafe, or sip your mocha on the 'Italiennes,' while some one of your acquaintances is passing along, and you wonder 'who is that pretty woman on his arm?'—you may be sure she is only his *cousin*. Or for novelty you may stroll to the quarter of the Faubourg St. Martin, and watch the *ouvriers* with their *grisettes* tripping along so light, with their frilled caps fluttering in the wind. There are no *grisettes* at the court end, for they become converted into *lorettes* when they pass the chapel where they worship."

'Our author goes to see every thing else there is in the stranger's way, and tells a very pleasant story thereupon. Our limits must be economized for extracts from his book on

other places. Switzerland is thoroughly ransacked by the wanderer; and among the out-of-the-way places there he climbs up from Lucerne's Lake of Beauty to that strange modern infatuation, the Roman Catholic's Mecca, Einsiedeln. The Rhine, its glories past and present, is well realized by the traveller; and hastening through Belgium, touching which he gives us some pleasant narratives, and immovably primitive Holland, whose prim antiquities of men and things, with its sober thrift and cleanliness, are certainly not all unknown or unappreciated, he finds himself, by a short step, for we pass quickly between kingdoms there, in the dominions of the 'buried majesty of Denmark.' We quote a few paragraphs of his visit to Copenhagen, the capital of the King of the Northmen:

"The country through which the rail-road passes is very flat, the soil sandy, and admits of but little cultivation. After taking our berths on board the steamer for Copenhagen, we were struck with the similarity of their words of command with the English; for there was nothing spoken but 'baack her' and 'stap her.' We had a fine run that night, and under the light of a full moon soon made our way through the Ost Sea. On the morrow we were agreeably surprised at meeting Mr. FLANNIKEN, our charge at this court, on board; so that our entrance to the harbor was enlivened by a pleasant chat over the beauties of the city, which lay so charmingly in prospect.

"Copenhagen is built on the islands of Seeland and Amack, which are united by two fine bridges. Besides the remarkably strong fortifications which defend its coast, and its charming and picturesque location, it has the peculiarity of

having suffered more from war and conflagration than any other city in Europe.

“The day after my arrival I had the pleasure of meeting a class-mate, who had just come from the North Cape, after having completed a tour of two years in the north of Asia and Europe. One feels a sense of diminutiveness on seeing a man who had visited Siberia, and lived on fish-skin and whale oil for the last four months; for I must confess my pretensions to travel grew less, as I viewed with awe the huge beard of my old chum, who had ridden the great polar bear, and cast a squint over the crater of the Norwegian Maelstrom. In my [confusion I sought relief within the chaste proportions of the ‘New Kirche,’ the King’s Chapel; and recovered proper balance of mind in the calm and quiet contemplation of what was truly great and beautiful in art, as brought out and created perfect under the inspiration of THORWALDSEN’S genius. There stands his CHRIST and the twelve Apostles, on each side of the nave and behind the altar. Before it is that beautiful baptismal font, a simple shell, held by a kneeling angel; and over the portal is the Sermon on the Mount, exquisitely touching, in marble bas-relief. The spirit of truth love and devotion, breathes in those mute locks; they animated his finer clay, who inhaled them at his birth.”

‘Denmark is seldom visited by Americans; and hence his descriptions, which are minute, will be found interesting. Going thence to Berlin, he forgets not to pay his respects to our hospitable representatives at that court, Mr. DONELSON and Mr. FAY, whose kind reception having been enjoyed by the writer of this notice, in common with many of our countrymen, he can fully endorse the sentiments of the author:

“ That same evening I had the pleasure of meeting a number of my countrymen at the embassy, where no American should fail to go, so long as our country is so ably represented by DONELSON and FAY. I was never more amused than with our minister’s description of German character and manners, which were only equalled by his sovereign contempt for their language, or his resolute determination to follow in the footsteps of TALLEYRAND, and never to commit his diplomacy in any other tongue than the vernacular.

‘ Mr. DONELSON has succeeded in gaining the admiration and esteem of the Court and of his fellow diplomatists, solely from the fact of his originality of thought and expression, and that wild and generous cordiality which brooks no ceremony, and puts all etiquette and mysticism at defiance. The great minds of Berlin admire and wonder at one who puzzles them by a system of metaphysics, even too abstruse for KANT.’

‘ Thence to Dresden and the Bastei and Munich, that German Athens, Bavaria, over to mediæval, orient-looking, and oft-beleaguered Prague, and then a glorious ramble about Tyrol’s mountains and valleys. We almost envy him the pleasure of visiting such a city there as Salzburgh, of which we have a good description :

“ In a charming position on the turbid Salz, which divides the city in two, and surrounded on three sides by mountains, lies the beautiful capital of Salzburg. The city proper is snugly lodged in a valley, between the Monksberg and the Capuchiner, from whose tops you have a glorious view of its surrounding beauties. That stern old castle in the upper town, perched on the very summit of an abrupt mountain, dominates the town and its extensive environs ; and the

views you have from the outer galleries of this irregular fortress are truly wonderful. That old castle in the middle ages, was the seat of a warrior Archbishop, who belonged, verily, to the Church militant, and kept his bands of armed retainers ever ready to wage war on infidels, or if necessary, to bring his rebellious parishioners to terms. That fine cathedral with its facing of marble, was built after the model of St. Peters; and in the square before the Court House, is one of those rare compositions in the shape of fountains, which would do honor to the best of Italy, so exquisite is its design. MOZART was born in this town, and his statue stands on a place called especially after his name; while not far off, in another street, is the mansion of the renowned naturalist PARACELSUS.

“One of the most agreeable excursions in the vicinity, is that to Berchtesgarten. Soon after leaving town, your road passes under the brow of the Unterburgs, which is famed for its statuary marble, and continues on the side of the river Arles to Berchtesgarten, the summer residence of the King of Bavaria, which is beautifully lodged at the foot of the snow-clad Wattzmann.

“One can scarcely imagine a more charming succession of landscapes than those thus presented; so full of pictorial subjects, such outlines of noble mountains, so powerful to awake the most fervent and thrilling sensation of loveliness and beauty, so happily terminated by the bold shore of the ‘Koenig Sea,’ the most beautiful point in all this rich and glowing scenery. Grand are its effects, as it is hemmed in by high towering cliffs, which brood over its surface, and give to its waves a tone of pleasing melancholy. Its waters are of the darkest green, and where the overhanging rocks overshadow its lake, their color is almost black. All times, the hills slope down covered with foilage of dark pines to its

edge, and again at the sudden turns of the lake, bold perpendicular walls rise so abruptly from its level as to leave no margin, and you seem as if shut in at the bottom of a basaltic well. The royal hunting lodge lies at the base of the frowning Wattzmann, and is resorted to for the chamois, and for its trout. Some of these fishes are so remarkable, that their portraits are taken and hung up in frames round the walls of this palace.

“Such are the natural beauties of this singular sea, and with such rich materials, it would require no strain of fancy to transform that blue-eyed girl who rows you over, into another ‘Lady of the Lake,’ or to frame a heroine out of the charming little ‘KELLNERIN’ who waits on you, on your return to the village inn.”

‘Thence by various stages our author posted to Vienna, where the writer of this notice had the pleasure of first meeting him; where, in that spider-web sort of a city, with its green belt of glaxis, and palatial suburbs, modern presumption or court flatterers profess to enshrine, in the paltry decrepitude of Austrian monarchy, a successor to the illimitable genius and vast power of the mediæval lord of Europe, CHARLEMAGNE. Could he now arise from his tomb of ages, and walk the earth like Denmark’s royal ghost, he would laugh to scorn the paltry patch-work of despotic imbecility, which under high sounding titles demands the abject submission of the best and freest hearts of Europe. However, Vienna is a gay place; the German’s Paradise; and we spent weeks together there in its delightful galleries, libraries, collections and palaces; frequently seeing the magni-

ficent pomp of that court, and mutually struck by the consummate political knavery visible even in the countenance of METTERNICH, and all his acts; listened so often to STRAUSS, and watched the happy people swinging in the polka, rejoiced over its charming cuisine, and went away together from the 'Gulden Lamm,' sure that we were better pleased with Vienna than with any other city of Middle Europe. Our friend forgets his usual courtesy by not returning the real kindness that we received from our admirable representative there, Mr. STILES, a gentleman who deserves and has won golden opinions from all parties. And then we voyaged on the Mississippi of Europe, its mighty artery, the majestic Danube, all the way from Vienna, till by one of its twelve huge mouths we sailed upon the Black Sea--the stormy Euxine. Here was an odder jumble than ever on board the steamer; and our author does full justice to the amours of the frolicsome Princess with the handsome Count, the free-making grisette, the bridal party, and every thing else of interest on board, while he gives us living descriptions of what we saw and enjoyed on shore. But we suffered some perils of the sea; for as BYRON says:

'There's not a sea the traveller e'er pukes in,
Throws up such ugly billows as the Euxine.'

We tossed a day or two upon its stormy waves, when we came to the Simplegades, floating in the blue waters at the gate of that pathway of enchantment, the Bosphorus. The most exalted description can ever enable a reader fully to

realize such beauty ; but our author gives perhaps as good a descriptions of the scene as can be conveyed by an unpractised pen :

“The opening scene of the Bosphorus is grand. You enter these straits where the protruding shores of two opposite continents look down upon the dark and abrupt mass of the rocks ‘Simplegades,’ which lull the rough and stormy waves of the Euxine into calm repose. That bold coast, bristling with Saracenic towers and mounted with heavy cannon, is soon succeeded by the overhanging heights of Belgrade, which are crowned by the ruins of an ancient aqueduct, and followed by gentle undulating hills, which enclose the dark waters of that channel within the charming bay of Buyukadere. Your sail from this point, and even for twenty miles, embraces a succession of charming landscapes and views of unrivaled beauty ; and as you pass through the narrowing straits at the outlet of the bay, you glance back on the lofty summits of the Asiatic shore, and over the terraced slopes of those banks, glowing in all the richness of oriental foliage, and basking in all the fervor of bright sunshine and reflected sea.

“Wildly runs its current within the now approaching headlands of two opposite continents, as its waters chafe the base of the castle of Europe ; while dark eypresses and umbrella pines mournfully look down over the ruins of this dismantled fortress, and across the stream rise the bolder outlines of Asia’s stronghold, which guards the soft vales of the valley Goksu and those beautiful sweet waters of the sunny South. You do not fail to observe the rich contrast of these woody heights, as they deck both margins with varied beauty. On one side thick masses of northern forest cluster around the villas which dot the hill-side, and hanging gardens fall from

parapet and terrace, clothing these declivities in all varieties of shade and verdure. On the other shore the softer skies of the orient relieve luxuriant pastures of a lovelier green, and the gay foilage of tropical fruit and flower; while the air is redolent with sweet fragrance of jessamine and orange, wafted by Zephyr through groves of rhododendrons and acacias.

“There is a magical effect in the increasing and moving loveliness of these scenes, and the landscape warms with interest as you are borne onward in your approach to the city. All is now life and animation. Caiques of every size, holding in their prows bouquets of fresh flowers, propitiatory offerings to the waves, and brilliant with the gaudy colors of the richly-costumed passengers, move upon the surface of those waters; and long flocks of wild-fowl hurry by, skimming over the dancing billows, in perpetual motion, doomed, in the legends of the Turks, ‘to hover, like evil spirits, without rest for ever!’ The shores are now lined with the dwellings of Armenian and Turk, Frank and Jew, each distinguished by their peculiar colors of red, yellow and white; beyond are the palaces of the resident ministers and grandees; all following to fill up the harmonious whole which enchants the sight, until the ALADDIN palace of the Sultan fronts upon the bay, whence you are allured by a succession of beautiful views to the very entrance of the Porte. Truly there is no such approach to any other city in the world; such a mosaic of rich palaces and landscape, charming scenery and lovely skies! such a combination of effects, such rich contrasts and variety of moving pictures?

“This mingling of beauties, this extravagance in the lavished gifts of nature, forms but a part of the wonders of the land, and unites with the Bosphorus, its castles and towers, bays and inlets, hills and forests, villas and villages,

sunny prospects and delightful vales, mosques and minarets, summer palaces and kiosks, fountains and baths, to frame in unison a whole which, with the suburbs and environs, coast scenery and seas, claims for Stamboul pre-eminently above all of earth's cities, its reputation and its name of the 'Sublime Porte.'

'Constantinople, which stands as it were a great forest of gardens, palaces, mosques, towers and minarets, sprung out of this beautiful sea, an ALADDIN creation, a realized enchantment, girdled on its lofty promontory by the beautiful crescent of the Golden Horn on the one side, the smooth Sea of Marmora on the other, and the Bosphorus in front, over whose circle of waters the gilded caiques shoot innumerable, like fire-flies; that vast city, where dwell over a million of souls who call MOHAMMED the prophet of God; which has been the great gathering-place for all the nations of the East from the days of CONSTANTINE to its present monarch, ABDUL MESCHID; that great city, 'thou that art situate at the entry of the sea, which art the merchant of the people for many isles,' who can hope fully to give thy picture in words, or reproduce the impressions of those who have had the happiness of visiting thee? We spent weeks together there, endeavoring to obtain a full impression of its oriental splendor; we disregarded all the annoyances which the traveller every where meets with in those countries, and went about it and around it in all directions, and the eye never wearied with its transcendent beauty, and the mind could never fully embody and bring down to the decaying monu-

ments around us that glorious panorama of historical associations which cluster there from the days of the lavish splendors of CONSTANTINE and the Roman Emperors, till the slumbers of their Greek successors were roused by that general Tocsin of Europe, the Crusades; and then its terrific sieges of ancient and mediæval time, unto the hour when OTHMAN spread forth the blood-red banner of the Prophet and claimed this queen of cities as the heritage of the Faithful.

‘Our author gives us an interesting description of Constantinople, and of its beauty, as we beheld it, in perfectly halcyon weather. He has conveyed, in a brief compass, an admirable outline of almost every thing there. The writer left him in that city, and his book concludes its pleasant story, by landing him in Alexandria.

For the Knickerbocker Magazine, N. Y. for March, 1850.

WARAGA, OR THE CHARMS OF THE NILE, BY WILLIAM FURNISS. New-York : Baker & Scribner, 36 Park Row, 1850. 12mo. pp. 456.

“Who is this that cometh up as a flood ; whose waters are moved as the rivers ?”

“Egypt riseth up like a flood.” Jer. XLVI, 7, 8.

Ay, deeply do we regret that sundry new quarantines, and evil reports of the Lazzarettos, into which we should have been buried, whereof so much talk was had during our stay at Stamboul, prevented us from visiting Egypt, but as we turn over the pages of this charming volume, its life-like pictures almost banish those regrets ; we are at once transported beneath the shadows of the Pyramids, the imagination feels again the awful presence of that mighty line of Pharaohs, whose beginning stretches upward far as the Deluge, and whose dynasty, though interrupted, has by the majestic energies of that modern Pharaoh Mehemet Ali, been in fact restored and continued ; whose deeds the stilus of History has already engraved, and is now only pausing to record the completion of his plans by his successors.

Egypt! Great Mother of Science and of Art! What thinking mind has not dreamed of thee! From true-hearted children on their Mother's knee, listening with awe to the sacred story of the down trodden thousands of Israel “they who were in this, their land of bondage, ‘hewers of wood and

drawers of water,'” of Moses their mighty Prophet, Priest and Lawgiver, of his entreating Pharaoh, to let his Nation, “the People of God” go free; of that Catalogue of wondrous miracles whereof the world had no parallel till the Sacred Advent, wrought by the hand of Moses before the Court, and over the broad land of Egypt; and of the Egyptian Magii, by their surpassing arts working similar miracles; of the hard hearted Pharaoh defying the visible power of God, and choked with avarice, refusing to let “His People” go; and how the thousands of Israel fled forth in the night, led by that mighty Pillar of fire; and how the Great King, with his hosts of Chariots and men of war, pursued after them, and sunk into the midst of the sea.

And the never-wearying Story of Joseph; his story could have been told by none other than Him who made and knew all the fountains of human feeling; and then the undying memory delights to recall our young imaginations pictures of the glory and splendor of the Palaces; the pomp of war, and the majestic Monuments of Egypt’s Mighty Kings. The hosts of Israel had fled away into the Wilderness, their country of Goshen, though a pleasant land was deserted, yet the Glory of Egypt, and its Pharaohs had not departed; but continued to shine until the general gloom of the Mediæval darkness finally overshadowed the land and extinguished its splendors, and the Empire of Egypt whose foundations were laid in the beginning of time, and which had for vast successions of ages concentrated and spread forth all learning to all

lands, and all times, like a General Mother of them all, was subjugated into a dependant province of more warlike Conquerors, degraded to a mere pro-consulate, forgotten by the aspiring Gaul, for whom

“ Westward the Star of Empire took its way ”

till the Othman hordes of Asia, spread over its beautiful land and River, and ascended the vacant Throne of the Ptolemies.

Where in the wide world can Author or Traveller find a Country more interesting to visit or study ? Has it been exhausted ?

Bring together the vast Library of volumes, of learned disquisitions on this land, past and present : assemble the great Museum of Collections, and you will find that the half has not been told you ; that the keen and persevering quest of Belzoni, Champollion, and their successors, have not yet deciphered the one half of its engraved story, and that the great purpose of its mighty monuments, like the vast ruins of its deserted cities, are still an unfathomed mystery. Their language has again spoken to living men, breaking the silent waste of ages, but we are yet in the vestibule and have not yet heard the breathings of this mighty oracle and monitor of all time.

The volume whose title heads this article has no pretensions to reveal the mysteries of this adytum of learning.

It is simply the composite of the daily records of an intelligent and tasteful mind wandering upon the Nile, and with the lights of good reading and quick and steady observation

recording the impressions of each one of Egypt's mighty monuments: whilst a delightful vein of personal incident and adventure flows through all the descriptions. For a book of travel story, Eothen has been called the best; but we who have read both and seen much that both describe, candidly, both for use and entertainment, prefer Waraga. Parallels of comparison would not be of much avail here; as the best proof of our judgment can only be the discriminating perusal of the volume itself.

It is the record of a voyage up the Nile—of which we may well quote the Childe Harold.

“And thou exulting and abounding River,
 “Making thy waves a blessing as they flow;
 “Through banks whose beauty will endure for ever.
 “Could man but leave thy bright creation so,
 “Nor its fair promise from the surface mow
 “With the sharp scythe of conflict: then to see
 “Thy valley of sweet waters; were to know
 “Earth paved like Heaven; and to seem such to me,
 “Even now, what lacks thy stream that it should Lethe be.

We will select a few chance extracts:

“Thus occupied and amused, we ran on until towards evening. The sun was sinking to the west, the shadows thrown in front of the spectator—and all our passengers were on the look-out with their glasses—when suddenly the pilot cried out with a shout, “El kitab! El kitab!” The word was passed, and all sprang forward to see the Pyramids.

The Pyramids!—there they stood—the Pyramids of our early dreams—the wonders of our infancy. Triangular

solids, rising on a plain of the Desert—immensity projected on eternity!—Colossal tombs of a lost secret—the wonder of the world which we called ancient. They were antiques even in that age of antiquities!!! I was not disappointed; I felt as if I had solved a calculus in solid trigonometry. I almost thought I had squared the circle of a world!”

THE PACHA.

“We had retired from the gates of Hassan, and were returning back to the Hotel, wending our way through the main bazaar, when we were startled by the shrill searching snap of the courier’s *korbag*. The crowds of sooks dispersed at the sound of the cracking thong, as the cawass shouted, ‘Make way for the Pacha!’ ‘clear the path of the Sultan!’ The sound of the alarm is passed from the mouth of the retiring multitude. Men, women, and children shrink away behind the counters of the bazaar; the boys shove their donkeys suddenly and violently round by the haunches into the narrow side-streets, the camel leaders goad their beasts around the corners of the wall, and the shopkeepers drop their work and pipes as the air rings with the repeated order, ‘Make way! Shemalek! Riglack! Riglack! to the right! to the left! out of the road of the King!’ Then, as the *bostangi* runs by in breathless haste, the Nizam guard at his post drops his musket at the salute; when suddenly, in hot speed, approach four spirited white Arabians, and dash through the crowded thoroughfare, bearing along the august person of the Viceroy; and while the carriage rushes by,—it is but the vision of a moment,—I saw within its folds the long venerable white beard of a noble old man, hiding the visage of Mehemet Ali. That sight was like a flickering

dream of eventide. He looked like the spirit of the East; and as his small, dark, brilliant eyes flashed out, discovering the contour of his smoky beard, the vision vanished like a star behind the clouds of midnight, and impressed me with a more august sense of the omnipotent thrall of the sovereign, than would an age of courts. That sight was enough for me; I would not spoil the charm of such a glimpse for all the pomp and glory of a court, when the king is surrounded by guards, officers, eunuchs, and satraps.

CONTRACT OF HIRE FOR THE NILE VOYAGE.

“After a week of delay, I had fully resolved to proceed up the Nile. That determination was followed by the selection of a boat, called *cangiah*, in Egypt. Having procured one of about 150 ardebs (750 bushels)—the only one in fact to be had at that advanced state of the season—in company with Ben Hamet, the Reis, and the donkeys, we rode to the gate of the American Consulate. As usual, his agent was not to be found at home.

We then proceeded, to the English Embassy, and the solemn instrument of hire—this indenture of *cangiah*—was formally written in Arabic, and left for translation in the hands of the *cawass*.

The next day we returned, found the papers ready, and this transaction was closed to the satisfaction of all parties, except the consular agent, who never was paid by the Reis Suleiman.

THE TRANSLATION.

The contract ran in the following words :

‘Wednesday, the 23d day of the month Showel, of the year 1263, Mr. ———, Knight Errant, an American, has

agreed to take a boat from the Reis Suleiman Mahomet, floatman of the Nile, to go up the Nile as far as Waddy Halfa—or to Jericho, if both parties are agreed, upon the following conditions.

1. The boat is to be navigated by eight able men, comprising the Reis and steersman—excluding men with their thumbs cut off, or blind of both eyes.

2. The Reis and crew to be always obedient to the hirer, who is to be Lord High Admiral of the Navy, with powers as supreme as the Grand Turk—to stop where he pleases, etc.

3. Boat to be in perfect order, warranted free from rats and other vermin—no logs shall be put before the bows, nor any stones tied to the rudder.

4. None of the crew shall leave the boat without permission, under pretence of seeing their sweethearts, or for tobacco, or to smoke, under penalty of severe “cattin’g” and a dinner on pork. If any run away, the Reis to run after them.

5. The boat must sail day and night if the wind blows; if calm, they must track up the Nile, tackled to the vessel as to a cart.

6. The Reis must select snug places to stop at night; they must be safe from the attacks of rats, hyenas, jackals, and land-robbers.

7. Reis is not allowed to take on board any of his cousins; brothers, sweethearts or cronies, and no goods except the owner’s.

8. The Reis shall be allowed twenty-four hours at Esneh, or Siot, to make bread—this is understood not to include the privilege of making love or playing ’possum.

9. It is understood, that all the crew shall not smoke at once. At noon, when it is smoking hot on deck, the crew must abstain from all dances, banjo playing, and singing, as

they understand it, while the charterer or his friends are taking a siesta.

10. Terms—first month payable in advance.

11. All disputes to be referred to her Majesty's consul at Cairo—and both parties will wait patiently until they hear from the Imperial Lady at Saint Jame's.

“*Dated, Cairo, Showel 23, 1263.*”

“This contract was duly acknowledged and witnessed. Both parties subscribed. The hirer merely attached a flourish to his name, a sort of triumphal curve at the completion of a wonderful deed, and an arch expression of the gammony nature of the law of the land. Reis Sulciman sealed the instrument with his signet, and as the weight of his authority fell upon the roll, it left the impression of a ring of Arabic talismanic symbol, much like the outlines of a smashed spider. I often thought of the significance of that act; and when among the ruins of Thebes, the mind referred back to that scene to explain the mighty import of some of the cartouches of the ancient kings, who stamped their initial on granite, and thus left the original of that custom of seals which has been retained by their posterity in wax.”

THE ISLAND OF PHILÆ.

“Fair was the Isle, as Sylph abode, I ween,
 Or Pleasure's graceful realm--with hill and dale,
 And woods, and sleepy dells--a varied scene,
 Where tumbling cascades, misting to the gale,
 In silvery course slow winding, charmed the vale.”

“Having dismissed our guides, who were clamorous for *backsheesh*, and turning away from the crowd, which pressed

upon us to convey us over in their mudscow, we hurried away from the landing, and made for our boat, which was at anchor near the point of a projecting headland.

“The party was soon rowed across the Nile, and shortly after leaving the left bank we came abruptly in sight of the temple of Isis, as Philœ, like a beautiful creation, floated out upon the water, embosomed, as it were, amid the most charming dells and gorgeous natural scenery, unsurpassed by any thing ever viewed on earth. Passing by the side of craggy and picturesque rocks which fringed the border of the wild and rapid current, now catching views of drooping palms, bowing their foliaged heads as if in homage to the refreshing waters; again contemplating with rapture the exuberance and beauty of the unnumbered flowers that adorned the shore, mingling with clusters of acacias clambering among the rocks, we indulged full long in gazing upon this panorama of beauty breaking through the openings of ruined pylæ and the relics of fallen towers; and beyond, where at the sudden turn of the shore we viewed the high and pointed needles of porphyry bristle around that rocky barrier which loomed against the sky, and frowned like the citadel of the ancient gods, over the wild wanderings of the turbid Nile. Far beyond the reach of the eye, the bold Nubian chain rose gracefully from the valley, and swelled in fantastic forms from amid picturesque vales and dells; now approaching near the isle of Berbe, and separated only to inclose within its encircling belt the wonderful ruins of those temples which were dedicated to Isis by Ptolemy, and held “sacred” in the memory of the priests, from the tragedy of the murdered and embalmed Osiris.

“Philœ, no less “*the beautiful*” than devotional in its aspect of inland loveliness, thus surrounded and hemmed in by its marginal of granite, and occupied by the masses of

ruined edifices, presents due claims to entitle it to its appellation of beauty. Thus situated, where the river is straitened within the circuit of a quarter of a mile, it seems rather to float like a fairy isle in the middle of a circumscribed lake."

And to economize our limits, our last extract shall be the fine sketch of the Ride to Karnac by moonlight.

"How gloriously the moon poured down her richest beams to illuminate the massive columns, towers, obelisks and statues of the palacial temple of Sesostris, on the night of our return to Luxor. Halting awhile before the figures of the colossal kings, whose sculptured faces shone almost with intelligence beneath that lamp of beauty, after a brief survey we spurred our donkeys, and were off for Karnac. Away we rode over the silver plains of waving halfeh grass, and urged our animals at topmost speed, so eager were we to revel among the shades of departed grandeur.

"Now dashed we down through the ranks of colossal sphinxes, whose proportions appeared grandly enlarged under that magic moonlight, and seemed like mighty couching lions, with silver names, guarding the approach of the noblest avenue in the world. Suddenly we stopped under the lofty gateway of the Ptolemaic towers, and as we stood beneath, shielded from fair Diana's potent ray, these portals loomed majestically up like flood-gates for the streaming moonlight; and the pyiæ themselves, bearing their forms like the gnomon of a dial, cast the broad shadows of the past upon the face of the sleeping earth.

"How vividly that lunar glory animates the forms of a second row of sphinxes beyond, while the light from the ethereal gushing fountain falls upon the massive corridors behind, whose majestic columns glow beneath it like the golden tubes of a cathedral organ. What high enthusiasm

is kindled at this sight! How eagerly we sought the temples of Karnac beyond, and what emotions seized the soul as the obelisk was first discovered, projecting its airy form towards heaven, like an illumined watchtower in that immense sea of desolation and ruins, stretching far away in front. Who is not spell-bound by the mysterious influence of such a scene of departed greatness and fallen power; and at such an hour? The imagination is appalled by the overwhelming reality,—astonished to find its grandest conceptions outdone. The conflict of rapid and mingled feelings, which were too great for utterance, compelled our lips to silence. We were confounded by the apparition of such stupendous and unlooked-for monuments. Wonder sat supreme over all the mind, concentrating thought to a single point—even as that bright moon ruled the widespread concave of the sky, attracting upward to her silver zone all the waking eyes of earth. All was grand, supernatural, and glorious, at that hour, among the ruins of prostrate Karnac! * * *

“There was a spell—a fascination of the sight—a charm of thought—a chain of woven fantasies and deep reflection—mingled with the melancholy of contemplating that scene, which won us to the spot, and made it difficult to remove away. That influence was as mysterious as the mystic power of those pompous rituals of a forgotten hierarchy, that had enslaved the souls of millions within those temple walls, and whose strong arm had bound the victims of their superstition in the hopeless chains of their own sensual and abominable iniquity.

“Intoxicated with delight, we returned from the scene, and taking our course along the plain, within the hour were again on board our cangiah, and in the arms of sleep, to refresh ourselves for an early ride in the morning.”

Our space for extracts is completely filled, and yet we are conscious that not one-half hath been told of these Charms of the Nile.

The purpose of this notice is well fulfilled, if it induce the reader to take up this book, as one of his most agreeable and instructive guides and companions through that Land of Wizard-Wonders, and along that River which has marked the course of Empires.





APR 78



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